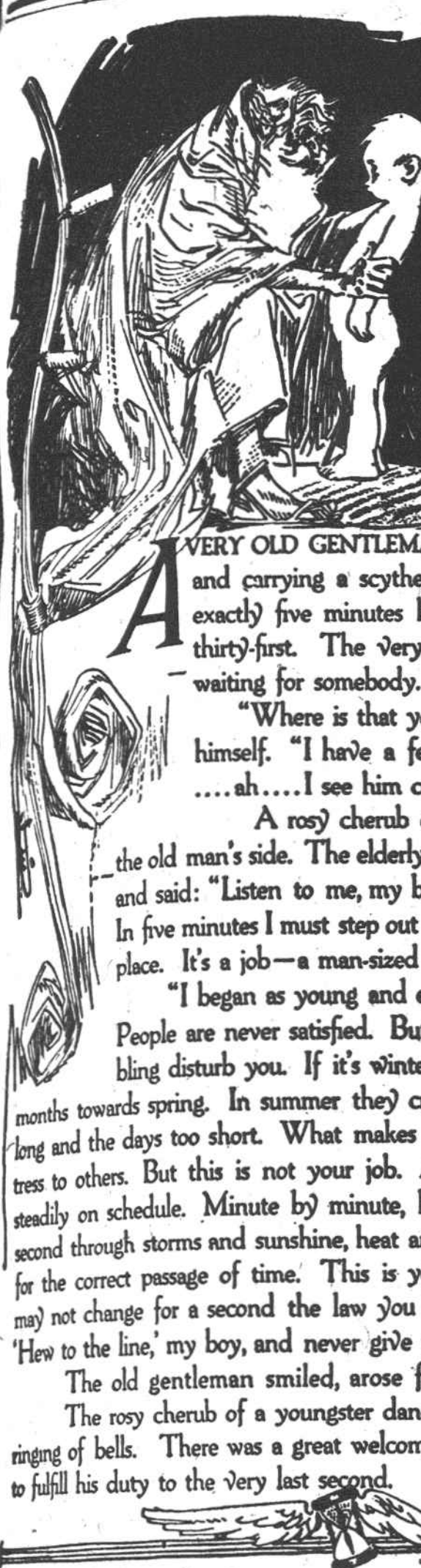


WHAT the OLD YEAR said to the NEW



VERY OLD GENTLEMAN wearing a long, white toga and carrying a scythe, sat down on a stone. It was exactly five minutes before midnight on December thirty-first. The very old gentleman seemed to be waiting for somebody.

"Where is that young rascal?" he murmured to himself. "I have a few words to say to him which.... ah.... I see him coming now."

A rosy cherub of a youngster ran laughing to the old man's side. The elderly fellow patted him on the head and said: "Listen to me, my boy. I'm leaving now for good. In five minutes I must step out forever, and you must take my place. It's a job—a man-sized job.

"I began as young and eager as you. Look at me now! People are never satisfied. But you must not let their grumbling disturb you. If it's winter, they want you to hurry the months towards spring. In summer they cry for fall. The nights are too long and the days too short. What makes happiness for some brings distress to others. But this is not your job. All you have to do is to keep steadily on schedule. Minute by minute, hour by hour; never varying a second through storms and sunshine, heat and snow. Your responsibility is for the correct passage of time. This is your sole duty. Joy and sorrow may not change for a second the law you keep. This is the way of life. 'Hew to the line,' my boy, and never give up."

The old gentleman smiled, arose from his seat and disappeared. The rosy cherub of a youngster danced into the New Year to the ringing of bells. There was a great welcome for him and he determined to fulfill his duty to the very last second.

—MARTHA B. THOMAS
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Something to Think About

By F. A. WALKER

SELF-CONTROL

THE simple process of practicing self-control is as beneficial as it is astonishing. In a little while those of us who succeed in obtaining mastery of our emotions, our glib tongue, our strutting pride and our indulgence, find ourselves in a new world.

We wonder at the agreeableness of our friends, the loveliness of the tender blossoms, and the thousands of beautiful things all about us which heretofore we have passed without notice.

