

OUR MAGAZINE SECTION

Interesting Features for the Entire Family

PROGRESSIVE PROSPERITY

By CHRISTOPHER G. HAZARD



Laureus Horatius, quem dixisti verum
Fugit Euro cilius tempus aere rem.

Tempora mutantur et nos mutamur in illis.

By JOHN DICKINSON SHERMAN
HE Latin has a terse and forceful way of putting things. Now, the first quotation above has been rendered in free-and-easy style:

Old Man Horace, sprigged with bay
Truly thou dost say, sir,
Time speeds faster on its way
Than the swiftest racer.

Clever, but the Latin says it more forcibly: Crowned-with-laurel Horace, what you say is true: Flies than the southeast wind faster time the devourer of things.

And the second quotation above neatly supplements the first by saying: Times change and we are changed in them.

All of which suggests most forcibly that time has destroyed the old-fashioned method of observing several of our American national holidays; that the times have changed and we in them.

Now, there's the Fourth of July, for example. The old-fashioned Fourth is so entirely gone that we don't quite know what to do with the day.

In the old days we used to twist the Lion's tail when we didn't know what else to do, but since we fought side by side with the British in the Great War, that seems as out of place as do firecrackers and the casualty list of small boys.

And it's just about the same with New Year's Day. About all that's left is to listen to the whistles blowing at midnight and to make good resolutions. And what changes the day has seen since first Americans began its celebration!

America's celebration of New Year's Day owes nothing to Puritan New England. In the North New York, being Dutch, was the center of New Year's gaiety. The South, being English, but not Puritan, also celebrated enthusiastically. The custom of making calls probably is as old as civilized man; it is likely that it originated independently in almost every clime.

Old-time European chieftains used to set "New Year's" apart as a day on which they would condescend to receive substantial tributes from their underlings. Queen Elizabeth received New Year's calls every year, and there was always much rivalry between her ambitious courtiers as to the quantity and value of the gifts they should bestow upon the virgin sovereign. It was on a New Year's Day that Sir Walter Raleigh gladdened the queen's heart with a memorable pair of silk stockings—the first ever made and worn in England.

In Holland the custom of making New Year's calls had been general long before the settlement of New Amsterdam, and the natives of the Netherlands who came to live in the New World brought the practice with them. And, of course, they had plenty to eat and drink—for who ever heard of Dutchmen who did not take good care of their stomachs?

Up to the beginning of the Nineteenth century the typical New Year's observance was a neighborly custom. Then it became an observance decreed by fashion and was observed in every city of any size in the country.

The younger women of such households as had daughters were the hostesses, and great was their rivalry, one with another, in respect of richly laden refreshment tables and elegance of area to appear back of the ray when the model moved through the air. His conclusion is that this sheltered area acts as a force to drive the wing ahead when soaring.

"Saint Tammany."

St. Tammany, the tutelary genius of the famous Tammany Society of New York city, was a famous Indian chief, about whom many fancied legends have gathered. He is said to have been a native of Delaware. After attaining his majority, St. Tam-

many removed to the banks of the Ohio, where he became the great sachem of his tribe, and acquired a wide reputation for wisdom, firmness and moderation. According to tradition, he signed the treaty with William Penn, and was chosen by the troops of Washington as patron saint in place of St. George. His principal maxim was "Unite. In peace for mutual happiness; in war for mutual defense." For what reason he was called "Saint" does not appear in any of the literature about him.

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St. Andrew's day is November 30. St. Andrew, the patron saint of Scotland, was the first disciple of Christ, and afterward an apostle. He was, like his brother Peter, a fisherman. Previous to his recognition of Christ as the Messiah he had been numbered among the disciples of John, the Baptist. The career of St. Andrew as an apostle after the death of Christ is un-

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THE MEANEST MAN

By WILL M. MAUPIN

I'VE heard of men so awful mean They'd skin a flea for hide and tallow;

Or lick a soup bowl slick and clean, No matter if 'twere deep or shallow I've heard of men so mean of heart They'd squeeze down hard on ev'ry dollar

Until the goddess fell apart And was compelled to loudly "holler."

