

### SCHOOL DAYS



### SOMETHING TO THINK ABOUT

By F. A. WALKER

#### WASTING TIME

JUST what are you doing for yourself in the hours apart from those you give to your employers?

If you would once stop and seriously consider the inestimable value of these golden bits of time, which are yours to do with as you please, there is a likelihood that you would put them to better use.

In one way or another, young people unencumbered with any other burden save their own, are apt to fritter away time in aimless amusement. The quest of goodly fellowship, without regard to where it may end, and the pernicious habit of idling seem, unfortunately, to be the dominating purposes in the lives of the thoughtless.

They flit about like butterflies, drifting on the winds, sipping honeyed sweets often tainted with poison.

These flexible friendships which you make are so agreeable while they endure, you quite forget the steady passage of time as you keep pursuing them, wasting the most precious years of your life, in which character is formed into beauty or ugliness.

Friendships are agreeable, but they are often insincere, and for this reason it becomes incumbent upon you to consider them in an attitude of selfishness!

You must give due thought to yourself before you are left destitute, incompetent and unequal to extricate yourself from the humble position you have occupied all these years, which by a stroke or two of fate may leave you stranded and forlorn in old age.

You, who are young and hopeful, are wondering whether these words are for you. They seem in some way to lean their weight upon you, but in the hunt for amusement, you throw them off.

"Tomorrow," you promise, "I'll think about them. But not today. I'm having too much fun. I'll make good, somehow."

So you think. So thousands of others have thought who have gone before you!

When they awoke to a realization of their position they found their lances broken and their shields eaten by rust, unable to compete with men who had been using their spare moments advantageously, disregarding the call to play.

And so it will be with you unless you mend your way. And so it will ever be with those who think the world will wait for them while they romp and lark and gambol.

"It is not idleness that is plentiful, but courage that is rare, that wins!" (© by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

### GIRLIGAGS



"It was a sensible young man I was with last night," says Fapper Fern. "When he tried to kiss me I cried, 'Don't! Stop it!' and he didn't."

### The Days When I Was Young

By DOUGLAS MALLOCH

THE snows of many winters have drifted down to earth, The suns of many springtimes have melted them to mirth; The ice has strung her garlands where once the apples hung— Yet not a thing has ever changed since days when I was young.

My boy, the very changes were always still the same: November took the bluebird, and yet the robin came; I heard him come returning, I heard his carol sung— The robin sings the same today as days when I was young.

A little while we sorrow, a little time we grieve, When brown the meads and marshes and when the bluebirds leave, But still in God's high heaven a star of hope is hung— And spring will come the way it did in days when I was young.

For when this earthly summer has faded into mist, When I go down the river to keep the final tryst, I know that I shall find them, the folks to whom I cling, The loved it hurt so much to lose in days when I was young.

For surely if the Father can give the earth the spring, Then he can give the springtime to any other thing; And in some lovely springtime, again my loved among, I know that God will give me back the days when I was young. (© by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

### Mother's Cook Book

When you get to know a fellow, know his joys and know his cares, When you've come to understand him and the burdens that he bears, When you've learned the fight he's making and the troubles in his way, Then you find that he is different than you thought his yesterday. —Edgar Guest.

#### HERE ARE SOME SOUPS

A DISH of nourishing soup is always welcome, especially on a chilly day or night. The following are a few variations:

##### Cabbage Soup.

Put a piece of bacon or salt pork into a kettle, cover with water and cook an hour, then add a whole cabbage, a few carrots, onions, some turnip, a stalk of celery and a bay leaf. Cook at least another hour and a half and serve hot.

##### Milk Soup.

Toast thin slices of bread until they are crisp and brown. Bring to the boiling point one quart of milk, adding a pinch of salt and sugar. Beat the yolks of four eggs with a little water. Remove the milk from the fire and add the eggs; stir a moment, then turn the mixture over the bread in the soup tureen.

