

# Uncommon Sense . . .

By JOHN BLAKE

## YOUR LEISURE HOURS

LIKE a machine, you only rust while you are idle. Rest is necessary. Idleness is not.

Ideas come oftenest in your leisure hours. By making use of these hours, not only for rest and recreation, but for thought, you may make them the most valuable part of your life. This is particularly true of men who are employed upon tasks which require more attention than inventiveness.

There is much tedious work to be done in the world. Once the motions are learned there is nothing to do but follow them. Day after day it is the same thing over again, till the mind becomes numb and the heart sick with sheer weariness.

If you have this kind of a job, you will have to do most of your thinking in your hours of leisure. It is then that your brain, relieved of the strain of constant attention to a humdrum job, will be at its best.

It is then that you will have time to read—to think, to consider the future and what you mean to do in it.

Even the dulllest duties can be done better by a thoughtful man than by an unthinking one.

But if you are engaged on—we will say—a commonplace bookkeeping job, you will have no time to figure out better ways of working while you are bent over your desk with your pen in your hand.

Your attention will be wholly consumed by the labor. When the labor is done for the day—when you can

look at it from a distance—you will begin to get more light on it.

Lucky is the man whose job is a constant incentive to thought. The engineer, the painter, the writer, can think as he works, and his mind grows with each day's task well done.

But such places in life are few. Most of us must do the daily grind as cheerfully as we can, and when the whistle blows or Sunday morning dawns, think how we are going to get a better job.

Recreation, exercise, both are necessary. Play is as useful as work.

But nowadays every man has more leisure than he needs for play. If he employs it intelligently it may become more important than all his working hours.

Be systematic about the use of your leisure. Read in it, study in it, think in it. And it is more than likely that the habit of thought you thus develop will carry you out of the rut to the threshold of fortune.

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## On the Waiting List.

Percival—Phillippa, when I make my fortune I'm going to ask you to marry me. Will you mind waiting for me?

Phillippa—Not at all, Percy; not at all. The longer I have to wait for you the better I'll like it.

## ROMANCE OF WORDS

"Sub Rosa."

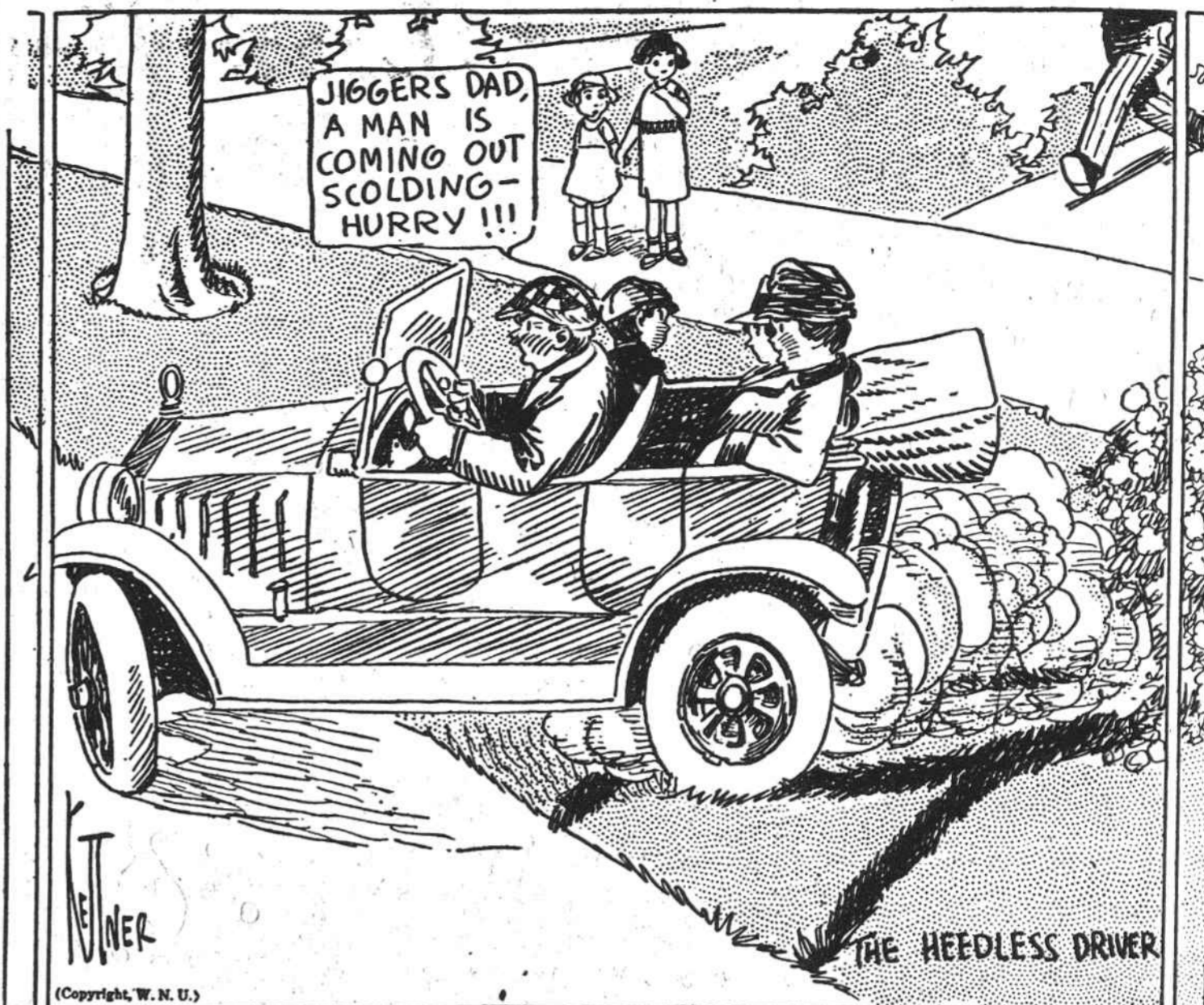
MEANING literally "under the rose," this synonym for secrecy or confidence dates back to 477 B. C., when Pausanias, commander of the Spartan and Athenian fleet, was engaged in conspiracy with Xerxes to betray Greece to the Persians. The meetings were conducted in a building connected with the Temple of Minerva and called the "Brazen House." Because the roof of this building was covered with roses, the intrigue was literally carried on "under the rose."

