

SOMETHING TO THINK ABOUT

By F. A. Walker

WHAT CHILDREN READ

PEOPLE would not worry so much about what they call the "modern child," if they only stopped to think that fathers and mothers, uncles and aunts, of every generation had their doubts as to the new generation.

In fact, Adam and Eve were, in all probability, the only proud parents in all history who never said, "Children did not do such things when we were young."

The very latest discovery that has been made about the little boys and girls of America is that their taste in reading is quite different from that of their elders at the same age.

It appears that they are finding rather dull some of the things that appealed to the youngsters of former days, and are demanding more excitement than is good for them.

It is well, in thinking about such a subject, always to remember that older people have a weakness for considering any such change in taste as for the worse.

That is the complaint that maturity pays to itself.

The great trouble is that we don't remember what we really cared for when we were small.

Many of the things that we were supposed to enjoy we didn't really like until we grew up. Others that were forced on us for our good were spoiled for us forever.

Children have no sense of subtlety, or irony. This is natural. They read "Alice in Wonderland," or "Gulliver's Travels," or "The Arabian Nights" for the straight story, not for any secondary meaning that is beyond them.

A clever American woman suggests that the children, especially in a big family, should be encouraged to write stories of wild adventure for each other.

This is not so impossible or far-fetched as it seems.

A good example came to light recently in the case of the children of Theodore Roosevelt.

That many-sided man was a child among his sons and daughters until the very last.

His letters to them, full of action as they are, and illustrated by him-

THE GIRL ON THE JOB

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

By JESSIE ROBERTS

NEVER A BETTER TIME

THERE never was a better time than today for the girl or woman who wants to do well in business to make a success. The world needs constructive work. It doesn't care who does it, provided the work is good. Women are picked for jobs that not long ago would certainly have gone to men. In Washington, for instance, a girl has been made manager of the lunch room in the Treasury building. This restaurant serves lunches to 1,000 government employees every day. The business detail of running such a place is great, and only a trained woman could undertake it. But Miss Dorothy Chapman is trained, having been graduated in home economics at Cornell university, one of a large class. And these trained women will find the field ready for them.

There are other ways for women who have taken special training in domestic science to make money. One such woman serves box lunches to office workers in one of the big city office buildings. These lunches are put up at different prices, three grades, each containing a balanced ration, excellent food, well-prepared and daintily served in its white box. There is certainly an opportunity to use this idea at railway stations. The thing is to be the first in the field at the chosen center. Honest value and sound methods are what are needed—and training! Training is by no means a college career or work in a business school, though these are fine things to have. Training can be self-acquired if you really want it.

(Copyright.)

THE CHEERFUL CHERUB

I love to be outdoors in fall
It thrills me when the blue wind blows
To hear the trees all whispering
The secret that the outdoors knows.



"What's in a Name?"

By MILDRED MARSHALL

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

ERNESTINE.

ERNESTINE has an origin of lofty dignity. She is one of the "Eagle" names. Like many of the feminine names connected with mythology, the eagle occupied a position of great respect and even adoration among the ancients, and his name, with various suffixes and prefixes, furnished many of the cognomens then in vogue.

In Scotland the word for eagle was "erne" and the name was found in all countries where there were mountains, the homeland of the king of birds. Arnridur, or Arneidur, was the first of the eagle ladies. She was said to be the daughter of Asbjorn, of the Hebrides, who was sold to an Icelandic named Katell Thymr. This lady had the good fortune to find a quantity of silver sufficient for her ransom beneath the roots of a tree, but she decided to remain the wife of Thymr and goes down in history as one of the famous women of Iceland.

The next step in the evolution of Ernestine was Arnthora, and later Annora, who was the wife of Bernard de St. Valery. Her name was carried into the family of Braose by King John's victim, Maude de St. Valery, who called one of her daughters Annora.

The masculine Ernesto, which preceded Ernestine directly, appeared first in Lombardy in the year 752, through Markgraf of Austria Ernst, spread all over Germany after the Reformation, and it was Germany which finally formed the feminine Ernestine. Though still in great vogue there, it has of late years been contracted to Stine, or Tine, or sometimes Erna.

Bohemia calls her by elaborate Arnostinka, but England and America took her over as Ernestine, and preserves her as such.

The moonstone is Ernestine's talismanic gem. It is said to bring her good fortune and good health and is particularly lucky for lovers who, old legend insists, may read the future in its depths. Sunday is her lucky day and 5 her lucky number. Yellow is said to be her color.

(Copyright.)

LYRICS OF LIFE

By DOUGLAS MALLOCH

THE CONTEST.

