Something to Think About

By F. A. WALKER

THE REASON WHY

IN EVERYDAY contact with such items as regularly come up for solution in the home or the office, adopt a process of reasoning them out in your own way.

You will find if you steadfastly persist in such a course that you will soon reach a higher stage of thinking, necessary always to a higher state of efficiency.

Accepting some one's say-so without giving serious thought to the answer or inquiring as to the reason why, is an unwise thing to do.

In spite of whatever innate cleverness you may have, if this dependence on some one else is continued, there will never come to you an opportunity to show this ability.

You will form the harmful habit of leaning on others instead of standing alone in your own strength and trusting unreservedly in self.

Those upon whom you rely for advice will keep ahead of you just as long as you court their company and assistance.

By pursuing such a course you admit incompetence and lack of force, which disqualify you for leadership and advertise to your employers that you are a second-grade man or woman, incapable of forming judgment without help from others.

To observe, reflect and apply ought to be the high purpose of every man and woman in the stern battle of life.

Observe as a child and keep observing until you find the reason why.

If you will reflect, sift out the chaff from the wheat, you will in a short time be qualified to judge the good from the worthless and pick out the best every time you are called upon to make a decision.

With this newly acquired ability, you will know unerringly how to choose the right course and follow it with strength and assurance.

Instead of being a weak dependent, wavering, uncertain and timid, you will grow steadily into a strong, bold leader capable of shouldering great responsibilities.

Keep your eyes open, use the mind given you by the Creator, figure the value of everything that has a direct bearing on your work, apply the useful and you will encounter no real difficulties in finding the reason why, or in piercing the bull's eye of success with an arrow of your own making.

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Kiddies Six

By Will M. Maupin

WANTED—A NAME

WANTED—A name for the baby;
That sweet little mite of a miss,
With pink hands and feet, and puckering lips sweet
Held up for a fond parent's kiss.
Rosie, or Josie, or Mary;
Or Margaret, Lilly, or May;
Priscilla or Prue—does any suit you?
We've just got to name her today.

Wanted—A name for the baby
That's nestling there fast asleep;
A precious wee mite on her pillow of white
God gave us to guard and to keep
Annie, or Carrie, or Hazel;
Or Annabel, Oral of Jo;
Annette or Sue—does any suit you?
We've just got to name her, you know.

Wanted—A name for the baby,
That little pink image of love
That came with the year with a message of cheer,
Straight down from the mansions above.
Maggie, or Katie or Flora;
Or Amethyst, Kittie or Bess;
All good, I suppose—but dear goodness knows
We'll just call her "Sister," I guess

(Copyright.)

ROBBER DE LUXE RAIDS 200 HOMES

Makes Confession to Chicago Police Accounting for More Than $500,000 Loot.

HAS CLEVER "SYSTEM"

All Other Smooth Workers Are Boobs Compared to "Master Thief," Say Police Officials—Only Weapon Ammonia Gun.

Chicago.—Well-dressed men and women of an exclusive South side neighborhood crowded the Hyde Park police station to identify silverware, furs and clothing stolen from them, following the astonishing confession of Edward Collins, alias George Williams, 18 East Twenty-first street, Chicago's "de luxest" burglar.

Collins, whose criminal record dates back to 1904, when he was sent to Joliet for burglary, was arrested by Sergeants John Mulcahy, Fred Webster and John Ruddy at Forty-sixth street and Woodlawn avenue. They had been looking for him for weeks. His confession, made to Capt. Patrick J. McCaley of the Hyde Park station, and to Chief Fitzmorris, will account for $500,000 worth of stolen goods and incidentally disclose a huge "dope" ring, police believe. Collins robbed more than 200 homes.

"System" Wins Police Comment.

"All the smooth workers I've ever seen are boobs compared to Collins," said Captain McCauley, in grudging admiration of the burglar's "system."

Collins always made sure his victim was away at the time of his call. To make doubly sure, on entering the hallway he would push the door button three times. The rest—the jimmying of the locks—was easy. His only tools were the jimmy and an ammonia pistol, filled with water, that looked like an automatic. He said that in his long career he has used it but twice.

A special velvet-lined trousers pocket was for diamonds alone. After rifling the householder's choicest effects he would pile them into a suitcase (also found in the apartment), telephone for a taxi cab and saunter leisurely downstairs.

