

# SOMETHING TO THINK ABOUT

By F. A. WALKER

## A CLEAR TRACK

THE white lights are blazing encouragingly along your track, young man and woman, and the world is waiting open-armed to receive you.

There is work to do for yourself, and your country.

The shops and factories are calling you. The professions are opening places in their ranks for your acceptance.

The smiling acres in pleasant valleys and on magnificent, health-giving hills are stretching out their plump, brown arms to embrace you in a friendly welcome.

From everywhere comes the call to honor and prosperity.

The old and worn are falling by the wayside; the young and vigorous must move up and take their places, full of promise and overflowing with riches.

Mount your steed and whip him up. Do not be afraid.

Nothing is impossible if you will accept responsibility intelligently and give the best that is in you.

There are greater fortunes hidden in the future, waiting for development than are visible in the present, and the track is clear along the entire way.

Keep going in all sorts of weather. Keep away from your own ugly moods, angry quips and storms of passion.

Carry with you all the cheer, will-iness and sunshine that you can.

# Among the NOTABLES

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY, born August 9, 1780, made himself immortal by writing the "Star Spangled Banner."

It happened that, in the War of 1812, towards its close in '14, the British invaded Washington. Some friends of Key's, who lived on a plantation nearby, were being held as prisoners and Key obtained the permission of President Madison to secure their release. With another man who had charge of the release and exchange of prisoners, he went out to the plantation and was courteously received by the British. They agreed to let the owners go, but said the entire party would have to stay over during an attack on Baltimore. Consequently, they were detained on board the frigate Surprise, part of the fleet firing on Fort McHenry.

The battle raged during the night, a puny enough fight, as battles go nowadays, but was watched with anxiety by the Americans. From his place on the deck, Key could see the American flag flying in the glare of the guns. Then there was a lull, and only darkness and smoke, and he lost sight of it, and had to await the first rays of dawn to see whether the Stars and Stripes still floated. When he saw it again, in the first faint light, he was so overflowing with relief and exultation that he wrote the first part of his immortal poem on the back of an envelope. It was printed and sung by a Baltimore actor, that very day, they say, and swept through the country as the greatest song of the time.

Key was a lawyer, though he did publish a book of poems with this song included. He died in Baltimore in 1843, and since then several monuments have been erected—one in Frederick county where he was born.

Occasionally there is a February with no full moon. Two such cases occur in the present century—1915 and 1961.

# THIS KEEPS US TWENTY

By DOUGLAS MALLOCH

A SHADOW will fall Across us all, There never yet was a year all summer.

And men will win To an empty inn Where never a light will greet the comer.

But the cloud will pass And we'll find the grass, And the spring will come with the buds returning.

And we'll trudge along When the inn goes wrong Till we come to a house where the lights are burning.

The wind will blow From the north, you know, And the snow will drift, and the ice will gather.

But the wind will swing To the south and bring Us clearer heavens and better weather

Why, all we need Is to wait, indeed, And to smile a little, and pray a plenty.

The days we scold Are what makes us old, And the days we hope are what keep us twenty!

# SCHOOL DAYS



# Your Last Name

## IS IT BRIGGS?

BRIGGS is a more usual name than Bridge or Bridges, yet they both have the same meaning, and Briggs is the dialect variation of Bridge. Rigg is in the same way a form of Ridge, yet Rigg or Riggs is rather more usual than Ridge or Ridges.

In England the name is renowned as having belonged to Henry Briggs, a contemporary of Shakespeare and of the greatest mathematicians of his day.

There have been several distinguished members of the Briggs family here. One was George N. Briggs, one fine governor of Massachusetts and congressman. And another was Charles Augustus Briggs, an American theologian.

FERKIN—This is said to have been derived from a French nickname from Frederick.

MASON—Sometimes this is an occupational name but probably often it is derived from Matthew, having the significance of son of Matthew.

