New Year Resolutions Studied

BY LYDIA LE BARON WALKER.

The first week of the first month of a new year has started. It presents possibilities that are intriguing, even to those who, with studied nonchalance, brush aside the idea of New Year resolutions as absurd and so far out-of-date as to be "back numbers" for any New Year program. It is impossible, however, to disassociate the beginning of a new year with the beginnings of other things, and just as soon as we plan any sort of work, campaign or schedule, we are, in a way, making New Year resolutions. We cannot lay plans without resolving to carry them out. Otherwise they

EVEN THOSE WHO BRUSH ASIDE THE IDEA OF NEW YEAR RESOLUTIONS AS INSIGNIFICANT, FIND THEMSELVES CONTEMPLATIVE DURING THE FIRST DAYS IN JANUARY.

are mere castle in the air or pipe dreams, whichever we prefer to call them. These plans may not mature as we desire, either from our own volition, because we abandon them for better ones; because we do not press forward with sufficient diligence to make them succeed; or for any of a thousand other reasons by which they are frustrated.

But do we abandon laying plans for these causes? And do we deliberately refrain from making beginnings the first of the year just because it is the first of a new year? Are we not consciously or unconsciously considering the 1st of this month as a propitious starting point for plans rather than a detrimental one? And are we not absolutely right in believing that new ideas and new plans and higher ideals for the home as well as ourselves have a certain stimulus when they are put into action at the start of a new historic era? We certainly appreciate that events are tabulated according to eras, and that years are divisional periods for calculations in world affairs. Why not make them marking points in our little worlds or microscosms? There is certainly nothing disadvantageous about such plans.

Past Experience.

It is when we permit ourselves to be so discouraged by failures to keep faith with ourselves in New Year's resolutions, so that we deliberately determine never to make any such resolutions, that we fall into error. It is not the plans that are poor. It is not that the resolutions are at fault. It is not that the time is unpropitious. What then is the outstanding feature of New Year resolutions that causes the derision against them to have widespread popularity?

Harsh Judgment.

Chief and foremost among the reasons for hesitating to make New Year resolutions is the fact that we are particularly hard in our judgment against ourselves in this one connection, if in no other. We are on the crest of a wave of good determinations. From this height we see ourselves as we wish others to see us. We are filled with enthusiasm to do and to become what we realize is not above our capabilities, but which we have hitherto failed to accomplish or to live up to. We fail to notice the trough of the sea, where we must descend in our struggle to rise again to the next crest. And so when the first glow of our ambitions dims as we enter the struggle, and when we miss a stroke in our efforts to swim quickly, as we fail to live up to our high ideas, we cease to swim. But is it not better to refuse to be downed by our failures (and each of us is sure to fail many times) and to strike out again, than to give up entirely, and be merely tossed about on the sea of mediocrity?

Time for a New Start.

Do we not lack a certain stamina when we deliberately refuse to look out over a new year with high ideals before us, and fine plans or resolutions to buoy us up for the coming weeks and months? January has but just come in. Shall we not begin anew to make our homes and our lives finer?

MENU FOR A DAY.

BREAKFAST
Fried Apple Sauce
Dry Cereal with Cream
Baked Eggs. Bacon Curls.
Muffins, Marmalade.
Coffee

LUNCHEON
Scotch Broth with Barley
Romaine Salad
Rolls
Gingerbread. Whipped Cream
Tea

DINNER
Vegetable Soup
Fillet of Beef
Baked Potatoes
Brussels Sprouts
Bartlett Pear Salad
Chocolate Rice Pudding
Coffee

FRIED APPLE SUACE.

Melt 2 tablespoons butter in frying pan, fill with sliced apples, dot with bits butter, cover closely and cook gently until tender. Sprinkle with enough sugar to sweeten, cook without stirring for 5 minutes longer, turn into hot dish and serve with cream.

BROTH WITH BARLEY.

Three pounds neck mutton, 2 tablespoons pearl barley, 2 tablespoons minced onion, 2 tablespoons minced turnip, 2 tablespoons minced carrot, 2 tablespoons minced celery, salt to taste, 1 teaspoon pepper, 1 tablespoon minced parsley, 3 quarts cold water. Remove bones and fat from mutton, cut meat small and place with vegetables and seasoning, except parsley. Simmer 3 hours after coming to boil, then thicken with flour and add parsley.

