

What of the Checks?



Let me entreat one thing of thee and I will adventure to promise thee a good year. The request is in itself reasonable and may to thee be eternally profitable. It is only this: duty to prize and diligently to improve time for the blessed end it was given for and is yet graciously continued unto thee by eternal God.—REV. JOHN SHERMAN (1612-1685).

By JOHN DICKINSON SHERMAN
WHAT of the checks that you and I are going to draw on the Bank of Time in 1922—if we keep on drawing checks through the year?

“There's nothing new under the sun,” according to a very old saying. It's true, too, in a sense. But in another sense it most certainly isn't true. For there is something new every time New Year's day comes around.

There are several things that are new at New Year's beside the New Year. There's a new chance. There's a new responsibility. There's a new balance in the Bank of Time. There's a new bank book. So, what will the check stubs show at the end of the year?

Rev. John Sherman had a right to make his “reasonable request,” if practicing what one preaches gives that right. His “three score and ten” were busy years. He was born at Dedham, Essex, England, and before he was twenty-one he was an A. B. and A. M. of Trinity college, Cambridge, a minister of the Church of England and a Puritan on his way across the Atlantic to the Massachusetts Bay colony. There was no church, for him, since the only three in existence—Boston, Salem and Watertown—had efficient ministers. So he was one of the “original planters” of Wethersfield, Conn., and a “watcher,” 1634-40. Then he was one of the founders of Milford, New Haven plantation. Next he was a magistrate representing Milford in the New Haven colony and also charged with the duty of dividing land. Meanwhile he preached wherever opportunity offered.

In 1647 he became the minister of the Watertown church. There he preached till his death in 1685. Church and state were pretty much the same thing in those days, so the village affairs kept him a busy man. He found time, however, to publish for many years an almanac, for which he made all the astronomical calculations and wrote the text. He was also the first fellow and overseer of Harvard university. Incidentally he also found time to marry twice. Cotton Mather in his “Magnalia Christi Americana,” says he had 26 children; this is a misstatement, but he did have 16. His epitaph in Latin on the tombstone in East Waltham, Mass., thus sums up his life:

“Sacred to the memory of John Sherman, a man distinguished for piety, character and truth; a profound theologian; as a preacher a veritable Chrysostom; unsurpassed in his knowledge of the liberal arts, particularly mathematics; a faithful pastor of the Church of Watertown in New England; an overseer and fellow of Harvard college. After a life of faithful service to Christ in the church for upwards of 45 years in the fullness of time he passed away and received from Christ the palm of victory, in the seventy-second year of his age, August 8, A. D. 1685.”

Let us hope that this “reasonable request” that this early Puritan put to himself was to him “eternally profitable.” In any event, he stands forth as a fine sample of a sturdy American pioneer family that has given four immortals to the nation—Roger Sherman, one of the framers of the Declaration of Independence; General W. T. Sherman; Secretary of State John Sherman; Vice President James S. Sherman.

Certainly his request is one that is always reasonable. And it is one that was never more reasonable than now. The year 1922 is a year when every good American should endeavor “duly to prize and diligently to improve time.” It is a year with a challenge. It is a year with a promise.

Though in folly and in blindness And in sorrow still we grope, Yet in man's increasing kindness Lies the world's stupendous hope.

And it is a reasonable request to every red-blooded, thinking, patriotic American. Such a man knows that nobody can stand still; that he has either to progress or fall back. The progressive man accepts responsibilities as the measure of his capabilities. He never shrinks them, for he recognizes in them the price he must pay for advancement. Competition is going to be keen this year. The dollar is going to be hard to get. Men who have been getting twice what they were before and have had lots of money to spend are going to feel the pinch. It looks as if everybody who works for a living will have to work a little harder. It may be that life will seem hard. But what of it? Life has always been hard—perhaps it was meant to be. Anyway, it is something that has got to be lived and mastered. It's the business of men “to greet the unseen with a cheer” and “to advance on chaos and the dark.”

Of course all of us cannot have a hand in the big things that must be done in meeting the challenge of 1922. But if all of us do the little things we may, 1922 will indeed be the “Happy New Year” of our greetings.

To smile a little more,
To praise a little more;
To smile when days are sunny
And when the tempests pour;
To pay less heed to slanning
And more to kindly thought;
To see beyond the winning
Just how the fight was fought;
To be a little kinder,
A little braver, too,
To be a little blinder
To trivial things men do,
To give my hand to labor,
Nor whimper that I must;
To be a better neighbor
And worthier of a trust.
To play the man, whatever
The prize at stake;
God grant that I shall never
These New Year pledges break.