Pausanias, however, was betrayed by one of his men and, to escape arrest, he fled to the Temple of Minerva. The crowd, fearing to violate the sanctity of the temple, walled up the entrance and left Pausanias to die of starvation in the very place where he had been guilty of treachery. It later became a custom among the Athenians to wear a rose when they had a confidential communication to make, and the flower also appeared on the ceilings of banquet halls to remind the guests that what was spoken there was in confidence. The same practice was common among the ancient Germans and, in the Sixteenth century, it was usual to see a rose placed over the confessionals in Roman Catholic churches.

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# OUR COMIC SECTION

## On the Concrete



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## SCHOOL DAYS



## Something to Think About

By F. A. WALKER

## NATURAL COMPULSION

FORTUNATE indeed is the man or woman who has succeeded by patient effort in overcoming his or her natural compulsion. We all have within our breast this compelling force, striving at every crucial moment of our life to obtain mastery over our intellect and reason.

In times of stress, when confronted by serious problems, or when passion takes sudden possession of us and temporarily dwarfs our sense of judgment, we become aware of our weakness—our inclination to be controlled by impulse rather than by well-weighted thought or clearly defined purpose.

To put it in everyday vernacular, we lose our heads and rush pell mell into the waiting arms of trouble, never thinking of the disastrous consequences that may follow.

Sometimes the brute instinct overcomes us, sweeps us away from our spiritual moorings and carries us out to sea.

When the weather clears we realize our predicament. We wish a thousand times that we had kept cool, been more circumspect in the choosing of words and the exhibition of an ugly disposition.

But being repentant never quite restores us to the old place we occupied in the estimation of our friends and associates.

The previous intimacies and confidences are broken beyond perfect restoration. They may be cemented together as are the severed pieces of a priceless vase, but the scars are sure to remain.

Reconciliations after quarrels fail to bring back the old faith in one another. In spite of the manifestations of sor-

row, the "makeup" kiss, or the forgiving handshake, there lingers in the heart a reserve which is seldom overcome.

The marks of the breaks are always visible to the eye of the soul; confidence and love are injured.

There is but one love on earth that passes through without being broken—the love that the noble mother bestows on her child. Dear intimacies survive till death because the natural compulsion of the mother is to love and to hold love in its divine perfection.

Compulsion of this exalted type is uplifting, dissimilar in every respect to the evil kind, which brings to all who unfortunately yield to it, nothing but disquietude and sorrowing.

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## BUILDERS

By GRACE E. HALL

ONE builds foundations with a careful hand, Each stone square set with accuracy and skill; Another builds great temples, wisely planned— One rears a schoolhouse on a barren hill.

A mansion is the fancy brought to earth Through someone's clever handiwork and brain; So do men blend their dreams in forms of worth, That, fashioned, blend in dreams of men again.

Then, since all work of man is viewed by man, To stir and wake and urge endeavors new, How careful should he be in every plan— Painstaking in the task that he shall do!

