

SCHOOL DAYS



Something to Think About

By F. A. WALKER

RUBBING THE LAMP

OF ALL the stories that out of a far-distant past have come down to entertain and teach us none is more compelling in its interest than that of Aladdin and his wonderful lamp.

There are several versions of the fact, but one feature remains the same in all the variations—in order to get the benefits which the lamp had power to confer the possessor had to rub it.

In other words, it took WORK to get the desired results and to enjoy the benefits.

The greatest disgrace in this life is to be idle. To produce nothing, to feed upon the mental or physical labors of others, reduces man to a rank lower than the animals, for they strive at least for their food.

"He is not only idle who does nothing," says Seneca, "but he is idle who might be better employed."

The thing to do is to find that task for which you are best fitted, which you can do with the greatest efficiency and the greatest pleasure, and do that task with all your might.

Count your efforts by results. The punch that does not land never overcomes your opponent.

The bullet that spends its energy in the air never helped to win a battle.

Production, RESULTS, is what truly measures endeavor and fixes its value.

Idleness is emptiness. Emptiness as to the present, emptiness as to the future.

One of the most indefatigable workers in America, a man whose accomplishments are known the world over and whose name is a synonym for accomplishment in his profession said in a lecture to a group of young men recently: "The man who works only with the purpose of self-preservation; whose only object in life is to satisfy his hunger, cover his nakedness and provide himself a shelter, may be good but he won't be good for much."

A man WITH A BRAIN ought to have something that the machine cannot have. He ought to have aspiration and ambition and a vision of a better future.

If he has not how is he better than the combination of belts and gears beside which he works?

I could never quite see why Adam was very severely punished when as a result of his infraction of the rules of Eden he was told, "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread." I cannot believe that the Creator looked upon work as a curse, a punishment.

Work has brought more joy into the world, cured more sorrows, mended more broken hearts and built more happiness than any other function of mankind.

Carlyle paid a splendid tribute to work when he wrote, "There is a nobleness and even a sacredness in work. There is always hope in a man who actually and earnestly works. The latest gospel in the world is, know thy work and do it."

Work will make us love life.

It is the one means of satisfying ambition.

It is the one way to turn dreams into realities.

It is the ONLY way by which a man can prove his right to existence and establish the wisdom of the Creator in having made him.

The best part of the story of Aladdin and his lamp was that he had to rub the lamp to get results. He had to work to accomplish what he sought. And that was much more satisfying than ever marrying the Sultan's daughter and living happily ever after.

THE GIRL ON THE JOB

How to Succeed—How to Get Ahead—How to Make Good

By JESSIE ROBERTS

LECTURE-TEACHING

IN PARIS, when our soldier boys were on leave and seeing the sights of the great city, it was common to meet an American girl taking a bunch of the boys through one or the other of the museums that make part of its glories. They made these trips interesting by telling stories about many of the famous pictures and statues.

Anna Curtis Chandler is doing something of the same sort in her Sunday Story Hour for children in the Metropolitan museum in New York city. She confines her work to the lecture hall, however, and illustrates what she says with stereopticon slides. But there is an idea here that might be carried out in many of our smaller cities and towns. There are often excellent little museums in such towns whose contents, if they were brought to the attention of the young people, and the older ones, too, would add immensely to the appreciation and understanding of art and beauty in a community, as well as to the knowledge of the history of art. A clever girl who wished to do this sort of work would have to take a course in art history. She would need to understand the different periods, to know the masters. She would be able to find much interesting material on which to build her stories, much human interest, too. Working with the co-operation of the curator, and advertising her talks in a way that would attract her fellow-townsmen, she might make a real success of this now little-worked form of lecture-teaching.

(Copyright.)



That's Right.

A measure which aims to teach the children how to play appears to be not without merit when the schools are being urged to do so much that probably does not add to the joy of youthful life.—Boston Transcript.

Mother's Cook Book

I wander'd lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host, of golden daffodils;
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.
—Wordsworth.

WHAT TO HAVE FOR DINNER.

PLANNING the family meals is not a task to be spoken of lightly, for it means much thinking, planning and economy. A nice dish which will be liked by the family and will be asked for again is:

Codfish Chowder.

Take two thick slices of salt pork, cut into small cubes and fry until brown; add one-half dozen potatoes sliced, three small onions also sliced, cover with boiling water and cook until the vegetables are tender. Add two cupfuls of shredded salt codfish and one quart of hot milk; cook for five minutes, add one-half dozen milk crackers softened in boiling water and serve at once.

Soup From Bones of Fowls.

Remove all bits of meat from the bones of a fowl. Separate the bones at the joints and crush with a hammer; add all the bits of skin, pieces of neck and the feet which have been scalded and skinned. Cover with cold water and set over the fire. Melt three tablespoonfuls of chicken fat, slice into it an onion, three stalks of celery and a scraped carrot, add three sprigs of parsley, a blade of mace, cover and let cook, stirring occasionally until softened and yellowed slightly. By covering the dish the vegetables will steam in the fat and their own moisture. Add to the bones with a cupful of left-over canned corn and simmer partly for an hour; remove the bones and strain through a fine sieve. This broth may be used in making almost any variety of soup. By the addition of salt, pepper and a small can of tomato soup, a particularly good tomato soup results.

Banana Salad.

