

OUR MAGAZINE SECTION

Interesting Features for the Entire Family

Something to Think About

By F. A. WALKER

BEWARE OF SHADOWS

TO MAKE one's self happy, to keep on the sunlit trails, to go about the day's duties with a light heart and a willing hand, one must keep constantly in the splendid, radiant rays from the worlds above.

It is not easy to wear a smile when troubles hover near, but by continued effort in the right spirit, it can be done.

Many of our annoying perplexities are of our own making, consequently they can be avoided by turning from them when they first knock at the door of our hearts for admission, and shutting the door in their faces.

We are inclined to brood over some fancied wrong until it becomes a formidable ghostly thing that haunts our life from day to day. We are prone to forget that we are rational beings possessed of spiritual powers capable of turning night into day by a grain or two of faith, which in our moments of despondency we frequently overlook, or cast aside in quest of a balm of our own.

We are not willing to accept the sacred promises given to us by the Master of Men, simply because we prefer the shadows of doubt rather than the glorious sunlight of enduring truth, so we continue to stumble and fall in the darkness of our creation and blame the Fates for our miserable plight.

Human vanity and an exalted idea of our blood-and-flesh prowess are in most cases responsible for the sorrows, tears and disappointments that usually beset us.

We make pitiable jobs of our work but we stubbornly refuse to change our methods even though they bring us nothing but regret and pain.

And generally we rest fairly content with our failures, for we keep multiplying them and courting their company when we know in our hearts

that we should pursue a contrary course.

We wish to be assured of brighter days, but in our blind eagerness to find them, we deliberately turn our backs upon the paths that take to the hills and choose the rougher roads that carry us down to the dark valleys.

If we would not waste our years in ignorance, we must lift our eyes up to the light of Wisdom, place our hands confidently in her always friendly palm and be content to be guided by her kindly counsel and illuminating smile, for there is no other way by which we can hope to overcome impeding obstacles and reach the heights.

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SCHOOL DAYS



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THE STRICKEN

Mother's Cook Book

No man has a right to leave the world as he found it. He must add something to it; either he must make his people better, or happier, or he must make the face of the world more beautiful or fairer to look at.—Edward Bok.

WAYS WITH MEATS

THE main dish of the meal is very important and variety is the aim of most cooks. There are but a limited number of meats, but by combinations and various ways of serving we may make them different and multiply the number of dishes we serve.

Veal Cutlet.

Cut a veal cutlet into pieces two by three inches, then flatten well with the palm of the hand. Dip in egg, then in bread crumbs, and fry a golden brown in deep fat. Then place in the oven for twenty minutes to finish cooking. Drain the fat from the pan, add two tablespoonfuls of flour, brown quickly and add one cupful of water. Cook for five minutes, add salt and paprika, one tablespoonful of grated

onion, two tablespoonfuls of minced green pepper. Lift the meat to a warm platter and pour the sauce around the cutlets.

Stuffed Calf's Heart.

Cut open the heart and remove the tubes. Wash in plenty of cold water and fill with any well-seasoned stuffing. Sew to hold in shape, then tie in a cheese cloth and steam until tender. Place in a baking pan, rub well with butter, cover with bread crumbs and brown in a hot oven. Calf's heart cut in slices and sautéed in a hot frying pan with butter, makes a tasty dish. Cook well on both sides and serve well seasoned.

Marie Maxwell
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Uncommon Sense . . .

By JOHN BLAKE

KEEP YOUR TEMPER

A MAN can acquire courage in an hour. It has been often done on battlefields.

He can learn self-possession in a year.

But it takes many years of intensive training to teach him to keep his temper.

Yet these years are well spent. Unless you are certain that your temper is irritation-proof, you can never be sure of yourself.

At some time, on some occasion, you may lose all control of yourself and do something that you will regret for the remainder of your life.

It is useful to teach boys boxing, not only because it develops their muscles and enables them to defend themselves in case of necessity, but because it is the best lesson in temper-keeping.

No man, without training, can endure sudden pain, inflicted by another man without a temporary fit of anger. Doubtless you have sometimes walked along a path in the woods behind a companion and been smitten smartly in the face by a branch he released as he passed. If you didn't lose your temper you were hardly human.

Learn to avoid sudden anger, which is very different from the slow deliberate kind which you ought to feel in the face of a great wrong or evil. For, if moved to quick wrath, the blood flies to your head, your judgment departs, and for a few minutes or a few seconds you are no better than a maniac.

