

# Uncommon Sense . . .

By JOHN BLAKE

## NEGLECTED GENIUS

ONE of the best-known of modern poets, ill and destitute after a life of toil, announces cheerfully that he is emphatically not a neglected genius. True, he has no money, but it was not money that he worked for. His name is perhaps not as great as his fame merited, but he did not work for fame. He worked for the joy of writing, and that was enough. He looks back upon life feeling that he has brought him all that he could ask. A genius is not neglected any more than diamonds are neglected, and for the same reason. This man, had he been, could now be comfortably supplied with money. We believe that he should have. Every man owes it to himself to gain independence, and money means independence. Our poet's celebrity could have been coined into

enough cash to ease his old age, but if he preferred to neglect his opportunities it is nobody's business but his own.

It is his absence of bitterness that is worth heeding. He has discovered, what every other man should discover, that no earnest effort is wasted. He has learned that people are only too ready to recognize genius when they find it, and to reward it when they recognize it.

Indeed, so keen is the hunt for genius that hundreds of near-genuses grow prosperous in America as soon as they betray the least sign of talent.

Publishers and producers hunt for men who can write. Great corporations send out scouts for men with executive or engineering ability that is beyond the common order.

No musician who is really gifted ever falls of an audience. And even industrious mediocrity will sometimes be mistaken for genius and have riches thrust upon it.

Cast the fear that you may be a neglected genius from among your worries. If you are a genius somebody will find it out, and you will have to hire an office boy to keep people from invading your privacy.

Even if you are not a genius you are likely to be mistaken for one. But that will not harm you unless you make the mistake yourself. Be careful not to do that, for it will be fatal. (© by John Blake.)

## PERFECT DAYS ALWAYS

By GRACE E. HALL

THERE isn't a day in the whole round year

That isn't a perfect day; Measured and trued and painted with gold,

It glides on its destined way; It is one of the gems that is given you—

A pearl in life's necklace rare, And it hasn't a scar and it hasn't a mar— Unless you have made it there.

The sun cannot shine every day of your life,

But the soft clouds have their place;

If all of the hours were a glitter and shine,

You would weary in each day's race;

For the eyes must be old and the soul must feel

The peace of these quiet days, That soften the light and refresh our sight,

After the burning rays.

There is beauty abundant for every need

In every day of the year; If you cannot see it, you're blind indeed,

For beauty is ever near; Whatever your lot, you may freely share

In the paintings of earth and sky; They are wondrous in worth and there's never a dearth

Of charm—for the seeing eye. (© by Dodd, Mead & Company.)

## Something to Think About

By F. A. WALKER

### WITH FLYING COLORS

IF YOU wish in your particular sphere of endeavor to reach a destination of more than ordinary importance, press untiringly forward in all kinds of weather.

Let neither heat nor cold deter or swerve you from your purpose when once you have decided your course. Pay no attention to the sneers of the frivolous. Keep your mind firmly fixed on your resolve and march resolutely ahead.

There will be times when you will be exhausted, footsore and discouraged; when opposing winds beat furiously and you seem to lack sufficient strength to make another step forward. When these depressing periods overtake you, sit down and rest awhile.

Ever remember that to get the best it is necessary to give the best. Do not offend those beneath you with gruff words. Be uniformly courteous. Break no promise. Withhold judgment. Be fair in business and keep off the velvety grass-grown plot of your neighbor.

The perplexities that vex your spirit are familiar to all humanity in all walks of life. No one by any manner of means can escape them, but it is possible for anyone to overcome them.

Use your mind. Be a rational being. By patience, well-doing and faith, turn your threatened defeat into victory. Thousands of noble men and women who have passed this way before you, thus obtained mastery over themselves, scarred outwardly with the wounds of battle, but unblemished within.

Use your hands in righteous work; your eyes to look up to the beautiful arch overhead; your ears to hear good; your tongue to praise God and to cheer and encourage others less fortunate than yourself.

Rather than condemn, hold your peace.

Purge your heart of covetousness and hate.

Envy is a useless waste of energy which produces only mischief and

## SCHOOL DAYS



misery. The combined envy of the whole world cannot remove a grain of sand or grow a blade of grass.

Be charitable, kindly and industrious in whatever field you may be sowing or reaping.

Nothing is impossible to the man or woman who elects to do these things; and he and she will eventually surmount every obstacle and march triumphantly with flying colors to the long-sought destination. (© 1923, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

### THE ROMANCE OF WORDS

#### "PORK-BARREL"

WHEN, in the midst of a congressional discussion upon some measure which entails the expenditure of large sums of money in different parts of the country—for example, the rivers and harbors bill—one member will denounce the bill as a "poorly disguised pork-barrel", the meaning is at once apparent to anyone familiar with American parliamentary slang, for it has come to be the accepted equivalent of an attempt to secure public money for private or semi-private purposes. A "pork-barrel" measure, therefore, is one which would enrich certain districts at the expense of the public treasury, either by providing for costly improvements or by spending money unnecessarily.

