Uncommon Sense

By JOHN BLAKE

GLOOM IS CATCHING

EVEN though we are reasonably sure that the sun is still in the sky, a cloudy day depresses us. Most of us suffer from a feeling of foreboding even on a clear day, when a cloud comes between us and the distant fire that lights and warms the world.

We are similarly sensitive to all the little troubles of our lives—to anything that disturbs our regularly ordered existence.

A temporary illness—a suspicion that there are some kind of business breakers ahead—these things plunge us into gloom.

And we, in our turn, pass the gloom along. For our friends, seeing the black and foreboding faces that we wear, grow gloomy too.

One sullen-faced man in an office will sometimes spoil the day for the entire working force.

One croaker on board a ship in a storm may send the whole passenger list into something very like a panic.

Nobody loves a gloomy man—but everybody listens to him—and looks at him.

The prophet of evil is never without an audience.

Poe, in his remarkable poem shows how the raven, by croaking the word "nevermore" was able to drive a luckless poet almost to the verge of insanity.

Continual gloom is not good for the soul, any more than continual shadow would be good for the green and blossoming things upon the surface of the earth.

We all need sunshine and a great deal of it.

It is not necessary to go about continually telling people how happy we are, like Pollyanna, but we can at least keep our trouble to ourself, and not look as if we were limping along toward the grave or the gallows.

The gloomy man or woman in a home destroys the happiness of an entire family and usually drives the children out on the streets, where at least there is air and sunshine, and maybe now and then a hurdy-gurdy.

The reason the jazz is popular, that the comic supplement sells by the million copies, and that the comedian gets a thousand dollars a week is because we will do anything to get rid of gloom.

It is a burden on life, a menace to human happiness. If you are a gloom addict, change your mode of thought. You are as much of a menace to the community in which you move as was "Typhoid Mary" to hers.

(Copyright.)

Something to Think About

By F. A. WALKER

"YES" AND "NO"

THESE two little words, yes and no, with which men have been wrestling for ages, are vocables of enormous meaning, capable of settling all the simple and complex problems in life, when used with utmost wisdom and likewise with utmost caution.

In Washington, the statesmen who were debating and adjusting the question of limited armament found it difficult at times to apply "yes" and "no" to the interrogations which naturally arose in the discussion, and in which the whole world is vitally interested.

* * *

To use these monosyllables at the right time and in the proper place is the earnest wish of every fair-minded man or woman who would have "peace and good-will on earth."

But to do so in trtuh and mercy, when dissension is rife and righteousness seems to be tumbling noisily like mountains in an earthquake, requires the wisdom of Solomon and the patience of Job, accompanied with divine guidance.

How many lives of promising young men and women have been blighted by the indiscriminate playing of "yes" and "no"?

How many nations have gone to war through the utterance in anger of a ruthless "yes" when a complacent "no" authoritatively spoken, might have saved millions of precious lives, untold sorrows and inestimable treasures?

He or she who makes merry with these small words without giving thought to the immensity of their power to create or destroy, is risking everything in this life, and possibly in the life to come.

Though these words may seem but mere pigmies in the world's vocabulary, they are really veritable giants, terrible in their wrath, but cheering, consoling and inspiring in their love.

* * *

It matters not how exalted or lowly you are, or whether you be rich or poor, strong or weak, you cannot at any time in your dealings with others afford to summon up "yes" or "no" without first giving serious thought of what may likely follow.

In all circumstances it will be found advisable to use neither word until you are absolutely sure of your ground and know your own heart.

He that in all sincerity, and "yes" and "no" will be found faithful friends.

(Copyright.)

Mildred June

Winsome Mildred June of "movie" stardom soon is to become a bride, according to an announcement issued by her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Maurice June of Los Angeles, Cal. Miss June was born in St. Louis December 28, 1902, and has lived in Los Angeles the past four years. She has been featured in many screen comedies.

