

LARGE HEAD NOT SURE INDICATION OF BRAIN POWER

Is the size of our heads an index to our intelligence?

A Washington scientist has asked British members of parliament to let him have particulars of the length, breadth, and circumference of their heads. While at the moment he won't commit himself too far, he says that the brains of 100 eminent persons have been examined, and in the majority of cases the weight is above the average. And the size of the head is a guide to the size of the brain.

But it may be dangerous to form any too definite conclusions. The fact that epileptics usually have relatively large brains must, for instance, be taken into account. What is probably the largest brain ever measured belonged to an epileptoid idiot.

Then, taking the six next biggest brains on record, we get a very curious mixture. One of them belonged to Turgenev, the Russian novelist, and another to Cuvier, the great zoologist. But three belonged to quite undistinguished individuals, and the sixth was an imbecile's.

Of the six largest women's brains—all smaller than any of those mentioned above—two belonged to lunatics, and a third to a medical student who committed suicide because she was afraid she had failed in her final examination. None of the others belonged to a person of eminence.

Other "guides to intelligence" are not much more helpful than size of head. One American scientist, as a result of investigations, came to the conclusion that the heaviest and tallest children were the most intelligent, but two other investigators, working in Iowa and Florence, arrived at a precisely opposite result.

In London elementary schools, it was found that stupid children tended to be below the average height, and clever children above it.—London Answers.

Pocket Musing

In the average home the managed dollar is the one mother gets hold of.—Indianapolis News.

WHISPERED Great Complexion Secret!

To her friend she confessed the secret of her flawless clear white skin. Long ago she learned that no cosmetic would hide blotches, pimples or sallowness. She found the secret of real complexion beauty in **NATURE'S REMEDY**. They cleansed and cleared the eliminative tract—corrected sluggish bowel action—drove out the poisonous wastes. She felt better, too, full of pep, tingling with vitality. Try this mild, safe, dependable, all-vegetable corrective tonight. See your complexion improve, see headaches, dullness vanish. At all druggists. —only 25c.

"TUMS" Quick relief for acid indigestion, heartburn. Only 10c.

After Five Years' Suffering and Embarrassment Cuticura Healed

"Eczema spread all over my ears and finally into my hair. It was in dry scales that would reappear as fast as removed and my hair fell out. My ears were very red and I lost much sleep from constant irritation. I could hardly keep from scratching.

"After five years of suffering and embarrassment I read about Cuticura Soap and Ointment and sent for a free sample. After a few applications I began to feel greatly relieved so I bought more, and after using three cakes of Soap and two boxes of Ointment I was healed." (Signed) Mrs. Bertha H. Whitaker, Rt. 1, Nevada, Iowa, Feb. 10, 1933.

Soap 25c. Ointment 25c and 50c. Talcum 25c. Proprietors: Potter Drug & Chemical Corp., Malden, Mass.—Adv.

Life Ending in Unhappiness

Vast Wealth of Sir Basil Zaharoff, Munitions King, Seemingly Unable to Purchase Peace of Mind in His Declining Years.

Sir Basil Zaharoff, whose lucrative manufacture of armaments has brought thousands of men to see the face of death, is taking elaborate precautions to postpone his own meeting with the Grim Reaper, Morris Gilbert, N. E. A. Service writer, tells us, in the New York World-Telegram.

Sir Basil is now eighty-four, a lonely old man and a recluse, seldom seen, always guarded. He sees few indeed of the great people who sought his help in building up their armaments. In fact, he sees almost no one. He seldom ventures out of doors except when the weather is very good. Two doctors are in attendance on him continually, and one or the other sits at his bedside at night while a low light burns. Somehow Sir Basil Zaharoff doesn't like the dark.

A strange and silent end draws near for the man who has always led a strange and silent life.

Sir Basil, armament salesman de luxe to Europe, Asia and other continents for more than fifty years, has gained incalculable wealth by peddling death in the form of high explosives, machine guns, submarines, heavy artillery and ordinary rifles to any country that had the cash.

The Turkey-born Greek-Frenchman-Briton (Sir Basil personally embodies the true cosmopolitanism of the international armament ring) was always a mystery.

His big house in the Avenue Hoche, near the Etoile in Paris, is shuttered, save for the ground floor where his famous built-in window boxes flourish. Years ago he defied the local police regulations prohibiting such contrivances by having them built behind glass.

