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Middle Age Gives Advice to Youth

A Searching Address by Sir Frederick Sykes Delivered Chancellor to the Students of Bombay University

"The Governor of Bombay gave some valuable advice to the new graduates of the Bombay University in his first Convocation Address as Chancellor of the University.

"When you go forth from this University," he said, "to face the impartial test of the world, think and go on thinking of yourselves as perpetually on probation. Education is a matter between a man and himself. The outward trappings of education, its institutes and its curricula, are all relatively obstructions, and the only thing which counts is what the individual student has been able to make of himself and of the opportunities at his disposal."—Times of India.

Wisdom of Middle Age

"Middle age brings with it certain ripened wisdom, for which it can claim no kind of credit. It is a wisdom such as it is, which comes by the simple passage of years. For it is often that in later years a man ceases to look exclusively forward, and begins to look backward as well. And looking back he can see not infrequently with bitter regret what he might have done but has not.

"He can see in what directions he might have employed his time and his energies better. And he can see (though possibly this is an illusion born of vanity) what he would do now if he had those best years to live over again. And although I look strongly that the best profitable of all things is for me to impose its own properties on youth, though I feel that as a man grows older, he loses, in many ways, far more than he gains—yet I also feel that the elders will not be wholly fulfilling their duty unless they pass on occasionally some of the things that have struck them in that retrospective vision.

"The backward-looking vision — to the man of fifty, let me say, glancing back at what he was in his twenties—these dividing lines between one period and another tend to fade away. To the young man just emerging from College, his entrance upon what we call 'the world,' seems to mark a definite crisis. The first chapter of his life has been closed, another is opening before him. The transition is, in his view, epoch-making and momentous.

"But as we grow older life is seen as a continuum. Viewed through the mist of years these landmarks disappear. We realize—and the younger among you will also realize, when a few more years have passed—that what seemed so definite a break was really no break at all. We see that on either side of that apparent gulf was the same personality, that the so-called 'change' did not change that, and that what we are to-day is the living product of a progress of gradual shaping, which stretches back unbroken to our earliest years.

"And it is because of this continuity of personality that we realize that it is impossible to place one's finger on a particular date, and say, 'Here ended my education.' Whether we are conscious of it or not, our education is always going on. We are making ourselves the whole time, and it makes little difference that, in such and such a year, we left an official educational institution and entered upon the larger School of Life.

"One of the most remarkable things in life is the enormous force of habit; and almost equally remarkable is the degree to which—if we have strength and persistence enough—habit can be cultivated. A man can go far to make his own nature. It is merely a matter of having a clear idea of what he wants to do, and sticking to it.

"And this is just where the man of fifty or sixty, looking back upon life, sees his own, and almost everybody else's mistake. He says to himself: 'If I had only practised this or that quality or activity, deliberately, for a short time every day, what a vast difference it would have made!' For, in a span of twenty or thirty years, those short periods mount up, and you will realize how much it is possible to do, if you only take hold of time and turn it to your own purpose, instead of letting it slip by you unused.

"I know that this is hard advice. When a man is young, and looking forward, he does not see how valuable are the minutes and hours. It is only later, when he looks back, he sees how much he has thrown away.

"There comes a time (then the kind of training, which (let me say) enable a man to pass examinations successfully, cease to be of prime value. They are superseded by that group of qualities which, when we meet and talk with a man, and particularly when we have to deal with him over work, make us feel that here is a person whose judgment is to be respected.

"Chief among those qualities is disinterestedness of outlook; but almost as essential, perhaps equally essential, is it that a man should do his thinking for himself. He should be capable of forming his own conclusion on the basis of arguments which he himself has thought out and approved. He should be an originator, not an echo. Nothing is more unsatisfactory to deal with than a mind exclusively furnished with second-hand materials. And perhaps I may add, nothing is more uninteresting.

Meaning of Success

"When we speak of success, what do we mean? We mean, in a very large measure, how a man manages to impress himself upon others. Success is a thing that can very seldom be wrested from an unwilling world.