CHOCOLATE RICE PUDDING.

Two cups cold boiled rice, 2 eggs, scant cup sugar, 2 tablespoons cocoa, little salt, teaspoon vanilla, heaping teaspoon butter, 1 quart milk. Bake in hot oven.

BEDTIME STORIES

BY THORNTON W. BURGESS

The Leak in the Dam.

The leak today may nothing seem,
Tomorrow it may flood the stream.
—Paddy the Beaver.

One who knows a very great deal about any one subject is said to be an expert on that subject. Paddy the Beaver is an expert on several things. He is an expert on cutting trees. He is an expert on building dams. He is an expert on making ponds. And he is an expert on leaks. Yes, sir, Paddy is an expert on leaks.

When Paddy and Mrs. Paddy retired for the winter they felt that they were thoroughly prepared for whatever

"THERE'S A LEAK IN THE DAM, MY DEAR."

might happen. The food pile was plenty big enough to carry them through to spring. Their house had been freshly plastered with mud and there was no worry that anything would or could happen to it. Their dam had been strengthened and put in perfect condition. All this was done before the coming of Jack Frost to make ice. When at last Jack Frost did cover their ponds with ice, Paddy and Mrs. Paddy retired to their house prepared to enjoy the long rest which they felt they had fairly earned.

The days were very much alike down there under the ice. Inside their house was a big bedroom, which was dry, warm and in every way very comfortable for beavers. There they spent a great deal of time sleeping. When they were hungry they would dive down into the water tunnel which opened from the floor of their bedroom, swim along this out into the pond, go across to their food pile, which was quite near, get a stick of poplar, and return to their house to eat it at leisure. Of course, you know they ate only the bark. The bare stick was then taken outside to be used in patching the dam or the house.

Yes, the days were very much like each other as they passed. There was nothing exciting. No enemy was to be watched out for. If storms howled and raged and made other little people shake and shiver, Paddy and Mrs. Paddy knew nothing about it. Down there beneath the ice the water was always one temperature, and in their fur coats, this temperature was very comfortable. It was neither too hot nor too cold.

Reddy Fox and Yowler the Bobcat and Puma the Panther and Old Man Coyote might feel the pinch of hunger, and often did, but Paddy and Mrs. Paddy knew nothing of it. They did not suffer from hunger themselves, nor did they know anything about the hunger of other people. It was always very peaceful and restful. But despite this peacefulness and restfulness, Paddy the Beaver never was careless. Being so safe never led him to forget that all this safety and peacefulness depended on one thing—his dam. Paddy never forgot this. Every once in a while he would swim over to the dam and carefully examine it from one end to the other. He was looking for leaks. Yes, sir, he was looking for leaks. He knew that a little leak can grow very fast and can become a big leak; so he meant to find every little leak that might appear in that dam.

It happened one afternoon that Paddy became very uneasy. That morning he had heard faintly the sound of choping. He had thought little about it at the time. After a while that sound had stopped. It was a little later that he began to grow uneasy. He had a feeling that all yas not well. After a while Mrs. Paddy shared in that feeling. Finally Paddy could stand it no longer. "My dear," said he, "I'm going outside for a few minutes."

In almost no time at all, Paddy was back. He thrust his head up into the room and spoke quickly. "There's a leak in the dam, my dear. I could feel a little current just as soon as I got outside. We'll have to attend to that at once. Follow me."

Mrs. Paddy, like the true mate that she is, asked no questions. She followed Paddy. Beneath the ice, straight over to the dam. Paddy led the way. He swam fast. He didn't have to hunt for that leak. He had only to follow the current which that leak in the dam was making. His worst fears were realized. There was a hole in that dam, and the water was pouring out through it.

(Copyright, 1926.)

The Cheerful Cherub

Cream Pie.

Heat one pint of milk in a double boiler. Mix two tablespoonfuls of flour with two egg yolks and one-half a cupful of white sugar and dissolve in part of the milk. Add to the boiling milk. Stir until the consistency of thick cream, flavoring with vanilla. Line a pie tin with crust and bake. When cool, add the cream. Whisk the whites of the two eggs with two tablespoonfuls of sugar, and put on top of the pie. Set in a moderate oven until the meringue is nicely browned.

