

What Ed Howe Likes

I love accomplishments, good taste, success. The greatest enjoyment I find in a "show" is the cleverness of those who attract the audience. I like to see people attract attention; display taste and sense, earn large wages, and be worth their big pay.—E. W. Howe's Monthly.

Not Much Attraction

"We shall be changed in form perhaps," our favorite radio preacher recently declared, "but otherwise immortality will find us the way we are." Comforting to many, no doubt; but don't tell that to a man with hay fever and expect him to cheer.—Farm and Fireside.

Heredity

The man who believes there is as much exercise in cutting the grass as there is in playing golf has a son who thinks there is as much exercise in running to the store as there is in chasing an outfield fly.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

May Weddings

The superstitious belief that May marriages are unlucky is merely because the church, in the old days, banned that month. It is not when you marry, but whom, that matters. May is as lucky as any other month.

Invisible Ink

The simplest of all invisible inks is milk or, better still, buttermilk. If used with a perfectly clean new pen and on unglazed paper, it will not show. The easiest way to bring it out is to iron it with a hot flatiron.

Success

Success in any of life's endeavors is the product of study and thought. It requires close application. But achievement is possible to any man who has the initiative and determination to equip himself.—Grit.

Thought for Today

It was the policy of my father to make his children feel that home was the happiest place in the world; and I value this delicious home feeling as one of the choicest gifts a parent can bestow.—Washington Irving.

It's Side-Splitting

A European scientist predicts that within five years we shall be able to split an atom. And to think that a few years ago we sneered at people for splitting hairs!—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

That's It

We like the man whose impulse it is to say yes much better than the one whose impulse is to say no, but the trouble is that the former never has anything to lend.—Ohio State Journal.

Deflation

It isn't difficult for a man to start out in the morning feeling like an epic poem and return home at night feeling like a typographical error.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

They're Crazy

Those British physicians who say that crying is good for the complexion of course never had to put on one after a hard cry.—Louisville Times.

Make Themselves Miserable

It is not so much happiness as impatience that from time to time possesses men, and then they choose to call themselves miserable.—Goethe.

Misfortune Brings Happiness?

"Even misfortune brings some happiness," said Ill Ho, the sage of Chinatown. "It enables our enemies to rejoice."—Washington Star.

Sleep Antidote

A radio program awakened a woman who had been asleep for 180 hours. Probably some one singing one of those mammy lullaby things.

Never Thought of That

A lover of the cranberry says it is a fine antiscorbutic. Now, we had never thought of that.—Arkansas Gazette.

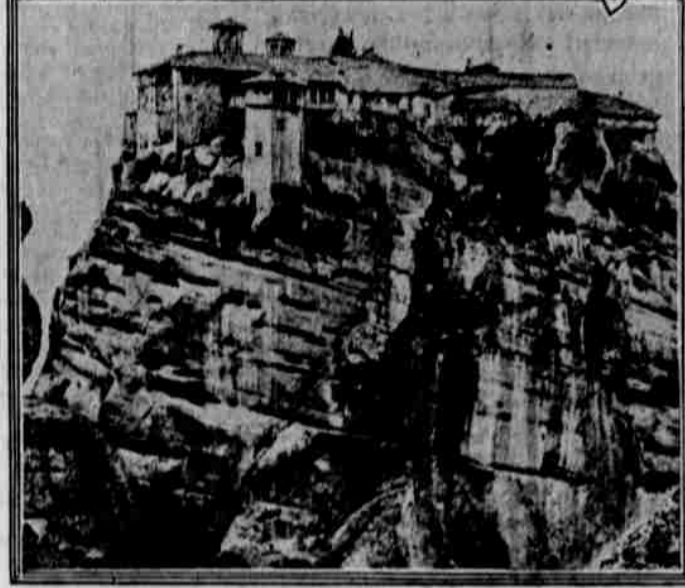
Food for Thought

Eating fish is said to nourish the brain. So some people should eat whales.

Nothing to Stop Them

Some people's minds are so open that an idea goes clean through them.

Monasteries of Thessaly



Greek Monastery of Trinity.

(Prepared by the National Geographic Society, Washington, D. C.)

THERE is a legend, perhaps it is history, that there was once a ruler in Constantinople who disliked his brother and wished to banish him to the remotest corner of his kingdom. Consequently the monarch built a monastery on a well-nigh inaccessible mountain in Thessaly and founded a brotherhood, about four hundred years ago, in what seemed to be the uttermost corner of the earth. The monastery was called "Me-teora," meaning "domicile of the sky." After the death was built, twenty-three others grouped themselves around and were inhabited for awhile. They were, however, finally abandoned, with the exception of three, which are still in use.

