

SUCH IS LIFE — One Way of Looking at It — By Charles Sughroe



This Cat No "Jinx"

Wildwood, N. J.—The tradition of bad luck which has been woven about the black cat has been destroyed recently, at least for Capt. Hilding Peterson of the fishing schooner Clifton. As the result of his kindness to a stowaway black cat, in prohibiting his crew from throwing it overboard to prevent a jinx, the captain is \$7,000 richer than when he put out from Wildwood Gables.

When demands came from the forecastle to toss the cat overboard, Captain Peterson refused and shared his cabin with it. At dawn during the skipper's watch the cat followed him to the deck and sprang to the rigging, clawing his way upward to the empty crew's nest where a lookout had not yet been stationed.

The captain climbed the ratlines to its rescue and from the high place saw a large area of the sea broken by baby mackerel trying to escape the attack of a school of bluefish.

Dories were lowered quickly, encircling the entire school with seine, and three hours later the Clifton sailed into Cold Spring Harbor, the deck waist deep in bluefish. Captain Peterson was at the wheel, a black cat perched on his shoulder.

The catch, the record of the season, brought more than 400 barrels and filled \$7,000 at the docks. The crew raised a fund to buy the cat, now the pet of the ship, a silk cushion, several cases of condensed milk and plenty of can openers.

Pretty Pet Skunk Follows Small Boy

Berwick—It may have been a little lamb that followed Mary to school one day, but it is a skunk that follows six-year-old William Grassley.

The boy stroked and fed the animal when it was found, just a tiny creature, in the cellar of the Grassley home, and it became his inseparable companion. Thoroughly domesticated, it trails William about six inches back of his heels.

Wherever he goes, so goes the skunk, and there usually is a crowd watching the perambulations of the lad with his strange pet.

The animal is a particularly pretty one.

Pet "Made Good"

Danville, Ky.—Because his pet dog led him to treasure trove of 1,800 silver dollars, James Ashe, aged and poverty stricken, who lives near Danville, Ky., believes Providence has favored him for upright life. Ashe lives alone in a small habitation. He was walking through a field when his dog jumped a rabbit, which fed to an old tree stump.

The dog dug furiously about the stump and Ashe began removing the accumulation within to scare the rabbit and see what there was there. In a few moments he found the top of a kettle, then loose pieces of metal, discolored by age. Cleaning one, he discovered it was a silver dollar.

Ashe continued his excavation until he had removed a large copper kettle, apparently full of coins. He could not carry it far, and hid it in the underbrush. He told a friend of his discovery, and they took the kettle to Ashe's home. The coins were cleaned and counted. There were 1,800 silver dollars, none bearing a date later than 1858. It is believed robbers of long ago buried the money and never returned for the loot, or that some antebellum miser placed his hoard there.

Another theory is that the treasure may have been buried during the Civil war to prevent roving soldiers or guerrillas from taking it.



TOO MUCH SCENERY

"Ye gods! Why did you ditch that queen you had and get a homely nut like that old hen for your stenog?" exclaimed the friend of the boss.

"To keep from going into bankruptcy," he grinned, "the homely nut does six times as much work as the queen did—and the clerks—and I—are doing six times more work than we did while she was here."

HAS NO REP YET



"You've heard of Sally Twinkle, haven't you? The great movie star."

"Why no indeed, I haven't heard of her. Has she ever been divorced?"

A Ditty

Man is somewhat like the sausage—Very smooth upon the skin; But you can't tell just exactly How much hog there is within.

Tough Luck

First Clerk—Poor old Billings is in a quandary.
Second Clerk—Having trouble at home?
First Clerk—Nope. He doesn't know whether to tell the office bunch about the cute sayings of his kid or to tell them of the new golf stroke he's discovered.

She Speaks Up

As a man bowed to a friend in the grandstand he said to his wife: "We really must invite the colonel to dine. He is an excellent judge of horseflesh."

"Lissen. We won't have that on the menu."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Easy Enough to Get

Salesman (to man buying complete gardening equipment)—You'll want one of these syringes for green fly.
Amateur Gardener—Yes—er—I see. Now—er—where do I get the green fly?

