

Something to Think About

By F. A. WALKER

COMMENDABLE DESIRE

A LITTLE girl sees a doll, and instantly there comes a yearning in her heart to clasp the doll to her breast and call it her own.

She raises her delighted face to her mother and stretches out her chubby hands in pleadings that cannot be denied.

A boy craves a knife, and he holds to his wish until he gets it gratified. Then he proceeds boy-fashion to nick things, which he has been forbidden to cut and finally gashes his finger.

As the girl and the boy grow older their desires undergo a radical change. With accumulated experience and knowledge, they seek more substantial possessions, good opinions, or a particular place in the world where they may become conspicuous and powerful.

And thus all through life their desires grow, assume new forms, urge them forward or backward, mold their character for good or evil and shape their destiny.

The desire to do good is the most ennobling thought man or woman can possibly have.

It is the only desire that does not warp the soul with selfishness or destroy faith.

To build up images and to yearn for things which can be of no permanent use to us or to our fellow beings, is but a waste of energy which ought to be put to better use.

President Harding longs to bring peace to the world.

Doctors and nurses desire to heal

the sick and alleviate the pains of the suffering.

There is a growing wish everywhere among the enlightened to eliminate the parasite, by urging everybody to useful effort, especially the young and those inclined by reason of their wealth to waste their time in idleness.

What is your chief desire?

Is it something of a selfish nature, agreeable or pleasure bringing, or something which will some day prove a lasting benefit and blessing to all mankind?

There is one intense, compelling expectation in the heart of every human being which controls his or her life.

What is yours?

If it is good, buckle on the armor of faith, put jealousy, selfishness and fear behind you and make yourself distinguished.

(Copyright.)

THE CHEERFUL CHERUB

So many unexpected things
Bring added joy to life
somehow—
My boss just got some
squeaky shoes
So I can hear him
coming
now.



KIDDIES SIX

By Will M. Maupin

DAY DREAMS

I LONG for the days of the barlow knife,

And the sore toe tied with yarn;
For the "mumblepeg" and the "Boston taw"

In the shade of the moss-grown barn.

I even yearn for a stone-bruised heel,
Or a back burned red by the sun;

For the old-time zest for any couch
of rest

I had when the day was done.

I long for the days of the "sight unseen,"

And the peg tops spun with twine;

For my old-time place down at second base
As one of the village "Nine."

I even yearn for the finger bugged

Or the thumb with a ragged split;
Or the old-time lump on my bulging brow

That showed where the baseball hit.

I long for the days of the swimmin' hole,

And the "swish" of the old fish-line;

For the "croakies," "aggies," "glassies" and
The "nealles" that once were mine.

I even yearn for the blistered hands

That came from the old grub hoe;
For the appetite that came with night
In the days of long ago.

I long for the days that are long, long dead,

When my heart was free from care;
For the sunny hours when my boyish soul

Was as light as the summer air.

But, thank the Lord, I am living yet.

And I thank Him, too, that I
Can sit at ease when the day is done
And dream of the days gone by.

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"ISLAND of the BLESSED"



Madeira Girls in Gala Dress.

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

Madeira, the island to which the former emperor of Austria-Hungary and his wife have been banished, might be said to lie in the Atlantic Ocean—and the Middle Ages. And most interesting to Americans, perhaps, it was once the home of Christopher Columbus.

Once one has penetrated into the country back of Funchal, the only town of the island that may be called a city, the simplest and most primitive of civilized conditions are found. Plows are merely the wooden beams tipped with a point of iron that Roman peasants used; draft animals are oxen; grain is threshed by being trodden out on old-fashioned threshing floors; and even in Funchal the most common means of conveyance is the sledge dragged over cobbled streets by slow-moving oxen.

But with all its primitiveness Madeira is a land of great beauty and charm. It is considered by many, indeed, the modern version of the "Islands of the Blessed." It is situated in the latitude of Charleston, S. C., and the Bermudas, and is about as far southwest of the Strait of Gibraltar as the Bermudas are southeast of New York. Madeira, though, is not a low-lying islet, but was once a huge volcanic peak, and has rugged mountain scenery comparable to that of the volcanic islands of the Pacific. In its rich volcanic soil on the slopes of its peaks, and in the hot-house-like air of some of its deep valleys, almost every known type of plant can be grown. The island has become a great botanical garden. It is only necessary to climb its slopes to pass from the growth of the semitropics to that of the temperate zone. Bananas and apples, tree-ferns and oaks, oranges and pears flourish within a stone's throw of one another. Above three thousand feet where most of the cultivation stops the crests of the hills and mountains are covered with laurel and pine. Once Madeira supported dense forests of large trees, a fact which won it its name, meaning "wood." But the early settlers fired the forests to clear the land and the later growth was for the most part of smaller trees and shrubs.