EEN da flat where I leeve upstairs ees one guy wot I tink ees no gonna leeve ver long. He gotta feedle and every night when I try maka da sleep he try maka da music.

Now I no care so mooch eef he could play somating. But he play dat feedle jusa lika play da footaball game—meex everything up. He getta so far from da tune eef he gotta pay carfare back he go broke weeth hundreed buck.

Eef I no like da music so mooch mebbe I no wanta shoota dat guy. When he makn noise on dat ting I no gotta trouble stay awake. He questa play other night and a streeta car weeth a flat wheel go by. Dat sounda like sweeta music and I go to sleep.

Somatime he try sings da song too. And he gotta voice lika dog and a cat wot's no been acquaint ver long een da fight.

But hees papa tink he can play dat feedle greatn style. Other day he tella me hees keed gonna play a piece een "A minor."

Nexn day I tella da man wot owna da place I am gonna move. After I heara dat piece een "A minor," I tella da landlord we wanta leetle peace een "A flat." And eef I no getta da peace een a flat dat keed and hees feedle eee gonna "B flat."

I tink I know leetle somating bouta music, too.

Wot you tink?

(Copyright.)

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 LAWYER

AMBITION plays so large a part in the life of many lawyers, that it is well to note whether the hand shows marked signs of this quality. It is indicated in the forefinger, the finger of Jupiter; if that be long in proportion to the rest of the hand, especially if it be longer than the adjoining finger of Saturn, the subject will be of a nature that will rule and dominate those with whom he or she comes in contact.

If the line of fate, which runs up the center of the palm, to or into the finger of Saturn, is well marked, the subject will have strong personality, and this is especially true if the line is forked or branched at its upper end. Dignity of presence, essential in the upper branches of the law, is indicated by a strong third, or lowest, phalanx of the finger of Jupiter.

Diplomacy is shown by a strong phalanx of the little finger, the finger of Mercury. A high mount of Mercury, at the base of the finger, is significant of brilliancy in oratory, clearness in exposition and force in argument.

(Copyright.)

A LINE O' CHEER

By John Kendrick Bangs.

ON THE ROAD

ON THE road may I be steady,
For its complications ready—
Ready for its hits and misses,
For its sorrows and its blisses,
And however great my load
Glad to be upon the road.

(Copyright.)

The Friendly Path

By Walter I. Robinson

DOING THINGS RIGHT

"OH, IT'LL DO!"

How many times do you suppose you have heard this sentence spoken by those who should know better? How often have you said the same thing yourself when you knew that you'd never be entirely satisfied when you announced your half-hearted okeh?

Things are either right or they're wrong. There can't be any half-way ground if one wishes to enjoy to the fullest his own handiwork or the happiness of knowing that he has done a valuable service for mankind. Whenever a person quits laboring at anything before the job is entirely satisfactorily finished, there is certain to follow disappointment and a sense of resentment against one's own carelessness. And whenever one in authority okehs the work done by others by saying that "it'll do," neither he nor those engaged on the job will ever be pleased as greatly as if the task had been perfectly done.

One of the chief reasons why many go through life unhappy and complain of their rough pathways, is the inclination they display by aiming too often for "what'll do" rather than aiming constantly for the very best.

Fortunately there is a growing tendency to demand perfect goods and perfect work. There has been entirely too much imperfection in both finished materials and in the way work is done. But, perhaps, after all this has been a good thing. If it has caused an awakening to a sense of the importance of absolute perfection, the difficulties the world has experienced may prove only a small price to pay for better things.

No one can ever get the greatest possible enjoyment from the things he is doing if he is doing them half-heartedly; nor will he be inclined to do the best work when he is in that state of mind. It is, therefore, essential to one's happiness that he either work toward perfection in what he is doing, or else engage himself in something more to his liking which he can be sure to do well.

(Copyright.)

WHY?