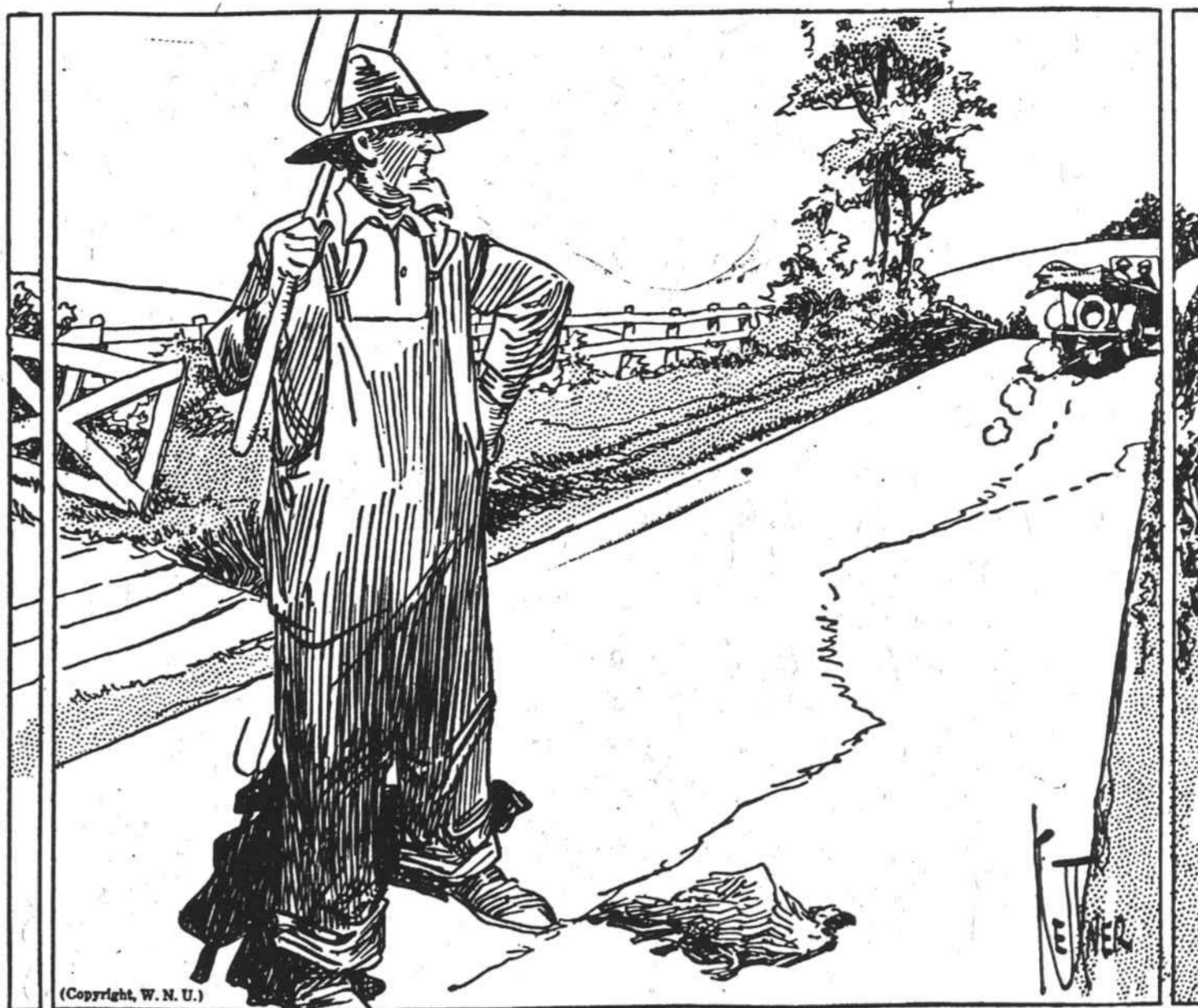
To find the genesis of the phrase we have to go back to the earlier days of the republic, when the majority of the citizens were farmers who, during the winter, were forced to live on salt pork. If their supply was adequate and their barrels well filled, they said they had no need to worry about a long, hard winter—the pork-barrel would take care of them. In a similar, but more metaphorical sense, they now look to their congressmen to take care of them by securing at least a portion of the "pork-barrel" legislation, which will lead to profits on labor, land and supplies. (© by Wheeler Syndicate, Inc.)