CATT—This is undoubtedly derived from the first name Catherine. It may have been that the first of the name took his name from his mother—and illegitimacy was surely not always the reason for this. Again it is highly probable that such first names were taken in honor of some saint or church festival. Thus a man born on St. Catherine's day might have given this name to distinguish him from his associates.

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# THE YOUNG LADY ACROSS THE WAY



The young lady across the way says it's interesting enough to go to the New York Stock Exchange once in a while, but she doesn't see why anybody wants to pay the prices they ask for a seat for the season.

Nellie Maxwell (© 1925, Western Newspaper Union.)

# Lore for Dog-Owners

By Albert Payson Terhune

## WHY YOUR DOG DOES STRANGE THINGS



"The Dog Turned Carefully Around Twice Before Lying Down."

OLD MAN NEGLEY had brought his slenderly compact little Dobermann Pinscher dog along with him to Vine street that day, for companionship in his tiresome round of lawn-mowing.

At noon the old man parked his lawnmower under a tree in the Vreelands' spacious back yard and sat down beside it to sample the contents of his dinner-pail.

The grass had been left to grow long in this part of the grounds. A little later it was to be cut for hay.

At present it was wavy and starred with daisies.

The two Vreeland boys and a school friend of theirs sauntered past, toward the house, and stopped to say hello to the old man.

As they did so the Dobermann Pinscher decided to imitate his master's example by coming to rest in the tall grass. The dog turned carefully around, twice, before lying down.

"I wonder why he did that," said Phil Vreeland. "Why he turned around, I mean, before he lay down, I've seen lots of dogs do it. It's silly."

"Yes," agreed Old Man Negley. "It's silly. Just as silly as for you and me to dream we're falling off some high place and wake up with a start. But once it wasn't silly for folks to dream that. Our ancestors, a million years ago slept in high trees or on high rock ledges to keep out of the way of wild beasts. The fellow who fell down from that height in his sleep was due to get a broken neck or be eaten by those same wild beasts."

"That was their worst terror for maybe thousands of years. That's why we keep on dreaming it; so a professor-chap told me once."

"Well, my dog turns around for a reason something like that."

"For millions of years his ancestors used to sleep in the high grass at night. The grass stems were stiff. The ground was likely to have snakes or scorpions on it. By turning around the dogs brushed the stiff grass into a bed, and they scared away the snakes or the scorpions that might have stung them."

"Dogs, today, get that trick from their ancestors. Some of them turn around like that, even if it's only a hearthrug they're going to lie down on."

"It's what the science sharps call a 'throwback.' It may be silly (now), but once it was a life-saver."

"There are a lot of things our dogs do because their ancestors did those same things for so long. For instance:

"Wild dogs and their wolf-brothers were about the only animals that ever have hunted in packs. They would pull down a deer or a buffalo or some other prey, and then the whole pack would fall upon it and eat it. They were half starved."

"Often there wasn't enough to go around, so the dog with dainty table manners didn't live long enough to have any descendants. He died of hunger."

"The strongest dog was the dog that could bolt his food fastest and in that way get the biggest share of it. He was the dog that left his traits to his descendants—his traits of gulping down his food in big mouthfuls without half chewing it, among other things."

"That's why dogs today bolt their food faster and with less chewing than any other animal does. A cat eats daintily. A dog gobbles. That is why it is twice as easy to poison a dog as it is to poison a cat. The cat examines first. The dog inherits the habit of bolting his dinner without stopping to figure out what is in it."

"Nature has helped out this trait of his by giving him gastric juices that dissolve almost anything, except poultry bones, that gets into his stomach. If you or I should eat the things a dog eats, and eat them as fast and without chewing, we'd be dead."

"Another thing about the old-time

hunting packs of wild dogs: When a dog starts to bay the moon at night, you've noticed how one dog after another, for miles around, takes up the sound and passes it on. It isn't like that with any other animal. For instance, if one cow moos all the cows in town don't begin to moo.