Scenery Is Magnificent.

The scenery of Madeira is on a magnificent scale out of proportion to the thirty-mile island.

One ridge rises to more than 6,000 feet, and one valley especially, Curral das Freiras, has the luxuriance and charm more to be expected of the tropical islands of the East. Steep rugged cliffs mark the greater part of the coast; and on the low ground about the occasional bays and widened canyons that open to the sea huddle tiny towns.

Possibly Madeira and the few small islands which make up the group were known to the Phoenicians and later to the Moors and the Genoese; but all records of their existence—unless vague legends be considered—had been lost by the beginning of the fifteenth century. In 1418 or 1419 storms drove Portuguese mariners to the islands and they were therefore the first of the numerous small Atlantic islands to be discovered or rediscovered. Strangely enough it was little Porto Santo, not the relatively large Madeira, that was found. A colony was founded on the islet and remained many months before Madeira, only 23 miles away, was discovered.

Unlike the nearby Canary Islands where the native Guanches had attained a considerable civilization, the Madeiras apparently had never been inhabited before their discovery in 1419. The islands were, in fact, given over almost solely to vegetation. No mammals or quadrupeds were found except a few bats and a species of rat. The only other living creatures that

existed in this island paradise were a few birds. Through colonization Madeira and Porto Santo were soon peopled and today the former has a density of population nearly three times that of the mother country, Portugal. Then began the pouring into Madeira of the floral good things of the earth, a procedure which has made it a wonderland for botanists. Of primary economic importance was the introduction of sugar-cane from Sicily. Soon a very important sugar industry had been built up. Grapes were brought in from Crete, and by the time of the American Revolution the famous Madeira wine had shouldered sugar from its place of importance.

Not a Prosperous People.

In spite of the wonderful climate and soil of Madeira, its inhabitants are not very prosperous. This fact is probably chiefly due to the marked density of the population, to the lack of an adequate educational system, and to the brake applied to initiative by some of the governmental and fiscal regulations. Because of the pressure of population many of the young people have emigrated during the past few decades. Illiteracy is widespread.

The people of Madeira have many strains in their blood. Italians, Jews, Moors, negro slaves, and English have all contributed elements, but the Portuguese have always been incomparably the most important factor, and the resulting men and women are undeniably dark, swarthy sons and daughters of Portugal. Members of the upper classes are courtesy itself.

After wine production, Madeira's most important "industry" is its tourist traffic. For more than half a century the island has been the sun-parlor of the English, the white officials from the African colonies, and numerous Europeans. But to most of the tourists Madeira is Funchal, the little city of 25,000 population which nestles, gleaming white, in a big amphitheater on the south side of the island and which has many of the modern facilities which the outside world expects. Funchal's harbor is only a roadstead, but it is never deserted, for the city lies at an ocean cross-roads of the routes that lead between the Strait of Gibraltar and the West Indies and South America, and between South Africa and England. And it had in pre-war days lines that piled directly to England, the Canaries, the Azores and Portugal.

The precipitous streets of Funchal compelled the use of sledges instead of wheeled vehicles in the early days, and these quaint and primitive vehicles are still in use. The motive power is usually supplied by oxen and some of the sledges are luxuriously fitted out with elaborate canopies. A thrill can be gotten from Funchal's primitive vehicles not surpassed by that from the racing automobile, for it is customary in descending from the hills to coast down over the cobblestones on small sleds with greased runners. One of the regular excursions for tourists in Funchal, even though they stay in the island but a few hours, is a trip to an elevation of 2,000 feet above the harbor by a cog railroad and an exciting slide down. Walkers climbing the hills about the city regularly arrange to have "livery sleds" meet them at certain points on the heights that they may coast back to the lower levels.

Funchal's cog railroad gives access to several level roads which wind about the faces of the hills back of the city affording excellent views of the city and roadstead below. Opening upon these and farther up near the terminus of the railroad are the show places of the city. In some of these villa estates are to be found gardens of flowers and shrubs and trees whose beauty is probably unsurpassed anywhere in the world.



Mrs. C. L. Scott

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SORRY HE GAVE BOY RIFLE

Why Fond Uncle Has Grave Doubts Concerning the Future of His Small Nephew.

Do the child's toys make the man? Uncle Ed, who is proud of bright-eyed Bobby, his brother's four-year-old son, before Christmas hoped they did. Now he hopes they don't.

When Uncle Ed was a boy he played with a rifle. The toy, he always confides to himself, was the foundation of his winning a sharp-shooter's badge in the army. That was the main reason that he gave Bobby an air rifle for Christmas last year.

Ed, since then, has imagined Bobby shouldering the "weapon" and playing soldier. He learned his mistake yesterday when he visited his brother's home, because Bobby met him at the door, pointed the rifle at his face and commanded:

"Stick 'um up! Stick 'um up!"
"Why didn't I give him a Bible?" Ed mourns now.