You may not resort to blows, but you are likely to resort to hot words that are more dangerous than blows,

ONCE IS ENOUGH



Has Anyone Laughed At You Because —

By ETHEL R. PEYSER

You Say Your Prayers? If so, take the laughter lightly and show them to what your prayers have really amounted. Not by boasting or lecturing, but by kindness. For those who never pray are very often sunk when the "ship" is tottering. While you have the "Rock o' Ages" to cling to. There is no truer saying than "actions speak louder than words" and if you act like a regular fellow and do not stay apart from people, others will pretty soon understand why you pray and maybe they will begin to say their prayers, too!

SO

Your Get-away here is: Let your acts so shine that everyone you come up against feels better.

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"ROAD OF 1620" H.M. Wilson



PILGRIM EXILES Broughton

But as he warmed and glowed, in his simple and eloquent language. Quite forgetful of self, and full of the praise of his rival, Archly the maiden smiled, and, with eyes overrunning said, in a tremulous voice, "Why don't you speak for yourself, John?"

—H. W. LONGFELLOW.

THE U. S. A. is never going to forget the Pilgrim Fathers. There isn't a chance on earth, and some day every American citizen will know about them.

Of course there are people nowadays who are a bit hazy about the Pilgrims and the Mayflower and the whole business. Doubtless there are some who know of Plymouth Rock only as a kind of chicken. Certainly there is many a native-born American who doesn't know the difference between the Pilgrims and the Puritans; maybe he even thinks they were the same!

But nobody's going to have a chance to forget the Pilgrims. There's Thanksgiving day, which is not complete without appropriate references to the Pilgrims and that first Thanksgiving dinner of wild turkey, cranberries and pumpkin pie. That's a yearly reminder.

And there are the thousands upon thousands of "Mayflower Descendants," whose activities are nation-wide.

And there are the thousands upon thousands of priceless family heirlooms brought over on the Mayflower—you wouldn't think from the accompanying reproduction of her replica that she could have carried so many, would you?

Some future Americans may escape the descendants and the relics. But Thanksgiving will get most of them and the story of Priscilla Mullins and John Alden and Capt. Miles Standish will get the rest. Why, every schoolboy and every schoolgirl is brought up on this story; to escape it the future American will have to play hooky all his schooldays and dodge Longfellow all his life.

This Plymouth Rock romance is really quite a story. It has several claims upon fame, aside from Longfellow's melodious version.

In the first place it's a true story. If you don't believe there were any such people, please know that John and Priscilla became the parents of eleven children—and their descendants are now numerous enough to have a society all by themselves.

Secondly, Priscilla perpetrated the first recorded American leap-year proposal. To be sure, she didn't pop until 1620 was past and gone, but the principle is the same.

Thirdly, it's the first American triangle—an innocent one, adorned with admirable features. Longfellow, himself descended from John and Priscilla, appears to have stuck pretty close to the facts—for a poet. But he was a mere man and how could he tell the story of a girl's love! Elizabeth Poe retells the story in the Washington Post and here are some of the points she makes as to why Priscilla took John instead of Captain Miles:

The perversity which guides a woman in love matters was evident in Priscilla Alden's choice. John Alden was a stalwart youth, and made her a good husband. She saw heaven in his blue eyes, beyond doubt, but to most women the valiant soldier of fortune, Capt. Miles Standish, would have had more appeal. Standish was surrounded with the halo of romance and adventure in a dozen countries; he was strangely like that other doughty adventurer of America's beginnings, Capt. John Smith—a stout heart his, and fitted thereby for

HAD HIS NEPHEW SIZED UP RIGHT

Uncle Foggy Came Pretty Near Knowing Just What Was the Matter With Lucas Purr.

"My nephew, Lucas Purr, is a handy man who can do a little of everything but make a good living," admitted old Uncle Foggy. "He can play most any sort of musical instrument well enough to be in active demand at home-talent entertainments, but not well enough to

get paid for it. He can work various puzzles and drive children crazy with admiration, but he can't interest the bankers in any of his problems. He can fix a contrary clock with ease, but he can't concoct an excuse that will cause anybody to lend him money. He will do a thank-you job cheerfully and well, but when there is cash to pay out it goes to a grouchy professional.