#### Struggled Hard for Life.

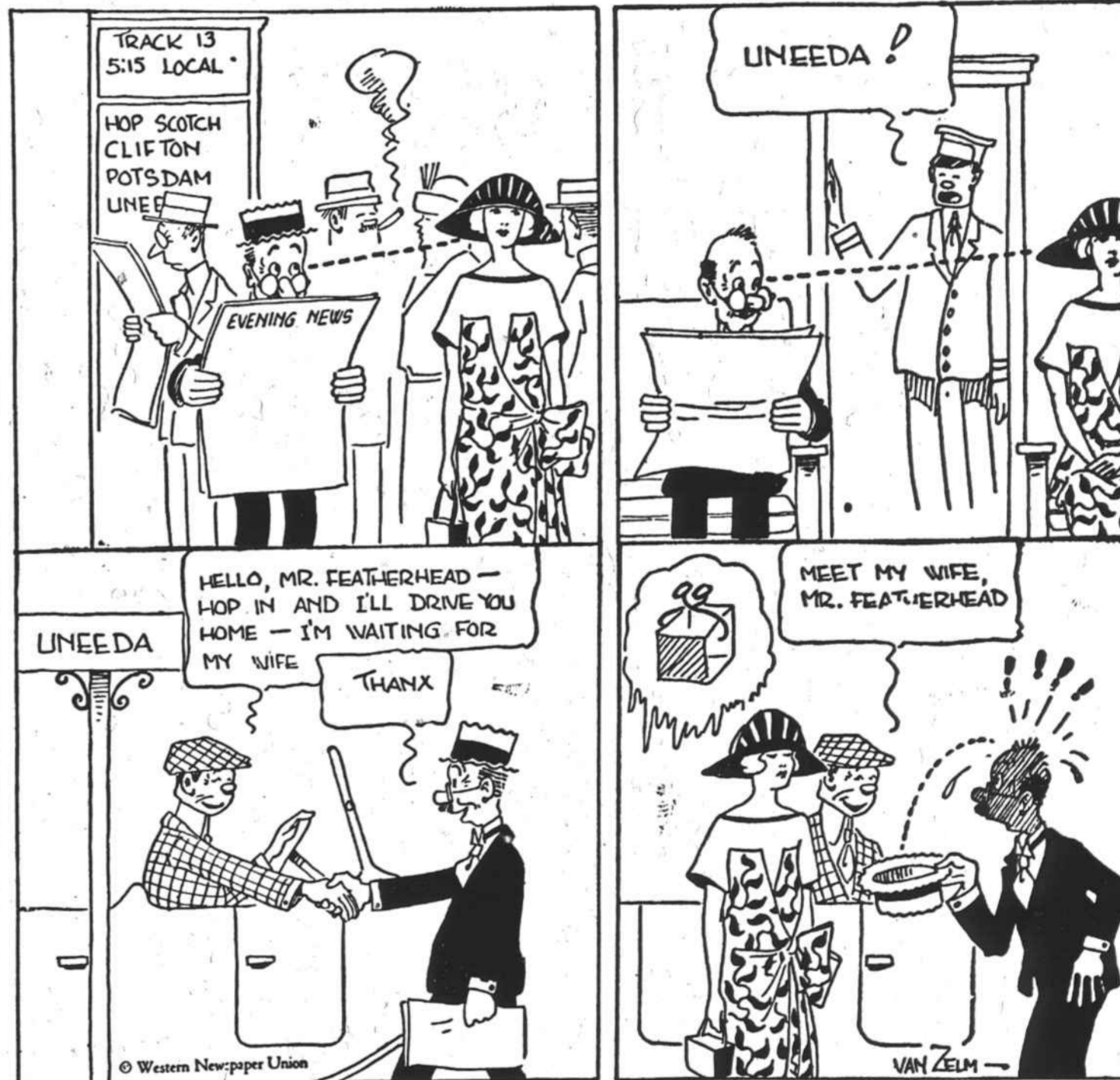
Strange evidence was given by the house surgeon at a Barrow (Eng.) hospital at the inquest of an eight-year old boy. The boy died from lockjaw caused by falling and cutting his wrist on a tin. The surgeon said he died three times. He stopped breathing twice and animation was restored twice. The third time he stopped breathing it was final.