Lettered Speech

"I want a synonym for 'fat.'"
"Say 'adipose tissue.'"
"Too long. Give me something shorter."
"O-b-e-t."—Boston Transcript.

UNNECESSARY AID



"Do you play golf?" "No; I hadn't the least difficulty learning how to swing without it."

Obscure Contributor

The fish that's landed as a prize For admiration comes to view; But has no chance to realize The honors that to him are due.

To Teach Him a Lesson

Stranger (savagely)—You're sitting on my hat, sir!
Old Gentleman (ditto)—So I feel, sir! And I hope for the future you'll wear soft hats and not these hard brimmed abominations.

Crash

"I see you've given up teaching your wife to drive."
"Yes, we had an accident. I told her to release the clutch and she let go the steering wheel."

Such Gallantry

"Now do you really think you'll be satisfied with me as a mother-in-law?"
"Madame. It was to obtain a mother-in-law like you I fell in love with your daughter."

The Parting Shot

Mr. Bore—I've tried many seemingly impossible feats and succeeded. Companion (fed up)—Really! Did you ever try to have the last word with an echo?

FEAR

By THOMAS ARKLE CLARK
Dean of Men, University of Illinois.

Nothing else so inhibits progress as fear—fear of failure, fear of people, fear of criticism, fear of what people will say, fear of disease, fear of the unexpected, and of the most trifling and impossible things. It is the skeleton sitting across the table from one and mocking him at the feast. I have seen people crushed by it, paralyzed, incapacitated and made wholly ineffective and unfitted for the responsibilities of life. It was fear, so we are told, which drove primitive man to sacrifice—fear of the gods and a desire to placate them by offering up something of value. It is a foolish thing in many instances, which takes away initiative and originality and freedom of action.

Mrs. Stamey is afraid of mice. She cannot remember when she was free from this fear, nor does she recollect what first caused it. She looks furtively into every corner when she is going about the house lest a mouse escape her; she turns down the sheets before getting into bed at night—a mouse may have crept in during the day. She sits tense in her chair at home and when calling upon friends, her meager skirts drawn tightly about her limbs, afraid, not realizing that the mouse, should it appear, is far more afraid of her than she of it.

Sheldon is afraid of disease. He himself really has nothing the matter with him, but his uncle died of cancer a few years ago and ever since Sheldon has been haunted by the thought that he, too, will shortly succumb to the same hideous disease. He exaggerates every symptom, he grows cold with fear at any localized pain, he examines every abrasion, and shudders when he finds a mole on any part of his body. He has little peace of mind night or day—fear of disease paralyzes him.

Miss Lenox is afraid of what people will say. Maybe her remarks at the sewing society were too personal, too direct. Perhaps she should not have expressed herself so categorically. She said something very compli-

mentary she recalls, her face growing hot, concerning the new minister, and he is not married. What will people say? Will they think she is setting her cap for him? Horrors! Fear takes her into its clutches. She is almost afraid to walk down the street—she has done the wrong thing, she has spoken indiscreetly.

Dudley has always been terrorized by the thought of poverty. He has never wanted anything; he has been in comfortable circumstances all his life, but constantly there is before him the dread of bankruptcy. Crops will fail, prices will run down, his creditors will become insolvent, the bank in which his funds are deposited will fail—a thousand things are sure to conspire against him and in his old age he will be a mendicant, a beggar on street corners, an inmate of the poor house. To his dying day he will live in fear of poverty.

Courage! What a wonderful weapon it is with which to fight these useless fears which at one time or another possess us all!

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VETERAN WELCOMED



Frosty Peters, brilliant drop kicker of the Illini 1926 team, is back in college after a year's absence and will be of great assistance to Coach Zuppke in the remaining grid struggles.

Turks Establish Model Villages for Farmers

Jerusalem, Palestine.—Introduction of modern and scientific methods into agriculture, evidently is fostered actively by the Angora government.

So-called model villages are being erected at a number of places. Heads of the Sivas vilayets, situated in the heart of Anatolia, have been asked to name some place in the districts under their respective administration for conversion into model villages.

