

# MOTHER NATURE, M.D.



Outdoor Recreation  
Amid Natural Scenic  
Beauty Best Antidote  
for Ills of Our Modern  
Civilization

**M**OTHER NATURE, M. D., is really a very clever practitioner. Her medicine is usually easy to take and she generally manages to make the patients like the treatment. She belongs to the eclectic school of medicine and uses any sort of remedy that seems to suit the case. And she's far from orthodox, for she advertises and she drums up patients. Every spring, when that tired feeling hits us all after a winter of hard work—and no less strenuous avocations—she not only fills the newspapers with display ads of mountain and seashore and forest lake, but she gets in a private call to each one of us something like this:

"Stop, look, listen! Drop the strenuous life. Take up the simple life. Pause, take breath, relax."

She has a persuasive tongue, has old Mother Nature. Anyway, the whole country is awaked this very minute, doing just what Doctor Nature told them to do. And quite likely it is a lucky thing for the American nation.

For the American people are under indictment just now as the most lawless nation of earth. The indictment contains special counts of murder, robbery and other crimes of violence. Those defending our people endeavor to throw the blame on lack of police protection, faulty legal procedure, sensational newspapers and so on.

But the criminologists know better. They declare emphatically that the prevalence of crime is a symptom of basic disturbance in our emotional stability. When a people, they say, has a normal emotional life, everything goes smoothly and the nation progresses. When its emotional life is abnormal, emotional instability shows itself, with insanity and crime as natural results. Automobiles, the movies and jazz carried to extremes; complexity and artificiality of life in the big cities, and avocations that are as strenuous as vocations are the causes they see of our emotional instability. These have drained the nervous vitality of our people.

Right here Mother Nature, M. D., steps in with an offer of aid. The pictures suggest some of Doctor Nature's many activities. In No. 1

she is giving some New York city boys a dose of country life in the Palisades Interstate park along the Hudson. This park is a thing of beauty and a joy forever to the millions of the metropolis. Welfare organizations annually make vacation joys there possible to hundreds of thousands of boys and girls to whom a scene like this is fairyland. Doubtless there are boys in this line who never before saw a wild flower or heard a wild songbird; who have not known what it was to play under the shade of trees and in clean air. These boys will absorb health and strength and ideas; this glimpse of a new world may be the turning point in their lives.

Picture No. 2 is one to warm the cockles of the heart of every man who was once the same kind of boy. A look at it carries the conviction that every boy should have a chance to play after Doctor Nature's own fashion. Contrast with him the city boy whose knowledge of life is derived almost entirely from the moving pictures. Which boy has received the better start on a career as a useful, likable human creature? The youngster who has landed his "big one" has felt the urge of incentive, the thrill of sportsmanship, the pride of achievement—each a valuable lesson in itself.

Picture No. 3 affords a glimpse of winter sport in the snow in the Yosemite National park. Now there is a new idea about winter sports abroad in the land—and Doctor Nature most heartily approves. For several seasons winter sports have been increasingly popular in New England and in Yosemite, Rocky Mountain and Mount Rainier National parks. The young people are taking to them amazingly. It's a good thing, too. Chasing the summer the year round may be good for the old and the feeble. But for the red-blooded man and woman a touch of frost is needed to harden up the fibre and bring about the full stature—mental, moral and physical. And a playful battle with Jack Frost, with skis, snowshoes, bobbed and toboggan as know-how, brings a healthful physical fatigue and a keen appetite and a dreamless sleep that cause Doctor Nature to beam with pleasure.

Picture No. 4 shows two eastern girls looking down from a height on a fertile section of Utah. The whole scenic West is full this summer with girls from all parts of the country. And most of them are in trousers. It's a becoming dress—in most cases—and for mountain climbing and riding and hiking it is the sensible dress. These girls are far from home. Everyone will admit that their long trip by motor car will benefit them physically

How about mental benefits? They have seen many an object lesson of earth in the making—naked granite peak, eroded valley, glacier, gorge and moraine. They have been in a vast exhibit in the national parks of wild life—animal, bird and plant. Surely they should have gained educationally. They have driven and camped with people from every nook and corner of the United States—the farmer from Nebraska, the banker from Illinois, the merchant from Louisiana, all with their women folks. Has that not made for democracy?