Behind the secrecy which surrounds the aged plutocrat, his routine of life is fairly simple. It is the routine of any old man of great wealth nursing his dwindling physique. In winter and early spring he lives in Monte Carlo—though his once far-famed ownership of the Casino there has now been liquidated.

Later in the year he lives in his luxurious London home. Then, in autumn he comes back to Paris.

Only one intimate shares his declining years. This is Mackenzie, Captain Mackenzie, dour, powerful, discreet and Scotch. Mackenzie is his "secretary" by title, but he serves also as Sir Basil's bodyguard, valet and nurse.

Sir Basil and Mackenzie have been associated so long and so closely that Sir Basil rarely has to speak any more. He has got out of the habit of speaking. Instead, he snaps his fingers. Mackenzie understands.

Two more men keep vigil by Sir Basil Zaharoff's side. They are almost as intimate with him as Mackenzie. Both are Greeks, the elderly Levantine billionaire having perhaps returned in spirit to his beginnings; which took place in 1849 in a humble mud-walled Turkish village called Mighla.

Both also are doctors. People used to think they were bodyguards, because when he went strolling on the Riviera a few years ago, they always walked respectfully ten paces behind Zaharoff. But this is not so. Mackenzie was the man who fended off the beggars and the press. The doctors walked behind him because of the possibility of sudden illness.

And that is why, according to informed persons, they sit up with him, turn and turn about all night, by his bedside, where the light is never extinguished.

Sir Basil doesn't even trust food very much. Whatever passes his lips is boiled or otherwise sterilized.

But two personal physicians aren't enough for Sir Basil when he is in Monte Carlo. There, each winter, two others, Doctors Boyer and Marzan, are constantly at his disposal.

While he is on the Riviera, these two physicians scarcely dare to leave their homes for fear of missing a telephoned summons from their patient. And with reason, for the summonses come often—on provocations which in anybody having less money than Zaharoff would seem ridiculous.

Sir Basil spends most of his time inside four walls these days. He goes outdoors for about an hour a day when the weather is good.

The horses and carriages in which he used to be transported in his public appearances are used only occasionally now. Instead, he has a Rolls-Royce; and when the sun is especially bright, a wheel chair.

Sir Basil hasn't much faith in weather, either. So when he goes outdoors he is muffled in a big double-breasted overcoat with a muffler and shawl. He wears a wide-brimmed slouch hat. His white mustache and "imperial" or goatee emerge beneath it, making him appear like an elder brother of that other mysterious diplomat-plutocrat, Montague Norman, governor of the Bank of England.

Sir Basil doesn't walk much more. In Paris or Monte Carlo it is only the distance between his door and his car.

In the high-walled grounds of his chateau of Ballancourt, once the property of Baroness Vaughan, morganatic wife of the late King Leopold of the Belgians, he sometimes strolls farther. When he does, the faithful Mackenzie is always at his side.

THOSE GRAINS OF SAND THAT MAKE SO MUCH WASTE!

"It isn't the mountain ahead that wears you out—it's the grain of sand in your shoe."

Service said that. And in those words we have summed up the greatest waste and the most continuous waste in the world, of the powers of men and women.

It is only when we are detached—and therefore it is usually about the affairs of other people—that we see this terrific waste of power that goes into the petty little annoyances of every day and detracts from our chances for the big things.

Probably the larger part of this waste is on the part of women. Through longer freedom from detail, and longer training in larger affairs, men have built up defenses against the frustrating army of little things. Men in business, upon whose success depends the livelihood of others, have had to learn to keep their eyes on the goal, on the big object, and not let themselves be diverted by the petty annoyances of daily routine.

The trouble with those little things that hold you up on your way to the mountain, is that at the moment they seem to be very big things. True, they are not always so simply dealt with as the grain of sand in your shoe.

You know, of course, how easy it is for other people to dispose of the things which bother you. "But if they had the same problems—" you say! And there may be the secret of it all. With other people's troubles we have detachment, which gives perspective, and a better sense of values. If we could just detach ourselves momentarily from the annoyances which are standing in our own way, and so get perspective on their real importance, we women, too, should be able to discipline ourselves into keeping our eyes on the mountain ahead and our feet on the road to it by ridding ourselves of the torturing grains of sand.

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Varying Definitions

What is sin? You may have to depend upon instinct to know.

A Little Bit Humorous



TREAT FOR THE WIFE

The hour of midnight was just striking as the householder crept silently down the stairs. With a quick movement he snapped on the electric light and gasped as his eyes fell on a burglar tampering with his safe.