"In the old times the leader of the pack would bay at night to call the rest of the scattered dogs together for the hunt. Wolves and wild dogs still do that. Every wild dog that heard the call would obey it, and he'd do more. He'd send along the call to any other dogs that might be in hearing distance of him, and they'd pass it on in the same way."

"It's the ancestor-memory of the hunting call that makes our own dogs bark or howl at night when they hear a neighbor's dog do it. And a mighty unpleasant throwback it is, when folks are sleepy."

Old Man Negley had tossed a mutton bone to his Dobermann Pinscher when he sat down. The Pinscher had not finished gnawing all the meat off it. Getting to his feet and trotting over to a flowerbed, he proceeded to bury the bone in the soft earth, shoving the dirt back into place above it with his black nose.

"There's one more throwback," commented the old man, nodding toward the busy canine. "When the wild dogs pulled down some prey that was too big for them to eat all at once, they knew the next dog or pack of dogs that happened to get the scent would finish the carcass."

"So the dog that had had enough to eat would bury the rest of the bones. He would come back later to dig them up and eat them, when he was hungry again. That was good common sense; and I don't doubt it often saved him from famine. When game was scarce, he'd just return to the place where he'd buried his dinner; and he'd eat it."

"To this day dogs do the same thing. That Dobermann of mine knows he isn't likely to come here again. He knows he's never in his life been let go hungry. But by old-time instinct he's burying that bone. Because a trillon of his ancestors did it; and they made it a part of his nature to bury bones he can't eat."

"Your dad was asking me how to stop his collie from running out after cars. That's another throwback. Wild dogs lay in the bushes or long grass. Deer or sheep or rabbits would scurry past. If the dog wanted a dinner, he had to give chase the first instant he saw the flash of anything rushing past him. It was his nature to give chase to anything that ran by. That's how he kept alive. It was his sport and his way of making a living. It got to be an instinct."

"In the brains of modern dogs (especially long-haired dogs, because they are nearest to the wolf and the wild dog) that instinct is still doing business. And a pesky nuisance it is."

"A car goes whizzing past, and instinct makes the dog chase it. Sometimes I wonder what they think they'd do with the car if they caught it."

"Yes, there's a reason for everything your dog does. Even if that reason is sometimes a million years old."

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## Carlsbad Still Popular

Before the World war, Carlsbad was probably the most famous spa of Europe, and 70,000 visitors a year journeyed there. After the war Carlsbad became Karlovy Vary of Czechoslovakia. Nearly 50,000 visitors stayed there last year, which was more than twice as many as the year before; five times as many Americans as English were there, a number eight times larger than the number of French.

## Misunderstood

She—We women are always misunderstood.

He—Well, no woman ever tries to make herself plain, does she?

# Division Manager

Mutual Life of Illinois Never Without PE-RU-NA In His Home



Mr. F. H. Fricke, whose address is 625 Pontiac Bldg., St. Louis, Mo., writes under the date of June 25, 1924—

"My family and myself have had splendid results from your Pe-ru-na. We are never without it in our home. I wouldn't take a thousand dollars for what it has done for my family and myself. When I contract a cold I immediately take a dose of Pe-ru-na and get relief. I recommend Pe-ru-na everywhere."

For coughs, colds, catarrh and catarrhal conditions generally Pe-ru-na has been recognized as reliable for over fifty years.

Sold Everywhere Tablets or Liquid Send 4 cents postage to THE PE-RU-NA COMPANY, Columbus, Ohio, for book on catarrh.

Advertisement for SPOHN'S Compound, featuring a horse and text: "Best for 30 Years for Distemper, Pink Eye, Influenza, Laryngitis, Catarrhal Fever, Epizootic, Coughs or Colds. For Horses, Mules & Dogs. SPOHN MEDICAL CO. DISTEMPER COMPOUND."

# No more RHEUMATISM

IT'S GONE! That awful agony! Rheumatism can't stand the rich, red blood that S. S. S. helps Nature build.

