

Between You and Me

"Common sense is the most uncommon kind of sense."

By HAROLD BELL WRIGHT

Considering Culture

"Some folks put in so much time wondering why God Almighty made 'em so much better than other folks that they never find out how much less than other folks they really be."—Fletcher's Bill.

CULTURE? Yes, I looked it up in the dictionary. It appears to be a fairly large word—extends from Prometheus to prohibition, which you will allow is a long reach—and takes in about everything from growing potatoes to making beer, which is not so far, perhaps, looking at it from an alcoholic point of view.

Yes, I said potatoes—solanium euberosum, you know—edible, farinaceous, tubers.

Well, 't' your crop turns out to be fine, fat, smooth, husky, white and mealy, it is because your culture is 100 per cent ideal. That is, if your field of Jerusalem artichokes yields nubby, scrubby, scabby, soggy specimens your culture is all wrong. And when you dry Early Rose, Bliss Triumph, Burbanks, Beauty of Hebron, or Irish Cobbler where you expected Early Ohio, that, too, is a result of culture.

All of which seems reasonable enough when you remember that human spuds act much the same way.

Exactly! The variety and the quality of the male and female human vegetable is wholly a matter of culture.

Of course, one must start with good seed. We have no right, either, on the ground of science or common sense, to expect fine minds, husky bodies and white souls from nubby, scrubby, scabby, soggy seed stock.

Yes, I know I have said something like that before. I expect to keep on saying it in one way or another. Because until we are willing to give at least as much attention to growing men and women as the average farmer gives to his potatoes, we are a long, long way from comprehending culture—even when we look it up in the dictionary.

But it is not enough to start with good seed. The ground in which the seed is planted must be right. The soil must have just those elements which potatoes require. In other words: the environment must be such that every little boy and girl potato in the hill will have exactly the right material out of which to make itself into a full-grown, well-matured and creditable individual.

And we must not overlook cultivation. Culture and cultivation are very nearly twins. No matter how good the seed, or how rich the soil, if the ground is not stirred occasionally to let the air in and to keep the weeds out; if the soil—I mean environment—is allowed to become hard and caked and overrun with weeds which take all its strength; or if the good soil is not drawn protectively close around the little tubers, the crop will fall short of what it might have been.

Is there anything sadder to see than the men and women who might have been?

Oh yes, about the beer!

It seems that different cultures produce different beers. You can easily look up the subject yourself.

Don't worry! Brother Volstead never said that we should not even talk about beer.

Well, as I understand it, this culture is a sort of yeast, and the different brewing results are obtained by using different kinds of yeast.

Yes, yeast—y-e-a-s-t—the stuff which ferments, works, stirs up, puts in the spirit, you know—the inspiration.

I am told by those who are experienced in such things that beer without inspiration is a dull, lifeless, flat, stale, worthless sort of thing. And I know from my own personal observation that poor, tasteless good-for-nothing humans are brewed when there is a lack of the right kind of inspirational yeast.

Indeed yes—absolutely, cultural inspiration is the very life of good character brewing. It is the spirit which distinguishes the real from the near.

To some culture is a matter of geography—to live on a certain street, in a certain district, city, or state. To others it is a question of archeology—having nothing to do with present-day living. To others it is a religion—a thing to bow down before in worship. To others it is a disease—something which one catches as one catches mumps or measles.

Certainly, there is such a thing as oyster culture. Heaven above! Don't you know about that? In every community in the land there are more or less extensive neighborhood beds of these culture-oysters—flabby, slick, slippery, cold, heartless, barely alive things in shells of conventionalism.

The book says that culture is the "improvement or refinement of mind, morals, tastes."

I like that. Mind and morals are inseparable and taste is one with them. That which one thinks, habitually, one is morally; and that which one is determines one's tastes.

And so, you see, people whose minds are filled with selfish, cruel, obscene, vicious thoughts, and whose indecent tastes would shame any red, yellow, black or brown savage, are not

cultured. No matter what street they live on, who their forefathers were, what school they attended, or what church they belong to—they are not cultured. They may speak seven languages, or write books about nothing at all, in passable English, or be at home in the social capitals of the world, but if their minds, morals and tastes are those of degenerates they are not cultured.

