

OLD EARTH REPLIES.

O NE night just before the Spring called her children to come forth in all their splendor of color and beauty, a little flower poked out its head and asked: "Where does the show go that covered the Earth all winter?"

"Oh, what a useless question!" said another flower; "who cares where the snow goes as long as it goes and we and warm?"

"I think it must go just as the rain does," said another flower who was ready to come out in the morning sun. "But where is that?" asked the first

flower; "that is what I want to know and no one can tell me." "I do not use it," said a big rock.



much rather be nice and dry and I cannot see of what use the snow and rain can be to anyone."

"Well, I can tell you that if we had no snow or rain we should not grow," said a tree standing nearby. "But where it goes after we have had all we need for our roots, I cannot

"I wonder if the old Sunman drinks it up?" said the first little flower.

"Oh! no; I am sure he does not," said the tree, for he has all the water he wants nearer home. There are all the rain clouds right up there where he lives,"

"Oh, dear, will no one answer my question?" asked the first little flower. "Here I am ready to bloom and the one thing I wanted to know I have not discovered, and all the winter I find out."

"Ask the birds," suggested another little flower.

"But the birds are all asleep at night when we can talk," said the first

sister," replied one little flower, "and much room in the seat, or else drip have heard that he is a very wise bird."

"He is so far away," complained the go? Will no one tell me?"

"Why not ask me where they go?" said Mother Earth, who had listened view.

children."

"But, Mother Earth, I thought you were so old-fashioned that you would not know," said the first little flower. "This is a new question. I have never asked it before, and I have never heard anyone else ask it,

"My child, there is nothing new under the sun to me, and if you had asked me first you would have been can come out and find the sun pice spared all this bother. Even if 1 am old I can answer all questions, old or new, that my children ask,"

"Well, tell us then," said the little flower. "Where does the snow go when we come back in the spring?"

"I drink it, my dear, of course," re-plied Mother Earth; "how do you suppose you all would grow if I did not?

"Your roots are nourished, it is true, but first your Mother Earth drinks and then she gives to her children the nourishment they should

"How would the infant seeds know what is good for them if I were not here to feed them?"

"Do you know everything, Mother Earth?" asked the little spring flow-

"All you need to know, my dears," replied Mother Earth. "Now go to sleep or you will not be able to bloom tomorrow."

(Copyright.) Giant Insect.

The largest insect known, but now a wing-spread measuring two feet.

MARY



Among the hundreds of popular "movie" stars there is one who is known as the "world's sweetheart." She is Mary-Mary Pickford-Fairbanks-and she is known to practicalextinct, was a dragon fly, which had ly every man, woman and child in this country and in all others.

SOMETHING TO THINK ABOUT

By F. A. WALKER

N A Fifth Reader which I studied in a New Hampshire country school was a selection which began "An aged man was standing at a window." I cannot remember any more of it verbatim, but the story told was of the appeal of the old man to a star to give him back his youth.

As a boy the story had a peculiar effect upon me. I felt a great and sorrowful sympathy for the man who sought what it was impossible for him to attain, and I hoped profoundly that no one that I knew would ever have to seek from his star what he knew in advance could not be granted.

There is one picture that we all paint-rich or poor, successes or failures. It is the portrait of "The Man I Might Have Been."

We look back over our lives and see where we might have planned more wisely, acted more discreetly, builded more substantially.

There never was a man who, if he could have lived his life a second time. would not have varied it in some way. Very likely the second living would not have been so free from regret as the first but we are prone to think it would, because we flatter ourselves that we would have avoided the first's

A tiny pebble will change the course of a great stream. There, are little things in our youths that have profound effects upon our manhoods,

Who knows what would have happened to Abraham Lincoln if Mary Owens had not told him she could not marry him because he was "deficient

LOOKING BACKWARD. | in those little links which go to make up the chain of a woman's happiness."

She meant that Lincoln in his awkwardness did not know how to make love after the fashion of the day.

But Lincoln was very fond of her and many times, perhaps, long years after she had refused him, he thought of "The Man I Might Have Been" had she married him.

You can imagine, too, that she must have thought sometimes of what would have been her history had she been the wife of the Great Emancipator.

The man you might have been, which you picture with greater or less regret is only a fanciful being, perhaps less lovable, less capable of good, less fitted for your real tasks, than the man you are.

The man you are is a reality, and realities are the only things worth thinking much about.

Regrets never built much of a success. You have to add right action to get a substantial and worth-while

Do not waste your time or worry your mind about "The Man I Might Have Been." Bend all your energies to the shaping of "The Man You Are Going to Be." He is in the making. He will be a reality. He is worth-while worrying about, if we should worry about anything.

Don't say, "It is too late." It is never too late.

There is an excuse for everything but quitting. Just say over to yourself those two splendid lines that Henley was inspired to write:

"I am the master of my fate. I am the captain of my soul."
And put the accent on the "L" (Copyright)

SCHOOL DAYS

only I'm
jist gittin'
over bein'
sick with
the estack

The Right Thing at the Right Time

WHEN YOU TRAVEL

DON'T open the window until you have asked your sent-companion slept, with one eye open, too, just to whether or not she would object, as many a person detests a draught . nd is seriously tormented by the dust or soot that comes in.

the shade of the window in your own first flower; "my head is hardly above seat you may be causing the rays of the ground and I can never make him the sun to shine directly in the eyes hear. Where do the snow and rain of the person in the seat behind you. by lowering it slightly you can revent this without blocking your own

enough to threaten eyes and cheeks every time you turn, or carry great "You forget the Owl; he is awake, bunches of flowers which take up too water from the rack above

By MARY MARSHALL DUFFEE

An agreceable companion on a journey as good as a carriage.—Publius Syrus.

