

SCHOOL DAYS



Mother's Cook Book

The love we give is the only love we keep. The greatest and noblest men and women are those whose lives and actions are founded upon tender sympathies and who never fail to show kindness to the helpless who come within the sphere of their influence, whether a human being or an animal.

VITAMINE FRUITS

OLD Mother Nature has lavished the world with delightful fruits in season: short and blissful some of the seasons are, but did you ever notice, that the fruits which she has made rich in vitamins are with us all the year? Such fruits as oranges, lemons, grapefruit and limes. The value of such fruits has long been known, but it is only in recent years that we have understood why they are so valuable in the diet—they are rich in vitamins, the valuable elements which promote the growth and add vigor to children and adults. Very young babies are now given orange juice strained, beginning with a teaspoonful and increasing the amount as they grow. Orangeade and lemonade are the most commonly used drinks in all hospitals, for it is nature's way to give a pleasant tonic.

Lemon Sherbet.

Soak two teaspoonfuls of gelatin in cold water for five minutes, boil two cupfuls of sugar and four cupfuls of water and the grated rind of a lemon for five minutes, add the softened gelatin, remove from the heat and stir until it dissolves. Chill, add one-half cupful of lemon juice, strain and freeze.

Lemon Velvet Sherbet.

Take the juice of three lemons, two cupfuls of sugar, one quart of rich milk and freeze.

Frozen Punch.

Boil one and one-half cupfuls of water with two cupfuls of sugar, with a small bunch of mint, for five minutes. Chill, add three cupfuls of weak tea or ginger ale, one-half cupful of lemon juice and two cupfuls of orange juice. Chill, strain and freeze.

Orange Frosting for Cake.

Mix the grated rind of one orange with three tablespoonfuls of orange juice and one teaspoonful of lemon juice, let stand fifteen minutes. Strain into one beaten egg yolk, beat and add gradually confectioner's sugar until of the consistency to spread.

An ordinary ginger bread recipe flavored with grated orange rind and the moisture partly supplied by the juice of an orange, using the above frosting, is a combination out of the ordinary and especially appetizing.

Nellie Maxwell
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GIRLIGAGO



The great problem of the family, says Observing Olivia. "Is how to permit the children to express their personalities without suppressing those of their mamma and papa."

EACH DAY SET A TASK

BY DOUGLAS MALLOCH

EACH day to set yourself a task And finish it—my boy, men tell A thousand separate ways to ask Success or fame—new ways they sell, New ways they teach—but, old or new, There is no other way to do.

Each day to dream yourself a dream, And then to make the dream a fact— Well, men may loiter, men may scheme,

But who would dream must also act, Or all that life will ever bring Is but the shadow of the thing.

Each day to set yourself a goal And then to never turn aside, Yes, not desert your dreaming soul Until your soul is satisfied— Well, men may loiter, men may dream Who win in any other way.

Each day to aim a bit more high, Each day to gaze a bit more far, For what you wish to be to try, And never quit until you are— Ah, there's the secret—never quit! Select a task, but finish it!

WHEN I WAS TWENTY-ONE

BY JOSEPH KAYE

AT 21: Eleanor Robson (Mrs. August Belmont) Got Her Chance at Stardom.

"AT ABOUT this time Mr. Augustus Thomas gave me the leading role in his play, 'Arizona,' one of the great successes of the period.

"For some seasons previous I had been playing in stock companies. I was playing at Elitch's Garden, in Denver, when Mr. Thomas, who happened to be in Denver overnight, came to our performance. He told me later that as he watched the play he said to himself, 'That young girl is worth keeping track of.' I happened to be the young girl he noticed."—Mrs. August Belmont.

TODAY: Eleanor Robson is Mrs. August Belmont, whose husband, one of the country's greatest financiers and sportsmen, died recently.

Mrs. Belmont retired from the stage when she married Mr. Belmont in 1910. Previously she had been a celebrated actress, scoring a great success in "Arizona," "Merely Mary Ann" and "The Dawn of a Tomorrow." Mrs. Belmont was equally interested with her husband in his sporting activities.

SAWS

By Viola Brothers Shore

FOR THE GOOSE—

WHAT'S the good of jumpin' overboard, even if it looks 's if the boat was goin' down?

If every day was a holiday, there wouldn't be no holidays.

Why is it men make the best servants, and yet women make the worst masters?

FOR THE GANDER—

If it's a spiteful thing you're thinkin' of doin' today, wait till tomorrow. But if it's a kind thing you're thinkin' of doin' tomorrow, do it today.

Don't wonder how some "movie" star is pullin' down all that jack while you're pluggin' along on half of nothing. Light things is always carried highest by the wind.

THE YOUNG LADY ACROSS THE WAY



The young lady across the way says the demand for antiques is so heavy that she wonders how the factories can keep up with their orders.

In the JUNGLE

With Cheerups and the Quixies
By Grace Bliss Stewart

BILLY AT THE CIRCUS

A LITTLE boy named Billy was in the tent next to the big tent. He was looking at some of the animals there and also there were some of the Living Wonders sitting upon a platform.

