

OUR MAGAZINE SECTION

Interesting Features for the Entire Family

Something to Think About

By F. A. WALKER

VACANT HOUSES

IN THEIR grave solitude and desolation, vacant houses are pathetic reminders of empty minds, neglected and forgotten by those able to take best care of them.

On old country roads you may often see such habitations, seemingly eager to proffer a smile of welcome, but quite unable to do it.

Blank weeds are about the doors, the walls are weather-worn and stained, presenting altogether a sad picture.

And these vacant houses started gayly in life; warm in friendship and love, full of hope and aspiration. As the years rolled by they dreamed less and finally sank into a hopeless state of despondency.

You may like vacant houses or not, but there they are, telling in a language of their own of the days that are departed and the joys that are done.

And what happens to vacant houses happens in a far more lamentable way to empty minds, whose owners habitually neglect them, and pay for their disregard the sharpest penalties, at a time when their own reward should be magnificent.

If you are wilfully neglecting your mind, allowing the weeds to grow about the doorway, you will find some

day that you are living in solitude in a dreary dwelling, from which your friends of old turn away in sadness. You were so self-reliant in your youth that you did not care to enlarge and beautify your thoughts.

Gradually you neglected this important duty until the weeds grew and crowded out the flowers. Too proud to stand up straight and stretch out your arms to embrace knowledge, you sat down in idleness or shirked your opportunity.

Being now your own witness and your own judge, there is alas! no possible escape from punishment.

The world has moved on and left you behind in a wilderness of mold and darkness, where you have time to reflect and repent.

But, be it known, whatever your age, you may yet improve your vacant house and make it a thing of beauty.

Women, as a rule, can do this more readily than men, yet men at forty and fifty have been known to form studious habits and flood their old vacant houses with light until its brilliancy illuminated up the whole world!

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YOUR HAND

How to Read Your Characteristics and Tendencies—the Capabilities or Weaknesses That Make for Success or Failure as Shown in Your Palm

A BUSINESS PERSON'S HAND

IN THE hand of a good man or woman of business the fingers are well opened, when held naturally, this showing versatility and self-confidence. The mount of Mars, which lies below the mount of Mercury (the latter is at the base of the little finger), should be strong and well-marked, because this indicates courage and willingness to take risks when necessary.

An exceptionally favorable sign for a man or woman of business is a tripod, or three-pronged division of the line of fate at its end. The line of fate runs up the center of the hand. This sign shows great success in business. If the finger of Mercury is unusually long, in proportion to the other fingers, it shows acquisitiveness and care of money, and is therefore a good sign for a business person. If there is a short line running upward from the line of life to or toward the finger of Jupiter, which is the index or first finger, it is a sign of ambition that is or will be gratified. Last, look in the center of the palm for a triangle that is well formed. This indicates forethought and intuition, valuable qualities in business.

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SCHOOL DAYS



KIDDIES SIX

By Will M. Maupin

TODAY

DON'T waste time in sighing
For old days;
Don't waste time in crying
For old ways.
Better days than yesterdays
Leave no time for sorrow;
On them better fix your gaze—
Today and tomorrow.

Don't waste time in fretting
For lost hours;
Don't waste time regretting
The lost flowers.
Better hours are growing
Than memory can borrow;
Sweeter flowers are blowing
Today and tomorrow.

Don't waste time replanning
O'er bad days;
Don't waste time declining
The good ways.
Smile and look around you,
And new courage borrow;
Better days surround you—
Today and tomorrow.

Uncommon Sense . . .

By JOHN BLAKE

HOW THEY DO IT

SPENDING your days addressing to the world at large the question: "How do they do it?" is not going to bring you any information.

You will see in your travels the banker, the railroad president, the painter, the author all respected, all useful, all getting a great deal out of a life that they have, each in their own way, made easier for others.

You will read, perhaps, that this man started on a farm, that the other began as an office boy, that the railroad president once wiped engines on the line which he now rules.

And if you are normal the question "How do they do it?" will occur to you very frequently.

For these men will look much like other men; they will talk like other men. They will have the same interest in baseball scores and the outcome of a big prize fight.

And it will be difficult for you to understand just what it was that placed them in the high positions they occupy, and kept them there. The answer to your question is

fortunately not inaccessible. You can find out how they do it, if you try.

Nearly all of them have written, or will write, exactly how they did it or if they do not they will tell others who will put it on paper for you to see.

And you will be very much surprised to discover that in most cases the one thing that did it was applica-

tion and industry—in other words hard work.

Geniuses are men apart. They don't know how they do it, and they can't tell.

But successful business men and lawyers and doctors are not geniuses they are merely men with good natural ability, and enough energy to keep working till they get what they are after.

Study and read their biographies wherever you find them. They will answer for you a very important question. And if they can help you just a little toward exerting more energy and cherishing a little higher purpose, the time you spend in reading about them will be paid for at the rate of many thousand dollars an hour.

(Copyright by John Blake.)