ARE LEAD-PENCILS SO CALLED

THE obvious answer to this question would be, "Because they have lead in them." But they haven't. The writing material in the "lead-pencil" of today is graphite, not lead. But there was a time, before the discovery of the famous graphite mine in Cumberland, England, when metallic lead was used inside a wooden holder or shield, and the name persisted even after the lead itself disappeared.

After large deposits of graphite were located in England in 1565, that country had practically a complete monopoly of the lead-pencil industry for some 200 years. In fact, it was not until 1761, when Casper Faber opend his pencil factory at Nürenburg, in Bavaria, that Germany took the lead in the making of this product. The esablishment of the tariff which went into effect in 1861 made the importation of lead-pencils into the United States a very expensive operation and forced a number of manufacturers to establish plants in this country. American inventive genius perfected many of the machines which made the pencils and today the United States supplies at least 90 per cent of the pencils used on this side of the Atlantic and a considerable proportion of those which are utilized by the world at large. The graphite comes principally from Ceylon, Mexico, Bohemia and Siberia, while the red cedar wood is obtained from Florida, Alabama and Tennessee.

(Copyright.)

OLD TREE IN CITY OF LONDON

Mulberry Planted Four Centuries Ago Still Flourishing in England's Grimy Metropolis.

That a tree which has entered its fourth century of life should still be flourishing in the heart of the west end of London is an interesting fact, apart from its historical associations.

King James the First, anxious to promote silk production in the metropolis, planted many young mulberry trees from abroad, over an area of nearly five acres, where Buckingham palace now stands, and the Mulberry garden, if it did not fulfill royal hopes, provided a place of public amusement, to which the people—including Dryden, the poet laureate—resorted to eat tarts and otherwise regale themselves. A mansion erected nearby was called Tart hall, apparently from the local associations referred to, and from this mansion many works of art found their way into Horace Walpole's collection at Strawberry hill, as is set out in the sale catalogue of 1842.

Brig. Gen. Sir Douglas Dawson, state chamberlain, has just favored me with a letter in which he makes the interesting statement that in the garden of Buckingham palace there is a venerable mulberry tree, which bears a label to the effect that it was "Planted in 1609, when the old Mulberry garden was formed by James I."—London Times.

THE RIGHT THING at the RIGHT TIME

By MARY MARSHALL DUFFEE

R. S. V. P.

Wilt thou not answer, man?—Shakespeare.

FEW persons need to be told that the initials R. S. V. P. stand for the French, "Repondez s'il vous plait," —that is, "reply if you please." But apparently there are a good many persons who do need to be told that when those initials are on an invitation it is imperative that either regrets or acceptances be sent wihin a day or two of the receipt of the invitation. The fact that there are such people is quite obvious to any one who has sent out formal invitations with this formal request for an answer, for there are always plenty of invited guests who come without signifying their intention to do so and even more who remain away without sending their regrets. Some persons really seem to think that "it is all a matter of form." They receive an invitation to a large wedding reception, for instance, and notice the letters R. S. V. P. but as they are uncertain as to whether they really wish to go or will be able they delay sending a reply. "It is just a matter of form," they say. "In a big affair like that it doesn't make any difference. One guest more or less will not matter."

But it does most emphatically matter. The hostess who does much entertaining makes a practice of keeping lists of all invited guests and as replies come she checks them off so that she can tell how many persons to make plans for. As her orders ought to be in at the caterer's several days in advance of the entertainment, it is really essential that the replies should be sent in within a short time after the receipt of the invitation.

Whether or not the letters are added to certain invitations, a reply should be sent; for instance, to an entertainment where substantial refreshments are to be served. Thus, a wedding reception or breakfast calls for a reply, as does, of course, a dinner or supper invitation. However, an invitation to a tea, where the refreshments do not have to be specially prepared for each guest, does not call for a reply. Good form in that case demands either your presence or a card sent so that it will reach the hostess on the day of the reception or tea.