Don't wear a hat with a feather long

Don't forget that when you draw up

single fare for a ride in a day coach you are really entitled only to a single seat. You are not, therefore, conferring any favor on the person who asks whether he may ride beside you. You have actually paid for no more than half the section; so when you permit your luggage or other belongings to lop over on the other side you are using something that does not belong to you-something, in fact, that your

scatmate has paid for. Don't forget, however, if you take a seat beside another person to express your thanks if he moves his things to make more room for you. This need be no more than a formal but gracious "thank you."

In short, do nothing that you would not do to your best friend or the person you loved with all your heart, for every train traveler is your brother and sister in a broad sense.

(Copyright.)

A LINE O' CHEER

By John Kendrick Bangs.

HOW FARES THE LEAF?

OW fares the leaf that you turned o'er When glad New Year first showed her face? Today what seems to be the score No mortal hand can e'er erase?

'Tis withered? And your promise Hath gone to glimmer with the days, And many a blot hath fallen there Through lapses into former ways?

Ah well-too bad. And yet Time's Holds leaves abundant to your

hand, And if this one shall withered be A fresher waits for your com-

(Copyright.)

THE PENCIL.

IN THE earliest days draftsmen used simply bits of colored chalk or clay to mark with; a little later metallic lead was used. The modern plumbago or graphite is not lead; there has come to be a confusion of names owing to the ancient use of the metal. The first graphite pencils were manufactured in England in 1564. From there the industry spread to the United States, which now leads in the melted). Set the bowl in hot water manufacture. (Copyright.)

Blossoms are spread like a tapestry priceless, Orient opulence over the land,

And skies have grown bluer, And hearts have grown truer,
For the magic of springtime but few car
withstand.

-Christine Kerr Davis.

WHAT TO EAT.

try cooking it in bacon fat after it has been cooked in boiling water until tender, or the canned variety teaspoonful of soda in one-half cupful may be used, draining it before fry-

Bran Bread,

cupful of molasses, one-quarter cupful of sugar, one teaspoonful of salt, two cupfuls of sour milk, one teaspoonful of soda, three and one-half cupfuls of flour, one-half cupful of chopped raisins, add one beaten egg, mix all together and bake in a slow oven an hour and twenty minutes.

May Party Cakes.

Break into a large bowl six eggs, one cupful of sugar and three-fourths of a cupful of softened butter (not and beat until the butter is well mixed

with the ingredients. Add one cupful of flour, sifting it in a little at a time while beating and continue to beat until the mixture thickens slightly. Pour into a shallow pan lined with greased paper and bake until firm. When cold cut in fancy shapes and decorate-or use for jelly sand-

Cornmeal Doughnuts,

Cream one tablespoonful of fat with one cupful of sugar, add one well beaten egg, sift one and one-half cup-FOR those who are fond of hominy, fuls of flour, one cupful of cornmeal, one-half teaspoonful each of cinnamon and nutmeg. Dissolve one-half of sour milk and add alternately with the flour mixture. Roll out quite thick, cut and fry in hot fat.

A celery salt may be prepared at Take two cupfuls of bran, one-half home by drying the leaves and stalks, grinding and mixing with salt, Bottle and keep tightly corked.

Bran Bread.

Take one cupful of whole wheat flour, one quart of bran, measured lightly, one cupful of white flour, one pint of buttermilk, one-half cupful of molasses, one teaspoonful of salt. Stir all together and mix well. Bake one hour.

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all this time to what had been said, Remember that when you pay a

Facts about your name; its history; meaning; whence it was derived; significance; your lucky day and lucky jewel.

By MILDRED MARSHALL `.....

SADIE.

T HE quaint name of Sadle, lately spelled Sadye, has its origin with Sarah. It comes from a Hebrew verb meaning to fight or rule, and hence came to signify "princess." The first record of the use of Sarah or Sara belongs to Bible history where the wife of Abraham was so called.

Sadle came into existence through the Irish-unless one came to believe that she is only an Americanization of one of Sarah's many diminutives. But for the sake of etymological exactness, it is nice to believe that the Irish Sadhbh was the real forerunner of Sadle.

But between the time of Abraham's wife and the appearance of the Irish version of her name, Sarah had been adopted by other countries and had won great popularity. In England Sara Beauchamp gave it vogue in the reign of Edward I and Sarrota de Moulton, who dved in a former reign, was also supposed to possess a name which was another and favorite form of Sarah.

The French preferred Sa., without the "h" and it still continues in great vogue there. They have another form. Sarotte, which is also popular, freland's Sadhbh and America's Sadle are apparently the only other existing forms.

Sadie has a curious talismanic gem-malachite. If it is engraved with an image of the sun, it will bring her peace, freedom from danger and disease, and sound sleep. It is particularly lucky for children, and it is said that a piece of malachite tied to a child's cradle will protect it from dangers throughout later life. Saturday is Sadie's lucky day and 7 her lucky number. (Copyright.)

