

SCHOOL DAYS!



THE FIRST DAY OF SCHOOL
Cartoon by Kellner
By ELMO SCOTT WATSON
School days! School days!
Dear old Golden Rule days!
Ready and willing and rhythmic,
Taught to the tune of a hickory stick.

AL OVER these United States school days have begun again and millions of young Americans, with the memory of a summer of freedom behind them, have turned again to an ordered existence of "from nine to four" for five days a week.

Of course the "dear old Golden Rule days" (whatever that means, except that the writer of the song, popular a decade ago, had to have a convenient rhyme) are a bit changed now from what they used to be. The "old red schoolhouse on the hill," a favorite theme of the poets and song-writers, is rapidly passing away.

It has been replaced by a more modern structure. It's painted white and there's a little name-plate over the door which tells the passer-by that this is a "Standard School." Or it may somewhere else have been replaced by a modern "consolidated school" for the children of a number of districts. They don't have to trudge a mile or so to school in the morning now. Instead, a big bus calls for them—thus has the motor age invaded even the field of education.

Did you ever read those charming "Back Home" sketches which Eugene Wood wrote for the old McClure's Magazine a good many years ago, the ones illustrated with the inimitable A. B. Frost illustrations? One of them was called "The Old Red Schoolhouse." In this he introduces you to that famous structure with a scene at some community gathering where "the male quartet renders an appropriate selection." It's that old favorite, beginning "Oh, the little old red schoolhouse of the hill."

"Doesn't it take you back to your own schoolhouse?" asks Mr. Wood. And then he goes on to refresh your memory:

Perhaps it wasn't little, or old, or red, or on a hill. It might have been big and new, and built of yellow brick, right next to the Second Presbyterian, and hence close to the "branch," so that the spring freshets flooded the playground, and the water lapped the base of the big rock on which we played "King on the Castle"—the big rock so pitifully shrunken of late years. But no matter what the facts are, sing of "The Old Red Schoolhouse" on the hill! In every body's heart a chord trembles in unison—we are brethren knitted together into one living solidarity. And this, if we but sensed it, is the glue of which the federal compact is but the outward seeming. It is a union in which they have neither art nor part whose parents sent them to private schools, so as not to have them "associate with that class of people." It is the really truly Union.

If you would learn in fact the secret of our nation's greatness, take your stand some winter's morning just before nine o'clock when the sun overlooks a circle of some two or three miles' radius, the center being the Old Red Schoolhouse. You will see little figures picking their way along the miry roads, plowing through the deep drifts, cutting across the fields, all drawing to the schoolhouse. Bub in his wammy and his cowhide boots, his cap with earflaps, a knitted comforter about his neck; and little Sis, in a thick shawl, trudging along behind him, stepping in his tracks. They chirrup "Good morning, sir!" As far



as you can see them you have to watch them, and something rises in your throat. Lord love 'em! Lord love the children!

Eugene Wood was writing in a day (even though it was only twenty years ago) that now seems very remote and he wrote of a time that was even more remote. But for all of that you could probably visit hundreds of district schools in the United States today and see for yourself the things he tells of. There still are places where "Bub" and "Sis" are setting forth in the hazy glory of an Indian summer morning upon a winding country road that leads them to the place where "readin' and writin' and 'rithmetic," for all the innovations that have come into our schools in the last quarter of a century, are still the mainstays.

But it isn't until "noon" that the best time of the whole school day comes. That means a whole hour for holsters on fun. What if, in theory, this is ample time for a leisurely "lunch"? In practice, did you ever know the boy or girl who goes to country school to waste the whole sixty minutes in Fletcherizing?

But let Eugene Wood describe that "lunch" (only he calls it a "piece").

But what I call the finest part of going to school in the country was that you didn't go home for dinner. When I went to school they fixed us up a "piece." It had bread-and-butter and some of the slices had apple butter on them. Sometimes there was honey from the hives over by the gooseberry bushes and we had slices of cold fried ham. And there were crullers. No, I don't mean doughnuts. I mean crullers, all twisted up. And there was pie. Neither at school nooning nor at the table did one put a piece of pie upon the plate and haggle at it with a fork. You took the piece of pie up in your hand and with the sharp and toward you and gently crowded it into your face. It didn't require much pressure, either.