To reach this settlement one can go directly from Athens by train in 13 hours, or one can cross the Thessalian plains in seven hours by train from the port of Volos.

The season of good weather commences in April, when the mountains are green and yellow with grass and the sun shines almost continually. Earlier there are apt to be heavy rains, and the spring thaw causes a mist to rise from the frozen mountains which obscures the view, while the snow, melting into the earth, makes mud one or two feet deep, and traveling on horseback is almost impossible. If, however, one is fortunate enough to hit the last of winter, when the sun shines and the mountains are still resplendent in their dazzling whiteness, then one sees them in all their glory. The rocky eminences on which stand the 24 monuments of man's erstwhile habitation seem to forbid nearer approach, and yet they lure the adventurer to them by their danger.

Across the Plains of Thessaly.

The seven hours' trip across the plains of Thessaly to the town of Kalabaka is most enchanting. Range after range of hills roll up from the plateau. The foothills in winter are powdered with snow, as though an angel had shaken the down from his wings; the higher hills are whiter and bleaker, and the highest hills are as pure as the drifting clouds into which they seem to melt and disappear into highest heaven.

The train crawls over the hills and across the plains at a slow speed, and the sheep-dogs run barking by its side; indeed, one wonders that they do not outpace it. The villages, invariably set back from the railway, are far better to look at in the distance, for the stucco houses are not attractive near to; but their flat, red roofs add a pleasing touch of color to the middle landscape.

Occasionally a Greek priest, with long beard, long hair, and long garments, rides by. His high hat and his large cross indicate prominently his calling, and, if he is not in too great a hurry, a pedestrian may stop him, kiss his cross, and be touched on the forehead with a little switch, presumably dipped in holy water, and the sinner obtains absolution for the day.

One leaves the train at Kalabaka, and there takes horses and guides to climb to the high-built monasteries. For three hours the horses pick their way over hillside where, in the month of February, no trail is visible.

Up the beds of streams the way leads and the rushing waters must be forded. Suddenly one comes upon a rock formation so awe-compelling from its immense height and forbidding steepness that Dore could have imagined no more formidable bulwark.

Andromeda might have been chained to one of these sheer rocks, and the eagles that swoop, and dip, and circle among them could have been the only

thing to reach her, until Perseus came to set her free. In those days the valley was evidently a body of water and could easily have harbored a monster of the deep. Now a river winds along, like a shining thread, with wide sandy banks, that indicate the presence of a wider sheet of water not so very long ago.

Buildings Cling to Rock Walls.

As the traveler looks in wonder at a detached colossal pillar of stone, he discovers on its seemingly unattainable summit a building! This habitable of man, half natural rock and half artificial, seems most extraordinary. Guides draw attention to the higher precipices, and as one grows accustomed to their outlines he sees, on all sides, monasteries tucked into the ledge of the perpendicular walls.

The first abode of the contemporary monks is Barlaam, which is said to contain a wonderful Byzantine library; entrance to this monastery is barred to women. An hour further on lies another monastery, Trinity, where both men and women visitors are allowed to enter.

The whole of the west plain of Thessaly lies behind, and the white mountains of the Pindos range rise rugged and imposing ahead. At the base of the rock on which Trinity is perched, like an eagle's nest, the guide halloo and beat with a stick on a tin can, found in the bushes. Soon an answering call comes back, and over the precipice, some 300 feet above, the peering faces of several monks appear. Then something serpentine flies into the air, and as it drops perpendicularly, discloses, dangling from a coil of rope, what looks like a small fish net. When the cable touches the earth the fish net proves to be a large-sized rope bag, which opens and spreads out flat on the ground.

One at a time would-be visitors are invited to step into the middle of this net and squat, Turk-fashion. The edges are then gathered together on to a large iron hook. A shout is given, and the net soars upward, while its occupant feels somewhat like an orange at the bottom of a market woman's bag.

Hauled Up by Rope.

The ascent takes just three minutes. Occasionally the open-work elevator swings into the rock with a slight bump, but the monks at the top wind the winch slowly, and the bumping doesn't hurt, but as a compensation the view grows more beautiful every second. At last the top is reached. There is a final swing outward, to get a rebound inward, several pairs of hands are outstretched to pull the net over to the platform, and then comes a drop on to the stone floor! The hook is detached, the meshes opened, and the passenger is helped to his feet by the black-robed brothers. They all gather around with words of welcome and hands ready to be shaken in greeting.

In their aerie monastery the monks live comfortably enough. The visitors' parlor and the room reserved for guests to sleep in are scrupulously clean, and the cells, though austere, are also spotless, the walls covered with whitewash. Visitors are refreshed with jelly and brandy as is the custom in many parts of Greece.