SONNYSAYINGS

BY FANNY Y. CORY.

I didn't do much resoluting on New Year. I 'cided I'd be as good as I kin, an' if I has to be bad, I'll look sweet about it anyway.

(Copyright, 1927.)

DIARY OF A NEW FATHER

BY ROBERT E. DICKSON.

Sunday night.

I didn't know that we had decided to buy an automobile—I thought we were still just talking about it. I told Joan so this morning when she said to come along and look at some cars she had seen advertised in the want ads, but she said no, we were going to get one, all right, and for me to hurry up, for heaven's sake, before

other people had snapped up all the bargains.

I will say for Joan that when she makes up her mind to do a thing it is usually done, even though she sometimes leaves a few details, like paying the bill, for me to attend to afterward, and always says she should think I would be willing to do something after she has looked after everything else, so I got my hat and coat and we went out, leaving Hilda with the baby.

Joan wanted to see about a thousand cars that were advertised, and after we had walked about a million miles, I said, "Any one would think you were walking me almost to death so I would be willing to buy an automobile," and Joan said, "You know perfectly well that if I bought one without your seeing it, I would never hear the end of it, and besides, walking is good exercise," and I said, "Why buy a car, then!" and she said, "You can hardly make an 11-weeks-old baby go walking whenever he needs fresh air, and you know perfectly well that we are buying the car primarily to get him out in the open," and I didn't bother pointing out that we already had a baby buggy for him, because I had pointed it out once before and Joan said I certainly couldn't expect her to consider that any argument.

Anyway, I learned something about automobiles. There are no second-hand cars. Some companies sell rebuilt cars and others have used cars, but we didn't hear of a second-hand one anywhere in town.

Joan is going to make our choice between two cars we saw. We are going riding in them both tomorrow and I suppose we will buy the one that is bragged about by the better-looking salesman.

Lessons in English

BY W. L. GORDON.

Words often misused: Don't say, "I was mad" unless you mean insane. Say "angry."

Often mispronounced: "Indent." (verb). Accent last syllable.

Often misspelled: "Sensible"; "ible."

Synonyms. Add, attach, annex, affix, join, unite.

Word study: "Use a word three times and it is yours." Let us increase our vocabulary by mastering one word each day. Today's word, "intuition," instinctive knowledge or feeling, immediate perception. "Her intuition led her to the conclusion that the plan would fail."

MOTHERS

AND THEIR CHILDREN.

Good Taste in Pictures.

One mother says:

A good way to preserve the most interesting and beautiful of the pictures that a child loves to cut from magazines is to pin them to a strip

of plain-colored material. This can be thumb-tacked to the wall in a child's room. From time to time the pictures may be exchanged for fresh ones. Try to teach the child something of the elements of color, form and sentiment that make a picture really lovely and have him keep on his panel only what is most beautiful. Comics and other pictures of interest can be kept elsewhere.

(Copyright 1927.)

Stuffed Herrings.

Choose herrings with soft roes. Split the fish, take out the roes, and remove the bones. Chop the roes with powdered parsley and bread crumbs, and mix with a little butter and a beaten egg over a low heat, seasoned well. Stuff the herrings, coat in flour or oatmeal, and bake in a dish with plenty of butter.

Herrings are also good served with mustard sauce or filleted and fried or grilled and then surmounted by a piece of parsley, butter and a couple of slices of lemon, or boned, rolled, and baked with herbs and a little water.

Is Love Blind? **Dorothy Dix** Says Some Matches Prove Cupid Deaf, Dumb AND Blind

Men and Women Love Each Other With Heart Rather Than Head—We Love Our Mates in Spite of Their Faults.

A CORRESPONDENT asks this question: "Does love blind one to the faults of another or does it give one a deeper insight into the real charm and goodness of another that is unseen by the many?"

That depends upon the kind of love. Also upon the individual. Certainly, judging from the many unsuitable marriages we see, one is inclined to say that love is not blind, but deaf and dumb and afflicted with paralysis.

We observe men who have always been avowed worshipers of female beauty marrying women who are as homely as the proverbial mud fence. We see women who are dainty, cultured and refined marrying men who are coarse and ignorant. We can't pick up a paper without reading of an heiress who has eloped with her chauffeur or of a boy who has married a woman old enough to be his grandmother.