As for the games they played (and those games are still being played on hundreds of school grounds from Maine to California and from Minnesota to Louisiana), supplement what

Mr. Wood had to say with the words of a later historian of the country school. Out in Kansas Miss Jennie Small Owen for several years has been writing sketches for her paper, the El Dorado Times. Lately these have been collected together in a book named "Fodder," which holds within its covers a wealth of reminiscence for all of us. Here is the way her chapter on "The Old Games" begins:

A bushel o' wheat and a bushel o' rye, All ain't hid holier
The old familiar call was piped on the sweet evening air by a small boy no older than half-past three, and in the distance we could hear faintly the echoing "Ta."

"Hide and Go Seek," an old, old game, is, in spite of roller skates, scooters, mechanical toys and other modern diversions, played with as much zest by the youngsters in our neighborhood as it was in our blue-checked kingly days.

Among the others she mentions are "Ante-Over" (or "Andy Over," as it is so often pronounced), "Old Witch," "Black Man," "Pump, Pump, Pull Away," "Sheep My Pen," "Three Deep" and "Drop the Handkerchief." Do these names bring back memories?

And last night the air was thick with "I spy's," and just as little boys and girls used to wait in the dear, dead days, we heard a small chap lamenting in an aggrieved voice, "I don't care, I don't think it's fair, I have to be 'it' all the time."

Eugene Wood wrote of school days in Ohio. Jennie Small Owen writes of school days in Kansas. Both tell of things that were of the past, are of the present and will be of the future. For "School Days" knows no boundaries of state lines nor limitations of historical eras. The Little Old Red Schoolhouse may change slightly in physical form and the educational program carried out in it may be modified from time to time. But "School Days" will ever be the same. They are a part of our childhood heritage. As a part of human experience they are universal. And they are eternal.

every pint of ale or beer that shall be vendored or sold within the town of Dunbar, for improving and preserving the harbor, and repairing the townhouse, and building a school, and other public buildings there, and for supplying the said town with fresh water."

Proper Kind

"I want a pencil."
"Hard or soft?"
"Soft." It is for writing a love-letter!"—Pele Mele (Paris).

the mountains of Kentucky and Virginia," says Mr. Riley, "several of the mountaineers proceeded to shoot them up. As none of the balloons was hit, it was evidently merely an admonition from these native sons for the pilots to keep on their way." It is supposed that the mountaineers mistook the aviators for "revenuers," on the lookout for moonshine stills.—Indianapolis News.

The first plant cultivated exclusively as a foreign crop was alfalfa.



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More Lettuce Eaten
Reports show that the American people are now eating six times as much lettuce as they were eating before the World War. Lettuce valued at \$20,000,000 was sold in the United States last year. The greater part of this lettuce was eaten in salads.

Joyous Hours
"Is Bernice happily married?"
"Yes, indeed, her husband's away most of the time."

Many a man has noble aims—but it is the hits that count.

Says Tanlac Spells Health

Mother of 4 Children Escapes Serious Condition Caused by Nervousness, Gastritis, Dizzy Spells, Strength Restored, Gains 12 Pounds

Many women endure pain and suffering needlessly. As Mrs. Hattie Franklin, 1054 Georgia Street, Los Angeles, California, recently said: "A mother must have good health. For years I suffered from nervous run-down condition. My appetite was never good. Stomach pains and nervous spells followed every meal. And I was quite unfit to do my housework."

"All the remedies I tried failed to help me. I wasted away until I was down to 95 pounds. Then Tanlac came to the rescue. I found myself feeling like a new woman. I gained 12 pounds and felt stronger. And now when I feel less energetic I take Tanlac. To me this wonderful tonic spells health."

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W. N. U., San Francisco, No. 39-1926.