Doctor Nature is exceedingly busy in the national parks this summer. The national park service reports, with the season yet several weeks from its peak, that all records for attendance will be broken. And that is a good thing for the nation. For outdoor recreation amid scenes of natural scenic beauty is the best antidote for the many ills of our modern civilization.

Doctor Nature in the national parks is showing her patients a wonderland. At the Grand Canyon she is showing them the most sublime spectacle in all the world—and the world's greatest exhibit of erosion. In Rocky Mountain she takes them to the "Roof of the World" on the Continental Divide and shows them the most remarkable collection of high granite peaks and beautiful valleys known to man. In Yellowstone they are seeing more geysers than all the rest of the world can show and buffalo and elk and moose and bear in their native wildness. In Mount Rainier they are enjoying winter sports in the snow in midsummer and gazing upon the largest single-peak glacier system—a vast and impressive mountain with its top snow-clad and with its flower belt between ice and forest-clad slopes.

And so on, wonder after wonder is Doctor Nature showing her patients, with lessons for the physical body, for the mentality, for the soul. She shows them majestic scenes, but even more majestic is the response she awakens in the human mind and soul. For we are poor specimens indeed if we are not bettered by association with the beautiful and majestic in natural scenery.

in which the strong sometimes prey on the weak. To illustrate he recited an incident in which a little Spitz dog owned by him had been attacked a few days before by a large Alredale.

Waxing warm as he recalled the incident he said, emphatically: "And that air devil rashed across the street and seized the little dog." The "devil" part obviously was a slip of the tongue for the pastor plainly was embarrassed. The congregation smiled. Some even snickered

### Some Snickered

A pastor in an Indianapolis church recently was discussing the manner

### SAVES PASSENGER, THEN FALLS DEAD

Brings Plane to Earth After Suffering Heart Attack.

Washington.—The pluck of Lieut. Ten Eyck der Veeder, naval aviator, in bringing his plane and passenger safely to earth recently after he had been seized with a heart attack which rendered him unconscious as the machine came to rest, is regarded as heroic by his flying companions here.

Lieutenant Veeder collapsed in his seat as the plane, carrying Richard Barthelmess, movie actor, halted at the end of the flight from Norfolk to Anacostia, near here. He died soon afterward.

Barthelmess, a bit shaken at the tragedy which produced a greater sensation than any movie thriller of his career, declared Veeder had given the "finest exhibition of pluck and courage I have ever seen." He was convinced, he said, that the pilot was stricken before he landed.

Veeder knew "that he had a passenger behind him and that he had to bring the plane in," the actor said.

Lieutenant Stone, who accompanied Veeder in another plane, declared his companion "just came in on his nerve, that's all."

As the airplane neared Anacostia, Barthelmess said Veeder waved toward the ground and the machine nosed down. It came to a perfect landing, but the engine continued running. The actor spoke to Veeder and when there was no reply he touched him.

The pilot's head had fallen back and Barthelmess realized that he was ill. He summoned aid but the flyer died while naval physicians were trying to revive him. Death was ascribed to a heart attack, but the aviator's heart continued to beat after he had stopped breathing, doctors said.

Lieutenant Veeder was a son of Commodore E. Veeder, retired.

### New Star Is Believed to Be Burning World

Buenos Aires.—The new star in the southern sky, Nova Pictoris, first seen by the Capetown and La Plata observatories some weeks ago, and now visible here to the naked eye, may be a burning world, according to local astronomers.

It is pointed out that while other new stars have shown their maximum intensity of light within one or two days of their appearance, Nova Pictoris steadily increased in brilliance during a period of 15 days, attaining its maximum on June 9, when it appeared as a star of the first magnitude.