The only way we can account for these vagaries of sentiment is on the ground that Cupid has a long-distance telescope glued to his eye, which enables him to see great charm and perfection in individuals that are invisible to the rest of us.

The almost universal comment at a wedding is: "I can't imagine what he saw in her to make him want to marry her, and for heaven's sake what do you suppose she saw in him that made her pick him out for a husband?" And we go home darkly pondering this mystery of love.

* * * *

THE truth of the matter, so far as love between man and woman is concerned, is that it is entirely a matter of sex attraction and that neither eyesight nor judgment plays any part in it whatever. We love or we hate by instinct and not by reason. It is a matter of the heart, not of the head.

A woman may see in a man every admirable quality and yet her vision of his perfection does not make her love him. A man may perceive a woman to be the incarnation of all the feminine virtues, yet this abstract knowledge does not quicken his pulse or send one thrill through his veins.

On the contrary, a woman may observe with perfect clearness every defect a man has and love him none the less for them, and a man may give his soul for the woman in whom he recognizes a thousand faults. It is part of the blindness of love that it does not require perfection of its object.

Not every adoring husband thinks his plain Maria a living picture. He isn't blind to the fact that she has a stub nose, carroty hair and a figure like a feather bed, nor does his affection enable him to look into her mind and see wit and intelligence that the general public does not see and that in reality are not true. He sees her just ordinary and commonplace as she is—but he loves her just the same.

If most of us would canvass the list of those we love best we would find that we convicted them of a thousand defects and weaknesses. Indeed, we do not love people for their perfections, but for their faults. Every drunken scapegrace, every high-tempered woman has a hundred friends, where your model scholar and perfect little body has one.

* * *

THE place, however, where love is not only blind but has pads over its eyes is parental love. Men and women love each other in spite of their faults, but parents perceive no faults.

There is probably not a mother alive who doesn't think that her children are paragons of beauty and intelligence such as the world has never been privileged to behold before. To make her perceive that her offspring are only ordinary human beings is an impossibility.

One of the pious lies that the recording angel must surely accredit to us is the one we tell when a mother presents to us a red-faced, squirming little creature with no more individuality than a cream cheese and asks us if it isn't the prettiest thing that we ever saw and if we ever beheld such intelligence displayed on a human face.

Who has not suffered from listening to the long-winded strain of some doting papa and the wonderful things that Susie said? Who has not been bored to the very verge of extinction by having had to listen while little baby recited and little Tommy drummed on the piano, while their parents made no bones of asserting that they were exhibiting an infantile Booth or Paderewski?

You could see that they were very ordinary little children, but their parents' eyes were holden and they actually beheld qualities in their offspring that love endowed them with and that never developed.

Blessed be such love and all love, for it enables us to be blind or far-sighted at will.

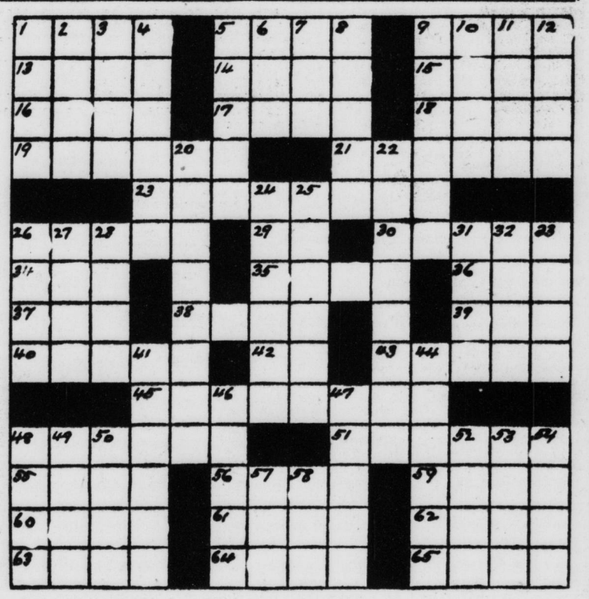
We see what we love or love what we see, and it is all part of the miracle.

DOROTHY DIX.

(Copyright, 1927.)

The Daily Cross-Word Puzzle

(Copyright, 1927.)



