

Something to Think About

By F. A. WALKER

KEEP ON HIGH ROAD

IN A recent newspaper interview, Charles M. Schwab, one of the notable leaders in the steel industry in which he began as a boy of seventeen, forty-one years ago, said, "I would rather lose money month after month in my plant than make it by any but the highest methods in the world."

Mr. Schwab went to work to learn the business and he learned it thoroughly by mastering every detail as he proceeded, scorning a tired back and soiled hands.

He credits his rise to loyalty to his employer and states that success came from constant application to the subject in view.

Here in a few simple words, for those who will take time to read, will be found the formula for the attainment of success.

And here too is embodied the rule which every person must accept as his own,—a hard and fast law as that of the Medes and Persians, unflinching in results and bounteous in reward.

Let the indifferent young man and woman, inclined to grumble and shirk duty, ponder the wonderful meaning of "highest methods," and "loyalty to employer."

The five words may be likened to hinges upon which the great door of success swings wide open at the unrelenting push of the hand and brain that refuse to be denied entrance.

The Friendly Path

By Walter L. Robinson

TOO MUCH PROFANITY

TOO often cussing is taken as a matter of course. Men in high positions are frequently expert in the use of profane words, and the influence of bad language has a bad effect on both the old and the young.

Much effort is being made to increase the use of better English, and along with this propaganda it would be well to preach considerable against the use of bad language.

Directly cussing, unless the name of the Master is taken in vain, may cause no great damage. But indirectly it does much harm. When the little folk hear their parents swearing, their respect for their elders is either lessened or else the youngsters begin using it themselves as a matter of course. Not infrequently we hear little shavers, hardly able to speak plainly, using language which would put many men and women to shame.

Pike county, Kentucky, recently honored the memory of its oldest citizen, Jesse B. Osborne. Much was said in praise of this departed citizen, who crossed the bar at the age of ninety-two years, and no louder praise was heard than of his reputation for never having permitted a profane word to pass from his lips.

Judging from this event, one might assume that profanity is the rule rather than the exception. If this is the case, isn't it about time to call a halt? The old remedy, considered quite effective for curing profane habits, was to wash the boy's mouth with soap. But, from our observation, we are inclined to believe that it would be unfair to use such a remedy to stop youths from

Whenever you go to work in sombre days, remember that there is within you a force, which, if properly applied, will enable you to open this same door and take your place among the leaders. And this force must be called up by you alone.

Nobody else can do it for you. Have faith in yourself. Have no fear, for fear is the rock on which humans fall and go tumbling into the valley of despair.

No man or woman with fear in the heart is capable of clear discernment, sure judgment or superior accomplishment.

Keep your mind on the great and splendid achievements of others, and those you want to do yourself. Be loyal and hold steadfastly to highest methods.

Preserve an attitude of courage, courteousness and good cheer.

Avoid the malcontents, the grumblers, the sulkers and shirkers, the makers of wry faces and the provokers of quarrels.

Keep on the high road and in the sunshine.

Move straight in the right direction and some morning you will find that success and honor are speeding towards you with open arms.

SCHOOL DAYS

Spoken you'd find a old tin lamp on spoken it was a magic lamp like the one Aladdin found. an you'd carry it to school an set it on your desk, an spoken the ole teacher'd order you to fix it an toss it out the window an you'd say you would do it, an spoken: shud be grab a switch an start fix you an you'd just to seek out an sub that ole lamp on you'd "make me invisible" an just walk out doors an go Bakin or Luntin or whatever you wanted to do — Boy —

Spoken you'd say to it to change you into a hot fish an with his top around, try in to track! Gosh! That's what I'd like to do!



The bored of education

cussing. The cause too frequently rests with the parents who worry and complain because their offspring are devilish and almost beyond their control. A general mouth-washing of the elders probably would have greater effect.

Profane language is not beautiful. It does no good. It may be the stepping-stone to lives of crime which end in prison cells. For once the bars are lowered against small wrongs, the bigger wrongs are certain to be lurking near and crawl into one's life.

Less profanity would add to the joy of the world.

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Uncommon Sense . . .

By JOHN BLAKE

BY-PRODUCTS

THE Standard Oil company has found a way to utilize all the residue from the distillation of petroleum. Gasoline, now one of the chief products of the concern was once a by-product. All the coal tar derivatives, from which many drugs and medicines are made, are by-products. So are paraffin, candles, and hundreds of other articles in every day use.

The Standard Oil company is a big concern. It has thousands of technically trained experts at work for it. It has plants all over the world—the biggest plants of the kind in existence.