In such villages modern plows and other agricultural implements are distributed free of charge. The idea is that model villages should be so centrally located as to allow farmers of the surrounding country to profit from their advancement.

Bars Small Girls

New York.—Small girls are now barred as public school teachers. Applicants must be at least five feet tall. Those under that height are presumed to lack commanding personality.

"ALL-WHITE" COAT



Miss Billie Dove wore this charming coat in "The Night Watch." It is of ermine and expresses many of the season's most important points. White fox forms an elaborate trimming and expresses the beauty of the all-white wrap most effectively.

More Cotton Dresses Worn, Inquiry Shows

New York.—Six weeks of direct investigation, supplemented by information furnished by nearly 250 firms and individuals, has led the new uses section of the Cotton Textile Institute to conclude there is an increasing demand for cotton dresses and piece goods. President Walker D. Hines announces.

The conclusions reached are that more cotton dresses are being worn; more cotton dresses were made and sold during the summer of 1928 than in 1927; retail sales of cotton piece goods this summer were larger in volume than in 1927, and retail stores have been advertising fine cotton goods more extensively.

The report says the trade is confident 1929 will be a big cotton year, but has suggested that the popularity of cotton fabrics will depend upon superior styling.

Father Sage Says

Golf may be an old man's game, because the old have the money; and it takes money to support golf links.

A Family Affair

Maryville, Tenn.—A double wedding in which four first cousins participated was celebrated here when Nellie and Beniah Gourley sisters, married Fate and Isaac Gourley, brothers. The father of the girls is a brother of the boys' father.

Odd Buriat Customs

Washington.—The Buriats who recently joined the Mongols in destroyling a portion of the Chinese Eastern railway came into the spotlight two years ago when the Russian government banned wife stealing among members of the race in Siberia.

"Theft of wives is not a traditional custom among the Buriats. Marriage among them usually is effected through an exchange of children arranged by their parents," says a bulletin from the Washington headquarters of the National Geographic society.

"When the parents of a young Buriat swain decide he should have a wife, they consult the parents of an eligible maiden and offer a daughter in exchange for her hand. If there is no daughter to exchange, the son's wife is, in effect bought by a gift of cattle. Frequently, among the well-to-do Buriats, the bride's dowry of furs which would be valued at thousands of dollars on an American fur market, offset the 'price' paid for her.

"Buddhist temples with their prayer wheels which 'say' thousands of prayers per revolution and Christian churches are found in Buriat villages; but both Buddhists and Christians attend Shamanistic rites at some of the mountain-top shrines. Shamanism is nature worship. Adherents of Shamanism believe that rain, the rivers

the wind and the mountains are peopled by gods. The higher into the mountain the Shamanist goes to worship, the greater favor he receives from the deities. Frequently worshippers climb to the mountain-top shrine where, amid chanting and weird contortions of Shamanist priests, the Buriats make their sacrifices on a sacred fire.

"The Buriat and his horse are inseparable companions. A horse often is tied to his owner's grave to starve to death in order that it may follow him in death. Good horses are scarce

live in yurts, dome-shaped tents built of interlaced flexible sticks covered with skins or felt.

"When a Buriat settles down he frequently builds a hut, but no matter how elaborate the new abode may be, it usually bears some resemblance to the yurt. Some leave a smoke hole in the roof and build their fires in the center of the floor as in the yurt.

"Though house furnishings are few, rugs adorning the floors and walls of the well-to-do indicate that the Buriat likes display, and if the tribesman can afford it, he will be seen strutting about the village in silken robes.

"Tea drinking and smoking are common habits of the Buriat, both among adults and children. Some of the tribesmen wear broad silk girdles in which they carry their pipes and tea cups.

"When the Russians first met the Buriats in the Sixteenth century, the latter were true children of nature. Many of them made their living by fishing and hunting, while a few were stock raisers. The Russians taught them agriculture, and succeeding generations of Buriats surpassed the average Russian farmer in farming."