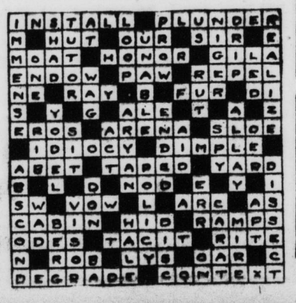
Across.

1. One of these things.
5. Play the leading part.
9. Boast.
13. Cereal grass.
14. End of an axis of rotation.
15. Capital city.
16. Fragrance.
17. Once again.
18. To.
19. Another capital city.
21. Expelled.
23. One of the first 12.
26. Pitfall.
29. Prefix; former.
30. Classifications.
34. Coal bucket.
35. Observe particularly.
36. Feminine proper name.
37. Single thing.
38. Taunting illusion.
39. Cut off the edges of coin.
40. Purport.
42. 101.
43. Fiber of tropical plant.
45. Trigonometric ratio.
48. Father.
51. Large tropical lizard.
55. Extent.
56. Protection.
59. Pillage.
60. Color of horses.
61. Hang limply.
62. Shaped molding.
63. Pointed tools.
64. Efficient.
65. Measure of length (plural).

Down.

1. Walked.
2. Material for leather.
3. Religious image.
4. Tray.
5. Show mercy to.
6. Heavy weight.
7. Beverage.
8. Recaptured.
9. Rough.
10. Tear.
11. Initial stake.
12. Beneficial.
20. Smallest known component of matter.
22. Saying.
24. Italian seaport.
25. Not native.
26. Fired.
27. Not any.
28. Arabian seaport.
31. Confined.
32. Wickedness.
33. Plant used for flavoring.
41. Seas.
44. Daze.
46. Sculptured tablet.
47. Long open space.
48. Estuary of the Amazon.
49. In a straight line.
50. Mexican silver coin.
52. Ship of the Argonauts.
53. Poverty.
54. Affirmative votes.
57. Small chunk.
58. Poorly.

Answer to Saturday's Puzzle.



"Puzzlicks"

Puzzle-Limericks

There was a young man at the —1—
Where brain was an absolute —2—;
Each warning —3—
Went in at one —4—
And out at the opposite —5—.

1. Another name for the War Department (two words).
2. Place where things are kept; last word of first line (two words).
3. Emphatic.
4. Practically every one has two.
5. Opening.

(Note.—You've met a number of people of this sort—and they wonder why they don't get further alonng in the world. Complete the limerick and you'll see why. Or, if you can't complete it, look for the answer and another "Puzzlick" here tomorrrw.)

Saturday's "Puzzlick."

No matter how grouchy you're feeling,
You'll find a smile more or less healing.
It grows in a wreath
All around the front teeth
Thus preventing the face from congealing.

(Copyright, 1927.)

Prices realized on Swift & Company sales of carcass beef in Washington, D. C., for week ending Saturday, January 1, 1927, on shipments sold out, ranged from 10.00 cents to 18.00 cents per pound and averaged 14.78 cents per pound.—Advertisement.

Willie Willis

BY ROBERT QUILLEN.

"The reason I don't go by Mr. Brown's is because I bet Skinny I could knock Mr. Brown's hat off with a snowball before he could, and I won."

(Copyright 1927.)

HOME NOTES

BY JENNY WREN.

Some one has said: "Were a man to live to be as old as Methuselah he would never cease to find fresh beauties in a Persian carpet."

How true that is only a connoisseur of Oriental rugs can realize. He knows that he becomes as fond of favorite rugs as he would of a puppy or a kitten about the house. They are

more than floor covering—they are real personalities.

Shown here is a particularly handsome antique Kuba Oriental. Its colorings are soft red, blue and tan. A rug of this sort, measuring about 6 by 5 feet, may cost between two and three hundred dollars, but it is a sound investment. Its value increases with age, it is a lasting joy to its possessor, and it can be used with furniture of almost any period very successfully.

Because Orientals have been so much used in Europe and America for so many centuries, they are equally at home with the massive furniture of Italy or Spain, the elegancies of Georgian England, or the sturdy, graceful pieces of colonial or early America.

Beauty Chats

Ice.