Bonaparte Relic for Arlington Cemetery

A relic of the captivity and death of Napoleon Bonaparte on the island of St. Helena, is to be placed in the Arlington National cemetery. It is a cutting from a weeping willow tree planted by Guyer Reynolds, on his estate at Alton, N. Y., in 1800, which tree was originally planted in New Jersey in 1870, as a slip from a tree planted in front of Napoleon's tomb at St. Helena in 1821. That slip was brought to the United States by Justice Charles P. Daley, at that time president of the Geographic society.

The historic cutting will be planted near "Sheridan Spring," just inside the Sheridan gateway, on the east side of the cemetery, on the military road, separating the abode of the heroic dead from the Arlington experimental farm. If it thrives it will be the only weeping willow tree within the limits of the cemetery.

Etruscan Study Planned

The Etruscans, predecessors of the Roman civilization in the Italian peninsula, are to have their little-known history investigated by a group of Italian scholars, who organized for this purpose at a national Etruscan congress recently held at Milan. Present knowledge of the Etruscan race and its culture is very fragmentary, though they had a high civilization and proud cities in Italy when Rome was a mere collection of huts beside the Tiber. Their influence was strongly felt in the days of the early republic, and survivals of their religion probably held in the cults of Rome to the very end of paganism. It is believed by one of the Italian scholars interested in the movement that the famous buried city of Pompeii was originally an Etruscan settlement.

How Times Change

Jenn, age ten, living in Park avenue, has been in the habit for several years of visiting her cousin Oliver in the country for a week each summer. This summer she said nothing about going. She showed none of her former enthusiasm for making the journey, and finally her mother said: "Well, Jenn, how about the visit to the farm this summer?" "Oh, I don't think I'll go," she replied.

"Why not?" asked the mother. "Well, it's not the same town there since the goat died," she said.—Indianapolis News.

Wild Antelope Increase

Such rigid protection has been accorded wild antelope in the Western states that the increase in the last few years has been noticeable. Recently a single herd of 22 animals has been seen grazing at one time, whereas a few years ago a herd of eight was considered large.

A Flowery Family

Boss—Has the fls next door any children?
Clerk—Two; a girl who is a budding genius, and a son who is a blooming idiot.—Good Hardware.

Everything comes to him who won't wait. Oh, give us the man that sings at his work.—Carlyle.

FIRST to adopt DUCO

THE General Motors Research Laboratories cooperated with E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Company, Inc., in the development of Duco—an achievement ranking in importance with the invention of the self-starter.

DUCO is not only far more lasting than paint and varnish; it is finer, more beautiful and more economical to apply in factory production.

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Indians Ride in Sedans

The travels today is used by the Indians chiefly as a convenient means of transporting their tepees and camp equipment in the summer months when they go roaming on "camping-out" expeditions. On the Glacier National park reservation the Indians formerly employed the travois to haul their big game down the Rocky mountain trails, but since this region now is a game preserve they use the picturesque

"double lodge-pole" vehicles very little in the winter months. Of course, when they are traveling over the foothill country of the reservation, just going to and from the agency, the Indians ride in sedans.

Old-Time Tax Levy

An old document of considerable interest, dated 1714, was recently discovered in a fine state of preservation at Dunbar, Scotland. It is a bill for laying the duty of "two pennies Scots, or one-sixth of a penny sterling, upon

"Shot Up" Aviators

Weather bureau stations are often able to predict some of the dangers that are likely to attend balloon flights, but in the races recently held from Little Rock, Ark., a new danger appeared of a nonmeteorological character, according to a report from the United States weather bureau from John A. Riley, of the aerological station at Broken Arrow, Okla. "While some of the pilots were sailing over

Workers Use Masks

Gas masks are worn by workmen laying a tennis court in Hollywood, Cal., on account of a deadly poison gas developed by the chemicals employed in the special patented process of cement work they are applying. But even wearing masks, they can work only in short shifts of not longer than twenty minutes at a time. The cement for this process can be laid only at night, by artificial light.