OLD age complains when Winter reigns.

But youth runs out to play And finds in storms a thing that warms.

Its pulses all the way— It is the contest so intense With Winter's angry elements.

The weak perspire beside the fire And shiver with the cold;

The sturdy go to meet the snow With hearts increasing bold, With hearts made stronger by the gale,

Whatever arrows may assail.

The timid groan, the timid moan, When troubles cloud the sky;

The brave go out and do not doubt, Unfriendly fate defy,

And find each contest bravely met Makes each contestant braver yet.

When thunders roll before your goal, What will your answer be?

Will you go forth to face the north, Or from the north flee?

Does Winter drive you to your fire, Or each new storm new strength inspire?

(Copyright.)

SCHOOL DAYS



Mother's Cook Book

Beauty and joy—the bread and wine and all—

We have foreseen; our noisy hearts forget.

We stray and on strange altars cry and call.

Ah, patient gods, be patient with us yet, And Pan pipe on, pipe on, till we shall rise,

And follow, and be happy, and be wise.

SEASONABLE FOODS.

THERE must be something wrong with the people who do not enjoy the luscious muskmelon and the rosy-meat watermelon, yet you find men who even dislike lemon pie, so it is hard to suit all tastes; however, "there is no loss without some gain," for there wouldn't be enough of such good things to satisfy all appetites if everybody wanted the same food at the same time.

Orange Ice in Melon Cups.

This is really the nth power of serving, for each alone is delicious enough. Wash the small melons, cut in halves and scrape out the seeds and membrane carefully. Chill and fill with orange ice. Boil one cupful of sugar with a pint of water and the grated rind of an orange, add the juice of one lemon and the juice of four oranges, strain and freeze as usual.

Pimento Cheese.

A most delicious cheese may be prepared at home at a small fraction of the cost usually paid for such an article. Take one-fourth of a pound of

good, snappy American cheese, put through the meat chopper, also grind with three hard-cooked eggs, three or four canned pimentos. Alternate the egg and peppers through the grinder to save the juice of the pepper, season with salt and cayenne, add mayonnaise dressing to moisten, and put away to chill. Cover with paraffin paper and keep in the ice chest. It never spoils, for it doesn't last long enough. This is excellent for the sandwich filling for hungry boys and men who carry lunches to school or work.

Fried Chicken With Boiled Rice.

Cut up the chicken for frying, add butter to the hot frying pan, sprinkle the seasoning in flour and roll each piece until well covered. Place in the pan and cook slowly, closely covered, until quite tender, then brown. The chicken will be much more delicious and moist than if fried brown at once. Heap a mound of well-cooked hot rice in the center of the platter, surround with the chicken and serve with ripe olives.

Twin Mountain Muffins.

Cream one-third of a cupful of butter, add one-fourth of a cupful of sugar, then alternately add three-fourths of a cupful of milk, two cupfuls of sifted flour, sifted with four teaspoonfuls of baking powder and one-fourth of a teaspoonful of salt; add one egg well beaten, mix and bake in gem pans. A cupful of well-floured blueberries, or dates finely cut, may be added if desired.

Nellie Maxwell
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Paradise of Savagery



New Guinea Woman and Baby.

(Prepared by the National Geographic Society, Washington, D. C.)

Perhaps it is logical enough that less should be known about the largest heavily inhabited island in the world—New Guinea—than about the smaller and more easily traversed lands of the sea, especially since it lies, like the neighboring continent of Australia, near the antipodes of the western world, far from the beaten track.

This island has come into notice recently through the action of the League of Nations in giving to Australia the mandate for its northeastern quarter, formerly a colonial possession of Germany. It is probable, too, that it may be one of the subjects of discussion when the problems of the Pacific are taken up in Washington.

Except for a fringe of a few widely separated settlements and mission stations along the coasts, New Guinea (or Papua, to give it its native name) is a paradise of savagery. Probably in no other area of equal extent in the world has civilization made so light an imprint. In the interior of the great island heads are hunted as in smaller regions elsewhere, cannibal feasts are held, savage dialects are spoken innocent of any modification by civilized language, primitive weapons are used, and there is practically no contact with and no knowledge of the outside world.

Origin of Papuans Unknown.

The origin of the "oriental negroes" of Papua is an unsolved problem to ethnologists. On most of the islands to the east and north and toward Asia, straight-haired, relatively fair Malays are found. But the Papuans are black, woolly-haired negroes like the natives of the far-away Guinea coast of western Africa. It was this resemblance between the inhabitants of Papua and Guinea that gave the island its more common name among westerners. Though the Papuan race is distinct, and though large numbers of the pure stock exist on the island, the negro strain has also been mixed with Malayan blood, resulting in numerous racial gradations.