At last we have succeeded in pulling an old mask from our face and we are able to smile. We have in some ways found a grain of faith—faith in ourselves and in our intimates.

We are changed and the whole world is changed with us. We soar on the wings of the dove. We have risen high above the bogs and quagmires.

We have come from a state between sleep and waking. Our vision is clear. Our mind is alert, appreciative, considerate and kindly disposed. Our thoughts fly straight to the mark,

never diverted by ill-humor or a violent rush of hot blood.

In some indescribable manner a burden has slipped from our galled shoulders, and we are buoyant, happy, unconquerable.

The ruling forces of the universe have taken hold of us, while other and lower forces are losing ground. Affection, sentiment and compassion have become parts of our disposition.

The control of impulse has grown perfect through the supremacy of our higher motives.

We are enslaved no more by the harpies of passion. The simple operation of self-control, the careful and continuous exertion of will-power has set us free.

Where formerly we moved about with dour faces we now go with beaming smiles; where in other days we were met with rebuffs we are given cheery receptions and encouragement.

The strong, sunny parts of nature which we have by supreme effort developed are ours, and we are keeping step with the victors, sure of victory for ourselves in the faith that illuminates our way.

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MEN YOU MAY MARRY

By E. R. PEYSER

Has a Man Like This Proposed to You?

Symptoms: Well bred, sweet smile when he occasionally turns it on. Very successful, gloomy, unenthusiastic. Has decided views, only has room for his own; he likes you only because you think he is always right. Doesn't like theaters, "they're too long," concerts he thinks are "for weaklings," he's "so sorry for the d—n fools who act or sing or play." "Movies are all right if there's no vaudeville or cheap music." He plays golf, but thinks it "an old man's game," good enough to get some outdoor air. Work is his passion. Good to his mother and family, no use for anybody else.

IN FACT

The only way to get his attention is to be part of his household.

Prescription for His Bride: Forget your own pet points of view. Learn to amuse yourself.

Absorb This: TWO OPINIONS IN ONE HOUSE OFTEN RESULT IN TWO ESTABLISHMENTS.

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SCHOOL DAYS



SAY, POP, BOB AUSTIN'S GOT GENUINE TUBULAR RACIN' SKATES, CARBON STEEL AN' ALUMINUM FINISH, WITH KANGAROO SHOES AN' ELK STRINGS. CANT I HAVE SOME? THESE OL' HOCKEY SKATES AINT MUCH GOOD.

THE SON DO MOVE

The Revolutioners

By Clara Delafield

WHAT do you suppose can be the matter with the Naggitts?" asked Charley Richmond of his wife.

"They must have had a dreadful quarrel."

"Something's gone wrong. I never saw such a pair of down-in-the-mouths as when we were over there last night. They hardly said a word to each other."

"And they used to be such an affectionate couple."

"Um—more or less, yes. By the way, did you notice Will didn't smoke?"

"Yes. He told me he'd give up smoking for the New Year."

"Um—um!" Charley reached for his pipe. "I guess his wife made him, and that's at the bottom of the trouble."

Now, this is what had really happened: On the thirty-first of December Will Naggitt broke his new pipe in two. "Dear," he said, "I'm never going to smoke again, and that's my New Year resolution."

"And I hope you'll keep it," said Dorothy. "You know you've said that every New Year's eve for the past nine years."

"I know I have, Dorothy. But this time I mean business. And now, what are you going to resolve?"

"I don't know what there is for me to resolve," said Dorothy. "I'm perfect."

"You've got a perfect nerve, I'll say that for you."

"Oh, but my dear, you told me so yourself before we were married. Don't you remember?"

"A man isn't responsible for what he says in a condition of mental aberration. Didn't you know that, my dear? See here, I'll make a compact with you. I'll stop smoking just as long as you stop nagging."

"I don't nag."



"You've Got a Perfect Nerve, I'll Say That for You."

where did you get this grapefruit? Grapefruit? Huh! I'd like to see the parent tree; I guess it's a cannon-ball tree more likely."

Dorothy went softly out of the room. Presently, as Will bent over his meal, two soft hands were placed over his eyes.

"Open his mouth and shut his eyes and see—"

"Oh, for heaven's sake quit your foolish tricks. I'm not a kid. Hey, what's this?"