One of the best and most refreshing face treatments you can give yourself is a thorough rubbing with ice over the face and the neck, and if you want to over the shoulders, too. At first you may not like the extreme cold of the ice, but it is good for the skin, and, if used on the neck, not only helps iron out the wrinkles, but also makes the neck less sensitive to draughts and yourself less liable to catch cold.

In the sumer time when the skin is relaxed and the pores naturally a little open from the heat, ice is a marvelous astringent and can be used over the face and neck immediately after washing with water and soap. But in the Winter when cold, damp winds take a certain amount of oil from the skin anyway, ice should be used following an oil rub or a cold cream massage. Otherwise, the skin may chap.

The best daily treatment, preferably in the morning, is to rub the skin quickly with a little cleansing cream, wash it off, using fairly hot water and a mild soap (castile or cold cream soap if you can get either) and then rub with ice. The drying effect of the ice is balanced by the oiliness of the cream and by the fattiness of the soap, which will not take natural oils from the complexion as a stronger soap would. Another freshening up treatment, which can be given in the evening if you want to make your skin look fine and pretty and if you haven't a great deal of time, is to cleanse the skin quickly with cleansing cream, wash this off with a cloth wrung from hot water, dry with a towel (this takes all the dirt from way down in the pores and is itself very refreshing) and then rub on a little vanishing cream. Rub with ice, over the vanishing cream. It will take off some of the cream, but that does not matter. The combination of the vanishing cream and ice is a very good one, it makes the skin soft and clear and fresh, and it will keep on powder all evening.

Patsy M.—If you can go away for a time to some healthful place to rest and recuperate, it would be the best thing for you; but if this is not possible, try changing your habits somewhat, or even your occupation if you do not lose through doing this. Sleep, fresh air and plain, nourishing food will do much to build you up.

Georgette.—You can effect an apparent increase in your height if you wear long, loose lines to your clothes and pile the hair as high above the head as you find becoming to your face.

Apple and Egg Omelet.

Pare four or five apples, core them, and slice them. Fry them in butter until they are done, then remove them from the frying pan. Beat four eggs together, season them with salt, and place half the mixture in the same pan in which you cooked the apples. Add the sliced apples, then add the rest of the egg. Cook the dish as you would cook an ordinary omelet. Before serving it, sprinkle powdered sugar on top.

Chestnut Dessert.

Heat one pound of chestnuts in the oven until you can remove the skins easily, put the prepared chestnuts in a saucepan with four tablespoonfuls of milk, one tablespoonful of sugar, and a little essence of vanilla. Cook slowly until quite tender, then pass through a wire sieve. Have ready one-half pint of thick whipped cream, and when the chestnuts are quite cold pile in a pyramid and entirely cover with the cream.

Southern Cabbage.

Chop or slice one medium cabbage fine. Put it in a stew pan and cover with water. Boil hard for 15 minutes, pour off all the water, then add the dressing made as follows: One-half a cupful of vinegar, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, one tablespoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of pepper and one-half teaspoon of mustard. Mix this dressing with the cabbage and when boiling add one cupful of cream and one egg which have been beaten together. Serve very hot.

EAT AND BE HEALTHY

Dinah Day's Daily Talks on Diet

The Right Food Is the Best Medicine

"Arrested Cases."

Any one who has contracted tuberculosis wants to know when he will be cured. If a patient has pneumonia or diphtheria or typhoid fever, the disease runs a course, then the victim is convalescent and finally he is well. His bodily resistance will be lowered and health will have to be built up, but he is completely rid of the disease which laid him low. Yet one who is stricken with tuberculosis but gets "well" and goes about his work may succumb to the same disease again.

It is a proven fact that many, many people do recover from tuberculosis. They live normal lives, marry and have children without any danger of the children being tubercular.

Dr. Lawrason Brown, in his "Rules for Recovery From Tuberculosis," defines "cure" and "arrest" as used in reference to tuberculosis cases. Instead of pronouncing a patient "cured" or even "apparently cured," physicians speak of a tuberculosis patient as an "arrested" case. This means that the disease is at a standstill. The germs have been walled in and cannot continue their ravage of the lungs. If the patient returns to his home and works under ordinary conditions of life without a relapse, he is "apparently cured." If after one, two, three months or a year or even two years of strenuous life he relapses, then his disease was only arrested. But if a patient keeps well indefinitely, he can be called "cured."