The natives of the southeastern part of the island may be said to hark back to the days of their arboreal, pre-human ancestors, for they live in rude leaf and straw-thatched huts which they construct in trees. Though this custom of tree-dwelling is not followed to any great extent in other portions of New Guinea, the natives of the island all seem determined to live well off the ground. The favorite habitations throughout a large part of the country are constructed on high piles. On the protected ground beneath these structures the culinary operations are usually carried on. Many of the buildings are long, narrow communal affairs, housing a score or more of natives. In many cases these habitations are merely dark tunnels, but in others they are divided into compartments. Clothing bothers the Papuans but little, but they give much attention to painting and tattooing their bodies, and to bedecking themselves with neck, nose and ear ornaments.

Odd Native Customs.

There is very little furniture in Papuan dwellings to be shifted about by the "lady of the house" on cleaning day. Important among the few movable are hard narrow wooden blocks, scooped out to fit the neck—"pillows" which would hardly appeal to westerners as substitutes for their soft down-filled cushions.

Some of the tribes near the coast have a passion for bathing, so great that they impute a love of the water to the spirits of their departed tribesmen. To facilitate "spirit bathing," surviving relatives and friends carefully construct and keep open paths leading from each grave to the sea. When they are not dining on choice cuts from some enemy tribesman, Papuans eat in the main a prosaic enough diet of bananas, yams, sago, breadfruit and the meats of various animals and fish. But as choice tidbits, some of the tribes eat certain insects and the meat of the world's

largest clam. The shells of these huge bivalves often weigh 500 pounds, and the meat alone 20 pounds.

Religiously, New Guinea is a mixture, just as it is politically. Mohammedanism has a slight foothold on the west coast, due to the contact of the tribes there with the Mohammedans of the islands extending off toward Asia. Christian missions are located at intervals along the coast all around the island, but the number of natives so far Christianized is small. On some of the tiny islands lying in the strait between New Guinea and Australia entire communities of Christians are to be found. Throughout most of the huge island, however, paganism is rampant, the natives propitiating supposed evil spirits and the forces of nature.

Because New Guinea is so far from countries with whose size we are familiar, we are likely to consider its extent rather vague. If the island could be laid down along our Atlantic coast we would soon appreciate its vastness. It is approximately 1,500 miles long, and would reach from the southern tip of Florida to the northernmost point on the coast of Maine. Its 400 miles of width would cover two-thirds the distance of Bermuda. The area of the island is close to 300,000 square miles, and it is supposed to have about 1,000,000 inhabitants.

History of the Island.

New Guinea was discovered more than half a century before Australia was first sighted; but while the latter has come to have a population of 5,000,000 white people, and is the seat of an important, modern Christian government, the former is still almost the undisputed domain of savagery. The Dutch laid the first claim to territory in the island, but confined their operations to the western end. In 1884 the British established a protectorate over the southwestern portion of the country, and the Germans annexed the northeastern part the same year. The three countries agreed on boundaries in 1885, but their partition of the land was almost wholly an action on paper, for there had been little exploration of the interior. Each country in the years since has established a few trading and mission posts and plantations in the coast country and has set up the skeleton of a government, whose functioning, however, has had little effect in the interior.

The British portion of Papua has had the status of a territory of the federal government of Australia since 1906, and the recent action of the League of Nations in placing the former German New Guinea in Australian hands under mandate gives that commonwealth control of a little over half of the island's total area.

Strange Animal Life.

The animal life of the world's biggest tropical island, like that of neighboring Australia, is strange and bizarre in western eyes. In ancient geologic ages Papua and Australia were connected. Apparently for millions of years they have been separated entirely from the rest of the world, so that their animal types are a survival from the remote past. With the exception of the pig, which probably was brought from Asia relatively recently, all of the mammals of New Guinea are either marsupials which carry their young in pockets, like the opossum and the kangaroo, or are beasts that lay eggs like birds.

What New Guinea lacks in beasts of the field it makes up in birds of the air. As the home of hundreds of species of feathered creatures, it is more favored than many other portions of the earth's surface. Its dense tropical forests are alive with them—birds of almost every conceivable size and shape and of a bewildering combination of colors. Most striking of the many birds that count New Guinea their home is the gorgeously colored and beautifully formed bird-of-paradise. Most interesting is the ro-mantic and ingenious bower-bird, which builds a "pleasure dome" solely as a place for its love-making.



SPENDING PEOPLE'S MONEY.

"Did you see Senator Short-worth?"