"So he proceeds, making things easy

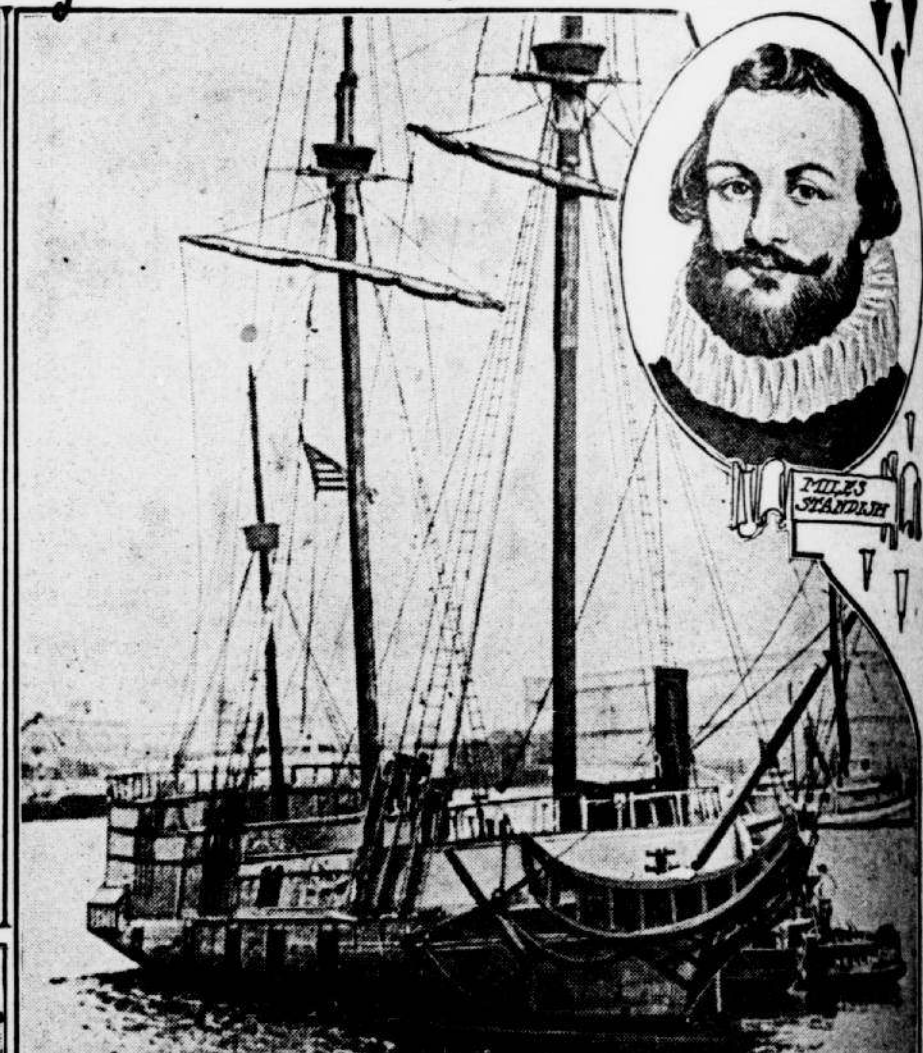
for other people, but getting very little out of it for himself, b'uz, while he is capable and accomplished, he hasn't learned to bunch his hits. Looking over him, I am inclined to believe that the matter with Lucas is that while he has the key to success, he can't find 'the keyhole.'—Kansas City Star.

Ambusson Tapestry Rugs.

The little city of Ambusson, in France, 250 miles south of Paris, has been the commercial center, for over a century, of the weaving of tapes-

tries for the floor, as well as tapes for furniture and the wall. Hence the name Ambusson rugs has become attached to tapestry rugs, and they are commonly called that now even when woven elsewhere. Thousands of Americans who have visited Mount Vernon, President Washington's home, overlooking the Potomac river, may remember having seen two Ambusson rugs there. One in the dining room and one in the library. Both these rugs were made in Ambusson, France.

"Why don't you speak for yourself, John?"



PILGRIMS GOING TO CHURCH—Broughton

the stern tasks that awaited these Pilgrim folk, who sought on the bleak New England coast the right to accept the dictates of their own conscience and "freedom to worship God."

Perhaps Priscilla felt that to men of such type women are more or less "incidents," proving the poet Byron's confession that "Love is to men a thing apart. 'Tis woman's whole existence."

Perhaps she had the fear that in years to come Miles Standish might weary of the tameness of the Plymouth hearth fire and harken to the call of wanderlust once more. John Alden, on the other hand, was the steady-going kind, a student, of judicial temperament, imbued with the tenets of the Pilgrim faith, while Miles Standish as a soldier of the church militant was perhaps not over-troubled with religious theories and intricacies, a "fighting roundhead," so to speak, caring more for the battle like the fighting Quaker Ellcotts of Maryland, who have managed, in spite of being Friends, to be in every scrap in which Uncle Sam has had a hand.