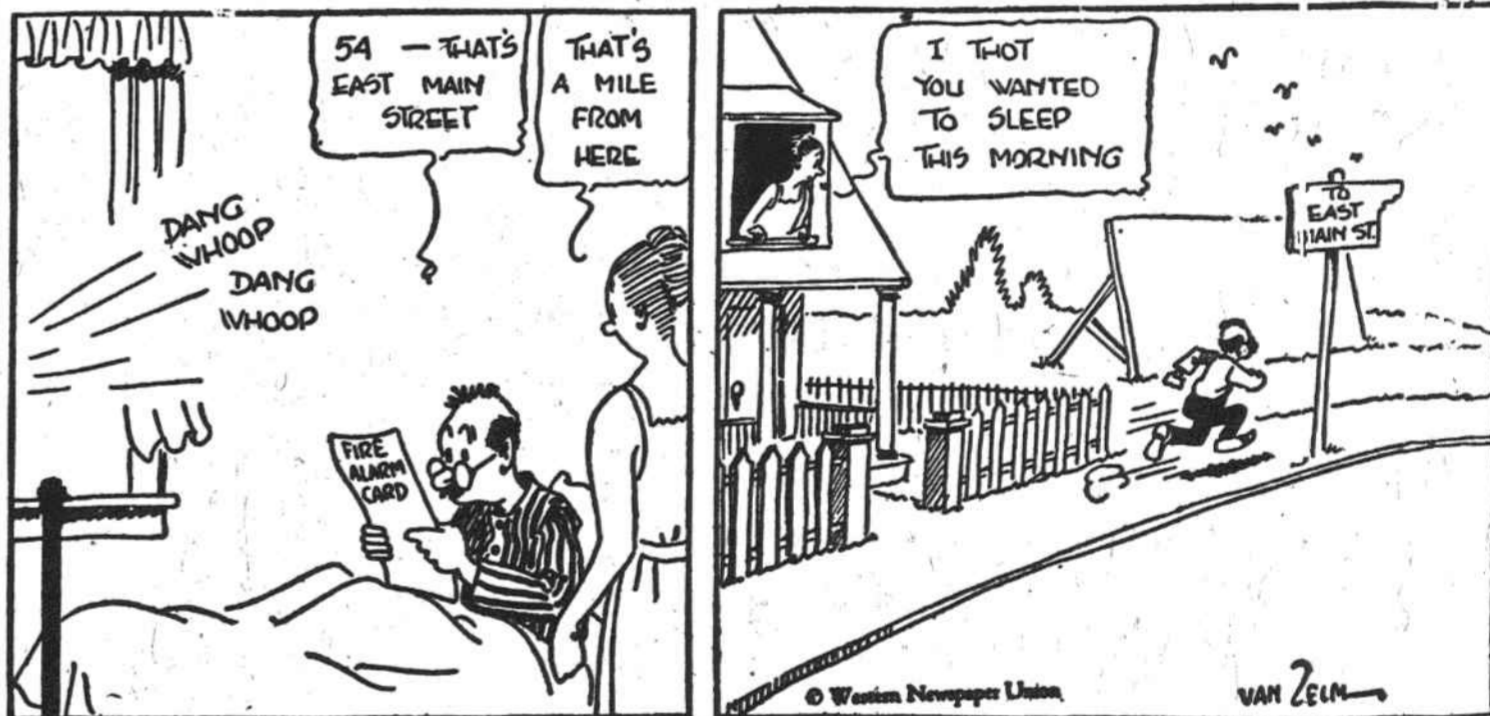
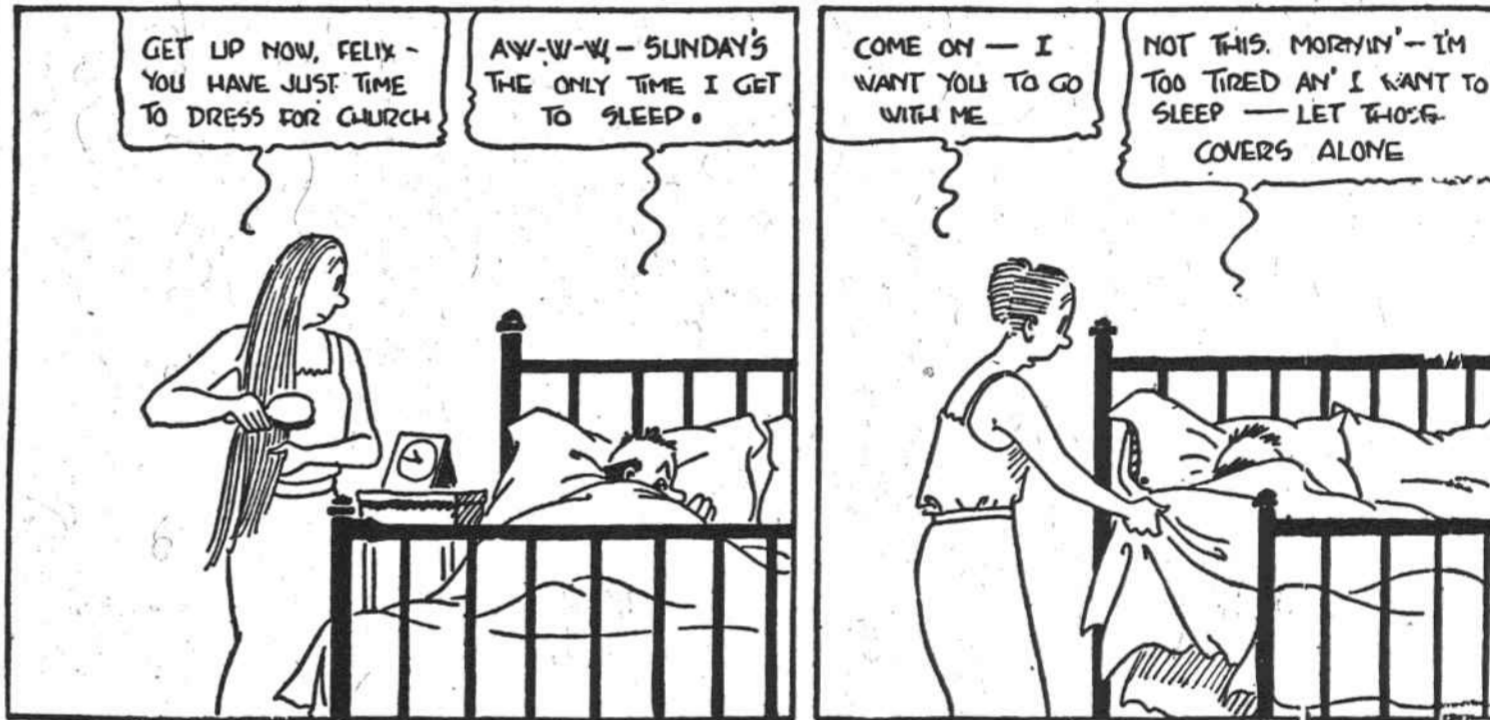
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## ONCE IS ENOUGH