I've heard of men so mean and "near" The thought of wear gave them keen twinges, And so they climbed the fence for fear To swing the gate would wear out hinges.

And once I knew a man so mean His heart was wont to quickly flutter If children at his board were seen To use molasses on bread and butter

But of all men described as mean There's one who's worse than all the others; His heart so small, his soul so lean, That all good thoughts he quickly smother.

He is so mean, and never giving, That as excuse for never giving He says there is no Santa Claus— And here's the meanest fellow living (© by Will M. Maupin.)

HAPPINESS

IF YOU would get your full share of happiness out of life, you must at all times contribute happiness to others.

When a little cloud of doubt comes between you and your dearest friend, or an angry word pops off unexpectedly in a heated argument, hasten without delay to obliterate it. If you have been at fault lose not a moment in making an apology.

Do not brood over imagined offenses, for it is often that brooding adds fuel to a flame which, if let alone, would die out of its own accord.

Many lives have been utterly wrecked and thousands of hopes blasted by bestowing too much thought on petty trifles and idle words whose meanings had become so warped and twisted that they became monstrous offenders, when in reality they were mere feather-weight nothings.

There is an innate proneness in all of us to sail under false colors and to misjudge our most intimate friends, so we turn our backs upon the bright and beautiful, head our frail craft toward darkness to make love to our own ugly souls, while we bestow hate upon the fair souls of our intimates.

And while we habitually do these absurd things, we become more and more estranged and less inclined to be reasonable.

Even while we are in these deplorable humors, Happiness stands smiling beside us, but we stubbornly refuse to put out our arms to embrace her.

And in this manner we become an eternal puzzle to ourselves and our associates.

Who among the earthly hordes can understand the human heart, always pretending to seek Content, yet locking the door when Content would enter and abide in peace?

Preaching one thing and practicing another has more to do with the cheerfulness and the gloom of the world than most of us suspect, yet many of us, wittingly or ignorantly, continue to pursue the folly without pausing to consider the result.

After all, happiness is not far away, but within our own doubting hearts, and if we bemoan its loss with sincerity, all we have to do to reclaim it is to sacrifice pique and pride, and pay court to it like a passionate lover. (© 1922, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

SCHOOL DAYS

It's gonna get the teacher, come on, I'm gonna get it. I'm gonna get it, I'm gonna get it. I'm gonna get it, I'm gonna get it. I'm gonna get it, I'm gonna get it. I'm gonna get it, I'm gonna get it.

Well, I'm sure of one thing, I'm gonna get it. I'm gonna get it, I'm gonna get it. I'm gonna get it, I'm gonna get it. I'm gonna get it, I'm gonna get it. I'm gonna get it, I'm gonna get it.

What matter is it how he looks if he doesn't have to look for a job? Prescription to his bride: Thank your stars daily for such a man. They are rare.

Absorb This: UNHANDSOMENESS IS ONLY SKIN DEEP. (© by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

MEN YOU MAY MARRY

Has a man like this proposed to you? Symptoms: You have seen him in unsquirmable tight places, in business, in games, in his family, in his purse, and he always gets out of everything in a fine manner, you like the way he handles things, life, and you and himself. Yet he is anything but good looking, everyone thinks him "the last word" on homeliness, has the ugliest girl on earth lashed to the mast. He is not deformed, just no Winter Garden bean. He's nuts on you, and goes easy not to crack them, he'd chute from an airplane without a parachute if you so commanded. You can't make up your mind, though your heart is made up.

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MOTHER'S COOK BOOK

When the sunshine filled the sky, And the days were long, Then we went, my heart and I, Hunting, with a song.

For a sigh, Now when nights are long, And the winds are high, Go we, though with faith less strong, Hunting, with a sigh.