The giraffes were bowing their heads, and making beautiful, low, cordial bows and greeting the crowds coming to the circus.

Billy was quite sure they bowed to him several times so as to make sure that he saw them.

And he bowed back, very politely. The giraffes looked over the other cages and down over the people. Oh,



They Took the Popcorn in Their Hands With Delight.

how tall they seemed, and Billy felt very small as he looked up at them.

After he had looked at them for awhile he went and talked to the monkeys and they answered him in their squealing little voices which Billy liked very much.

They ate popcorn which he gave them and they took it in their hands with delight. Then even more delightedly they put it in their mouths and chewed it and swallowed it!

Next Billy went to see the white-tailed Gnu and his brother. They had white tails and they both looked cross and they shook their heads as though to say:

"We're not bowing to you. Most decidedly not. We're letting you know that we don't care whether you're here or not."

As Told by Irvin S. Cobb

IT WASN'T HIS MOVE

THIS one, I think, is old enough to be entitled to a revival in its second childhood. As the story runs, a venerable mountaineer residing near the boundary between two Southern states sat one bright afternoon on the stilt in front of his cabin busily engaged in following his regular occupation of doing nothing at all.

At the edge of the clearing, fifty yards away, suddenly appeared an individual in flannel shirt and laced boots who aimed at the old gentleman a round-barreled instrument mounted on a tripod, which the native naturally mistook for a new kind of repeating rifle. Up went both his hands.

"Don't shoot!" he shouted. "I surrender."

"I'm not fixing to shoot," said the stranger, drawing nearer. "I belong to an engineering crew. We're surveying the state line."

"Shukins, son," said the old man, "you're away off your beat. The line runs through the gap nearly half a mile down the mountaining below here."

"That's where it used to run," said the engineer, "but it seems there was a mistake in the original job of running the line. According to the new survey it'll pass about fifty feet from your house, on the upper side of the hill."

"Say, look a-here, boy," stated the old man, "won't that throw me clear over into the next state?"

"Yep, that's what it'll do."

"Well, that won't never do," bemoaned the mountaineer. "I was born and raised here. I've always voted here. It looks to me like you fellows ain't got no right to be movin' me plum' out of one state into another."

"Can't help it," said the surveyor. "We have to go by the corrected line."

"Well," said the old man resignedly, "come to think it over, I don't know but what it's a good thing, after all. I've always heard tell that that was a healthier state than this, anyhow."

World's Great Men

Going forward in life is a matter of innate development, a growth of power equal to the demands placed upon it by the circumstances of each stage of progress. Thus are men developed into greatness.—Richard Lynch.

"We are from Africa, though now we travel around these parts."

Then the keeper who took care of the white-tailed Gnu and his brother told Billy that they were so cross they didn't even want to have their cages cleaned.

He said they ate grain and bread and hay and molasses, and so Billy knew that even though they did not act very pleasantly at least they liked some sweetness in their lives, and had, at least, what was known as a "sweet tooth."

As he was looking about, the tallest man who was sitting upon the platform by the tallest lady began to speak.

The tallest lady had been selling pictures of herself and of the tallest man.

She had been saying:

"Now friends, don't you want a souvenir picture of the tallest man in the world? It costs but little and all your life you can show your friends the picture of the tallest man whom you have seen with your own eyes."

"Come, friends, who'll be the first to take advantage of this great and wonderful offer?"

"Also I offer my own photograph for sale. I have signed it as well. Signed, you see, by the tallest lady in the world."

That was the way she had been talking and sometimes the smallest lady who was sitting nearby had smiled and nodded her head as much as to say:

"My time will come later."

She had smiled at Billy, too, and Billy had felt that was a great honor.

But now the tallest man was speaking.

"The big show is to begin in ten minutes, folks! Get into your seats for the big show. This department will be open after the big show is over."

"The parade will start now in exactly nine minutes."

Billy thought he spoke as though he considered himself and the tallest lady and the others dress goods or notions or candy when he spoke of them as "this department," but everyone took the advice of the tallest man and started for the big tent.

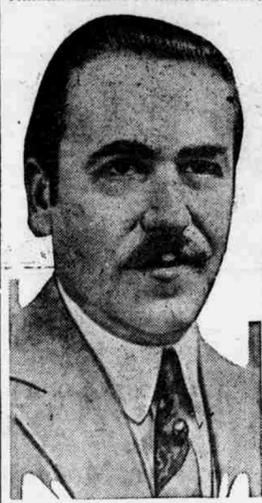
And now everyone around, ticket man, program man, peanut man, everyone, began shouting:

"The big show is about to begin. Hurry, folks, for the big show."

And when the excitement of waiting just seemed almost too much to stand the band burst into music, the parade began. The big show was starting.

(Copyright.)

NOAH BEERY



Noah Beery, the "movie" star, was born on a farm in Missouri. His first stage experience was with a stock company. He has been in pictures for the last ten years. He is a splendid character actor and among some of his successes are the following: "Wanderer of the Wasteland," "The Fighting Coward," "North of 36," "Contra-band," "The Spaniard," "Light of Western Stars," "Wild Horse Mesa," "Lord Jim," and "The Vanishing Race."