Anyone looking for something to do in the way of helping along can help bolster up the morals of his community. The war has done what all wars do. And the leeches on society are always active at such times. Just now we are facing all sorts of loose living and the public at large apparently feels little concern. Any man or woman can at least help by setting a good example.

abuse and a nuisance. The kings and feudal nobility of the Middle Ages practically levied on their dependents for gifts. The presents varied according to sex and rank.

FEAST DAY FOR RUSSIAN CHILDREN

In the country towns of Russia New Year's is the great feast day for the children. Boys fill their pockets with dried peas and wheat and go in bands from house to house. People they

A good American can help just now by putting his respect for the law strongly in evidence. For the law is the law. If it is a poor law, it should be changed. But until it is changed, it should be obeyed—whether it relates to the shooting of game birds or to the use of liquor or to the speed of automobiles or to murder or to anarchy. Many people who would hotly resent the charge that they are anarchists take delight in evading the laws and in making sport of the laws.

Every thinking man must realize that this Twentieth century civilization is too complex to be sane, safe and sober. Medical philosophers are unanimous in declaring that we Americans live too hard and too fast; that our rapid ways are harmful both to the individual and to the race; that we should slow up. We are, to use the homely old phrase, burning the candle at both ends. Men try to succeed in business, to rule in politics, to be social leaders—all at the same time. To crowd dissimilar things together has become a national characteristic. Our avocations are often as wearing as our vocations; we play even harder than we work. Thus to crowd two or more lives into one is to borrow of nature. She is a hard creditor and she always exacts payment.

One cannot, of course, indict a whole people. There are still millions of sane, safe and sober people in America. But a society that demands or even countenances such recklessness in its need of reformation. It would be interesting—and startling—to know how many men and women put themselves in an early grave by going the pace that kills.

“Of all sounds of all bells, most solemn and touching is the peal which rings out the old year. I never hear it without a gathering up of my mind to a concentration of all the images that have been diffused over the past twelve-month; all I have done or suffered, performed or neglected, in that regretted time. I begin to know its worth as when a person dies. It takes a personal color; nor was it a poetical flight in a contemporary poet when he exclaimed: ‘I saw the skirts of the departing year.’”

“Every first of January that we arrive at, is an imaginary milestone on the turnpike track of human life; at once a resting place for thought and meditation, and a starting place for fresh exertion in the performance of our journey. The man who does not at least propose to himself to be better this year than he was last, must be either very good or very bad indeed. And only to propose to be better is something; if nothing else, it is an acknowledgment of our need to be so, which is the first step towards amendment. But, in fact, to propose to oneself to do well is in some sort to do well, positively; for there is no such thing as a stationary point in human endeavors; he who is not worse today than he was yesterday, is better; and he who is not better, is worse.”

So wrote Charles Lamb. Therefore let us make New Year resolutions “duly to prize and diligently to improve time for the blessed end it was given for”—even if we break them.

have any grudge against are doused with the peas, while they shower the wheat upon their friends. A curious custom also is feasting on the hand-somest horse and leading him to the house of a nobleman. The pea and wheat shooters follow in droves. Both guests and horse are admitted to the parlor of the lord and the guests receive presents.

Berlin is to erect Europe's first skyscraper along American lines, a building 22 stories high.

Daddy's Evening Fairy Tale

BY MARY GRAHAM BONNER
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COUNTRY CHRISTMAS

“It makes no difference to me,” said Santa Claus to his dog, Boy of the North, “whether they live in the city or in the country.”

“I go to both the villages and the cities and the places far out in the country. I will admit, though, that I think the country is lovelier at Christmas time than the city.”

“To be sure, there are wonderful toy stores in the cities, but the people in the stores told me a long time ago they liked to have it that way.”

“You see,” they told me, “we haven't the beautiful snow banks and the wonderful Christmas look that the country has, so we like to make up for it as well as we can.”

“Will you help us, Santa Claus?” “So I promised them that I would and of course I always have.”

“I try to have as gay decorations as possible in their stores and to make everything look just like Christmas.”

“For in the country it somehow looks so much more like Christmas with the greens and the snow and everything so close at hand to help decorate with. Then fireplaces are so cosy and nice to sit around before Christmas when the children are writing their letters to me.”