Recover $10,000 Worth of Loot.

Loot to the extent of $10,000 was recovered in his Twenty-first street abode. Although he has stolen approximately a half million in value, Collins declared that he has realized in cash about 1 per cent of that sum.

Would Pile Them in a Suitcase.

"I live at —— —— avenue," one of his victims would state in the police station where Collins was affably assisting in the return of property.

"I remember that perfectly," would be his reply. "I was there at three o'clock on February 22. I got two furs, a necklace and a suitcase there."

Sergeants Feery and Webster unpacked half a dozen suitcases and handbags in the station squad room. Out came silverware, furs, men's and women's suits, an ivory toilet set, and three automatic revolvers. Collins' victims examined it eagerly. The loot, which covered a long table, was merely a suggestion of what was found at his address.

Collins, a Chicago product, well-dressed, affable and said to be a capable linguist, first got "in bad" in 1904, when sent to Joliet for burglary. He was paroled and resentenced at intervals up to 1916.

Penny Bombs Seized by Police.

New York.—Toy bombs selling for a penny and used by school children to make noise during recess were seized by police of New York city when a schoolteacher complained of the disturbance. Chemicals in the glass tubes caused the children's eyes to smart, the teacher said. About 1,600 bombs were seized in a store patronized by the children.

Officer Finds Own Daughter Drowned.

Muskegon, Mich.—When a report came to police that a girl had been drowned in a creek, Officer Edgar Johnson was dispatched to the scene. He arrived in time to see neighbors lift his own five-year-old daughter out of three feet of water.

Sort of Absent Treatment.

Up on the avenue an old colored man who peddles coal by the basket, stopped in a poolroom and asked the proprietor: "Need any coal today?"

"Nope," was the reply.

Turning to two loafers sitting behind the stove, the old colored man asked: "Does you all need any coal at your house today?"

"No," was the reply.

So the old man left the poolroom and as he started to climb back on his wagon he stopped a minute to pat his old horse on the back and say: "Poor old horse; if business don't get better than this the only way you're going to know when dinner time comes is by the whistles blowing."—Indianapolis News.

If paddling your own canoe, few people will presume to give you advice.

No man knows how to sew—and the laundries find it out.

Meanest of "isms" is rheumatism.

Limited Sphere.

"Has Mr. Grumpson any hobbies?" "Two." "What are they?" "Business and tobacco."

Very few children have as much strength of mind as they have of "don't mind."

Pocketed pride is worse than cockleburrs in the pocket.

Fools never stop to count the cost until the bill collector calls.

A little ready money is a great help toward the simple life.

Wise is the man who refuses to take his troubles seriously.

Revolver on the hip is always in mind; that's unpleasant.

Uncommon Sense

By JOHN BLAKE

MARRY "FOR KEEPS"

IF YOU have a capital of a thousand dollars, and only a thousand dollars, you are likely to be a little particular about investing it.

Yet you invest your capital of happiness, which is all you have, and all you ever will have, on the first pretty face you happen to see.

The average youth devotes more care to the selection of a suit of clothes than he does to the selection of a wife.

When his marriage turns out unhappily, he wonders why he happened to have hard luck, or cynically observes that you never can trust a woman.

About 90 per cent of the labor and expense of the divorce courts could be avoided if young men and women would expend a little serious thought about the most serious business of their lives, which is getting married.

Neither men nor women can so skillfully disguise their true natures as to deceive anybody who is really in earnest about investing his capital of happiness where it will pay dividends for all time.

Nobody ever falls so head-over-ears-in-love at first sight that he hasn't time to think over the seriousness of picking a wife before he sends for the best man and engages the minister.

There is no source of unhappiness in the world so prolific as marriage, chiefly because nobody ever appears to think that it should be entered in any way save by accident.

If the reformers who cry out against divorce, when it is too late, would spend the same amount of time and energy trying to teach people to find the right kind of mates, there would be less divorce, less scandal and more room in the newspapers for instructive news.

You can't tell a man anything he doesn't know about the mistake of an unhappy marriage if he already has made the mistake. You can tell him a good deal about it beforehand.

Some day preachers and editors and educators will organize instruction in matrimony; parents will devote a little time to talking to children about it, and as a result there will be about 50 per cent more happiness in the world.