"As a rule, success has, to a great extent, to be conceded. The world lets this or that man go ahead, because (quite simply) it trusts him and admires his qualities; and the world, in those instinctive judgments, is usually exacting and nearly always honest. It may be deceived for a time; it is seldom permanently deceived; and when once it has found out its mistake, it is always unsparing.

"Life is one long examination in which success is within the reach of each individual according to the quality of the effort which he makes. It is not mapped out with clear roads; its safe passage needs individual courage, confidence and steadfastness in pursuit of the goal aimed at.

"Sometimes it may seem that the modern world, in the elaborate organization with which it surrounds the life of each individual, tends to force all into a common mould, but this is only a partial view of its meaning. In the ever-changing problems which it presents, in the manifold demands which it makes on the character, there is still the widest scope for ambition, for originality, and herein lies the whole interest and fascination of the adventure which you are about to undertake.

Autumn Recipes

With cooler days hearty dishes which have been shunned during the hot weather come again into favor. Stuffed baked potatoes are always popular and the variation in seasoning, given below, should make them even greater favorites.

Tomato Stuffed Potatoes

Bake six good-sized potatoes and when done cut off one end of each and scoop out the contents. Mash this, add one chopped onion, one-half cup of canned tomatoes, three-fourths teaspoon mustard, one-fourth teaspoon celery salt, and salt and pepper to taste. Mix well and refill the potato shells. Return then to the oven to heat thoroughly.

Pork Roll

Cut one whole pork tenderloin lengthwise and sprinkle with salt and pepper. Make a potato dressing, without sage, and spread this over the meat. Roll as you would a jelly cake, tie with a string and put into a baking pan. Add a little boiling water and bake, basting frequently, until the meat is tender. A strip or two of bacon may be laid over the meat before putting it in the oven. Remove the meat from the oven, slice it as a jelly roll and arrange the slices on a hot platter. Make a gravy of the liquid in the pan and add to it a tablespoon of tomato catsup with salt and pepper to taste.

Veal Heart Loaf

Boil a veal heart until tender and put it through a meat chopper. Add half as much bread crumbs as there is of the heart and season liberally with salt, pepper, sage and red pepper with a dash of nutmeg if you like that condiment. Moisten with the liquor in which the heart was cooked and put the mixture into a square pan which has been well buttered. Dust the top of the loaf with bread crumbs, dot with butter, and bake for thirty minutes in a moderate oven. Serve hot or cold, cut in thin slices.

Cheese Fingers

These are excellent to serve with the salad course. Blend one-fourth pound soft American cheese with one tablespoon tomato catsup, add one tablespoon butter, a dash of cayenne and a little salt. Spread over very thin slices of bread, cut each slice in strips one inch wide and toast quickly in a hot oven. Serve at once.

Wheeler House Eggs

Saute one pound of fresh mushrooms until tender—a can of prepared mushrooms may be substituted—season with salt and pepper and a few drops of onion juice, cool and put through a coarse sieve. Scramble one dozen eggs and remove to a hot platter. Cover with the mushrooms, garnish with parsley and toast points and send to the table while hot. This makes a fine Sunday night supper dish for six people.

Mulled Cider

To two quarts of sweet cider add one and one-half cups of brown sugar, one-fourth teaspoon salt, one teaspoon cloves, one teaspoon allspice, six inch-long sticks of cinnamon and a little nutmeg. Simmer for ten minutes, strain through cheese cloth and reheat. This is best served steaming hot in earthen mugs.

YESTERDAYS

Our yesterday's to-morrow now is gone.
And still a new to-morrow does come on.
We by to-morrow draw out all our store,
Till the exhausted well can yield no more.

—Cowley.

THE ISLE OF RETRIBUTION

BY EDISON MARSHALL

ILLUSTRATED BY R.W. SATTERYFIELD

BEGIN HERE TODAY

Ned Cornet, Lenore Hardenworth and Bess Gilbert take refuge together on an island when they are shipwrecked. Lenore is engaged to be married to Ned. They find the island inhabited by a man named Doomsdorf and his Indian wife.