##### Chestnut Soups.

Cook a pint of chestnuts until soft in milk to cover, then put through a sieve and season well with salt, pepper and a bit of onion juice. Serve with whipped cream over the top.

##### Clam Bouillon.

Wash and scrub half a peck of clams, changing the water several times. Put into a kettle with three cupsful of cold water, cover tightly and steam until the shells are well opened. Strain the liquor, cool and clear. Reheat to serve.

Nellie Maxwell (© 1927, Western Newspaper Union.)

### THE YOUNG LADY ACROSS THE WAY



The young lady across the way says she certainly does hope the Mellon plan of tax reduction will prove satisfactory now that we've got it. (© by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

### Daddy's Evening Fairy Tale

MARY GRAHAM BONNER

#### THE WIDE-AWAKE WIND

It was long past the time when most people were in bed. It was late and even those who had felt quite wide-awake at bedtime were now sound, sound asleep.

Only the wind was wide-awake. And why not? The wind had been sleeping for three whole days.

That is a pretty long sleep and enough certainly to rest a strong and energetic old creature like the wind.

He had been asleep in his own sleeping place. For of course you know the wind has a special place where he goes and sleeps.

It is a wonderful place and although no human has ever seen it, the fairies and the brownies, the birds and the breezes, the clouds and the sun, all know about it.

And people know a little bit about it, too. At least they know, after a fashion, that the wind has a place where he goes when he wants to sleep. For when the wind quiets down after the wind has been blowing and tearing about, people say:

"The wind has died down." "The wind always has gone to his sleeping palace when they say that."

Then the breezes blow just softly and gently enough so that it soothes the wind and makes him sleep so restfully, then the little bees and insects hum and sing ever so softly, which is also very soothing. Then the creatures who live about the wind's sleeping palace put on their slippers made of moss so that they will not awaken the wind.

But he had been asleep for three days now and he was feeling so wide-awake.

"Funny," he said to himself, as he blew a great long whistle, "that people should all be sleeping."

In that way, you see, he was like those who cannot understand how some one else feels sleepy when they have had their sleep and feel all rested.

"Yes, he repeated, "it is funny that they should all be asleep."

"As for me I feel wide-awake, "I feel like blowing everywhere. Oh, I want to wander far this evening. I want to take long strides across the prairies and blow the wheat and the barley and the rye and alfalfa.

"I want to take great steps across the tall roofs in the big cities and blow around the city corners and blow down the long streets.

"I want to take a rolling, tumbling, rough trip across the ocean and see the waves rise up to meet me and greet me with their gay white caps and blue green suits.

"I want to take steps across run-



Across the Tall Roofs.

ning streams and little lakes and blow the water skimming, skipping along. "I want to go to the great forests and see the trees bend and hear them sing.

"Oh, how I do want to hear the trees sing.

"I want to whistle as they sing and though there will be no one around to hear we shall love the music we make.

"The trees of the forest never need an audience. For long years they have sung their songs with no one around to hear. And they have sung just as beautifully as though they were before a large audience.

"In fact they have sung far more beautifully for if they had had an audience they could never have sung so well. The forest trees need their own setting for their voices. Places where there are crowds of people would not do for the forest trees.

"There would not be enough of them, and there would be too many people.

"Oh, I am so wide-awake. I shall start off now, and oh, such a trip as I will have."

So the wide-awake wind went off, and he took long strides across the prairies, and great steps across the tall roofs in the cities and around the city corners.

And he took a tumbling, rolling trip across the ocean, and he took steps across little brooks and lakes and rivers, and then he went to the great forests. And he sang and the trees sang.

And all over, that night the wide-awake wind gave his strange, beautiful, wild, lonely, comforting song to the sleeping world.

#### Sound Advice

"Say, Willie, how many sisters have you?" "Three, but Hazel picked you so don't waste any time on the twins."

