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Beware of the Tempter

By EVELYN GAGE BROWNE

"A BIRD in the hand is worth two in the bush,"
Is a saying that's old but true,
And if you're full of pep and "push"
It surely applies to YOU.

The job you have that is sure today
Is worth your very best,
And if you give it—it's bound to pay
A whole lot more than the rest.

They are only promises hazy and dim
In fields untried and new;
And your present Boss, if you stick to him,
Will as surely stick to you.

So beware of the man who hands you a line
Of bluff and flattery stuff,
To tempt you to leave a job that's fine,
With the words, "You're not getting enough!"

For that's the time when it isn't wise
To see yourself as a Star,
Through some one else's nearsighted eyes—
YOU'RE JUST WHAT YOU KNOW YOU ARE!

It's what's within that makes success,
And can't keep a good man down;
And it rests with YOU—no more, no less—
And not with the job nor the town.

So give your best RIGHT WHERE YOU ARE,
Your brain, your heart and soul—
Then "hitch your wagon to a star"
And you're bound to reach your goal.

(Copyright.)

Infant Criticism

Rich little girl, seeing some poorly cared for children go by—Poor little things! They can have no nurses—only mothers.—Boston Transcript.

Our National Failing

There sometimes fails to be made the distinction between free speech and cheap talk.—Portland Express.

Orange and Tangerine

An orange is the large globose fruit of the rutaceous tree, Citrus aurantium. The tangerine is an orange much like the mandarin, but of deeper color and higher flavor. It is said to have been produced in America from the mandarin.

Do You Know ...??... That:...??...

"HOBNOB," meaning to associate familiarly.

Origin: In the old English houses there was a hob at each corner of the hearth for heating the ale or drink or to hold anything that one wished to keep hot. A little round table was set at the elbow for comfort and this was called a nob. And so "hobnob" meant to drink snugly and cozily in the chimney corner with the ale hobbed and a little nob table set in snuggery.—Anna S. Turnquist.

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THE WHY of SUPERSTITIONS

By H. IRVING KING

CURE FOR RINGWORM

IN CERTAIN sections it is firmly believed that ringworm may be cured by moistening the finger in the mouth and then rubbing it around the diseased spot sunwise—that is in the direction of the hands of a clock. Here we have an undoubted survival in which is embodied sun-worship and the idea of primitive man with regard to the mystic virtues of human saliva, an idea which extended down through the Classic ages and was solemnly held by Pliny and other great Roman philosophers and scientists, as their writings show.

This saliva idea has often been discussed. Its basis was that the saliva partook not only of the physical but the spiritual life and soul of a man—represented an especial power of his spiritual being. As to rubbing the ringworm sunwise, that is in accordance with all the ritual of sun-worship, as has been explained in other superstitions into which the so-called "ceremonial circuit" has entered. Thus did the priests of the sun move before his altars at Heliopolis and Stonehenge, and in this manner, therefore, does the finger move around the ringworm. This piece of folk-machine lore is especially interesting from the clear-cut manner in which it stands out as a survival from those far, dim ages when time was yet young.

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KENT NEWS $1.50 PER YEAR

WHEN I WAS TWENTY-ONE

BY JOSEPH KAYE

AT 21—John Lyle Harrington was about to begin his career.

"AT TWENTY-ONE I was preparing to enter college. While living on a farm as a boy I formed the habit of counting things—anything and everything. It's a habit I've never quite broken myself of entirely. Even today I catch myself counting the number of pieces of clothing I put on, or the number of steps I take in a walk or in a flight of stairs. I was still very small when my mother's uncle, visiting us, noted this habit. 'You ought to be an engineer,' he said to me.

"That casual remark helped me to make up my mind what I wanted to do. As time went on the original idea was strengthened; therefore I decided very early that I wanted to go to the university, and my studies were chosen so I would be qualified to enter. However, I did not finally enter until I was twenty-two.—John Lyle Harrington."

TODAY—Mr. Harrington is a great engineer, who has designed and constructed bridge work to the value of a hundred million dollars, many of the structures being of his own invention. His contracts have taken him all over the world, even as far as New Zealand. He is also ex-president of the American Society of Mechanical Engineers.

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"Collette," Their Mascot

By DOROTHY DOUGLAS

(Copyright.)

HAD Paula been a tiny black Persian kitten like the one in the basket beside her, she would have purred, too. She was so happy to have finally succeeded in buying the pet she was now taking home on the Long Island train with her that she could actually have purred with joy. For many weeks she had been looking for a small black kitten and only that day while out at lunch had come across this adorable one.

Having nothing whatever in the office that she and her brother occupied with which to make the kitten's basket soft and warm, Paula had been obliged to use one of the office supply towels.

She had already named the kitten after the small patented article for which she and her brother had acquired the agency, which was already bringing them a decent living.

Little "Collette" was to be their mascot.