Yes, culture is "enlightenment or civilization." But that is good only so far as it goes. Between you and me we need more light on our enlightenment. We need light enough to see and recognize in our civilization those forces which are pulling us down into darkest savagery.

For all practical purposes if one thinks like a Hottentot, feels like a Hottentot, and acts like a Hottentot, one is a Hottentot.

They tell me that "bouillon is a cultural media." And that must be so because so much of our culture these days is "in the soup."

It seems never to have occurred to some of us that culture is not a means to an end but is in itself an end. We desire culture for what we think it will bring us; not because we understand that culture is a way of living and wish to live that way.

The one who has little culture often talks much about it; while those who have most seldom speak of it.

There is nothing in the world that can be counterfeited with such universal success, and there is no counterfeit thing that is so easily detected. Those who possess the genuine thing never boast of having it, but those who have the counterfeit cry their possession from the housetops for fear they will not be recognized as one of the elect.

The authorities say: "Of all species of fish except shad those of the salmon family prove to be the best adapted for artificial culture." But I am not so sure about that; it is my opinion that the authorities are in error.

They seem not to be acquainted with certain queer fish with which I am familiar. Shad and salmon may be fairly good for some cultural purposes, but I doubt if anything that swims in river, lake or sea can compare with certain human fish in adaptability for artificial culture.

Do you suppose, though, that there may be a difference between artificial culture and culture which is artificial?

And do you know, by any chance, if the shad and salmon receive this artificial culture in schools?

I sat at dinner, one time, with a goodly company of people. They were painters, sculptors, writers and others who like to have such around.

I still have an uneasy feeling that the conversation would have been edifying to me if only I could have discovered what it was all about.

At last a faint gleam of light penetrated the darkness which enveloped me. One of the be-authors drove home the point of whatever it was he thought he was saying with a French phrase, and a distinct cultural thrill went round the board.

"I beg your pardon," said I, timidly, "but I do not understand French. Just what did you say?"

A pitying silence followed my humiliating confession. The gentleman graciously condescended to explain: "Why, you see, Wright," he murmured gently, "there are some ideas and thoughts which I simply cannot express in English, you know."

"Oh," said I humbly, "but was there not a writer called Shakespeare, who did fairly well in English? And there was one Emerson, I believe, who is generally credited with having thought a few man-sized thoughts. And I have heard of one or two others. Do you, sir, really have ideas and thoughts which you cannot express in English? I envy you! More than ever before I wish now that I understood French."

The silence became a trifle thicker. The man with the thoughts which could not be expressed in English, said nothing, but he did not look happy.

Then, for once in my life, I was inspired; it came in one great, glorious flash: "As a matter of fact, sir," I said, "you do not understand French, do you? That French phrase which you used you gleaned from a book of phrases like the 'Standard Dictionary of Facts.'"

And, sure as you live, I had hit on the exact truth of that high-browed fish's culture.

Never since that day when Balaam's ass rebuked her rider has human intelligence been treated to such exhibitions of colossal impudence as these asses show at every opportunity. And the scriptural ass was justified. She, poor beast, was caught in a jam between the angel's sword and Balaam's cudgel. But these artificial cultural asses have not the shadow of an excuse for their impudent mouthings.

Verily, it is better to think in one language than to be thoughtless in several.

A culture-hero I find is "an, prehistoric hero regarded as the author of an advanced culture and civilization."

There is an ambition for you, my hero-worshipping, medal-craving young friend! To be the author of an advanced civilization! To look with brave understanding upon this savage, selfish, heartless, warring civilization of ours, and to be the author of something better! To awaken your generation to the true meaning and value of culture—physical, mental, moral, social, political, industrial and commercial culture! To gloriously gather to your own heart the critical spears of the jeering enemies of culture, and make a way for decent, kindly, helpful living!

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ANIMALS, PARASITES

Man is less bothered by parasites than he has ever been, but domestic animals, concentrated in small areas, are probably more pestered than in the past.

That's Different

"He who seeks to direct the morals of others," said H. H. Ho, the sage of Chinatown, "often holds himself aloof to prevent his own from being inspected."—Washington Star.

MORE OR LESS TRUE

The reason father and the children are never worried by a storm in the night is because it's mother's job to wake up and rush around, closing windows. (Cincinnati Enquirer).