“I've always found, too, that people were very careful to have their fires go quite out before it was time for me to come down the chimney.”

“Or they have had an extra chimney for me to come down.”

“Santa Claus knows how to get down all chimneys. But still I am fond of big old-fashioned kinds of chimneys.”

“What a time I had at first getting used to those fire-escapes they have in the cities.”

“But I got used to them all right. Still I do enjoy a nice big chimney. Yes, I most certainly do enjoy that.”

Now Santa Claus was in the country. He had a few more cities to visit, too, but he was enjoying his talk with the reindeer while they were dashing through a long distance of country where scattered here and there were some farm houses where children lived.

“To be sure, there are some places which I visit where there isn't any snow at all.”

“I should be used to them by this time,” Santa continued, “but they all seem strange to me, for I'm so much more used to the snow and the cold weather.”

“And then we have to use the hard-ground sleigh, don't we, my lovely reindeer?”

The reindeer all understood, for when they came to the place where



“A Nice Big Chimney.”

there was no snow Santa Claus always put on the sleigh what he called his hard-ground runners.

They were for the places where the snow-runners would not do.

Oh, yes, Santa Claus had spent time in his work shop a long, long time before, fixing up the sleigh for such places.

“I must sing a song about the snow and the country,” Santa said. So, as the reindeer hurried, scurried, scampered along, Santa Claus sang, and his voice rang out in the cold, clear air of the night. This was his song:

“Merrie Christmas, this I say,
Christmas is my favorite day!
I am happy as can be,
That the children care for me!
I make toys to please them all,
I make trains and many a ball,
I make dollies that can talk,
Dollies also made to hug,
Which will look so very snug,
When they're held and rocked to sleep,
Now I will take a little nap,
At the girls and boys tonight,
And I'll whisper, ‘You're all right!’
I love you all—yes! Every one!”

And Santa Claus sang as they went from house to house on Christmas Eve and the sleigh bells made music for Santa's song!

Admirable.

“How did you get on with spelling?” Harry's mother asked him after his first day at school. “You look so pleased that I'm sure you did well.”

“No, I couldn't spell much of anything,” admitted Harry, “and I couldn't remember the arithmetic very well, nor the geography.”

The mother showed her disappointment, but Harry had consolation in reserve.

“But that's no matter, mother,” he said; “the boys admire me; they say I've got the biggest foot in the class!”

The Kitchen Cabinet

FISH DISHES

Don't idly dream! Great deeds await your doing.
Deeds that will live, and you in them may live,
Noble your thoughts, each day your strength renewing,
Be you but true, that strength your faith shall give.
Life striving round you bids you, then awaken;
Look where the future grandly stands in view;
In God press onward! Be your trust never shaken.
Don't idly dream, but do!
—George Birdseye.

As canned fish is available in any market, these dishes are reasonable at any time. Salt codfish is in the market, put up in boxes and a most satisfying dish of this is easy to prepare.

Salt Cod en Casserole.

Wash and soak one pound of salt codfish in water to cover for several hours. Drain and flake in small pieces. Cover with boiling water and simmer before flaking. Melt three tablespoonfuls of butter, add one small onion cut in slices and cook slowly for five minutes. Add the fish which has simmered ten minutes, one cupful of boiled rice and two cupfuls of canned tomato. Pour into a casserole, cook for thirty minutes. Season well before serving.

Fish Cutlets.

Melt three tablespoonfuls of butter, add one-half tablespoonful of finely chopped onion and two tablespoonfuls of chopped mince. Cook slowly for five minutes, stirring constantly. Add one-third of a cupful of flour and when well mixed stir in one-half cupful of milk and the same amount of cream or condensed milk. Cook until smooth and thick, add two cupfuls of flaked fish, salt and paprika to taste. Shape into small cutlets, dip in egg and crumbs and fry in deep fat. Drain on soft paper and serve with a good sauce.

Molded Fish Salad.

Flake one-half pound of tuna fish or salmon. Mix with one cupful of diced celery, one tablespoonful of chopped pepper, two tablespoonfuls of chopped olives and three-fourths of a cupful of salad dressing. Add two tablespoonfuls of vinegar and season with salt and pepper. Soak two tablespoonfuls of gelatin in one-fourth of a cupful of cold water for five minutes, dissolve by placing over hot water, then stir into the mixture of fish. Turn into small molds rinsed with cold water and set away to chill. Serve on lettuce with water cream and garnish with celery, strips of green pepper or parsley.