"Yes," said the constituent who was stranded in Washington. "Precious little good it did me."

"He didn't help you out, eh?"

"No. He'd just helped to pass a \$50,000,000 appropriation, but he couldn't lend me \$50 to pay my way back home."

Explicit.

McNab (conductor of our village orchestra)—An' you, Sandy, will take the double bass this time.

Sandy—I dinna play the double bass. I dinna ken the fingerin'.

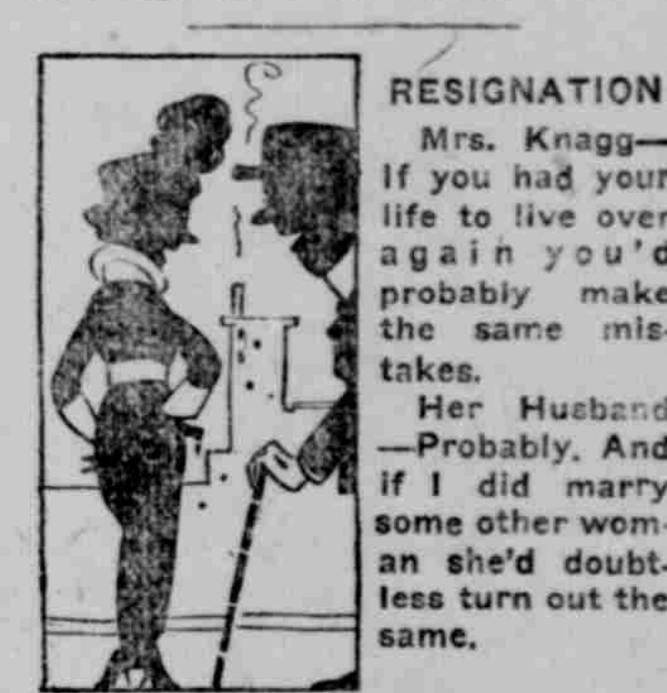
McNab—Fingerin'! There's no fingerin' w' a double bass. You just play it in handfist!—Passing Show, London.

Candid Appreciation.

"Your country should be grateful for your services."

"Well," replied Senator Sorghum, "my country has had the benefit of my best efforts. But it has shown me enough kindness to prevent me from trying to convey the impression that the obligation is all on one side."

RESIGNATION
Mrs. Knagg—If you had your life to live over again you'd probably make the same mistakes.
Her Husband—Probably. And if I did marry some other woman she'd doubtless turn out the same.



Drat Her.

Mary had a little cook
With hands as white as snow,
And everywhere that Mary went
The cook refused to go.

A Doubtful Compliment.

The lights were low, and stillness reigned in the back parlor. Presently a female voice was heard:

"Freddie, dear!"

"Yes, angel."

"Does my head seem heavy on your shoulder?"

"No, darling. It is very light, indeed!"

The Eternal Feminine.

Old Gentleman—If I give you a quarter, little girl, what will you do with it?

Six-Year-Old Miss (contemptuously)—Why, spend it, of course.

Old Gentleman—And what will you buy, a peppermint stick?

Six-Year-Old—No, a lip stick.

Not a "Safety" Driver.

"Why did you sell your car?"

"Cost too much for repairs."

"Wasn't it a good machine?"

"First rate. Never got out of order. But I had to pay for repairing the people it ran over."—Minneapolis Journal.

It Will Be Some Time.

Caller—Can I see Mrs. Sweeten?

Maid—She's not at home.

"What time will she be back?"

"Dunno. She ain't gone out yet."—London Answers.

A Difficult Matter.

"Do you have any trouble with your help nowadays?"

"Yes. I find it difficult to get some of our salesmen to take more interest in the customers who drop in than they do in the story one of their number may be telling."

Expected.

"That couple have just come back from their wedding trip dead broke."

"Well, it is only natural for a honeymoon to come to its last quarter."

No Cranking for Her.

"I want to look at a cat."

"Yes, ma'am," said the snave salesman. "We handle positively the best automobile in the world. Is there any particular style you want?"

"No; I'm not particular about the style, just so it's a self-starter."

Patient.

"Patient man, isn't he?"

"Very. He can even untangle his watch chain from his wife's hair net in the morning without losing his temper."

Valuable Discipline.

"Josh says he's going to take up aviation."

"If he does," replied Farmer Corn-tassel, "he'll learn to be a heap more careful about keepin' machinery in repair than he ever was while workin' around the farm."

Wall Street Conversation.

Jack—Have you quit speculating?

Bill—No. At present I'm speculating as to how I shall avoid bankruptcy.