No Fun Then

Anybody who thinks bridge is a pleasant pastime never has putted a home while playing with a woman who considers it a life and death matter. (Cincinnati Enquirer).

A Few Little Smiles

TRUE MODESTY

Though the guest himself refrained from mention of it, tidings of the signal success he had achieved reached his host and hostess. Twisted on his modest reticence, he explained:

"Well, you see, I come from a modest family."

They had not noticed, they said, that modesty was the salient family trait.

"No, of course," he replied, "for we are even modest about that."—Manchester Guardian.

Par at Last

A doctor who is noted for his obesity treatment received the following letter from a golfing patient:

"Dear Doctor—That diet you put me onto is working wonders. Yesterday for the first time in months, I holed out the penultimate button of my dress waistcoat."—London Daily Chronicle.

SCIENTIST



At Yale he studied science. It may seem strange to you, that he learned so much of petting—Well—that's a science, too.

Brevities

Three letters came anew To moderate our glow. They're either "I. O. U." Or else they're "C. O. D."

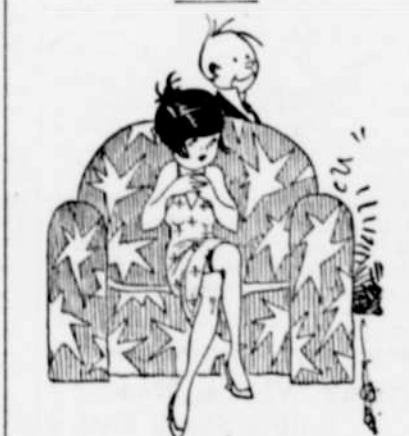
Answer Postponed

"Hello, old man! What do you know?" "Ask me next month. I've just bought an encyclopedia on easy payments."

"All by Myself"

"She considers herself a most exclusive person, doesn't she?" "My dear, the creature even sings duets alone."

MUSIC HAUNTS HIM



He—Beautiful music always haunts me. She—It's because you murder it first.

Also Foxy

Lives of foxy guys remind us We can be as sharp as they. And departing leave behind us Bills our heirs will have to pay.

A Fortune Made

First Arab—One can't touch that fellow with a six-foot pole since he made his fortune.

Second Arab—Did he sell out his caravan?

First Arab—No, invented wind shields for the camels.

Railroad Time

"But you railroad men are wanderers. Will you always love me after we wed?"

"Yes, I'll promise to kiss you every hour on the hour."

No Evidence

First Resorter—The proprietor of this summer hotel hides all evidence that his goods come from the city.

Second Resorter—How does he arrange it?

First Resorter—He has a goat to eat up all the tin cans.

Upkeep and Upset

Smith—It is not the cost of the car that worries the average motorist, but the upkeep.

Jones—And sometimes the turn over.

Mind at the Office

Mrs. De LaSalle (on a pleasure trip with her broker husband) points to the glowing sun slowly setting behind the mountain range—See how it's sinking lower and lower—

He—Yes, soon it will be below par.

Safety First

"Don't watch my car; watch the light. Why do you watch my car instead of the light?" "The light ain't apt to run over me," responded the pedestrian addressed.

Are You Ready



When your Children Cry for It

Baby has little upsets at times. All your care cannot prevent them. But you can be prepared. Then you can do what any experienced nurse would do—what most physicians would tell you to do—give a few drops of plain Castoria. No wonder just that matter of moments. Yet you have eased your child without use of a single doubtful drug; Castoria is vegetable. So it's safe to use as often as an infant has any little pain you cannot pat away. And it's always ready for the crueler pangs of colic, or constipation or diarrhea; effective, too, for older children. Twenty-five million bottles were bought last year.

Fletcher's CASTORIA

Garfield Tea

Was Your Grandmother's Remedy

For every stomach and intestinal ail. This good old-fashioned herb home remedy for constipation, stomach ills and other derangements of the system so prevalent these days is in even greater favor as a family medicine than in your grandmother's day.

W. N. U., PORTLAND, NO. 2-1929.

Impatient

"Do you think that jazz is passing?" "Maybe, but not going fast enough for me."

Mingling with the right people, you'll get a good education without going to college.