We hear a great deal about the psychology of color in the interior decoration of the home, the theater and the stage, as well as in dress. The effect of color on appetite is just as marked and fully as important.

GOOD THINGS TO EAT

An attractive variety of cookies may be made from one recipe, using different flavors, animal shapes and letters, all kinds of dried fruits, nuts, and colored sugar if desired. The following is a good foundation recipe:

Take one-half cupful of butter, one cupful of sugar, two eggs, one-quarter of a cupful of milk, two cupfuls of flour and one teaspoonful of baking powder. Mix and chill the batter well before rolling, adding any flavor or nuts and fruit which appeal to the taste.

The above mixture, flavored with rose and baked in a sheet, may be cut in fancy shapes, decorated with pink frosting and pistachio nuts in the form of a rose, with green stem and leaves.

Spice Nuts.—To one cupful of sugar add two teaspoonfuls of butter and, when well mixed, add two well beaten eggs, one cupful of flour, one-quarter of a cupful of finely shredded citron, one-half teaspoonful of cinnamon, one-quarter of a cupful of almonds, one-quarter teaspoonful each of allspice and cloves. Mix in the usual order and add flour enough to make the balls the size of hickory nuts. Place on buttered tins an inch apart and bake until a light brown. They may be dipped in chocolate or any fondant, if desired.

Coffee Sponge Baskets.—Prepare a sponge cake and bake in gem pans. For filling, add three tablespoonfuls of coffee to one and one-half cupfuls of milk. Place in the top of a double boiler and scold. When the coffee is well cooked, strain through a cheese-cloth. Mix together one-half cupful of sugar, four tablespoonfuls of flour, the yolks of two eggs and one-fourth of a teaspoonful of salt. Pour the scalded milk over this gradually, stirring constantly. Return to the double boiler and cook fifteen minutes. Cool and add two stiffly beaten whites, one-half cupful of walnut meat and one-half teaspoonful of vanilla. Hollow out the cakes, fill with the filling, top with whipped cream and place a handle cut from an orange or use a strip of angelica.

Fine Eyes.

A young woman of Baltimore recently visited an old chum in Washington whose husband she had never met. “You told me,” said the Baltimore girl one afternoon, “that your husband had such fine eyes; but really I haven't found it so.”

“Haven't you?” said the other. “Just wait until the milliner's girl comes with my new hat and the bill.”

A Lesson to Him.

Rafferty hore ten feet into a mining claim and then abandoned it. Another took it up and at 11 feet struck gold. When Rafferty heard the news he exclaimed: “I'll never leave another claim until I've gone a foot further!”—Life.

YOU CAN'T TRUST CALOMEL AT ALL

It's Quicksilver, Salivates, Causes Rheumatism and Bone Decay.

The next dose of calomel you take may salivate you. It may shock your liver or start bone necrosis. Calomel is dangerous. It is mercury, quicksilver. It crashes into sour bile like dynamite, cramping and sickening you. Calomel attacks the bones and should never be put into your system.

If you feel bilious, headachy, constipated and all knocked out, just go to your druggist and get a bottle of Dodson's Liver Tonic for a few cents which is a harmless vegetable substitute for dangerous calomel. Take a spoonful and if it doesn't start your liver and straighten you up better and quicker than nasty calomel and without making you sick, you just go back and get your money.

Don't take calomel! It can not be trusted any more than a leopard or a wild-cat. Take Dodson's Liver Tonic which straightens you right up and makes you feel fine. No salts necessary. Give it to the children because it is perfectly harmless and can not salivate.—Advertisement.

DIFFERENT, OFF THE STAGE

Master Crook Had to Seek Ordinary Mortal to Perform What Would Seem Simple Task.

Dareham Drake, the world-famous film villain, had a very busy day at the studios.

In the performance of part nineteen of “The Master Crook” he had deftly cut open with his electric saw five formidable safes, mastered swiftly the mysterious combinations of nine more, and with a nonchalant air had picked the lock of his prison cell.

And now, his day's work finished, he breathed a sigh of relief as he alighted from his car and reached the door of his flat.

It was locked. Anxiously he searched every pocket of his clothes for the latchkey, but failed to unearth it.

“Here's a fix!” he groaned. After another vain search the Master Crook walked around to the nearest locksmith's shop, flung a \$20 bill into the counter and begged the unshaven man in charge to come and open his “blessed” door!