Doomsdorf takes Ned and the girls prisoners and makes Bess and Ned slave for him. Lenore is allowed to help the squaw with the housework, but Bess and Ned are driven by their master until they fall unconscious.

The prisoners are allowed to build a cabin and, after it is finished, Bess and Ned are sent on different trapline routes. They have several narrow escapes from death. Together they plan how to escape from the island. When Doomsdorf becomes infatuated with Bess and makes advances to her Ned interferes.

CHAPTER XXVII.—(Cont'd)

"There's no need of going farther," he said in his deep, rumbling voice. "There was no need of even coming here. You seem to be forgetting, you two, where you are—all the things I told you at first."

He paused, and his voice had dropped, and the tone was strange and even, dreadful to hear, when he spoke again. "I've evidently been too easy with you," he went on. "I'll see that I correct that fault in the future. You, Ned, made a serious mistake when you interfered in this matter tonight. I'll so if I can't teach you to keep your place. And, Bess—long ago I told you that your body and soul were mine—to do with what I liked. You seemed to have forgotten—but I intend that you will call it to mind again."

But Ned still faced him when he paused, eyes steadfast, his face an iron gray in the wan light. His training had been hard and true, and he still found strength to stand erect.

"I want to tell you this—in reply," he answered in the clear, firm voice of one who has mastered fear. "We know well enough what you can do to us. But that doesn't mean that we're going to yield to you—to every one of your evil wishes. Life isn't so pleasant to either of us that we'll submit to everything in order to live. No matter what you do to me—I know what I'll do to you if you try to carry out your wicked designs by force."

Doomsdorf eyed him calmly, but the smile of contempt was wholly gone from his lips. "You'll show fight?" he asked.

"With every ounce I've got. You may master me—with every advantage of weapons and physical strength—but you'll have to kill me first. Bess will kill herself before she'll yield to you. You won't be better off—you'll simply have no one to do your trapping for you. It isn't worth it, Doomsdorf."

He eyed them a moment, coolly and casually. "When I want anything, Ned, I want it and enough to pay all I've got for it," he said in a remarkably even tone. "Don't presume that I value your lives so much that I'll turn one step from my course. Besides, Ned—you won't be here!"

Ned's eyes widened, as he tried to read his meaning. Doomsdorf laughed softly in the silence. "You won't be here!" he repeated. "You fool—do you think I'd let you get in my way? It will rest as it is tonight. Tomorrow morning you start out to tend your traps—and you will tend Bess' lines as well as your own. She will stay here—with me—from now on."

Ned felt his muscles hardening to steel. "I won't leave her to you—"

"You won't? Don't make my mistake on that point. If you are not on your way by sun-up, you get a hundred—from the knout. You won't be able to leave for some time after that—but neither will you be able to interfere with what doesn't concern you. I'll give you a fey in the dawn—just as a sample to show what they're like. Nor am I afraid of Bess killing herself. It's cold and dark here, but it's colder and darker—there. She'll stand a lot before she'll do that."

"That's definite?" Ned asked.

"The truest words I ever spoke. I've never gone back on a promise yet."

"And believe me, I won't go back on mine. If that's all you have to say—"

"That's quite all. Think it over—you'll find it isn't so bad. And now—good night."

He bowed to them in mock politeness. Then he turned back into his cabin.

For a moment his two prisoners stood inert, utterly motionless in the wan light. Ned started to turn to her, still held by his own dark thoughts, but at the first glance of her white, set face, he whirled in the most breathless amazement. It was in no way the stricken, terrified countenance that he had seen a few moments before. The lips were firm, the eyes deep and strange; even in the half-light he could see her look of inexorable purpose.

Some great resolve had come to her—some sweeping emotion that might be akin to hope. Was she planning suicide? Was that the meaning of this new look of iron resolution in her face? He could conceive of no other explanation; in self-inflicted death alone lay deliverance from Doomsdorf's lust. He dared not hope for any happier freedom.