Can't Stand Severity of Norrland Climate

Sweden's attempt to colonize the forested regions of Norrland with dissatisfied farmers from other sections is apparently destined to go on the rocks. A large number of the 450 colonists financed by the government in the hope of securing a permanent population for some of the remotest northern districts have announced their intention to move back to central and southern Sweden. The soil is unfit for cultivation they declare, and the severe weather endangers their lives. They also complain of the lack of hospitals and schools and of misrepresentation by government agents. On the other hand, another scheme for colonizing the districts adjacent to the Gulf of Bothnia and the many rivers of the country has proved successful. The government has loaned money to the children of farmers to enable them to purchase their own holdings from their parents, and thus many who might have left for the cities remain to till the soil. More than 1,000 such loans are made to people in Norrland every year, and eventually it is hoped to build up a fairly large population. Norrland is a rugged, timbered country stretching up into the Arctic circle and includes 50 per cent of the area of Sweden.

Ask Is Stupidest Bird.

More than 100,000 little auks, birds so stupid they cannot tell the difference between a man standing still and a pile of stones, were observed on Hakkylut Island in the Arctic ocean by Dr. R. M. Anderson, Canadian government zoologist, on an expedition into the Far North last summer. Taking advantage of the birds' stupidity, the natives catch them by sweeping them up in the ordinary landing nets used by fishermen. The little auks stand upright, resembling the penguin, and, like their larger relative, form in lines of almost martial array.—Popular Mechanics Magazine.

Large Italian Families

Palazolo dello Stella, Udine province, Italy, with an average of more than nine children, all Fascist, to every family, claims to come closest to Mussolini's ideal of a prolific Italy. Its population is about 2,500, divided into 408 families. Of these, three have 10 children; one, 14; eight, 13; eleven, 12.

The lesser tribes, says the St. Louis Post-Dispatch, include eleven families with an even dozen; twenty-two with 11 offspring, and thirty-four with 10.

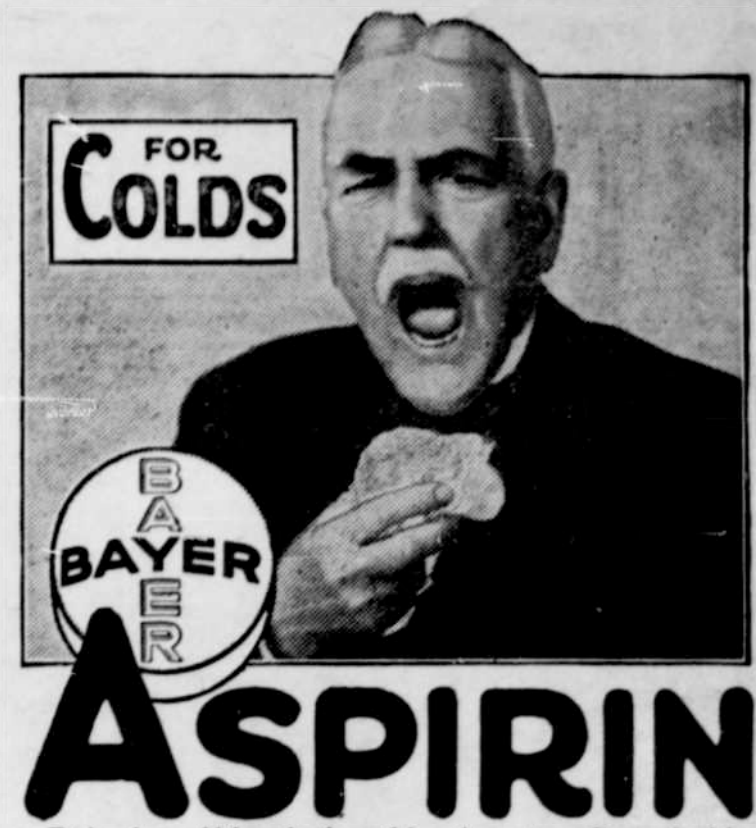
Too Good to Be True

Mrs. Gazelle—Poor Mrs. Nuckle-down! Her husband treats her like a servant.

Mrs. Gazelle—What! Do you mean to tell me he gives her all his money and lets her boss the whole house?

There is no place where one can learn so much as in a book store—if one wants to.