GIVEN HIGH POSITION

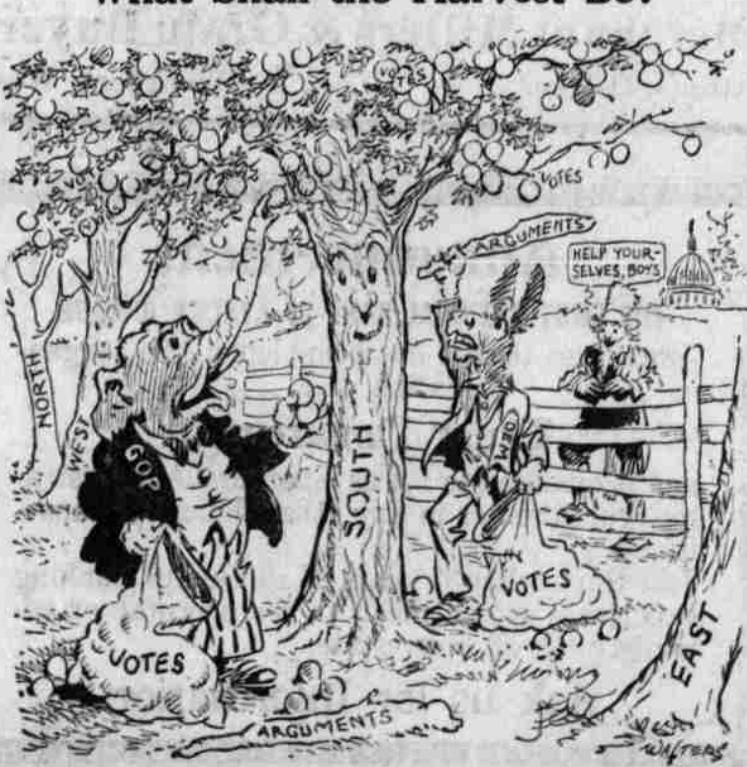


Mrs. Adalin Wright Macduley of Wisconsin and former national president of the American Legion Auxiliary, who was elected president of the Women's Auxiliary of Fidae, the interallied veterans' federation, at the Fidae congress in Bucharest, Rumania.

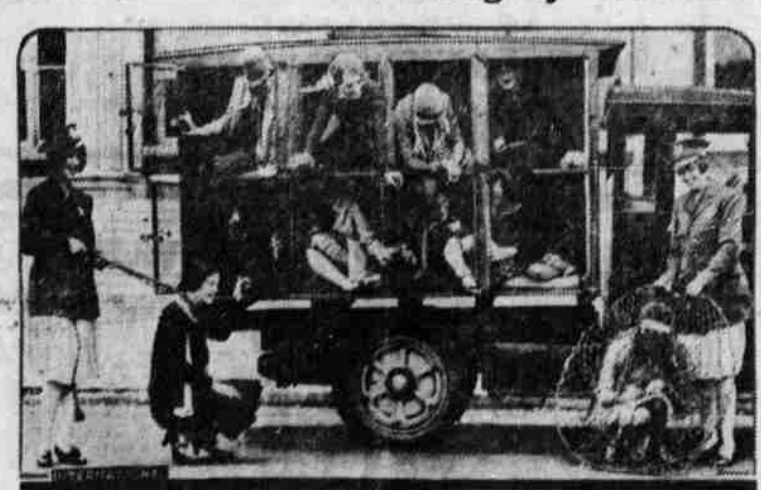
so the heirs sometimes manage to appease the gods by substituting a useless hack, or they tie the good saddle horse by such a flimsy thing that it soon frees itself and wanders back to the village.

"Few automobiles have penetrated the land of the Buriats, which lies in regions adjacent to the southern shore of Lake Baikal. The Buriats spread their villages all over the land scape without regard to streets. The nomads near the Mongolian border

What Shall the Harvest Be?



Odd Punishment for Naughty "Freshies"



Freshman girls of the University of Cincinnati have a hard time of it these days. Any infraction of the rules and they are given a ride in the county dog catcher's wagon. Here's a load of the fair coeds ready to start their jaunt.