

THE LEAVES OF LIFE
By DOUGLAS MALLECH

COULD I turn back the leaves of time,
As I can't turn back this calendar,
Perhaps a folly and no crime.
The record of the years would mar.
I would erase my errors and
Undo the evil I have done—
But what is written now must stand.
I cannot turn them back, not one.

Could I turn back the leaves of life
And live it over day by day,
There would be peace where there
was strife.
And when I grieved I would be gay,
I would trust more, or not too much,
Or I myself would wortlier be—
But all the moments that we touch
Are ours, and then eternally.

Could I turn back, but I can't.
The leaf alone that lies ahead—
God grant that something good I can.
From some fool's foolishness that I call.
The book that signs the record there
Is written for a life, an age;
But I can be more good, more fair,
And make the next a clearer page.
(© 1931, Douglas Malloch.)

KNOWING The TREES

AMERICAN ELM

(U.S. Forest Service)
THE American elm is a large ornamental tree, usually with spreading branches and drooping branchlets, forming a very wide-spreading top. The trunk divides gradually a short distance from the ground into two or more stout branches, which curve gracefully upward and outward, to form a symmetrical, oval, rounded, wide-spreading or vase-shaped top. This tree's brownish gray bark is furrowed into perpendicular, flat-topped ridges, very rough and solid, with whitish inner layers. The tree is marked by drooping, ing twigs, and by pointed leaflets which are usually quite sharp above, sharply toothed with straight pale veins clearly marked and extending to the teeth on the margins. The elm is common and thrives in rich, moist soil.

With its high-arching crown, its gracefully drooping foliage of brilliant green, the American elm affords a summer picture not offered by any other variety of tree.

(© 1931, Western Newspaper Union.)

Your Home and You

By BETSY CALLISTER

FOR A GIRL'S BIRTHDAY

"WHAT shall we give Peggy for her birthday?"

That was a question that members of Peggy's family were asking, because Peggy, who was approaching twelve, was just too old for toys and playthings, and still too young for jewelry and other gewgaws.

And no one could afford to give Peggy a saddle horse or a canoe or any of the things that would have been precisely what Peggy thought she wanted.

So they decided to get together on the very nicest present that a girl of Peggy's age could receive. They decided to do over Peggy's room and even one who would be expected to give Peggy a present, took into the secret and assigned some actors of the new decoration.

Brother Bill and big sister Nell scraped and washed off the old paper and put on new, while Peggy slept in the guest room and was merely allowed to guess what was going on. Mother bought material for new curtains and then put them up, and helped sister Nell paint over the old furniture in the same soft, old-green. Father bought a rug, green, and made the covers for a bureau and bed-side table.

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GRINGAPO

"There aren't any ancient ruins in this country," says Limping Lena, "but it has its share of fallen arches." (Copyright)

Why Boys Leave Home

BY JOE ARCHIBALD



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SUPERSTITIOUS SUE



SHE HAS HEARD THAT—

Sailors used to believe that an anchor worn somewhere about them was a good charm for a safe return when they went out to sea—well, that being the case, it also makes a marvelous mermaid mascot.

(© 1931, McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Through a Woman's Eyes

By JEAN NEWTON

CAN THE HOME BE OF "LESS IMPORTANCE"?

A VERY prominent woman executive recently made a statement of great significance which, because of her own important position, was reported in the papers all over the country as an almost official announcement on the position of women today.

She said that industry, which has always been a "man's world," is now adapting itself to women. That far from keeping women out, to the contrary, employers are now even adapting their plants to "labor demands."

This decreasing industrialization of women, we are told, has given her greater purchasing power than that of men.

She said that "she was solely a housewife," and this reorganization of society has made the home "less important" in the life of women today.

It is that conclusion that is so significant, followed as it is by this frank declaration: "The home as an economic institution has passed out of our lives. Girls no longer find enough to do in the home and must go out if it is their aim to have any economic importance, whatever."

With that I take direct issue. I feel that as long as civilization remains as it is, as long as we have children and families, the home can never be "less important."

I believe that the trouble with the home for the alert, modern girl who wants to retain her personality and grow as a member of society is not that she "does" not find enough to do in the home—but rather that she is in danger of finding too much to do.