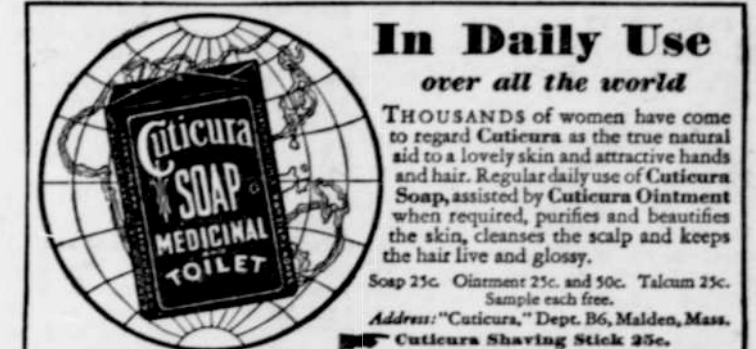
To run around with a boy much shorter than he is may make a youth round-shouldered.



To break a cold harmlessly and in a hurry try a Bayer Aspirin tablet. And for headache. The action of Aspirin is very efficient, too, in cases of neuralgia, neuritis, even rheumatism and lumbago! And there's no after effect; doctors give Aspirin to children—often infants. Whenever there's pain, think of Aspirin. The genuine Bayer Aspirin has Bayer on the box and on every tablet. All druggists, with proven directions.

Physicians prescribe Bayer Aspirin; it does NOT affect the heart

Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monocentricity of Halleyside



In Daily Use over all the world

THOUSANDS of women have come to regard Cuticura as the true natural aid to a lovely skin and attractive hands and hair. Regular daily use of Cuticura Soap, assisted by Cuticura Ointment when required, purifies and beautifies the skin, cleanses the scalp and keeps the hair live and glossy.

Soap 25c. Ointment 25c. and 50c. Talcum 25c. Sample each free.

Address: "Cuticura," Dept. B6, Malden, Mass.

© Cuticura Shaving Stick 25c.



Quick Relief! A pleasant, effective cough-syrup—35c. and 50c. And externally, use PISO'S Throat and Chest Salve, 35c.

The Difference

"This whipping hurts me as much as it does you, my son." "But you are not so tender where it hurts you, pa."

The more ancient the scheme the more victims it manages to gather in.

You can't make hay while the sun shines in good old winter-time.

"Twas Strange

She—What's so funny in that advertising page?

He (reads)—Bird cage and parrot offered by refined young lady having green feathers and a yellow beak.

Infinite Variety

"You call on a different girl every night, don't you?"

"I'll say she is."—Life.

THE NEW SUPERIOR Whippet

FOURS • SIXES

The Style Creation of master Designers

INTRODUCING THE NEW

"FINGER-TIP CONTROL"

THE MOST NOTABLE ADVANCE IN DRIVING CONVENIENCE SINCE THE SELF-STARTER.

Coach \$695, Coupe \$695, Coupe (with rumble seat) \$725, Sport Deluxe Roadster \$850 (including rumble seat and extras).

WHIPPET SIX SEDAN \$760

WHIPPET FOUR COUPE \$535

Coupe \$535, Sedan \$595, Roadster \$485, Touring \$475. Commercial Chassis \$365. All Willys-Overland prices f. o. b. Toledo, Ohio, and specifications subject to change without notice.

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BEAUTY that commands your admiration is expressed in the new Superior Whippet's longer bodies, graceful lines, higher radiator and hood, more distinctive colors, sweeping one-piece full crown fenders—establishing the newest style motif for Fours and Light Sixes.

The larger bodies of the new Superior Whippet afford more spacious interiors, with extra leg room and elbow room. The seats are wider and heavily upholstered, and have form-fitting contours.

Both the front and rear springs of the new Superior Whippet have been

considerably lengthened. The increased wheelbase, snubbers and oversize balloon tires further enhance the car's superb riding qualities.

Mechanically, the new Superior Whippet furthers a long lead over competition. A new higher compression engine gives more than 20% added horsepower, with greatly increased speed! Higher second gear speed gives faster pick-up.

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ORDER NOW FOR EARLY DELIVERY



A single button, conveniently located in the center of the steering wheel, controls all functions of starting the motor, operating the lights and sounding the horn. This does away with all troublesome foot fumbling for the starting button. It also avoids changing from the comfortable driving position to reach a light switch on the dash. With the new "Finger-Tip Control," you can at all times keep your hands on the wheel and your eyes on the road—an important aid to safety.

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