Slice one-half dozen bananas and chop one cupful of walnuts fine; add a little salt and mix with enough mayonnaise dressing to make the salad of the right consistency; add one cupful of freshly-roasted peanuts, and serve on lettuce.

Young cooked beets hollowed out and filled with peas, peanuts and chopped pickles makes, with a good well-seasoned dressing, a most tasty salad.

Ham Loaf.

Chop one and one-half pounds of uncooked ham, add one and one-fourth pounds of round steak chopped, one-half pound of lean fresh pork chopped. Mix well, add two well-beaten eggs, one cupful of oatmeal or rolled oats, one teaspoonful of salt and one teaspoonful of pepper (level). Mix and bake in a loaf one hour.

Nellie Maxwell
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THE WOODS

By DOUGLAS MALLOCH

THE PASSENGER PIGEONS.

WHERE roam ye now, ye nomads of the air?

The old-time heralds of our old-time Springs?

Once, when we heard the thunder of your wings,

We looked upon the world—and Spring was there.

One time your armies swept across the sky,

Your feathered millions in a mighty march

Filling with life and music all the arch

Where now a lonely swallow flutters by.

Where roam ye now, ye nomads of the air?

In what far land? What undiscovered place?

Ye may have found the refuge of the race

That mortals visit but in dream and prayer.

Perhaps in some blest land ye wing your flight,

Now undisturbed by murder and by greed,

And there await the coming of the freed

Who shall emerge, like ye, from earth and night.

(Copyright.)

Preserve Scottish Phrases.

The Scotch origin of many north of Ireland families is shown by the common words in use. Both speak of a burn, but in both Scotland and Ulster the phrase wee stream is much more likely to be heard.



The Star Spangled Banner

Oh, say, can you see, by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hail'd at the twilight's last gleaming,
Whose broad stripes and bright stars, thro' the perilous fight,
O'er the ramparts we watch'd were so gallantly streaming?
And the rockets' red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof thro' the night that our flag was still there,
Oh, say, does that star-spangled banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

On the shore dimly seen thro' the mists of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,
As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
In full glory reflected, now shines on the stream;
'Tis the star-spangled banner; oh, long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

And where are the foes that so vauntingly swore
That the havoc of war and the battle's confusion
A home and country should leave us no more?
Their blood has wash'd out their foul footsteps' pollution.
No refuge could save the hireling and slave
From the terror of flight or the gloom of the grave;
And the star-spangled banner in triumph doth wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

Oh, thus be it ever when freemen shall stand
Between their loved homes and the war's desolation,
Blest with vict'ry and peace, may the heaven rescued land
Praise the Power that hath made and preserved us a nation.
Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
And this be our motto—"In God is our trust!"
And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

Remembered Debt to Lafayette

Whether you have been there or are planning to go, here's a story of Valley Forge you will want to remember. I give it as it was told by a writer in Our Dumb Animals:

The incident I am about to relate occurred in 1824, during Lafayette's last visit to this country. Forty years had passed since his promise to Washington to return as his guest. He was now nearly 70 years old, but his heart beat as warmly for his adopted country as in those earlier days when he had fought for its liberties.

A brilliant reception was under way. A slowly moving line of stately guests passed by Lafayette, who greeted each with courtesy grace. Presently there approached an old soldier, clad in a worn Continental uniform. In his hand was an ancient musket, and across his shoulder was thrown a small blanket, or rather a piece of a blanket.

On reaching the marquis the veteran drew himself up in the stiff fashion of the old-time drill and gave the military salute. As Lafayette made the return signal, tears started to his eyes. The tattered uniform, the ancient flintlock, the silver-haired soldier, even older than himself, recalled the dear past.

"Do you know me?" asked the soldier.

"No, I cannot say that I do," was the frank reply.

"Do you remember the frosts and snows of Valley Forge?"

"I shall never forget them," answered Lafayette.

"One bitter night, general, you were

going the rounds at Valley Forge. You came upon a sentry in thin clothing and without stockings. He was slowly freezing to death. You took his gun, saying: 'Go to my hut. There you will find stockings, a blanket and a fire. After warming yourself bring the blanket to me. Meanwhile I will keep guard.'

"The soldier obeyed. When he returned to his post, you, General Lafayette, cut the blanket in two. One-half you kept; the other you presented to the sentry. Here, general, is one-half of that blanket, for I am the sentry whose life you saved."

Historic Yorktown.

Yorktown, Va., one of the oldest settlements in the United States, has been the scene of decisive events both in the War of the Revolution and in the Civil war, consecrating its soil to the memory of great deeds. Naturally, Yorktown contains many places of historic interest, not the least of which is the ruins of the old fort which played a significant part in the surrender of Cornwallis and his army to Washington. It was the battle which closed the War of the Revolution and created the United States as a nation. A monument marks the spot where the sword of Cornwallis was handed to Washington's representative, General Benjamin Lincoln. In the National cemetery maintained at Yorktown lie the bodies of many French and American soldiers who fell in the battle.

Should Be Commemorated.

Independence day lives in the hearts of the people, rather than in spectacles. It is recognized and observed in spirit, whether there are parades or fireworks or pageants of any kind. It requires no noisy demonstration to keep it active as an influence for good citizenship. And yet it is good for the people to get together on that day and commemorate it in some fashion, to utilize it as a stimulus to their best sentiment.