Its brilliance is now diminishing and it is expected that within a few weeks telescopes will again be necessary to locate it.

During the period of increasing brilliance its spectrum was not very different from other blue stars, but at the time of passing its maximum brilliance the spectrum became modified, showing instead of lines of absorption, numerous lines of emission, among which was an especially noticeable red line indicative of the presence of hydrogen.

It is this which has given astronomers the impression they are viewing a burning world.

### Teaches on Site Where He Was Sold as Slave

Morrison, Tenn.—The curious varied history of a building on the school campus of Normal and Industrial institute here was brought sharply into relief by the recent statement of President Judson S. Hill that one of the faculty, Prof. A. F. Fulton, was "worth many times over the \$1,100" for which he was sold on the very ground of the trades building where he is now instructor.

In the days of secession the site was a slave market.

The school has been giving instruction to young negro students for nearly half a century. Other and more modern buildings have sprung up beside the original one, which still stands on the school campus and is used as a trades building.

Professor Fulton, one of the faculty of the institute, was the little negro boy who was purchased for \$1,100, when the trades building was a slave market.

### Deadly Snakes, Loose on Ship, Terrorize Seamen

Boston.—A three days' reign of terror in midocean with a cobra at large was described by officers of the freighter Sandon Hall on her arrival here from India and Ceylon, with a cargo of wild animals, birds and reptiles. A cage containing two cobras and a green whip snake was smashed by the pitching of the vessel during heavy weather. It was released, and one of the cobras escaped and was soon roaming the ship. Frightened seamen covered in their bunks or huddled against the ship's rail in fear, and refused to work for two days until an engineer found it curled around a winchsteampipe, and Charlie Franks, in charge of the shipment, noosed and caged it.

### 16-Word Will

Cleveland, Ohio.—A 16-word will was held legal by court authorities here, despite its brevity. Dated March 31, 1925, it read: "I hereby bequeath all my property, both real and personal, to my sister, Mrs. May Clark." The will involved \$600 in cash and \$2,000 in property.

### CROCKEYJOY ADVENTURES

By BETTY BROWNE

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#### The Sugar-Stick Orchard

RUTH'S big sister was making judiciously. The odor of it was tantalizing to Ruth, although she knew it might not be ready to eat for hours yet. This set Ruth to thinking. Should she ask big sister for the dish to scrape, or should she wait until the candy was ready to be cut and served up in the delicious brown cubes, which she knew so well? Those were the queries which played tag with one another through Ruth's mind.

Then all at once she thought of Crockeyjoy. And she wondered if there were candy shops there, and whether she could induce her old friend, the Crockeyjoy, to buy some of it for her.

So, she took Purz, her kitten with the emerald eyes, opened the push-covered book, and away the two of them went into the strange, enchanted world of Crockeyjoy Town.

No sooner had they crossed the drawbridge and entered Crockeyjoy Castle, than who should show up but the kindly old Crockeyjoy himself. "Hello, Ruth. How are you? And you, too, Purz; how are you, anyhow?" He called to them, in his cheerful way.

"In fine," said Ruth. And "Tip-top," purred Purz. Then Ruth added: "But my mouth is just watering for some candy. I think I could eat pounds of it. Are there any stores in town where I can get some?"

"Well, not exactly," replied the old fellow. Then his brow wrinkled up in a thoughtful frown. At that moment he caught sight of his young nephew, who was going limping down the other side of the street. He waved to the youngster and he presently came abreast of them; and he also was glad to see Ruth, though he was just a bit afraid of Purz.

"Ruth has asked about some candy," said the old fellow to his nephew. "Has the topsy-turvy spring-board been fixed? We don't want to take any chances of Ruth spraining her ankle the way you did. I notice that you will limp."

"But what has a spring-board to do with candy?" asked Ruth. "Do you expect me to do stunts like the circus people? I really don't think that I can do anything which will deserve even one pink gum-drop."