Beyond Trinity, the monastery of Saint Stephen can be visited without resort to a windlass and rope elevator. One climbs by trail to a neighboring pinnacle and then crosses a chasm to Saint Stephen over a narrow bridge. At the farther end the visitor must pass through a low-vented stable with its pigs, sheep, and goats. Beyond a courtyard lies the monastery equipped much like Trinity.

Blouses Made of Moire

If you've wondered whether moire was definitely smart this season, you'll find that it is, for now even blouses as well as dresses are selecting moire as their fabric. A new, supple, satin-back moire used for blouses is seen in white, blonde, peach and red to accompany the spring tailleur.

Chiffon Kerchief

A social success is the large kerchief of chiffon, for it is conspicuous-

ly present at exclusive dances attended by the smart younger set. It is carried in the evening purse or tied around the wrist, and frequently it appears as a bandanna wrapped around a youthful head.

Batiste Lingerie

A revival of the old lingerie, made of batiste and linen instead of silk, shows just how exquisite such lingerie can be, especially when beautifully embroidered and trimmed with real lacors.

Telephone Directory vs. Encyclopedia

By RING LARDNER

To the Editor:

They seem to be a few people in the United States that still think we wasn't justified or something in declaring war on Germany, but I guess these birds would feel different if they stopped to think that it was a German that invented the telephone and if Louvain and the sinking of the Louisiana was a crime, what about the invention of the telephons which comes from the 2 Greek words tele, meaning far off, and phone, meaning sound and maybe it is on acct. of me living in Great Neck which isn't far from the Sound why maybe that is why the telephone service isn't so well you know.

When a man stops to think that the telephons are invented by a German, why you can't help but believe the rest about them for inst. Inventing tear gas and etc. but not only that but it also shows how vs. democracy they was when they invented something that nobody but only the leisure class can use because for inst. I and you could not never afford it even if we only figured our time on 10c per hr. which nobody gets as little as that now days only the president of Harvard college or a soldier or something. For inst. if I am out here in Great Neck and want to talk to somebody in N. Y. City why it wouldn't only cost me about \$2.00 to go down there and see them why if I telephoned it would be 30c for the call and 2 days to put it through and if I worked on a 8 hr. basis on 10c per hr. why that would be a total of \$1.50 for the 2 days that it took for them to put the telephone call through where I could go down and see them and get back in 3 hrs. or some such figure.

But in the case of the leisure class, it's different as the only real work they half to do the whole yr. around is make out their income tax blanks which only takes 3 months to figure out how they can beat the gov't and if it was not for the telephone they wouldn't know what to do the rest of their time where as now when they get tired of poker and bridge and etc. and have got a few days left on their hands why all as they half to do to kill a couple of days is try and get somebody on the telephone.

But I don't want my genial readers to think this crabby article means that I don't hold no brief for the telephone company. On the other hand, if it was not for a German inventing the telephone why they wouldn't of been an American inventing the telephone directory which is the greatest institution we got left here from an amusement pt. of view.

The telephone directory has never been given the credit it deserves and personally I have got 1 regret in life which is that I didn't keep all the telephone directories which was ever gave to me as it would save me from buying a cyclopedia which costs \$20 a case which opposed to a telephone directory that don't cost nothing if you ever get it and has got 8 or 9 times as many names in it and besides that the names in the cyclopedia is 90% dead compared to the names in the telephone directory which is only 80% dead when you try and call them up.

I also wished I could bring 4th a modern vol. to prove my assertions, but unfortunately the only telephone books I got in the house is the latest one from Great Neck where you already know the number of the grocery store and the butcher shop and the taxi cab Co. and Mr. Quan who loans you money and also the N. Y. City telephone directory of May 2, 1917, and I suppose if I live here a couple more years they will give me a October book of 1917 and keep me up to date.

So I will half to prove my point if any by quoting from the N. Y. City telephone directory of May 2, 1917, as follows as they say:

In the first place it says that useful information can be found on Page 17. So you turn to Page 17 and the first thing that strikes you in the eye is a ad that says we sell artificial limbs that fit. Well, suppose that some morning you was to wake up and have a craving for an artificial limb that fit you and you didn't know how to go about it to get one and they was not no telephone directory in the home why here would you be at? You would half to call up and ask for information which is another word for practical joke and they would fine give you a firm that sold artificial limbs that didn't come near fitting and you would buy 1 and half to walk down the st. all out of kilter and people would look at you and make you feel like a fool.

On Page 22 they give you information for telephone users which they don't claim is useful but it says you can call the Information free of charge and also the Co. wants criticism but it should always be made by telephone, why by the time you reach the party it would be 3 or 4 yrs. later and the management would of changed.

All told, it looks to me like the telephone which was made in Germany was enough excuse for us fighting them where as the telephone directory which was made in America is a work that ought to go down in history like "Huckleberry Finn" or "Casey Jones" or something.