There are 200 islands in the Fly group.

## Fire!



## Doc Will Never Find the Boss



# Mother's Cook Book

A peppercorn is very small, but seasons every dinner. More than all other condiments, although 'tis sprinkled thinner. Just so a little woman is, if love will let you win her— There's not a joy in all the world you will not find within her. —Juan De Hita.

## FOODS WE LIKE

PEAS served in any manner are delicious, but the following is especially so:

### Green Pea Bisque.

Cook one pint of peas, rub through a sieve and add one-half cupful of canned tomato soup, one pint of hot milk, one teaspoonful of sugar, a few grains of pepper. Thicken with two tablespoonfuls of butter and one of flour cooked together. Serve very hot with croutons.

### Date Salad.

Take one cupful of dates, three tablespoonfuls of seeded raisins, three tablespoonfuls of walnut meats, one-half cupful of boiled dressing, one cupful of diced celery and one-third of a cupful of grated American cheese. Mix the cheese, nut meats and raisins. Stuff the dates with this mixture and allow them to stand several hours. Slice the dates, add the

celery and the salad dressing and serve in nests of lettuce. A little sweet or sour cream will improve the dressing.

### Gooseberry Tapioca.

Soak two-thirds of a cupful of tapioca over night in slightly salted water. Drain, put in a double boiler with one and one-quarter cupfuls of boiling water and one-fourth of a teaspoonful of salt, cook until the tapioca has absorbed all the water, then add two cupfuls of gooseberries, ripe, well stemmed and headed, with one cupful of sugar. Cook until the berries are tender and the tapioca transparent. Chill and serve with cream and sugar.

### Gooseberry Pie.

Line a pie plate with pastry and put into it ripe gooseberries to cover the bottom, sprinkle with a layer of flour and a cupful of sugar, add more berries to fill the shell, another dusting of flour, cover with a rich crust and bake slowly. Bind the edge of the pastry with a strip of wet cloth to hold in the juices; this may be easily removed as soon as the pie is baked. Bake 40 minutes in a moderate oven.

Nellie Maxwell (© 1921, Western Newspaper Union.)