"No, no," answered the Crockeyjoy, and smiled at the thought. "This is a different kind of spring-board than you ever heard of before. If it has been fixed, we can all have a good time this afternoon. Nephew, run along to the jumping-off place and find out about this for us. And you might step in at Mother Papyrus' store and get a paper bag while you're about it."

The boy went his way as though his life depended on it. Meanwhile Ruth and Purz and the Crockeyjoy talked over things together. Ruth learned that the boy's name was Merlin, although every one called him



Merl, and that he was named after a famous magician who lived in England hundreds of years ago. "Merl is a pretty good name," thought Ruth to herself. "I wonder why none of the boys I know is called that?"

As Ruth was pondering that thought who should come hopping down the street again but Merl himself. He waved his hat at them and motioned for them to follow him. This they did.

Soon Merl led them to a great, wooded park, which was all shut in with a tall stone wall. The Crockeyjoy told them that this was necessary, or they would be having every child in the Kingdom of Crockeyjoy using the spring-board most of the time. This whetted Ruth's curiosity even to a sharper edge. She could hardly wait to find out what the secret of the spring-board might be.

At last they were inside the wall and ready to jump off. Purz and the Crockeyjoy were to spring first. Then Ruth and Merl were to follow. The first two ran and jumped. Instead of falling down, they went straight up and in a moment vanished. And where do you think they landed? I know you can't guess, because they came down—or rather up—into the famous orchard of Sugary-Stick. The whole place was nothing but candy. There was every flavor from winter-green to peppermint, and in between.

At last, the odor of vanilla came to overpower all the rest. Ruth felt drowsy and the Crockeyjoy saw how things were with her. Said he: "The jumping-back board is right over here. Come. You and Purz can jump all the way home from here. One, two, three!"

And Ruth landed back in the rocking chair at home.

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**Old Theory Shattered**  
Prof. Franz Wutz of Germany has collected what he calls newly found facts about the Hebrew Bible. He has with his claims shattered the old theory that the Greek-Alexandrian translation of the Old Testament known as the Septuaginta, is derived from original Hebrew text. He says the Septuaginta is largely a reproduction of Hebrew words written with Greek letters and that as early as 200 B. C. Jewish scholars utilized Greek-Hebrew texts for their translations into Greek. His claim opens up an entirely new vista on old biblical literature.

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**It's Different in Japan**  
Mrs. Yumiko Ikeda, beautiful wife of a young engineer, tried the new freedom theory for women and failed. She left home in Tokyo to obtain work as an "extra" in a movie studio. Almost overnight, because of her ability and beauty, she became a star. But then her troubles began. Her friends and relatives, instead of congratulating her, sent her threatening letters and said she had disgraced her husband. After two weeks as a star, she returned to her home.

**Are You This Man?**  
I want to hear from the man who wants not only to sell honest merchandise, but render REAL service to the Farmer. Hundreds of men are now engaged with me in this work. Many of these men are farm men. They came to us without selling experience and we trained them to sell. We are the makers of the famous Colt Lighting and Cooking System—the largest firm of its kind. Write me if you are really interested in learning our selling plan, drive your own car and are over 25 years of age. H. F. Reiss, Vice-President, 30 East Forty-second St., New York.—Adv.

**Big Legal Fees**  
Among the large legal fees on record are those reported to have been paid Samuel Untermyer for his services in the merger of the Boston Consolidated and Utah Copper companies, \$775,000; to William Nelson Cromwell for reorganizing Decker, Howell & Company, \$200,000; to counsel in the reorganization of the Missouri, Kansas & Texas railroad, \$750,000, and that of Stanchfield & Levy and Ethel Root of \$800,000 for settling the Marshall Field estate. Max D. Steuer is credited with getting \$1,000 a day every time he goes to court.

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**Photographing Sounds**  
Sound photographs recording the noises in the cabins of Imperial Airways cross-channel passenger airplanes whilst in actual flight are to be obtained by Prof. A. M. Low with a view to locating the actual source of the various sounds.  
The big Napier engines used on many of the air expresses have already been silenced to a remarkable degree, but it is found that the propeller re-