But rheumatism will bring pain and misery to your joints and muscles just as long as you are without plenty of rich, red blood in your system.

It's the red-blood-cells that S. S. S. helps Nature build that drive out of your system the impurities that cause rheumatism. And until you do build up your blood to where it is pure and rich and red, you simply can't get rid of rheumatism.

And S. S. S. is the thing. Red blood conquers rheumatism. Everybody knows that.

S. S. S. means millions of red-blood-cells—means health all over. No more rheumatism. Nights of rest—days of joy, filled with the happiness of accomplishment—made possible by a body brimful of red blooded life, energy and vitality.

That's what the end of rheumatism means—that's what S. S. S. brings to you. Get S. S. S. from your druggist. The larger bottle is more economical.

Or a Diving Suit He—What kind of shoes do you think I ought to wear with these golf hose? She—Hip boots.—Colorado Dodo.

# MOTHER!

Child's Harmless Laxative is "California Fig Syrup"



Even if cross, feverish, bilious, constipated or full of cold, children love the pleasant taste of "California Fig Syrup." A teaspoonful never fails to gently clean the liver and bowels and sweeten the stomach.

Ask your druggist for genuine "California Fig Syrup" which has directions for babies and children of all ages printed on bottle. Mother! You must say "California" or you may get an imitation fig syrup.

# Never Grows Older

He feels like a boy at forty. Whenever constipation troubled him Beecham's Pills brought certain relief.

"For over a year I suffered from headaches and constipation, other remedies having failed. I told someone at my club, who suggested that I try Beecham's Pills. I tried them, and they relieved me. I'm only forty and I feel like a boy again after taking Beecham's Pills."

"Anyone with common sense should take Beecham's Pills for constipation, biliousness and sick headache."

Mr. J. G., Yonkers, N. Y. This man gives good advice. Follow it, and see how quickly digestive disorders, constipation and biliousness are overcome by Beecham's Pills. FREE SAMPLE—Write today for free sample to B. F. Allen Co., 417 Canal St., New York. Buy from your druggist in 25 and 50c boxes for Better Health, Take Beecham's Pills

# Mother's Cook Book

It is better laughing than crying. However the world go by! Though the laughing be only lying. It is better laughing than crying. So laugh—it is well worth trying! Though a teardrop burn in the eye! It is better laughing than crying. However the world go by! —Stokley Fisher.

## FOR THE FAMILY TABLE

FEEDING the family is a very important business and one which every mother will do well to study. Simple food well prepared is much more wholesome for all ages than the rich foods and hearty meats so often considered necessary.

Panned Chicken. Separate a chicken into pieces at the joints; set into a buttered baking pan, adding a bit of butter to each piece; pour in a cupful of boiling water or veal broth, add salt, cover closely and set to cook in a hot oven; let cook an hour and a half; baste the chicken once or twice and turn over the pieces when half-cooked. When done remove the chicken to a platter, surround with savory rice and serve with

Sauce for Panned Chicken. Melt three tablespoonfuls of butter; in it cook three tablespoonfuls of

flour and a scant half-teaspoonful of salt and a few dashes of pepper; when bubbling hot stir in three-fourths of a cupful of cream and the broth from the pan which should make a cupful or more. When boiling, strain into a bowl.

Raisin Pie. Grate the rind and add the juice of two lemons and one orange, add one cupful of light brown sugar, two cupfuls of seeded raisins, one cupful of coarsely chopped walnuts, one and one-fourth cupfuls of water and bring to the boiling point; add four tablespoonfuls of flour blended with two of butter. Cook until the mixture is smooth, pour into a well-lined pastry plate, cover with a crust and bake for thirty minutes in a moderately hot oven until delicately browned.

For a family with a member or two who cannot eat sauerkraut, those who do must deny themselves a wholesome, tasty dish. Isn't it too bad that we cannot all sit down to such a dish as this?

Nellie Maxwell (© 1925, Western Newspaper Union.)