He reached groping hands to hers. "You don't mean"—he gasped, hardly able to make his lips move in speech—"you don't intend—?"

Ned moved toward her, reaching for her hands.

"To kill myself? Not yet, but a long way." The girl's hand slipped cautiously out from the pocket of her jacket, showing him what seemed to be a small, square box of tin. But the light was too dim for him to make out the words on the paper label. "I got this from the shelf—just as we left the cabin."

The hopeful tones in her voice was the happiest sound Ned had heard since he had come to the island.

"What is it?" he whispered.

"To kill myself? Not yet, by a chance for freedom. Come into the cabin where we can scratch a match."

They moved into the newer hut of logs, and there Bess showed him the humble article in which lay her hopes. It was merely a tin of fine snuff from among Doomsdorf's personal supplies.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Talking in an undertone, not to be heard through the log walls, Bess and Ned made their hasty plans for deliverance.

Here, in the cabin they occupied, the assault must be made. The reason was simply that their plan was defeated at the outset if they attempted to master Doomsdorf in the squaw's presence.

The plan, in perfection, was really very simple. As soon as Lenore came, she would be sent back to the cabin to bring Doomsdorf. She would need no further excuse than that Bess had asked to see him: Ned's knowledge of the brute's psychology told him that.

Ned would be waiting in the newer cabin when Lenore and Doomsdorf returned. He would immediately excuse himself and pass out the door, at the same instant that Bess extended a chair for Doomsdorf. And the instant that he was seated Bess would dash a handful of the blinding snuff into his eyes.

Ned's axe leaned just without the cabin door. Doomsdorf would notice it as he went in; otherwise his suspicions might be aroused. And in his first instant of agony and blindness, Ned would seize the weapon, dash back through the door, and make the assault.

They had scarcely perfected the plan before Lenore appeared, on the way to her cot. Just an instant she halted, her face and golden head a glory in the soft light, as she regarded their glittering eyes.

Ned moved toward her, reaching for her hands. For a breath he gazed into her lovely face. "Bess wants you to go—and tell Doomsdorf—to come here," he told her. His voice was wholly steady, every word clearly enunciated; if anything, he spoke somewhat more softly and evenly than usual. "Just tell him that she wants to see him."

She took her eyes from his, glancing about with unmistakable apprehension.

Her searching eyes suddenly turned in fascinated horror to Bess. Standing near the open door, so that the room might not be filled with the dust of the snuff and thus convey a warning to Doomsdorf, she was emptying the contents of the snuff-box into her handkerchief. Her eyes gleamed under her brows, and her hands were wholly steady. Lenore shivered a little, her hands pressing Ned's.

"What does it mean—?"

"Liberty! That's what it means, if the plan goes through." For the first time Ned's voice revealed suppressed emotion. "Liberty!" He spoke the word as a devout man speaks of God. "It's the only chance—now or never," he went on with perfect coldness. "You've got to hold up and do your share—I know you can. If we succeed—and we've got every chance—it's freedom, escape from this island and Doomsdorf. If we fail, it's likely death—but death couldn't be any worse than this. So we've nothing to lose—and everything to gain."

Overwept by their ardor, Lenore turned back through the door.

Her instructions were simple. The easiest task of the three was hers. Bess took one of the cabin chairs, her handkerchief—clutched as if she had been weeping—in her lap. Ned sat down in one of the other chairs, intending to arise and excuse himself the instant Doomsdorf appeared. His muscles burned under his skin.

It was only about 50 yards to the cabin. If Doomsdorf came at all, it would be in the space of a few seconds.

The door of the cabin closed behind her, and Lenore was alone with the night.

Could she take the fighting chance? Could she rise above this awful first fear, master it, scorn it, go her brave way in the face of it?