Such an institution can well afford to go into the business of making by-products, and to expend a part of its almost limitless energies in getting all that is possible out of the crude oil which flows from its wells.

But the business of developing by-products is for a corporation, and a big one—not for an individual.

You may fancy that you can throw off by-products easily as you do your daily work. You may believe, if you are a bookkeeper that by spending a few nights writing moving picture scenarios you will be able to utilize all your brains, instead of part of them.

If you are a young professional man,

with little to do, you may imagine that you can take up novel writing, or acting, or bridge playing as a side line, and thus get rich while you are waiting for success in your profession.

It is possible that you will get rich at one or the other of these things. But if you do, it will be because you have dropped your profession and devoted yourself to the by-product.

Anthony Hope, who wrote "The Prisoner of Zenda" was trained as a barrister, but he had no briefs, and wrote stories to while away the hours he was waiting for clients. He succeeded as a novelist, because he was born to write, but he stopped being a lawyer as soon as his first book was published.

In this world a man can learn to do one thing fairly well. The time he has is better spent on that one thing. Begin to scout around for by-products of your brain, and you will soon so scatter your energies that you do nothing well.

If you want to write "movie" scenarios, write 'em, but don't try to keep a set of books at the same time. It can't be done. The expert accountants who are making big wages today were all satisfied to spend all their spare time learning how to keep books better.

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KIDDIES SIX

By Will M. Maupin

THE OPEN SEASON

APRIL now, and I must take Rod and reel and hunt a lake; Tramp the shore light-hearted, glad; Cast out 'neath some lily-pod. Fill my lungs with clean ozone, Lift my voice in lusty tone; Watch the white clouds sailing high 'Cross the blue of April's sky.

April now, my desk is clean; Trees and grass are showing green; Tang of springtime in the air— Good-by, now, old office chair! Off I lay life's weary load And go tramping down the road— Down the road between the trees, Drinking deep the April breeze.

April now, and field and stream Bathed in April's golden gleam Bid me up and haste away Where the sunbeams dance and play. Off from dusty, dreary mart, Close to Mother Nature's heart, Out where springtime wakes anew 'Neath the April sky of blue.

April now, and songbirds wake Echoes from each bough and brake. Green the grass beneath my feet, Flowers spread their odors sweet; Out across the field and fen, Onward through the woodland glen, Where the long, black furrows lie 'Neath the sheen of April's sky.

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MAN'S MEMORY DEAD 17 YEARS

Californian Married Three Women and Served Term in "Pen" During That Time.

JUST COMES TO LIFE

Recovers Former Consciousness, Lost as Result of Injury in Accident, While Walking Along Street in San Francisco.

Los Angeles, Cal.—Three wives, two children of his, a term in San Quentin, the World war and the sweep of events while three men have been president—all these coming in the interval between an accident to him in 1905, and his recovery of his former consciousness a few days ago in San Francisco, have no place in the now uppermost portion of the consciousness of Frederick R. Emery. For him 17 years are a complete blank.

The last thing that he remembered, prior to being brought back to himself by being recognized by a friend in a San Francisco park, was that he had, in 1905, leaped over to wrap around a tree the lines with which he was driving a pair of mules.

Married Three Women.

And yet, during the 17 years since that moment, he married three times. He was soon divorced by his first wife because of his peculiar actions. With his second wife he lived for many years and had two children, although he finally dropped out of sight.

Coming to Los Angeles, he became an expert accountant for the old Los Angeles Investment company, and when it crashed he was convicted of embezzling and sent to San Quentin for two years.

During the years in Los Angeles he married a third time, this wife subsequently dying.

Emery came to consciousness in this way: He was walking along Market street, San Francisco, and, noticing many signs referring to that city, he asked a policeman: "Am I lost, or is this San Francisco?"

He then went into a hotel, sat down, and tried to think. He could only re-



"Am I Lost or Is This San Francisco?"

call the events of June 15, 1905. Finding \$15 in his pocket, he rented a room. Dizzy, he lay down on the bed, where he slept for 18 hours.

Toward noon of the second day he went to Union square. There he met a man who spoke to him.

"Pardon me," he said, "but I do not remember ever having seen you."

"Certainly you know me," was the reply. "I knew you well in Los Angeles."

He then learned that it was H. A. Spencer, who, when Emery was in Los Angeles, had been secretary of the Sierra Madre club.

Held for Passing Check.

Meanwhile Emery, who through all his vicissitudes had never gone under an alias, was arrested in San Francisco for having passed a fraudulent check upon a Los Angeles bank. He did not say that he was innocent, but that if he had he had no recollection of it.

Meanwhile Emery's mother and Spencer had been busy trying to reconstruct the 17 dead years.