For a song.—Margaret Vandergrift.

FOOD FOR THE FAMILY

CAKE that can be given the child and one which will like is prepared from bread sponge.

Bread Sponge Cake. Take one and one-half cupfuls of sugar, three-fourths of a cupful of shortening, two well-beaten eggs, one-fourth of a cupful of sweet milk, two cupfuls of light bread sponge, three cupfuls of flour, one teaspoonful of soda, spices and raisins to taste. Mix

Stuffed Figs.

Figs are one of our most valuable fruits and they are usually reasonable in price. Cut a small slit in the stem-end of pulled figs and work in one or two blanched almonds. Another nice filling is a mixture of almond paste, walnut and hickory nuts to which has been added enough orange juice or cream to hold the mixture together. A portion of the soft meat of the fig is removed and the paste is then inserted with a pointed spoon or knife. Press the opening together and roll the fig in granulated sugar.

Coffee Custard.

Scald two cupfuls of milk with two tablespoonfuls of ground coffee and strain after the coffee is well steeped. Beat three eggs lightly, add one-fourth of a cupful of sugar, a pinch of salt, one-fourth of a teaspoonful of vanilla and the milk. Strain into buttered molds, set in a pan of hot water and bake until firm. Test by thrusting in to the center a steel or silver knife; if it comes out clean, the custard is done

Noodles.

Beat one egg slightly, add one-quarter of a teaspoonful of salt, one-quarter teaspoonful of baking powder, one tablespoonful of cold water and sufficient flour to make a stiff dough. Roll out as thin as a sheet of paper dredge with flour and let dry, then roll up and cut in strips. Drop into boiling hot soup and cook ten to fifteen minutes.

Macaroni.

A nice luncheon dish which may be prepared from cooked macaroni is as follows: Line a buttered baking dish with cooked macaroni, pour over a custard made of two beaten eggs, one cupful of milk, one-half cupful of finely minced parsley. Turn over the macaroni and mix well. Set into a moderate oven and bake until the custard is set.

ONCE IS ENOUGH

He said to his father, "what good resolutions are you going to make for the new year?" "I'm not going to fight with Frank Ross any more," replied Ralph.

"I'm glad to hear that, my boy," said his father; "but why did you make that resolution?" "Cause," was the answer, "I always get licked."

NEW YEAR'S PROMISES

The new year promises ample reward only to those who honestly, earnestly, fearlessly and intelligently strive to accomplish the tasks that lie before them. It promises nothing to those who will not try to do what is worth while.

COMES AND GOES

The record shows that the old year goes out and the new year comes in regardless of who is looking, so you might as well get your usual sleep.

PROGRESSIVE PROSPERITY

By CHRISTOPHER G. HAZARD

Civilization is the sum of co-operative intelligence. All the capital in the world could not run a coal mine without it, and all the miners in the world could not do it without capital. Idle wealth has proved no more than accumulated uselessness in eastern countries; men have starved to death in the midst of vast but unappreciated natural resources. While the employment of money and the wise direction of labor have given to the West its immense advantages of social and economic riches and well being.

Russia is perishing under the incubus of a stagnant communism that takes away the incentives of progress, banishes leadership, lives upon past accumulations while they last, and starves afterwards. The interchange of abilities is cut off, the social circulation of necessary differences in people is arrested, the rewards of a genius for affairs are withheld, production is ended and prosperity lynched. It is like a vast body wherein there is no circulation of social life blood.

America has thriven and must thrive upon the largest encouragement of individualism that a true collectivism admits of. When the crew cannot navigate the ship there is no advantage in killing the captain. It isn't necessary to have tyranny in order to have a captain, but society and business must have leaders and governors, and there cannot be two captains on any ship.

After all, men hardly expect to pass for more than they are worth. The real kick in our democracy is against false differences. Ours is the land of a fair chance. It is the land of opportunity. No crust keeps merit down. In an interchange of values every one here has had and must have a chance to make the most of himself.