But before ever she found her answer, she found herself at the cabin door. Listless, terrified almost to the verge of collapse, she turned the knob and opened the door. Doomsdorf had not yet gone to his blankets; otherwise the great bolt of iron would be in place. He was still sitting before the great, glowing stove, dreaming his savage dreams. The girl halted before him, leaning against a chair.

At first her tongue could hardly shape the words. Her throat filled, her heart faltered in her breast. "Bess—asked to see you," she told him at last. "She says for you to come—to her cabin."

(To be continued.)

"Gentlemen Adventurers" Still Flourish

HUDSON'S BAY CO. OFFICERS AT OLD FORT GARRY

Gov. of Hudson's Bay Co. with members of Canadian committee, taken recently in Winnipeg, near site of old Fort Garry. Left to Right—James A. Richardson, George W. Allan, K.C., chairman, Canadian committee, and Charles V. Sales, governor, whose wife comes from Napanee, Ont.

What's the Use?

Professor Leonard Hill, Director of the Department of Applied Physiology of the National Institute for Medical Research, in his presidential address to the Sanitary Inspectors' Association conference in London, said:—

"I would call your attention to a certain bacillus which shall be nameless, but is easily cultivated.

"If men are as susceptible as guinea pigs are to the toxin produced by this bacillus—and there is reason to think they are—it would appear that one gramme, say a saltspoonful, of the dry toxin, would suffice to kill a million.

"The toxin acts if inhaled or if it falls on the eye as a powder.

"If men set out to prepare such a toxin and scatter it by aeroplanes, what would be the use of the canopy of war?"

Things Said

Bachelors of Science invariably write better letters than Bachelors of Art, because they have been taught to write what they have to say and then leave.—Mr. P. B. Showan.

If you want simply to get "fun," a hard heart and a good digestion will help you more than all the cardinal virtues.—Dean Inge.

Mr. Ramsay MacDonald and Signor Mussolini are virtually two peas from the same pod.—Mr. George Young, M.Y.O.

I claim to be descended from the Thane of Fife—Macduff, the gentleman who killed Macbeth.—Mr. G. B. Shaw.

Work For Good

Work for some good, be it ever so lowly;
Work for some hope, be it ever so lowly;
Work! for all labor is noble and holy!

—Newman Hall.

GENIUS

The three indispensables of genius understanding, feeling, and perseverance; the three things that enrich genius are contentment of mind, the cherishing of good thoughts, and the exercise of memory.—Southey.

A Good Rule

The plain rule is to do nothing in the dark, to be a party to nothing underhand or mysterious.—Dickens.

It seems to be quite generally agreed that the Arab wasn't the guy that put the pal in Palestine.—Springfield Union.

Picture Getting

"My boy is so timid I don't know what to do with him," said one of two ladies who were discussing their children's careers.

"Make him a photographer; it's a nice, quiet job," counselled the other.

The man who, quite innocently, had overheard their conversation, smiled. In the newspaper he was reading appeared a photograph of a lion feeding on a zebra. It had been taken at five yards' range.

This photograph was only one of a number of similar "snaps" that have appeared in the newspapers recently. All these pictures had involved endless patience—some of them had entailed the taking of considerable risks. And the same, of course, is true of the jungle films which have proved such a hit in our cinemas during the last year or two.

Typical of the risks run by the "knights of the camera" is an adventure which befell Mr. A. A. Pienaar, while taking an African big game film in the Kilimanjaro district. He had laid down a zebra bait in the hope of getting a picture of lions feeding. He got his picture all right, for the bait attracted half a dozen lions, and though one of them retired with a piece of meat when the handle of the camera started to turn, the others remained.

When the Lava Boiled Over

After a little, however, a lioness noticed the flash of the camera lens and walked towards it. A lion followed her. Mr. Pienaar continued to turn the handle. Then, hearing a movement just behind him, he swung round. Two gentleman lions and another lioness were just at my back. For a moment the situation looked ugly; then suddenly all the lions turned about and disappeared into the forest.