"It's your pipe, you wicked monster!" sobbed Dorothy. "And now I can tell you what I think of you, you fiend in human form, before I go home to mother. I've stood for all I'm going to stand from you. I hate you and I wish you'd never been born. Of all the wretched, worthless loafers who ever encumbered the face of the earth you take the cake—is your pipe a-light now, darling?"

Dorothy perched herself upon his knee.

"Aren't we happy!" she cooed, as the fragrant fumes floated into the air. "Um—um!" said Will. "What delicious coffee. Give me another cup. Say—I guess I've been pretty rotten to you."

"Oh, Will, you're always lovely. I've had that new pipe waiting for you for days, but I tried not to give it to you till you started nagging at me, and then it was either your smoking again or me doing so. Will, darling, we mustn't make any resolutions next New Year."

Mother's Cook Book

The world is all dark, or the world is all bright. Just as we choose to make it: Our burden is heavy, our burden is light. Just as we happen to take it; And people who grumble and people who groan. At the world and at every proposal, Would grumble and groan if the world were their own With sun, moon and stars at disposal. —Harriet Swift.

FOOD FOR THE FAMILY

WHEN a quick dessert is needed and the larder seems rather empty try an

Orange Shortcake. Prepare a rich biscuit dough, making a drop batter and bake in small gem pans. Bake and break open while hot, butter well and heap with orange which has been sliced and sweetened and allowed to stand. Serve with some orange juice for the sauce.

Baked Beets. Wash the beets and put them to bake in a hot oven. When very tender, peel, slice and serve with butter melted and poured over them, seasoning with salt and pepper.

Candied Sweet Potatoes. Boil three medium-sized potatoes until nearly tender. Peel and slice lengthwise. Lay in a shallow pan, preferably glass or earthenware, pour over them one to one and one-half cupsful of sirup from canned peaches. Dot with two tablespoonfuls of butter and bake in a hot oven for half an hour. Raise the heat toward the last or brown under the gas flame.

Baked Onions. Take one dozen medium-sized onions, cut into halves crosswise and place in a buttered casserole. Add two tablespoonfuls of honey or brown sugar, the same of butter; one teaspoonful of salt, one eighth of a teaspoonful of cayenne or a mixture of white pepper and red and bake with no further moisture for one and one-half hours. Serve with strips of buttered toast and garnish with parsley dipped in vinegar.

Oetrichs, Spread for Two. Beat six eggs together in a soup plate. Cut up twelve medium-sized oysters, into small pieces. In a chafing

dish the bottom of which is thinly covered with anchovy paste, melt a tablespoonful of butter; as soon as it is hot turn in the eggs, stir and just before they are ready add the oysters; stir until the mixture is creamy throughout. Pour over buttered toast that has been spread with anchovy paste.

Banana Salad With Popcorn. Prepare the bananas, cut into halves lengthwise, roll in salad dressing, then in nice, well-seasoned popcorn. This is a salad that the children may eat.

Nellie Maxwell (© 1923, Western Newspaper Union.)

The Young Lady Across the Way



The young lady across the way says she's having all her summer dresses made with skirts six inches above the ground, and she wonders how she's going to like it after the recent cotton shortage.

THE ROMANCE OF WORDS

"MISTER"

AT A time when men were generally called by their Christian names or surnames only, the word "Mister" was applied as a sort of title to those who had learned a trade or "mystery"—persons who were looked upon as being of a higher rank than common laborers or farmhands. As time passed, the necessity for the male equivalent of "mistress" was more and more recognized—at first by the use of the word "master," and later, by the growing popularity of "Mister."

Then, by one of those strange quirks which frequently occur in the growths of languages, "Mister" caused "Mistress" to be corrupted or elided into "Missis" and finally, the two of them were shortened to the recognized abbreviations "Mr." and "Mrs." Incidentally, the feminine form of "Mister" is one of the curiosities of the English language, since, as Walker says, "to pronounce it as it is written in full—'Mistress'—or even as it has been contracted into 'Missis' appears quaint and pedantic. One has to slur it and inject a 'z' sound."

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