P. S. The book also says that they have got rest rooms for operators but don't say nothing about rest rooms for birds that call up.

(© by the Bell Syndicate, Inc.)



A Few Little Smiles

WHY, OF COURSE!

She waited on the corner joyously, then pensively, then expectantly, then casually, then anxiously, and two hours passed.

"Man," she said, "is a perfidious animal, faithless and untrue, incapable of consummating a promise," and so she became a cynic.

Two hundred yards down the street he said the same thing about women—she was on the wrong corner.—Tit-Bits.

How to Hit 80

Auto Prospect—But I don't want to buy a car that runs 70 or 80 miles an hour.

Salesman—Don't let that worry you. This car doesn't really go that fast. But people like to brag about going fast and to please them, we fix the speedometers so they show twice as much as the car is going.—Pathfinder.

LEARNING BY NOTE



Friend—"Is your daughter learning to sing by note?" Dad—"Yes—a five-dollar note every lesson."

What a Break!

A wealthy citizen who had tasted most of life's pleasures was feeling low. Nothing specific seemed to be the matter, but low he was. So he called his physician.

"Doctor," he complained, "I'm sick of everything."

"Great."—American Legion Monthly.

Moods

A teacher was instructing the class on the "moods of verbs," and at the conclusion of the lesson asked the following questions

"Let the cow go into the shed. What mood?"

A child replied: "The cow mooded."

PRESENTED AT COURT



"He says he's been presented at court."

"I'll say he has—twice for embezzlement and forgery once."

Television

"I can't take a good picture of your baby when it is kicking so!" said the photographer.

As the negro woman gathered up her wailing offspring she murmured: "De next time Ah comes to have yo' picture took Ah'll leave yo' to home!"

The Jokes

"Did you write all the jokes in your show?"

"Yes."

"Well, if I may compliment you, you must be much older than you look."

An Aberration

His Sister (wrathfully)—How on earth did you come to propose to her? Dazed Youth—Well, we were sitting on the stairs, and some one came and kicked me on the back of the head.

All Over

Country Policeman (at scene of murder)—You can't come in here. Reporter—But I've been sent to do the murder. Country Policeman—Well, you're too late; the murder's been done.

Complication in Refusal

Mrs. Jones—Doesn't your husband's stuttering bother you? Mrs. Smith—On the contrary, it helps me. He'd much rather help with the housework than say "No."



The Woman Driver like to drive with Champion Spark Plugs because I know I'll not be annoy- ed with engine trouble due to faulty spark plugs.

Champion is the better spark plug because it has an exclusive sillimanite insulator specially treated to withstand the much higher temperatures of the modern high-compression engine. Also new patented solid copper gasket-seal that remains absolutely gas-tight under high compression. Special analysis electrodes which assure a fixed spark-gap under all driving conditions.



CHAMPION Spark Plugs

Dependable for Every Engine

Enough of It

William F. Broening, the new mayor of Baltimore, was talking about the Churchill-Mellon controversy over war debts.

"We have forgiven the Allies over half their debt to us," he said, "but still they're not content. With argument, wheedling and abuse they hope to get out of paying the other half."

"The thing reminds me of the monopolist who said: 'You are too hard on us. You ought to do as you want to be done by.'"

"That's just it," said the trust buster. "We don't want to be done by anybody."—Detroit Free Press.



NURSES know, and doctors have declared there's nothing quite like Bayer Aspirin for all sorts of aches and pains, but be sure it is genuine Bayer; that name must be on the package, and on every tablet. Bayer is genuine, and the word genuine—in red—is on every box. You can't go wrong if you will just look at the box:



Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacturing Co. of Monroeville, Pa., U.S.A.

Nobleman's Store Travels

To regain the fortune they lost as a result of the World war an Austrian nobleman and his family are traveling through their country in a combination store and home mounted on automobile trucks. When stops are made the van is quickly converted into an open-air store, with steps, display windows, balconies and gabled roofs surrounded by awnings. The home consists of a parlor, bedroom and kitchen while the trailer has space for a second bedroom.

Head of Hosts

Saboth means armies or hosts and the expression "Lord of Saboth" may be translated the Lord of Hosts.

FIRST AID TO BEAUTY AND CHARM

Nothing so marries an otherwise beautiful face as the inevitable lines of fatigue and suffering caused by tired, aching feet. ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE, the Antiseptic, Healing Powder, insures foot comfort. It is a Toilet Necessity. Shake it in your shoes in the morning, noon and night—then all evening—then let your mirror tell the story. Trial package and a Foot-Ease Walking Doll sent Free. Address Allen's Foot-Ease, Le Roy, N. Y. In a Pinch, Use Allen's Foot-Ease.

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