Even though test of the sputum of a person who once had tuberculosis showed negative, and other symptoms of the disease had disappeared, so that such a person was an "arrested" case and was permitted to live his ordinary normal life, he would still have to exercise due care to keep his health in prime condition. He would have to keep his bodily resistance above par.

In addition to plenty of fresh air and sufficient rest, he would have to be sure his diet contained lots of nourishing food. Plenty of milk—about a quart a day—one or two eggs in addition to three good meals, would be valuable in bringing the weight to normal. Any one who is building up strength and weight must exercise care not to be gorged with food so that stomach or intestinal troubles result. However, habit in food can be cultivated. Though the appetite may not prompt the eating of the nourishing food required, the person who needs such a meal should be a good sport and eat properly.

An "arrested" tubercular patient must be especially careful to follow the rules of health and to keep his body nourished with proper food.

Readers desiring personal answers to their questions should send self-addressed, stamped envelope to Dinah Day, care of The Star.

Our Children By Angelo Patri

A Map.

In my early school days I dwelt for a brief time in the infant class. I understood no word of what went on in the classroom. Regularly I "lost my place" in the reader, and unfailingly the teacher sent me down the ranks to sit "where she could keep an eye on me," on the front bench, the one minus a desk.

Once there she promptly forgot me. I was a very still little boy right under her eye, and she looked over my head at the more active chaps two and three seats back. I enjoyed my front seat immensely. Even had I been able to "keep the place," I should have lost it for the joy of that front seat.

Hanging directly in front of me, with no bobbing heads between to cut off my view, was a delightful map. Until recently I have never seen one at all like it. It was a map of a fancied land, and it was intended to teach the geographical facts to eager childhood. It taught me many of them, but it taught me far more than I can ever put into words.

Through this delectable land meandered a river. It had the most astonishing curves and quirks, and within the shelter of each bend sat some lovely thing that invited a visit and entertaining speculation. The river had no name. It was plainly, unmistakably labeled River in big letters. Beside it sat a great stone castle with a haughty guard. Close by was a high hill, on whose summit floated a pirate flag. (I supplied the pirate part). Farther on was a volcano from which smoke and flame was pouring. Down its steep sides raced one man and one woman and one child and one dog. They were headed for the valley, where nestled the school and the church and the farm. The school had a row of good children in front of its door, and on the farm was one cow and one horse and one pig and one cock.

When I had traveled through the land, always traveling dangerously, I betook me to the shore, a crinkled brown shore on which the wrinkled blue waves lapped high. Ships sailed on the blue sea and fisher boats stood in the bay, while fishers' wives waved farewell from the cape, whose sharp point cleft the waters between the gulf and the bay.

But my tryst was with a fairy who lived in the enchanted forest and with whom I roved the magic regions of my map. I learned the names of all the places because once a week the teacher rapped sternly against the wall and said "Map practice." Then began a responsive reading. The teacher said, "This is a ?" and the class chanted "This is a volcano. We know that a volcano is a burning mountain."

Indeed. I knew far more about it than that. I knew the secret places where the goblins who kept the fires lighted lived. I knew why they lit the fire and why they chased the man and the woman and the boy and the dog down the hill. And why the black smoke came all on one side, the side where the fiercest of all goblins lived and worked. I knew, too, "Where the place?" asked the teacher. But I wouldn't tell. Not I.

A lady brought a map into my office today. Not as good as my map, that could never be, but perhaps it would be as good for you as mine was for me? They're a little older than mine was. Mine was six years. These are ten and up. Way up. Literature and history and adventure. The book stores sell them. Look at them and see if you like them. They are as good as a book; better. You can make your own story—a new one each day. You won't have to lose the place to read yours, which will be an advantage.

Popcorn.

When popping corn in a frying pan or omelet pan, put a portion of butter with each popperful and have the pan and butter hot before the corn is put in. Salt each panful as it is popped. This method not only butters every kernel but also butters it on the outside when popped.

Browned Sweet Potatoes.

Boil six medium-sized sweet potatoes until nearly done. Peel and slice them the long way into pieces about one-half an inch thick. Fill a baking dish with layers of the slices, thickly covered with dark brown sugar and bits of butter. Pour on one-half a cupful of boiling water and cook in a hot oven for about thirty minutes. This will fill a quart and a half baking dish.