The Hotel Stenographer



"HOW I could love him!" the Hotel Stenographer clasped her hands ecstatically.

"Huh," said the House Detective, looking after the departing man. "You have a big heart to love all the men you say you love."

"Kelly," answered the girl impressively, "I have never seen a woman's heart, but I know it is much like the toy balloons they sell the kids on the corner near the park."

"A balloon is a mighty wrinkly, flabby, unbecoming thing until you blow it up. With even a little wind a balloon is round and pretty. With some more of the same it gets rounder and prettier. There is almost no limit to the amount of air it will take and it grows sleeker and rounder and the colors more beautiful as it gets full."

"That's the way with a woman's heart, Kelly. It begins to develop with her first lover and each succeeding lover only rounds it out and makes it more beautiful and its owner along with it. Like the toy balloon there is almost no limit to the amount of love a woman's heart can take."

"You know Kelly, there is only one place through which they can put anything into those little balloons. A woman's heart is like that, Kelly. What gets into her heart must be put into her ear. Beauty in men, money in their pockets, motor cars under their feet are attractive to a woman, but the man with the line of chatter is the chap who walks away with the balloon bobbing on the end of his string."

"There is nothing like hot air to fill a balloon and make it soar. There is nothing like hot air to inflate a woman's heart. That bird who just fitted by had a line that would charm a baby elephant away from its mother."

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How It Started

By JEAN NEWTON

"DEAD SEA FRUIT"

FREQUENTLY we hear the expression, "dead sea fruit," with reference to a disappointment or disillusionment, something which, though it may have had an attractive exterior, turns out to be rotten inside.

On the face of it, of course, "dead sea fruit" would seem to be a paradoxical term. The Dead sea, which is involved in the reference, is a lake in Palestine which forms part of one of the deepest chasms of the earth's surface, being 1,292 feet below the level of the sea. Its shores are abrupt and precipitous, the formation being limestone and sandstone.

There is no life in the Dead sea and sea fish die when placed in its waters. Its desolation and sterility are traditional. Hence the expression, "dead sea fruit," for something which yields nothing would in itself be easily comprehensible. However, we have a still more definite and direct source for the origin of the expression. It is found in the "mad apple" of antiquity that was supposed to grow around the Dead sea.

It was described in ancient literature as beautiful to the eye but when tasted turning only to bitterness.

(Copyright.)

Honey bees seldom live more than six weeks.

Just a Little Smile



PA'S SUGGESTION

"I see," remarked ma, who had grabbed the paper first, "that a girl in Illinois dislocated her knee doing the charleston."

"H'm," replied pa, thoughtfully, "I notice that girls of today won't get interested in anything sensible, and I wonder if you made dishwashing and sweeping dangerous and kind'a immoral if we couldn't get our girls to go in for more of it."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Danger Signal

Parson—I am relieved to see you, James. I saw your wife downtown wearing widow's weeds and I thought perhaps—

James—Cripes, what have I done now? She always goes into mourning for her first when I've done something.

STICKING TO HIS SLOGAN



"When he was married, he said that his motto was 'wife and work.'"

"It still is, I guess; he makes his wife work."

Would We, Though?

"Just think what we'd be missing," said he, "if that delighted Discoverer of kissing Had had it copyrighted."

The Obvious

"Doc," growled the man who had been put on a diet, "why do you always order a fellow to cut out the things he likes?"

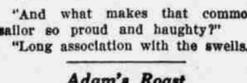
"Because," snapped the doctor, "he never eats or drinks the things he doesn't like, so it stands to reason it must be the things he does like that are disagreeing with him."

What Business Needed

"Young man," said the boss pompously and pointedly, "what we need in this business is brains—b-r-a-i-n-s—brains!"

"Well," agreed the youthful applicant for a job, "that does seem to be about what's lacking."—American Legion.

RAN WITH THE SWELLS



"And what makes that common sailor so proud and haughty?"

"Long association with the swells."

Adam's Roast

"I'd like to get an Adam's roast!" The butcher's face grew red. "I've never heard of such a thing."

"A single rib," she said.

Worried

"John, don't buy a large roast."

"Why not?"

"The cook may quit before it's done."

Chaotic

Morley—So Brown took a course in first-aid. Is he good at it?

Purley—A little hasty sometimes. A man was nearly drowned yesterday and the first thing Brown did was to throw a glass of water in his face.

How to Distinguish

"What is the difference between ammonia and pneumonia?"

"Search me."

"Why, ammonia comes in bottles and pneumonia comes in chests."

Appropriate?

Mr. Jones—I've just been reading a funny case—about a fellow who has been married seven times.

Mrs. Jones—I don't see anything funny about that.

"Well, his name is Bilas."—Stray Stories.

Conceded That Much

"So you were at the church. I suppose the bride looked charming."

"Oh, certainly—to the groom, anyway."