There are times where it may not seem to you that a reply is necessary where for some reason or other your hostess really wishes one. It may be that she is sending out invitations to a drawing room reading or musical and that her seats are limited. She adds R. S. V. P. to the invitations because she wishes to know quite definitely how many to expect. If you refuse it may be that some one else may be invited. Not to answer and not to answer very promptly then would be a real rudeness.

There are some persons who protest against these letters R. S. V. P. They say that it is much better to use plain English and so they use this expression: "The favor of an answer is requested." This has the obivous advantage of being in English but the other form has the advantage of being extremely brief, and as every one knows the significance of the letters or can quite easily learn it, and as it is the time-honored form to use under the circumstances, there is no very good objection to its use.

(Copyright.)

KIDDIES SIX

By Will M. Maupin

THREE O' MINE

EYES-O'-BROWN and Sunny Hair,
And Dickey-Winktum-Wee,
Two beside my easy chair
And one upon my knee.
Thus the evenings come and go
Till Mr. Sandman's call
Sets three wee heads to nodding low
And tired eyelids fall.
"This is the way to Sleepytown—
Jump into bed and cuddle down!"

Eyes-o'-Brown wants "an'mal tales,"
Of bears and woolly things;
While Sunny Hair most loudly wails
For whirr of fairy wings.
But Dickey-Winktum-Wee just winks
His laughing eyes at me—
I wonder what the young man thinks
Perched there upon my knee?
"So sing hey ho for Sleepytown—
Jump into bed and cuddle down!"

"Once there was a big black bear"—
Two pairs of eyes grow bright;
Two forms press closer to my chair
As if to banish fright.
"And once there was a brave young boy"—
Then dimpled faces shine,
While I with fairy lore add joy
To those sweet tots of mine.
But Dickey-Winktum-Wee just crows
Till off to Sleepytown he goes.

"Now I lay me down to sleep"—
The good-night prayers are said.
The fleecy clouds of slumber creep
Above each little head.
Eyes-o'-Brown and Sunny Hair,
And Dickey-Winktum-Wee—
God guard and keep from ev'ry care
My little ones for me.
Safe in the shades of Sleepytown—
Tucked in bed and the light turned down.

(Copyright.)

"What's in a Name?"

By MILDRED MARSHALL

Facts about your name; its history; meaning; whence it was derived; significance; your lucky day and lucky jewel.

VIOLET

THE origin of the fragrant and poetic name of Violet is shrouded in mystery. The name Violante appeared in the south of France and north of Spain and Italy early in history, but there was no clue to its origin and apparently, like Topsy, "it just grew." Etymologists with a fanciful turn of mind have identified it with the lovely golden violet which was the prize of troubadours of old in the courts of love; other authorities believe that it may have been a form of some old Latin name such as Valentine. The Latin name for the little purple flower that lifts its modest head in the spring is "Viola."

Violante was popular as a feminine name in Spain, but France changed her to Yolande or Yolette. An old English form was Joletta. Scotland however, reached out and appropriated the name, changing it to Violet. It is thought that this latest version came through a connection of the Archers of the Royal Guard, or perhaps through Queen Mary's friend, Violet Forbes. Certainly, the name spread in popularity in England and Scotland, where Violets were almost as numerous as the Marys of the Catholic communities of today.

Perhaps the most famous Violet of history was La Violetta, the young dancer, so called by Maria Theresa, who become the wife of David Garrick, the brilliant English tragedian. Viola was the form preserved by Italy and it still reigns in undisputed popularity there. It gradually penetrated England and was elevated to favoritism through Shakspere's lovely heroine of "A Winter's Tale."

Violet's flower is of course her fragrant and modest namesake, the violet. It signifies modesty. Her talismanic gem is the bloodstone, which promises her bodily health, guards her from deception and distressing news, and preserves her faculties. If the stone is given to her by a lover, it will insure lasting and sincere devotion. Thursday is her lucky day and 5 her lucky number.

(Copyright.)

CRUEL.

"My boy has a wonderful ear for music."

"Perhaps. But he doesn't play with his ears."

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