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SCHOOL DAYS

YOUR HAND

How to Read Your Characteristics and Tendencies—the Capabilities or Weaknesses That Make for Success or Failure as Shown in Your Palm

THE HAND OF A MUSICIAN

IN THE hand of a person who is talented in music, the skin is very smooth and soft. This indicates a refined, sensitive nature, with a great dislike for anything that is coarse or unrefined. As a musician, of either sex, must pay attention to details, the fingers must be long in proportion to the rest of the hand.

In the hands of many musicians, the thumb, at its outer angle or joint, is quite pointed. This is held to show a good idea of time or rhythm. A sense of tune is sometimes seen in a point or protuberance on the outside of the thumb, below the joint.

The mount of Venus should be fairly strong and high, to show melody, and this characteristic is seen also in a good mount of Saturn at the base of the middle finger. When there are a good mount of Apollo at the base of the third or ring finger, and a good mount of the moon near the wrist, a decided sense of harmony is shown.

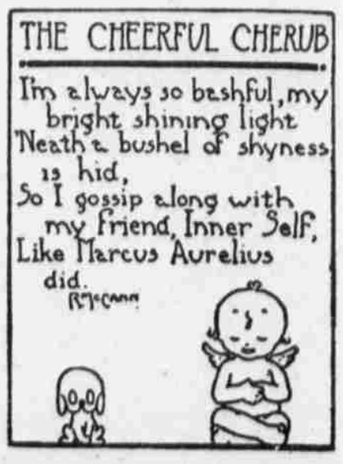
(Copyright.)

Dust and Explosions.

Various forms of dust, when mingled with air in certain proportions, are capable of producing explosions. This danger sometimes exists in flour mills. A case is on record where sugar dust caused an explosion.

THE CHEERFUL CHERUB

I'm always so bashful, my bright shining light
Neath a bushel of shyness is hid,
So I gossip along with my friend, Inner Self,
Like Marcus Aurelius did.



Mother's Cook Book

As it fell upon a day
In the merry month of May,
Sitting in the pleasant shade
Which a grove of myrtles made.
—Barnfield.

SEASONABLE GOOD THINGS

SKIM MILK will prove a boon to many housewives who have forgotten that it may be used in nearly all dishes instead of whole milk, and can be bought in many places for very little. In cream soups, adding a little more butter, the skim milk is especially good.

Sticky Cinnamon Buns.

Take one quart of raised dough, add one-half cupful of sugar, two well beaten eggs, two tablespoonfuls of soft butter, one-half cupful of brown sugar; mix well and roll out. Spread with two tablespoonfuls of soft butter; sprinkle with one-half cupful of brown sugar, mixed with two teaspoonfuls of cinnamon, one-half cupful each of currants and seeded raisins. Roll and cut in slices. Brush a deep, heavy sheet-iron pan with fat, sprinkle with brown sugar and set in the buns so that they do not touch. Let rise until light. The buns should be five inches high when baked. Cut the roll in two-and-one-half-inch slices when put to rise. Place an asbestos mat under the pan and be careful not to bake in too hot an oven.

Anise Seed Cookies.

Take one-half cupful of shortening, one cupful of sugar, two eggs, two tablespoonfuls of milk, four tablespoonfuls of anise seed, five tablespoonfuls of baking powder and three to four cupfuls of flour. Mix and add the seeds. Roll and cut in fancy shapes. Bake in a hot oven.

Nut Wafers.

Take three tablespoonfuls of butter, add five tablespoonfuls of pulverized sugar. When the sugar and butter are creamy, add three tablespoonfuls of milk, drop by drop, stirring constantly; then add nine tablespoonfuls of flour and a few drops of vanilla. Brush a pan with fat, drop by spoonfuls and sprinkle each with chopped nuts. Dust with cinnamon and bake in a slow oven.

Spicy Fruit Cake.

Take one-half cupful of New Orleans molasses, one cupful of brown sugar, cinnamon, ginger and nutmeg to taste, one egg beaten well; add one cupful of sour cream, a teaspoonful of soda and three cupfuls of flour. Mix well and add one-half cupful of nuts with raisins, figs and dates chopped and mixed to make one-half cupful. Bake in a loaf in a slow oven.

Nellie Maxwell

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The Hands of His Friends.

"Your enemies call you a spotlight grabber."

"I'm not," protested Senator Sorghum. "I simply undertake to leave the spotlight apparatus in the hands of those who will aim it in my direction."