It may come as a surprise to most people that the Pilgrim fathers were not "graybeards," as generally supposed, but, on the contrary, young men. Only two of the whole company were more than fifty years of age and only nine were more than forty. Standish was thirty-six years old; John Alden was only twenty-one. There again comes in another reason why John Alden was chosen by the sprightly Priscilla and Standish turned down by proxy. It was youth calling to youth with Priscilla and John Alden. To her seventeen-year-old eyes Captain Standish was an "old man."

John Alden was of her own generation. May preferred to wed with May instead of September, and there's no gainsaying a woman's "because," which in one word sums up any given action of hers.

Moreover, John Alden offered Priscilla the flower of a first love; Miles Standish had buried his heart in a woman's grave—that of his first wife, lovely Rose Standish, frail of body but great of heart, who succumbed with fifteen of the twenty-nine women who had sailed from England and Holland to the hardships of the first Plymouth winter, leaving no child to comfort her sorrowing husband.

Priscilla at this time was only sixteen, just on the verge of womanhood. We can picture Priscilla not in the conventional uniform attire of the pictured Pilgrim, which with its gray gowns with dainty white collars and cuffs with stiff caps and dark capes is a mere artistic caper, according to the best authority. Women of Priscilla's station in life, and it was of the upper middle class, wore the English dress of the period. This was often full skirts of silk or varied colors; long, pointed stomachers, often with bright tone; full, sometimes puffed or slashed, sleeves, and lace collars or "whisks" resting upon the shoulders. Often the gowns were plaited or silk laced; they often opened in front, showing petticoats that were quilted or embroidered in brighter colors. Later came the dress restrictions, but not in the early days of the colony.

Fortune had severe trials in store for Priscilla Mullins. During that terrible first winter not only

her father but her mother and brother as well died, and she was left alone, orphaned and friendless in a strange new world. Her plight seems to have aroused the sympathy of the entire colony. The women adopted her in mass, and in her beauty was as evident as her goodness, all the young men in the colony would have liked to have done the same thing.

Meantime the Mayflower was returning to the land. Alden, crushed, disappointed, not daring his loyalty to his angry friend to push his suit with Priscilla, planned to return to the old home, forsaking forever the Plymouth colony. He took together his scanty belongings and went to the shore where the Mayflower waited, straining her anchors. A crowd had gathered there, and as Alden was about to step on the gunwale of the boat which would take him out to the waiting sea, he saw amid the solemn faces of the Pilgrims the tear-stained countenance of Priscilla Mullins.

Reproach, grief and unutterable longing were in her eyes. He gazed long into them across the distance between them, then jumped back as shore. "Here I remain," he vowed, raising his hand to heaven. So under the providence of God it happened that not one went back in the Mayflower and the colony was intact, save for the rages made by death.

When a woman is as determined as was Priscilla to wed the man of her choice, mere man talk little, indeed, to do with it. Thus it happened that before he knew it John Alden was safely betrothed to Priscilla and the wedding day was set.

Finally, the blishest day arrived and the Pilgrims were gathered in the meeting house for the wedding ceremony. Miles Standish had left town some weeks before on another Indian expedition. After the wedding sermon, according to the local custom of the day, had been heard, a form of prayer on the threshold of the church, clad in armor. Behind him pressed his "invincible army," now reduced to eight. It was Capt. Miles Standish, returned from the wars to find his lady loved the bride of another.

Dead silence fell over the church. Priscilla glanced archly at her erstwhile lover from the shelter of her husband's strong right arm. He, one stride Standish came to their side. He took his hand to the bridegroom and said, "us be friends again." John Alden's face was again as he gladly grasped the hand of his old friend. Turning to Priscilla, Standish bowed low and said simply, "I should have remembered the adage, 'If you would be well served, you must serve your self,' and moreover, no man can gather cherries in Kent at the season of Christmas." Priscilla laughed and flushed.

It was not long, however, before John Alden and his reconciled friend went to Duxbury, Mass., and started a settlement there. The bruised heart of Miles Standish had been healed by the soft fingers of a certain Barbara, one of the passengers on the second coming of the Mayflower. She became the second Mrs. Miles Standish and in amity and affection the two families lived side by side in Duxbury. Priscilla became the mother of eleven children. Thus this Pilgrim romance, like the story book tale, ends aptly with the old phrase "And they lived happily ever after."