### Popular San Diego Woman Recovers From Long Illness

Amazing Improvement in Mrs. Jester's Health Surprises Friends. Serious Ailments Caused by Nervous Breakdown Relieved and Strength Restored by Tanlac. Looks and Feels Better Than Ever

"Tanlac has certainly done wonders for me; I cannot praise it enough," declares Mrs. T. D. Jester, 1268 Pennsylvania Avenue, San Diego, Calif. "I had suffered a nervous breakdown, and for many months afterward I continued to get worse and worse, despite all the different nerve medicines I tried. Nothing seemed to help until I tried Tanlac.

"I was as near to being a complete nervous and physical wreck as I could be, without entirely collapsing. The slightest noise would make me want to scream, and after retiring it would be hours before I could sleep. I would awaken with terrible nervous headaches and the slightest exertion would tire me out so that I would be trembling. I lost weight and appetite. I tried Tanlac with little expectation of improvement.

"Before I had taken all of the first bottle, I developed a ravenous appetite, and was sleeping better. I continued to improve rapidly and felt like a different person entirely. In less than three weeks I had gained seven pounds! Later, my weight went up from 105 to 125 pounds. If your troubles are similar to those



from which Mrs. Jester suffered so keenly, get relief before it is too late! Tanlac will doubtless help you just as it helped Mrs. Jester—and as it has helped thousands of othersufferers. Tanlac is a pure and wholesome compound, made from herbs, roots and barks, according to the famous Tanlac formula. It is a wonderful tonic medicine, forrun-down and nervous conditions and for digestive disorders. All good druggists sell Tanlac—get your first bottle today! Over 40 million bottles sold.

### Cuticura Loveliness A Priceless Heritage

For generations mothers have been using Cuticura Preparations for all toilet purposes, and have been teaching their daughters that daily use of them produces clear, smooth skin and healthy hair. They find the Soap pure and cleansing, the Ointment soothing and healing, should any irritations arise, and the Talcum an ideal toilet powder.



#### Holds Hope for Lepers

Dr. Paul A. Mellbenny has reported to the American Medical Association on preventive methods that may head off many of the frightful deformities long associated with leprosy. At the national leprosiarium at Carville, La., corrective treatments consisting of massage, baths, exercises and ultraviolet irradiation have been used with success in treating the misshapen hands and feet even of cases of long standing, says the specialist. Since little preventive work of this character has ever been attempted in leper colonies, physicians are watching the progress of these corrective methods with great interest. So many deformities have been improved that in time cures of the less severe deformities are not regarded as impossible.

#### Burning Skin Diseases

quickly relieved and healed by Cole's Carbolic Acid. Leaves no scars. No medicine chest complete without it. 30c and 60c at druggists, or J. W. Cole Co., 127 S. Euclid Ave., Oak Park, Ill.—Adv.

#### Wool Fifty Years Old

Mrs. E. L. Cooper of Madill, Okla., owns a comforter containing wool that is nearly fifty years old. The wool was shorn from a black sheep. When her father gave her the comforter eighteen years ago, the wool was then thirty years old.

#### "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.

#### Family Affairs

Teacher—Willie, did your father write this essay? "No, ma'am. He started it but mother had to do it all over again."—Life.

FOR Colds

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Pain Neuralgia Toothache Rheumatism

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FOR Coughs due to Colds

**BOSCHEE'S SYRUP**

SUCCESSFUL FOR 60 YEARS

30c & 90c At all Druggists

**EYES HURT?**

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W. N. U., San Francisco, No. 5-1927.

**Spirit of Progress**  
Famed for its canals and gondolas, age-old Venice is harkening to the call of progress. It is planned to unite five other communities with the city by bridges, over which electric cars would be operated. If city officials approve this plan it will mean that the trolley will practically replace the gondola, except for sight-seeing.

You never can know how superior is Dr. Peary's "Dead Shot" for Worms until you have tried it. 372 Pearl St., N. Y., Adv.

**Sugar Raised in Alaska**  
Three crops of sugar planted under the direction of the Alaska railroad have matured and are at a refinery for analysis.