Emery has been a real estate man, newspaper solicitor, merchant, accountant, convict, head of a family and, for a short period, something of a tramp. Always he stuck to his name, but seemed to have nothing else that linked him with his people and his past.

The check passing case has been postponed at the suggestion of the state and all of the efforts of the officials will be directed to restoring Emery's mentality.

Refuses Sentenced Man Minus Papers

Leavenworth, Kan.—Because he did not have commitment papers, Charles W. Bowen, convicted of using the mails to defraud, was not admitted to Leavenworth prison, although he spent a week in a cell in the prison. He was later arrested in Milwaukee, Wis., where an officer had pursued him with the proper papers.

Mother's Cook Book

"Our broad fields we plowed, we harrowed and sowed; We toiled together in fair and foul weather; Our labor was blessed; now sweet is our rest."

GOOD RECIPES WORTH KEEPING

A GOOD sunshine cake is one which even the lovers of angel food will like.

Sunshine Cake.

Take one cupful of butter, two cupfuls of sugar; cream the butter, adding the sugar a spoonful at a time until all is used. Beat the yolks of eleven eggs until very light and creamy. Beat with them the sugar and butter, adding the egg a spoonful at a time. Sift two and one-half cupfuls of flour with two and one-half teaspoonfuls of baking powder, and the flour a little at a time, alternating it with one cupful of milk, flavor with one teaspoonful of vanilla. Bake in a loaf.

Apple Snow.

Steam three large tart apples and rub them through a sieve. Beat the whites of three eggs until stiff, add one-half cupful of sugar and beat again. To this meringue add the apple pulp and beat lightly. Dot with jelly and serve.

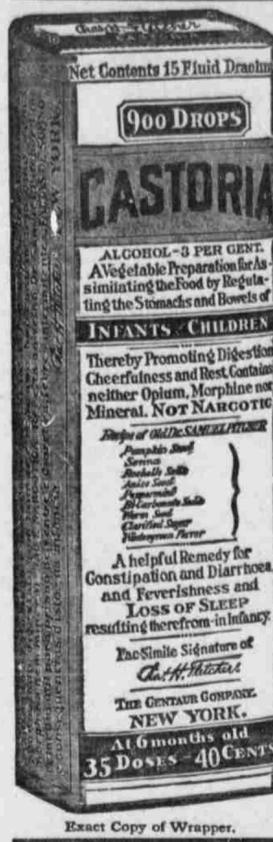
Nellie Maxwell
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THE CHEERFUL CHERUB

The knowledge that will help us most Is gained by greatest pains—and yet I paid most pain for knowledge when I learned to smoke a cigarette.



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THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

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Henry. "Just so. You have the dog soap."

Well informed. "Grace is very versatile."

"Yes. She knows the business of all her friends."—Judge.



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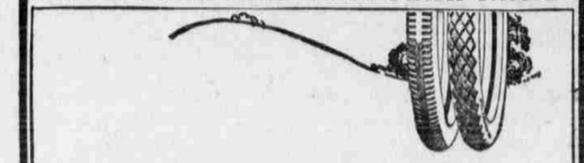
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Sudden Affliction. "Madge wants more diamonds, but her husband won't hear of it." "Stone deaf, eh?"—Boston Transcript.

Spring it, Bill! "Why is Hill going around with a grin on his face?" "Because he has laugh up his sleeve."

It may be that the greatest heroes are the ones that fall. The world is largely made up of people who think they could do some other fellow's job better.

BOTH BEAR THE GOODYEAR NAME



One of the tires shown above is the famous 30 x 3 1/2 inch Goodyear All-Weather Tread Clincher. By long wear, superior traction and freedom from skidding, and low final cost, this tire has won unquestioned leadership in its field.

Alongside it is illustrated its companion, the 30 x 3 1/2 inch Goodyear Cross Rib.

Both these tires are built in a factory devoted exclusively to manufacturing Goodyear Tires for small cars.

More than 5,000,000 of the Goodyear non-skid tires have been sold in the last five years.

Built of the same high grade Egyptian cotton fabric that goes into the All-Weather Tread Goodyear, with a long-wearing but differently designed tread, they have given remarkable service.

Their quality and serviceability have proved to thousands of car owners the folly of buying unknown and unguaranteed tires of lower price.

Ask your Goodyear Service Station Dealer to explain their advantages.

- 30 x 3 1/2 Cross Rib Fabric . . . \$10.95
- 30 x 3 1/2 All-Weather Fabric . . . 14.75
- 30 x 3 1/2 All-Weather Cord . . . 18.00
- 30 x 3 1/2 Heavy Tourist Tube . . . 2.50
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