ATTORNEY SURELY A WONDER

But Old Darcy's Admiration Must Have Been Embarrassing Under the Circumstances.

In Alabama they tell of a prosecuting attorney who was so uniformly successful with his cases that he became both the terror of evil-doers in the vicinity and the admiration of all, especially the dusky portion of the population.

Upon his withdrawal from office he was at once sought out by those charged with crime. Much to his disgust, the first two cases that he defended resulted in the conviction of his clients. An aged dandy, named Joe Clinton, who had waded his prosecutions with wonder and who looked on with equal amazement now he conducted the defense, met the attorney just after his second defeat.

“Mistah Cal,” said the old chap, in awed tones, “yo' shore is a wonder. No matter which side you is on, they goes to the pen just the same.”—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Never Say “Aspirin” Without Saying “Bayer.”

Genuine BAYER ASPIRIN

WARNING! Unless you see name “Bayer” on tablets, you are not getting genuine Aspirin prescribed by physicians over 21 years and proved safe by millions for

Colds Headache Rheumatism
Toothache Neuralgia Neuritis
Earache Lumbago Pain, Pain

Accept only “Bayer” package which contains proper directions.

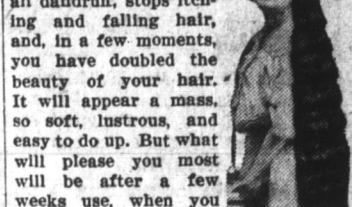
Handy tin boxes of 12 tablets—Bottles of 24 and 100—All druggists. Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacturing of Monocrotic Acid of Salicylic Acid

New Year Gifts

As to the New Year's gift custom, it is supposed to have been derived from the Romans, but is probably much older. Suetonius and Tacitus mention it. Claudius issued a decree forbidding the demanding of presents except on New Year's day. The Roman colonists in Britain found that the Saxons kept New Year's in the same fashion. Starting as a pleasant, friendly custom, it rapidly became an

THIN, FLAT HAIR GROWS LONG, THICK AND ABUNDANT

“Danderine” costs only 25 cents a bottle. One application ends all dandruff, stops itching and falling hair, and, in a few moments, you have doubled the beauty of your hair. It will appear a mass, so soft, lustrous, and easy to do up. But what will please you most will be after a few weeks use, when you see new hair—fine and downy at first—yes—but really new hair growing all over the scalp. “Danderine” is to the hair what fresh showers of rain and sunshine are to vegetation. It goes right to the roots, invigorates and strengthens them. This delightful, stimulating tonic helps thin, lifeless, faded hair to grow long, thick, heavy and luxuriant.—Advertisement.



CHOICE BETWEEN TWO LOVES

Can One Wonder That Malvina Turtle-dove Hesitated When It Came to a Showdown?

Malvina Turtle-dove wept bitterly. Those dear, bright blue eyes were in danger of being washed clearer and bluer still.

She was in love! Then she dressed hurriedly, in preparation for Jack's expected visit. Promptly at eight he arrived.

“Jack,” she breathed, “I am so worried.” “My pet, my angel, what is it?” asked Jack, in great concern.

“I don't go to give one of you up, and I haven't got which I love best. Can't I—?” the maiden wept.

“No!” returned Jack, determinedly. “You must choose between us—he or I!”

“Jack,” she wept, “show me some mercy!” But he showed her none, and so, with a last look of love, Malvina threw her Pomeranian, Bob, out of the window and said:

“Jack, I am yours!”

MOTHER! MOVE

CHILD'S BOWELS WITH CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP

Hurry, mother! Even a sick child loves the “fruity” taste of “California Fig Syrup” and it never fails to open the bowels. A teaspoonful today may prevent a sick child tomorrow. If constipated, bilious, feverish, fretful, has cold, colic, or if stomach is sour, tongue coated, breath bad, remember a good cleansing of the little bowels is often all that is necessary.

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.—Advertisement.

No Labor Saver.

A traveling man was eating in a stuffy little restaurant one very hot day where there were no screens at windows or doors. The proprietress herself waited on her customers and “shooed” flies from the table while doing so. Her energetic but vain efforts attracted the attention and roused the sympathy of the traveling man, who said:

“Wouldn't it be better to have your windows and the door screened?”

“Well, yes, I suppose that would help some,” she replied, after a moment's reflection, “but don't you think it would look kinder lazylike?”—Harper's Magazine.

Give a woman half a chance and she will proceed to boast of her ailments.

Nellie Maxwell