Mother's Cook Book

It is well to scrutinize your own shortcomings before calling attention to those of your neighbors. "You have a hole in your tail," said the sieve to the needle.

VARIATIONS OF STANDARD SALAD DRESSINGS.

MAYONNAISE dressing should be thick like whipped cream, and remain so for a long time, if kept in a cool place. Olive oil is by far the most tasty to use in making mayonnaise, but corn oil makes a very good substitute, and as far as appearance is concerned, is equally as good.

To vary mayonnaise add to three-fourths of a cupful two tablespoonfuls of tomato puree; this is tomato cooked down until very thick and put through a sieve.

Piquante mayonnaise—add two tablespoonfuls of chopped olives and pickles.

Cream mayonnaise is prepared by adding three or four tablespoonfuls of whipped cream to three-fourths of a cupful of mayonnaise.

Chutney mayonnaise—add one and one-half tablespoonfuls of chutney.

Connely mayonnaise—add one-half cupful of cold boiled rice.

Thousand isle dressing—to one cupful of mayonnaise add one-half cupful of salad oil, very slowly; one tablespoonful of tarragon vinegar, one-fourth teaspoonful of paprika, one

tablespoonful of chopped chives, one tablespoonful of chopped parsley, one tablespoonful of green peppers, chopped; and one-third of a cupful of chili sauce.

Russian dressing—to one cupful of mayonnaise add three tablespoonfuls of chili sauce, two tablespoonfuls of pimento cut in small pieces, one tablespoonful of tarragon vinegar, one tablespoonful of chopped chives and three-fourths of a tablespoonful of Worcestershire sauce.

Lemon Filling.

Boil together five minutes one cupful of sugar, one-half teaspoonful of melted butter, one-half cupful of water and the juice of two lemons. Add two well-beaten eggs. Beat well; cool before using.

Butter Scotch.

Take one cupful of sugar, two tablespoonfuls of butter, one-fourth of a cupful of milk. Boil until it hairs. Use on spice cake.

Fig Filling.

Cook one cupful of chopped figs in one-half cupful of water, the juice of a lemon and when cool stir in powdered sugar until thick. Use on layer cake.

Nellie Maxwell
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Pocahontas in Bronze



POCAHONTAS
MEMORIAL OF VIRGINIA
THE FIRST PERMANENT ENGLISH COLONY
1607-1907
Capt. John Smith, the first English settler in the colony, was killed by the Indians. Pocahontas, his daughter, saved his life and was married to him. She was the first English woman to live in America.



POCAHONTAS SAVING CAPTAIN SMITH'S LIFE
NEW ENGLAND
SMITH'S DEED OF NEW ENGLAND

"SHE, NEXT UNDER GOD, WAS STILL THE INSTRUMENT TO PRESERVE THIS COLONIE"

By JOHN DICKINSON SHERMAN

ONCE upon a time, more than 300 years ago, Ma-to-aka was engaged in the pleasing sport of turning hand springs in front of her father's hut in that part of the present United States which our forefathers named Virginia—after Elizabeth of England, the Virgin Queen. She was ten or eleven years old and her father, Wah-sun-a-cook was head chief of the Algonquin Indian tribes of the region. Ra-bun-ta, a runner, came at full speed through the forest with a message for the chief. He turned the corner of the hut just as the little daughter of the chief turned one of her fastest hand springs. The girl's flying feet struck the runner in the chest, caught him off balance and knocked him over. A great shout of laughter went up from the Indians. But the chief was not pleased. He called his little daughter to him and said sharply:

"This is not maiden's play, will you never cease to be a po-ca-hon-tas (tom boy)?"

Yes; this was Powhatan speaking to Pocahontas away back in 1607, the year of the first permanent English settlement now within the limits of the United States of America—Jamestown, Va. Evidently the chief's daughter did get over being a tom boy, for she saved Capt. John Smith from the executioner's stone club—"When no entreaty could prevail she got his head in her arms and laid her own upon his to save him from death."

And the old record gives account of her noble conduct "when her father with the utmost of his policy and power sought to surprise and massacre all the whites. During the time of two or three years she, next under God, was still the instrument to preserve this colonie from death, famine and utter confusion, which if in those times had been once dissolved, Virginia might have bin as it was at our first arrival."

"It is not too much to say that, with the exception of Isabella of Castile, no woman has so greatly influenced the destinies of the western hemisphere as the gentle, humane daughter of Powhatan," says Miss Ella Lorraine Dorsey, president of the Pocahontas Memorial association. "The great Spanish queen gave her jewels that the continents across the ocean might be redeemed for Christianity. Pocahontas, from her sylvan kingdom, gave the jewel of her friendship that the adventurers might live. Had she not so acted, all the five heroic efforts of Raleigh would have been void, the blood, the treasure, the hope, the courage, the high heart and faith of those dazzling men who were his companions would have passed like the smoke of a dead camp fire and left only the name of a lost colony."