But when such work is an all-day job for a woman with growing children, when it means that her home has become unimportant in her life, then I think it is too bad. In fact I know it. Incidentally, the combination is a great deal more than the necessary of a man and a woman. But particularly the objection is on behalf of the husband and those children whose home has been sold by a woman individualist to be unimportant.

It is simple to answer the declaration that we must get out of the home if we are to be of economic importance—assuming that it is vital to you to be of economic importance. The point is that a woman who brings up children to live up to the best in them and be good citizens can hardly be said to be "no economic importance."

(© 1931, Ball Syndicate.)

Mother's Cook Book

There are many good things which we can all afford, regardless of our circumstances.

We can well afford to be tolerant of the opinions of others, because—if we are wise—our own views are certain to change.

We can well afford to believe that which is good, and that the good is true. —Benjamin Franklin.

THINGS YOU'LL LIKE

WHILE we are eating the acid-forming foods in abundance during the cold weather of winter, we must remind ourselves that green vegetables and fruit are health-giving portions of the menu. There is nothing more appetizing than a lettuce salad on which is served four or five sections of grapefruit, sprinkled with a bit of chopped celery and with a good dressing.

Savory Butter Sandwiches.

Put all the following ingredients in a bowl and beat until creamy: Two teaspoonsfuls each of anchovy paste and lemon juice, two cupsfuls of mustard, two teaspoonsfuls of finely cut roquefort cheese and four tablespoonsfuls of butter. Spread on crackers and cover with another cracker.

Walnut Sauages.

Mix one cupful of cooked rice and one cupful of toasted bread crumbs, one cupful of milk, two teaspoonsfuls of sage, one-half teaspoonful of nutmeg, one-half cupful of prunes, one-half cupful of ground raisins, meat, two eggs, one-fourth teaspoonful of salt, one-fourth teaspoonful of celery seed and a teaspoonful of onion juice. When well blended shape into sausage-shaped rolls and brown in a frying pan. Garnish with bacon, rolls and lemon.

Bran Muffins.

Sift one-half cupful of flour with one-eighth of a teaspoonful of salt, and mix with one cupful of bran, add three-fourths of a cupful of orange juice in which a half teaspoonful of soda has been stirred, add one and one-half tablespoonsfuls of molasses and two tablespoonsfuls of melted butter. Beat vigorously and bake in hot, buttered gem pans.

Nellie Maxwell
(© 1931, Western Newspaper Union.)

NUTTY NATURAL HISTORY

BY HUGH HUTTON

THE SEDUCTIVE YEWK

THE yewk is quite plentiful in western Siberia, where it lives in small caves in the Ural mountains. Having a mild appearance, it is chased by the wild droshky, which pursues it into the cave. The droshky, being much larger than the yewk, comes wedged at the entrance of the ear—and thus furnishes a good supper for the rest of the yewk family.

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(© 1931, Metropolitan Newspaper Service.)

The SANDMAN STORY

ABOUT SNOW BUNTING

"WE ARE very fond of it along by the ocean," said Snow Bunting.

"We really like to be by the ocean better than inland, though once in awhile we go into the country away from the ocean and whil about before a snowstorm and through the storm, too, and look and appear as our friends would have us appear."

"We have clear, lovely calls and we can whistle, too—ever so prettily. Yes, indeed."

"We're friendly with the horned larks. We look like them when we fly, and we go way up to the Arctic regions, at times."

"These facts I was particularly told to tell."

"And some one who saw one of our nests at one time described it in but-

"Little Snow Bunting, the Winter Sea-son is Passing."

man words to be a lovely, cozy nest.

This person saw it in an old hollow log. The nest was lined with feathers and was made of grass and white fox hair.

"They say that when we look at her when flying through a snowstorm, Ah, but birds do look very lovely when they fly. Great crowds of birds flying is always a lovely sight. Even starlings, when they fly, are very beautiful."

"They say that for the winter we are not popular. They have taken such possession of things."

"They push other birds out of the way."

"But they do not bother us at all. However, that is not what I am talking about. I am going to tell you that spring is soon coming."

"Ah, yes, for I heard a secret. Mother Nature whispered it to me."

"They say that 'even starlings' for starlings are not popular. They have taken such possession of things."

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