# OUR COMIC SECTION

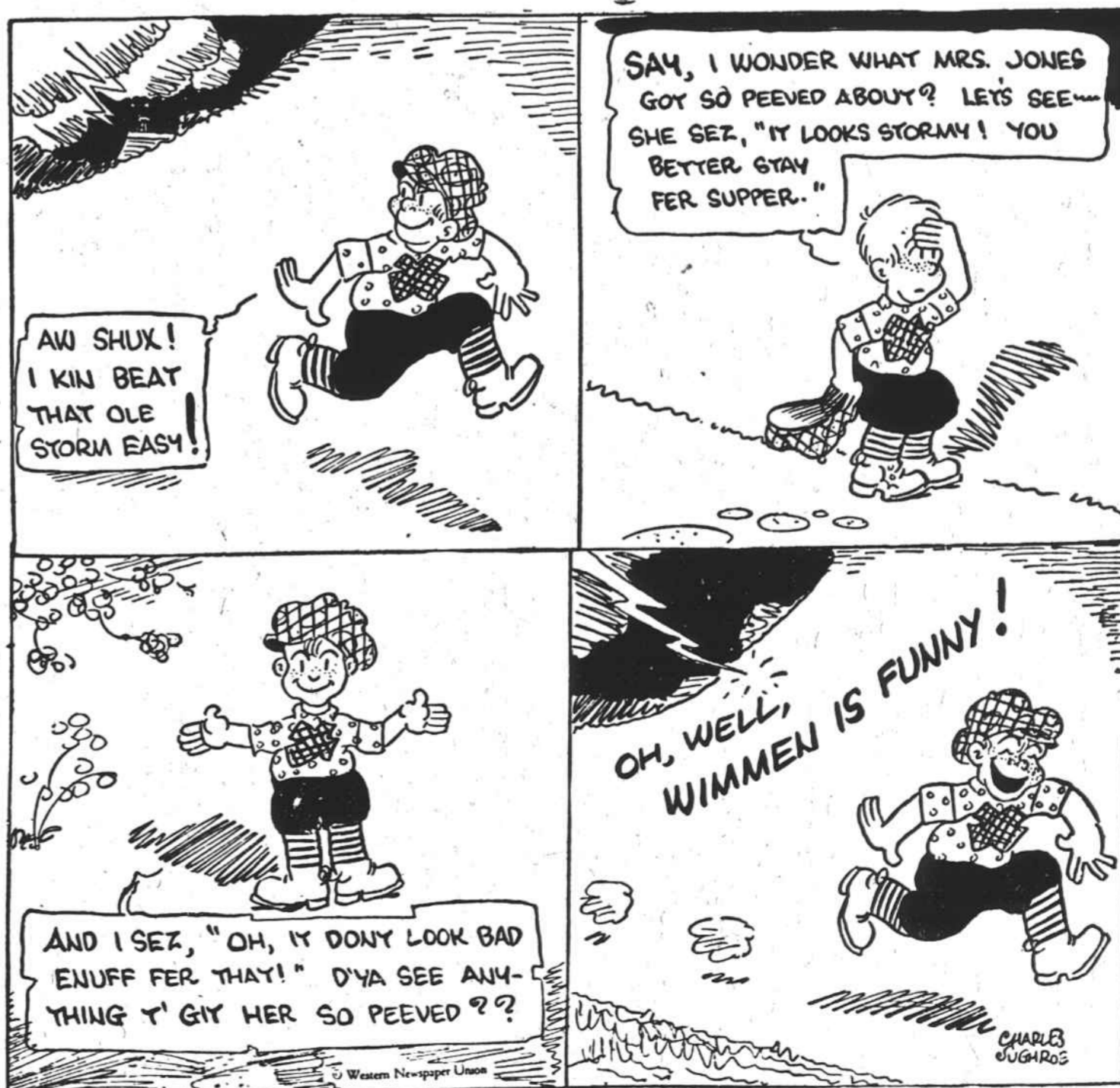
## On the Concrete



## The Troubles of Flirtation



## What's Wrong Here?



# Mother's Cook Book

Ah! what would the world be to us, if the children were no more? We would tread the desert behind us worse than the dark before.

### DISHES FOR THE CHILDREN

THE food that is good for us is not always the kind we like; but the following will be found acceptable to most of the youngsters:

#### Luncheon Bread.

Mix two cupfuls of cooked, warm wheat cereal with a teaspoonful of salt, one-fourth of a cupful of brown sugar, one tablespoonful of shortening, one-half of a yeast cake, mixed with one-half cupful of milk scalded and cooled to lukewarm; mix with the cereal, add three cupfuls of whole wheat flour and put another on the molding board. Knead until smooth. Put into a greased bowl and set to rise. When double its bulk cut down and let rise again. Then cut down and add one cupful each of raisins, dates and nuts broken into bits. Shape in loaves, put into two bread pans and let stand until light. Bake 45 minutes. Let stand for 24 hours before cutting.

#### Rice Pudding.

Take a cupful of cold boiled rice, two tablespoonfuls each of honey and shortening, one egg yolk and four tablespoonfuls of cold water. Mix well, then add one cupful of pastry flour, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, a little salt, one-half teaspoonful of almond extract and one-fourth

of a cupful of currants. Dust the currants with a little flour. Beat well and bake in greased muffin pans for 25 minutes. Serve hot with honey.

Nellie Maxwell (© 1923, Western Newspaper Union.)

### LUELLA SAYS

LOTS OF FOLKS GET THE REPUTATION FER BEING AWFUL PATIENT, WHEN THEY'RE JUST TOO DOGGONE LAZY T'BE ANY-THING ELSE!