Though it takes nerve to get near enough to a lion to secure such a photograph, many people would probably prefer any number of lions to an active volcano. But just a year or two ago a number of photographers were given the job of "shooting" a volcano in eruption. They stood as close to the edge of the crater as they dared, and photographed the lava as it boiled and bubbled just below them.

Suddenly it came up just a little too far, and the photographers were forced to flee for their lives. But, even in that emergency, one of them managed to get a shot of his colleagues on the run.

Adventures like that, of course, don't happen every day, but even the ordinary routine of picture-getting in a big city has thrills of its own. Often it is necessary, in order to get a really good photograph, to accomplish a distinctly nervous bit of climbing, and then get the camera into action from a rather precarious perch.

Turkish Women Still Wear Veil

The Present Generation of Villagers Not Likely to Follow the Example of Their Sisters in Constantinople

"I have recently returned from an extensive tour of the interior of Turkey.

"A great deal of nonsense has been written about the present position, mainly by newspaper correspondents who have visited Constantinople, perhaps got as far as Angora and talked to a few advanced Turkish ladies and Government officials. Not one has penetrated into the villages of the interior or off the railway line."—Mr. Howard Armstrong, in the North American Review.

"The mass of the Turkish women were little affected by the revolution," writes Mr. Harold Armstrong in the North American Review. "They live again much the same secluded lives as they did before. Men are forced by law to wear peaked hats instead of fezzes, but the veil for the women is optional.

"In Constantinople perhaps 90 per cent. of the women go unveiled; in Smyrna perhaps 50 per cent., and in Adalia perhaps 40 per cent. The rest, and in all the towns and villages of the interior, are strictly veiled. In Adana few walk about uncovered.

"I have watched the women at the money-changers', converting into gold the paper money which they suspect. They fingered the gold, then cautiously and awkwardly held up a corner of a veil to inspect it, taking good care all the time that neither I nor the money-changer should see their faces.

"Even in Angora itself the majority were veiled, or at least wore the old costume of chadhaff with the veil thrown back over the head. And in the old town inside the castle walls on the hill above Angora, where live most of the minor Government officials, the women all went veiled.

"The practice is a curious and very ancient survival. It is not laid down in the Koran, nor did the Prophet order it, though he had little belief in the virtue of women. The Byzantines at one time veiled their women. Some Christian sects in the Lebannon do so to-day. Its origin lies away back in the dim twilight of history.

"Women covered their ears and so their hair. St. Paul, looking at it from another angle, orders that women have their hair covered when they enter the house of worship. From such sources and out of the passionate male jealousy of Arabs and Turks has grown the veiling of women.

"The veil is a true symbol of the fact that the vast mass of Turkish women live in the old bondage, untouched by modern reforms. The Turkish Government is carrying out an extensive educational scheme which will, undoubtedly, vitally change the outlook of the next generation.

"But this generation of women has failed to grasp the great opportunities given them. In more speeches than one, Mustapha Kemal has expressed his disapproval of the retrograde outlook of the interior of Turkey."

Dr. Eckener is the man who put the zip in the Zep.—Virginian-Pilot.

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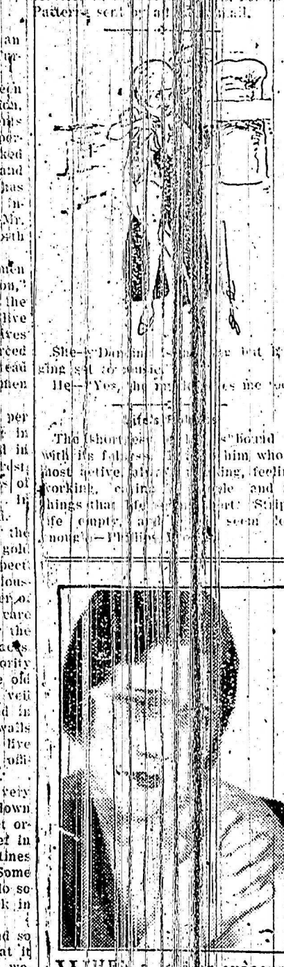

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ISSUE No. 10—'29