And yet, strangely enough, the high-brow historians seem to have decided that the saving of Capt. John Smith was a fairy story. Of course they didn't dare say Pocahontas never lived. Yet Pocahontas, though every school boy knows her name, for a long time has been not much more than a tradition and her story a poetic legend. Well, anyway, today you can see Pocahontas in bronze—and a mighty presentable Pocahontas she is too. William Ordway Partridge made her counterfeit presentment. It stands on Jamestown Island, within sight of the landing place of Capt. John Smith and his fellow-adventurers

who, thirteen years before the coming of the Pilgrim Fathers, made the first permanent English colony in the Western world.

A distinguished company journeyed to the historic spot on the occasion of the unveiling.

It included the donors of the statue; the officers and members of the Pocahontas Memorial association, of whom a large number were from Washington; the officers and members of the Association for the Preservation of Virginia Antiquities; lineal descendants of the intrepid Indian princess, and many notables from distant parts of the country.

All wore the gay green and yellow ribbon on which, in gold letters, was commemorated the corn which Pocahontas brought to the starving settlers and the tobacco which was their currency. Dr. Julian Alvin Carroll Chandler, president of William and Mary College, was chairman of the ceremonies and the student body acted as ushers.

That Pocahontas is no myth was attested by a group of children on each side of the statue, lineal descendants of the Indian princess, the Misses Elizabeth Epes Fickling and Caroline Banister Baker of Washington, Harriet Nichols Garret and Aurelia Elzy Terry of Virginia, Masters Richard Minor Ely, Nathaniel Coleman Bryden, Frank Robertson Blackford and J. Standaard and Lloyd Archer, Jr.

Pocahontas, according to unquestioned history, was taken as a hostage to Jamestown in 1613, and baptized, receiving the name Rebecca. In 1614 she married John Rolfe. She went to England in 1616 and was made mad by the court. After a short stay she prepared to return and died of consumption just before the sailing date. She left one son, Thomas Rolfe, from whom a number of the Randolphs, Murrays, Guys, Whitties, Elbridges and Bollings—Mrs. Woodrow Wilson, born Bolling, is a descendant.

So Pocahontas has come into her own at last, and the Pocahontas Memorial association purposed to increase her fame in the land. The association was formed in Washington in 1905 and incorporated in 1906, with the pledge of commemorating the life and heroic deeds of the Indian princess by the erection of memorials such as was unveiled on Jamestown Island.

The society will continue its work in historic research and publish documents bearing on the Jamestown colony and the Indian wars of the era. There are about three thousand members in this national organization and branches governed by regents are established in nearly all the states and insular possessions.

In emulation of the work of the Pocahontas association the Smiths are getting ready to do something for the memory of their ancestor—who should be more famous in America than he is. It's time they did. There are but three reminders of him in this country; one in the congressional library at Washington; one in a church in Smithfield, Va., and Smith Island in Chesapeake Bay. The Captain John Smith Memorial association, with headquarters in Norfolk, Va., is about to open a campaign to rehabilitate the memory of the savior of the Jamestown colony. For to him, quite as much as to Pocahontas, the Jamestown colony owed its escape from extinction. It is proposed to bring his remains to the United States and to entomb them in the old lighthouse at Cape Henry, built in 1789, near which the first English settlers landed. Near by they propose to erect an imposing monument.

Capt. John Smith was buried in the obscure parish church of St. Sepulchre, London, and nothing but a commonplace stone marks the spot. The British government has been approached on the subject of transferring the remains.

Capt. John Smith was an adventurer of renown before he came to Virginia. He was born

HE PREFERRED THE REAL THING

Seeing He Had to Fight Somebody, Shopkeeper's Assistant Enlisted to Meet the Huns.

Early in the war a shopkeeper in a British Columbia town decided that either he or his assistant must enlist. As he was single and his mother and sister were well provided for by reason of their interest in the shop, he thought it was his duty to go.

The assistant, a young fellow named Collins, agreed promptly, and presently found himself in command of the business.

Half a year later, however, the shopkeeper was dumfounded to meet his late assistant, attired in khaki, "somewhere in France."

"What the deuce are you doing here?" he demanded. "Didn't I tell you to stay at home and run the shop?"

"So I thought at the time," was the response, "but I soon found out it wasn't the shop I was in charge of, but all your womenfolk, too. So I said to myself, 'if you've got to fight, go and find someone you can hit.' So I enlisted."

Sub-Arctic Headgear.

The sub-Arctic people from the frozen tundras wear a snugly-fitting bonnet with earlaps, designed to exclude the cold as well as to conserve the heat. Although the utilitarian side

is the essential feature, and each of the 20 or more little pieces used in the construction of the bonnet are necessary to make the shape, the people who wear this headgear have adapted ornamentation to its functions. Fur is the basic material, but there are effective inserts of different colored strips of leather, some of which are woven with leather of contrasting shades. In introducing bright colors they depend almost entirely on quilt work, although occasionally bits of trade cloth are used.