"Jove, a real burglar!" he smiled.

"Wait a minute, will you?"

The burglar prepared to make his escape.

"While you call a copper, eh?" he said. "Not me!"

"No," said the householder. "Only wait while I call my wife. She's heard you every night for 15 years, and it'll be a real pleasure to her to see you at last."

Unfamiliar

A comedian touring in Australia sprung a lot of new jokes on his audience, but didn't get a laugh. Coming off the stage he said to the manager: "What's the matter? Aren't my gags all right?"

"Aye, the gags are a bit of all-right," soothed the manager, "but, ye see, we've never heard 'em before."—Boston Transcript.

Proof

"My last boarder was a wonderful artist," sighed the landlady, as she hacked at the pie-crust. "He always said he found inspiration in my cooking."

"Ah, a sculptor, I presume," said the new boarder, surveying his bent fork.—Pearson's Magazine.

No Wonder

Father—Allie, what was it kept that young Neckmore so late last night, when we all wanted to sleep? Allie—He was trying to explain inflation to me.

Mentioned

Little sister, meeting her uncle, who asked how big sister had fared in a music examination: "Oh, she missed getting a medal, but she was horribly mentioned."—Montreal Star.

AN EXCEPTION

Throwing back his shoulders and putting on his bravest smile, Mr. Everybody approached the cashier's desk at the income-tax collector's office.

"Good morning!" he said. "I should like to pay my income tax."

"Well," said the cashier, "you're the first!"

"Surely not the first to pay?" exclaimed Mr. Everybody.

The cashier smiled. "No," he replied, "the first to say he'd like to."

Slightly Mixed

The visitor beat a tattoo on the front-door knocker. The maid appeared.

"Could I see Mrs. Golightly?" asked the visitor.

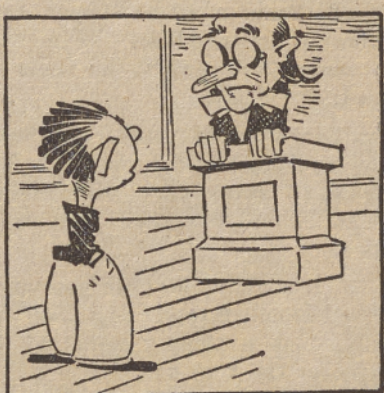
The maid shook her head.

"No, sir, she's not at home," she replied.

"Oh, when will she be back?" asked the visitor.

"Dunno," said the maid dully, "she ain't gone out yet."

NO PUZZLE AT ALL



Professor—Why was that period in history called the "Dark Ages?"

Freshman—Because there were so many knights then.

A Great Idea

"Mumme, if I were a magician I should turn everything into chocolates."

"But you could not eat so many chocolates."

"I could. I should turn myself into an elephant."—Lustige Blatter.

Dry Cleaned

The barber had used his electric clippers in cutting small Betty's hair. "I guess my neck wasn't clean," she told her mother on coming home, "cause that man used his vacuum cleaner on it."

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Gossip on the washline

GOODNESS, I DIDN'T KNOW YOU, YOU'RE A HANDSOME FELLOW WHEN YOU'RE CLEAN.

YOU'RE PRETTY, SWEET YOURSELF—SO DAINTY AND PINK.

WELL, I'VE JUST COME OUT OF MY FELS-NAPTHA BATH.

THEN WE BOTH HAVE A GRAND FRIEND—FELS-NAPTHA IS MY SOAP, TOO.

WHAT?...CAN A SOAP THAT'S GENTLE ENOUGH FOR FRILLY ME, BE BRISK ENOUGH TO WASH GREASY DIRT OUT OF YOU?

CERTAINLY! DIDN'T YOU KNOW THAT FELS-NAPTHA IS DIFFERENT FROM OTHER SOAPS? LET ME TELL YOU WHY IT'S BRISK AND GENTLE, TOO...

GOOD GOLDEN SOAP—PLUS PLENTY OF GENTLE DIRT-LOOSENING NAPTHA—THAT'S WHAT YOU GET IN EVERY BAR OF FELS-NAPTHA SOAP. TOGETHER, THESE TWO CLEANERS LOOSEN DIRT EASILY—BUT SAFELY! FELS-NAPTHA IS KIND TO FILMIEST THINGS—EASY ON HANDS, TOO.