Paula peeped into the cozy basket and as she did so a small girl sat down in the seat beside her. The man who had found the seat for the child found one for himself in front.

There was no slightest doubt that the small girl was feeling very tearful about something. Paula heard an occasional trembling breath as if she were making a brave effort to stifle her emotions.

Paula's first thought was to make an effort to amuse the little girl, and she very cautiously opened the lid of "Collette's" basket. The kitten was curled up into a perfect puff ball of silky black fur.

"Oh!" cried the little girl with startling interest, "a little kitty!" She snuggled against Paula and leaned her head down so that she could almost rub her cheek against the kitten. "My daddy promised me one for my birthday and we have tried all day to get one and couldn't—get—a—a s-single kitten." With that the tears burst forth.

"What would your daddy say to me if I gave you this one?" questioned Paula. "I should love to make you a present of it but you must name it 'Collette.' Do you think—"

"Oh-h!" gasped the delighted child, "I would just love—"

The man in front turned and entered into this strange conversation.

"My dear Tots—you mustn't let the lady give you her own kitten."

"I should love to give the kitten to your little girl. I can easily get another tomorrow, as he is one of a big litter. Please let her have it—children's disappointments are so very real to them."

The train was pulling in at Forest Hills station and Paula pressed the basket with "Collette" in it into the happy child's arms. "Be sure you name her "Collette," she said swiftly, and only the searching eyes of the all-wise kitten saw the look in Paula's own eyes as she bade swift farewell to her pet.

Paula felt forlorn as she walked home from the station with the two pink china bowls she had bought for "Collette's" milk and boiled fish. She recalled the very happy light in the child's eyes when she accepted the kitten and that cheered her a bit.

And if Tots Blaine was treasuring her kitten tremendously, so also was John Blaine treasuring it because it was the golden thread whereby his heart had been tugged into heretofore unknown regions.

And John Blaine's only hope for the future was that he might again see the girl on the train so that he could easily and without any offense thank her again.

But "Collette," in her cozy basket, had other plans for the bringing together of a couple in a more speedy manner.

Of course "Collette" knew that John Blaine was not the father of Tots, nor in any way, shape or form tied up matrimonially. He was just Tots' best uncle. So plans proceeded when "Collette" almost refused to come out of her cozy basket after arriving at her new home and being made much of by an animal-loving family. She went back and forth in her basket, went round and round in cat fashion on that office towel which Paula had used for a cushion for her, and it was not until John Blaine himself seemed to grasp the idea that she seemed pleased and purred loudly.

Blaine picked up the towel, noticed it was one of the towel-service variety, and a broad grin spread over his good-looking face.

"Collette" seemed too, to understand that things were moving now, so went off to lap a little warm milk. She had done her bit.

Blaine took the towel into his own possession and first thing in the morning trailed to the office whose name was written in red letters thereon. He musn't lose any time in returning it—not in the least that he cared about the towel-supply people—but he did not want to miss a moment more of life without knowing Paula.

She was sitting beside a great desk occupied by a man whom Blaine instantly disliked, then as quickly admired when he found it was her brother.

"I had to return this towel," said Blaine. "I didn't want you to get into trouble for losing it," and he grinned openly.

And no doubt "Collette" smiled—in kitten fashion.

Varnish Unnecessary

Do not use varnish on a floor in preparation for a wax finish, A floor already varnished may be protected by the use of wax, but varnish is not necessary where a wax finish is desired.

Cultivate Good Temper

Good temper, like a sunny day, sheds a brightness over everything. It is the sweetener of toil and the soother of disquietude.—Irving.

John P. Ahern

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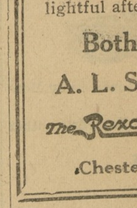
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P.A. says "Come again!" in every puff



THERE'S a warm invitation in every cool puff on a pipe packed with P.A., if you get what I mean. You sort of look forward to each intake, the way you watch the mails for a letter from your best girl. Good old Prince Albert! Never wears out its welcome.

Why, the instant you open the tidy red tin and get a whiff of that wonderful P.A. fragrance, your mouth waters for a *taste* of such tobacco. Did I say "fragrant"? I hope to tell you! The flowers that bloom in the spring have nothing on Prince Albert.

And when you load-up the old jimmy-pipe and open the drafts—say, Mister! Cool as the blast of a traffic-cop's whistle. Sweet as his words: "I didn't mean *you*." Mild as the Gulf Stream, yet with that full, rich tobacco body that satisfies to the very limit.

I'm getting mine with a pipe and P.A. every day. I want you to get yours. All you have to do is step around the corner and tell the man-behind-the-counter you want a tin of Prince Albert. He hears *that* hundreds of times a day from men like yourself. Try P.A.

P. A. is sold everywhere in tidy red tins, pound and half-pound tin humidors, and pound crystal-glass humidors with sponge-moistener top. And always with every bit of bite and parch removed by the Prince Albert process.



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