Men like to be laughed at for their wit, but not for their folly.

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THE ROMANCE OF WORDS

"MISSISSIPPI"

THOUGH every school child knows that Mississippi means "The Father of Waters," the fact that the word was originally spelled "Meche Sepe" is apparent only from a study of the Indian source. And even this is only an approximation of the way the phrase should be written, for the Algonquians had no written language which could be transplanted literally into English letters.

The first form in which we find the name of the river is "Meche Sepe," suggested by Tonti and slightly closer to the present spelling. Father Laval still further modernized it into Michispi, which another priest, Father Labatt, softened into Missisipi. Since then, the only changes have been to overload the word with consonants. Marquette added the first "s" and some other explorer the second, making it "Mississippi"—the form in which it is used in France to this day, with only one "p." The man who added the other has never been discovered, but he must have been an American for, at the time of Louisiana Purchase, the name was generally spelled in the colony with a single "p."

(Copyright.)

SCHOOL DAYS



DAY DREAMS

The little boy growing up in a good home believes everybody is honest and kind, and only after he gets out in the world is he bitterly disillusioned.

And even after his years in school or in college, he finds himself expecting to be fairly dealt with in business, and is disappointed when he finds that this is not always to be.

It would, we believe, be a mistake to destroy the ideals of childhood. We ought to have ideals at some stage of our existence, and childhood is about the only time when they are not likely to be shattered.

But when you start out to fight the world for your living, the sooner you realize that you must at times meet with injustice and unfair dealing, the less likely you will be to cry out that you failed because every man's hand was against you.

The world has still a long way to go in its journey toward civilization. It will have many setbacks before the end of the journey is reached.

Today, if you find other men dealing unjustly with you, even though you deal justly with them, do not be shocked or surprised.

There are such men in the world—many of them. Treat them fairly, but be prepared for a different kind of treatment from them, and don't whine if you receive it.

Be alert to read character. Pick out honest and straightforward men to deal with—particularly as employers.

Be on your guard against cheats, and men who would exploit you. They are always inferior in intelligence to men who do business honestly, and therefore less likely to be able to be of service in advancing you.

Don't complain when you are unfairly dealt with. Grit your teeth and endure it. Find the right kind of people, who are still abundant, and make them your friends, and your company, and your business associates.

It will be a long hunt, but the results will repay you the time you spend on it.

(Copyright.)

Mother's Cook Book

To friendships of the yester year.
That time has proven choicely true—
Then wouldst not have me hold less dear
While I invite thy friendships new.

—Caroline Sumner.

WHAT TO EAT

LITTLE cakes that are nice for children's parties are:

Come-Again.

Sift two cupfuls of flour with one-half teaspoonful of salt and two teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Add one cupful of chopped raisins and pecans, equal parts of each, and one cupful of brown sugar. Beat one egg, add one-half cupful of milk and stir into this the dry ingredients. Lastly, stir in two tablespoonfuls of butter. Drop by spoonfuls on a greased baking sheet, sift over them a mixture of cinnamon and sugar and bake in a quick oven.

Baked Oyster Plant.

Select several large roots of salsify, scrape and wash as usual, dropping into cold water with a little vinegar to keep them from discoloring. Place well brushed with olive oil on the rack in the oven and bake until done, turning occasionally. Put into a hot dish and pour over them a white sauce made by cooking two tablespoonfuls each of butter and flour together with one cupful of milk. Cover with buttered crumbs and bake in the oven until the crumbs are well browned. Grated cheese may be sprinkled over the dish if desired.

Sweet Pepper Souffles.

Cut out the seeds and membranes from four sweet peppers and parboil. Put through the meat chopper, mix with two tablespoonfuls of sharp hard

cheese finely grated, two tablespoonfuls of fine sifted crumbs, three tablespoonfuls of flour, blended smooth with an equal quantity of cream and stirred into the slightly beaten yolks of two eggs. Season with one-half teaspoonful of salt, a little pepper and a few pinches of poultry dressing. Blend the whole well together and add the stiffly beaten whites of the eggs. The batter should be rather stiff. Place at once in greased individual molds, or paper cases, filling them two-thirds full and bake in a hot oven until well puffed up. This amount should make eight souffles.

Nellie Maxwell
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Uncommon Sense

By JOHN BLAKE

THE SQUARE DEAL

FOR a good many thousand years leaders of thought and morals have been trying to establish the square deal on the face of this earth.

The Golden Rule is older than the Scriptures. Efforts to make men do as they would be done by date back to Confucius.

Up to the last reports, none of these efforts had altogether succeeded. There is still cheating and lying and stealing and injustice in the world.