In doing this he will need and use his fellows. No one ever succeeded yet in being great or prosperous as a hermit. We climb up upon each other. It takes us all to make and to keep civilization. A man owes himself and his fortune to society in a very large degree. Are we not all members of a great and wealthy body politic, wherein no one can live to himself or die without loss to the rest?

Let a dozen men, each man owing his neighbor five dollars, sit in a circle. Let one of these take a five-dollar bill from his pocket and pay his debt to the man next to him. Let this man pay his neighbor and the next man pay his until the bill shall have gone round the circle and returned to the man who started it on its round. This man may return the bill to his pocket with the happy consciousness that he has paid his debt and also received what was due him, and that every other man in the group has the same satisfaction. But if the first man had not started the bill going there would have been no such results. He would then have illustrated Russia, instead of America.

The secret of civilization is the circulation of ability. It is the secret of prosperity. Let every man circulate his worth to society, so shall there be a true communism, so shall there be a true capitalism. There is a conundrum which asks why one should prefer a dollar bill to a gold dollar. The answer is, "Because, when you put it into your pocket you double it, and when you take it out you find it in creases." Prosperity progresses as we pass on what we are and have.

A TIMELY RESOLUTION

"Ralph," said his father, "what good resolutions are you going to make for the new year?" "I'm not going to fight with Frank Ross any more," replied Ralph.

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WINGS OF BIRDS AND FISHES

By studying the wing structure of flying fish, an authority on the flight of birds has found that their wings are some four or five times as efficient for soaring flight as the wings of birds. He attributes this to the fact that the fin rays formed projected ridges on the under surface of the wings. By experimenting with models fashioned on similar lines, he found that the fin ray caused a sheltered

THE GULF STREAM

A correspondent writes a surprising story about the influence of the Gulf stream upon Ireland. He says that there is a stretch of about ten miles at Achill Head, County Mayo, where the stream hits Ireland. This point is actually tropical, and bananas, palms and various flora flourish there as they do in the tropics, while a mile or so either north or south of this point has the cold, damp temperature of the rest of Ireland.

SCOTLAND'S PATRON SAINT

St. Andrew's day is November 30. St. Andrew, the patron saint of Scotland, was the first disciple of Christ, and afterward an apostle. He was, like his brother Peter, a fisherman. Previous to his recognition of Christ as the Messiah he had been numbered among the disciples of John, the Baptist. The career of St. Andrew as an apostle after the death of Christ is un-

UNCOMMON SENSE

BY JOHN BLAKE

AS OLD AS HIS HOPE

YOU can't live on hope, of course. But neither can you live without it.

The surest sign of growing old is the fading of hope.

The best indication that a man still has youth and a future, is the tenacity with which he clings to his hope.

You smile at the rainbow chaser, but he is far more likely to get something worth while out of life than the cynic or the pessimist.

You can't catch even a street car without wanting to catch it, and you will never catch even the rim of happiness without hope.

Don't be afraid of hope. And don't be afraid to hope high, and hard.

Make your hopes great enough, and if you realize 25 per cent of them you will finish far ahead of your neighbor. The do-gooders who went to war hoping to come home colonels or generals

didn't all achieve their ambition. But a lot of them came back lieutenants, and still more came back with D. S. C.'s and Croix de Guerre.

Those who went to war despondently came back, most of them, but they came back private, and opportunity, which they never hoped for, passed them by.

Youth, which all men want to hold as long as they can, feeds on hope. A distinguished lawyer, seventy-five years old, is today in Europe doing an important work for his country. He will succeed, because though his physical strength has waned, his hope burns as high as ever.

You will have trials and discouragements, and black hours, but hope will carry you through them. Cling to it and you will live and die with a youthful heart. Give them up and desolation will cloud your autumn years and despair will accompany you to your grave. (Copyright by John Blake.)