

## City of Changsha After Chinese Communists Wrecked It



Chinese Communists, who recently captured the important city of Changsha, systematically looted and wrecked the place while they held it. This picture shows the ruins of the main building of a rich banking firm.

## The Real Cause of the Battle

By JOHN SIMMONS

ALWAYS I have liked this yarn because I know it to be true in every essential particular. It happened a few years ago in a certain Broadway restaurant, now closed, where the waiters all were Irishmen. The owner was Irish, too.

It would appear that this owner, in an incautious hour, bought a carload of Michigan celery. Maybe it was a trainload; at any rate, the establishment was overstocked with celery that was threatening to go stale and the staff had orders to push it while the pushing was good.

In the evening a friend of mine, of a waggish turn of mind, entered the place and took a seat at a table near a front window. He was a regular patron. His favorite waiter, a little peppery, red-headed chap, whose first name was Timothy, ranged up alongside to take his order.

"How are ye tonight, sorr?" began Timmy. "Are ye hungry?—Ye are? Will, that's good. S'pose thim we

start off wid a nice dish of Michigan celery?" (The reader will note that Timmy was mindful of his instructions from headquarters.)

"No, I don't think I'll take any celery tonight. Just a few olives and some salted peanuts to begin on."

"The celery is very fine, sorr. I could recomind it—crisp as a nut, sorr, an' sweet as sweet kin be. You'd better change your mind, sorr, and let me—"

"No, I guess not. Bring me some oysters on the half shell—"

"Wid jist a stick or two of that nice Michigan celery on the side?" Timmy's voice had a winning way about it.

"Never mind the celery, please. And after the oysters a soup of some sort—let's see now?"

"Celery soup, sorr?"

"No, chicken consommé. And then a slice of roast beef rare with baked potato."

"An' a portion of boiled celery—eh, sorr? That new cook of ours has a way of hollin' celery that'd make you—"

"No thank you, Timmy."

"Well, thim, sorr, surely you'll be wantin' a dash of salad to follow. Shall I bring you a dish of celery salad?"

"Not at all." By this time the customer had figured out correctly what motive must lie at the back of Timmy's determined campaign. "Listen here, Tim," he went on, "I don't want any celery salad, nor any celery pie nor any celery ice cream, and I wouldn't even care for any celery flavoring in my coffee. I don't like celery. I never eat celery. Now run along and get me what I've ordered, will you, and don't mention the word celery to me again."

Plainly discomfited by the diner's obstinacy the little waiter departed. As soon as he was out of sight my friend hailed Patsy, the tall, handsome headwaiter.

"Oh, Pat," he called, "just a minute, please!"

Smiling a welcome, the functionary approached.

"Pat," said the joker, "I've been

coming here a good many years now, haven't I?"

"You have that, sorr."

"I've been a good friend to this restaurant, haven't I?"

"None better, sorr—none better."

"Then why is it when I come in here and try to get something which I particularly crave, that thick-headed Timmy just naturally won't let me have it?"

"Oh, there must be some mistake, sorr. What was it you 'specially wanted sorr?"

"Well, for the last fifteen minutes I've been sitting here trying to get it through that skull of his that I'd like just a few sprigs of fresh Michigan celery—"

"Michigan celery, is it?" Pat's astounded voice rose to a whoop. "Will, of all the —" He swung about on his heel to dart toward the pantry and bumped into Timmy.

"Wait!" commanded the headwaiter in indignant tones. "Stand there, you idiot an' answer me this: Why is it thim this gentleman that ye've

## Favors the Old-Fashioned Grandmother

By JEAN NEWTON

TWO grandchildren of the financier, Thomas Fortune Ryan, have asked the court for a new guardian. They say their grandmother is too old-fashioned.

A girl of seventeen and a boy of sixteen, the children are part heirs to their grandfather's estate, which has been estimated at from one to five hundred million dollars.

And their grandmother, their present guardian, is "too old-fashioned!" Doubtless their grandmother is not too old-fashioned to love these children. If she is old-fashioned she finds the sole object of her existence in their happiness.

And they want to change guardians!

Without knowing the details of the situation which has brought these poor-rich children into print, many of us who do not lightly express opinions will be willing to say that children with too much money need a guardian who is "old-fashioned."

An "old-fashioned" guardian, of course, will admonish them to conserve their wealth, to make it useful.

She will point to their wealth as a responsibility, not merely a medium for "making whoopee." And that, for children who have always had everything they wanted, who have never had to give themselves to much serious thought, tastes something like bitter pills.

A guardian to their liking would be one with just about an opposite train of thought—one concerned chiefly with having "a good time."

More to their liking, but hardly better for their own good and future happiness.

After hearing argument by lawyers for both sides, the modern grandchildren and the old-fashioned grandmother whom they want to oust as guardian, the court—oh, yes, this is a legal matter—reserved decision.

The old-fashioned grandmother has our vote. And if there are any readers of this column who don't agree with that, I should like to hear their argument.

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## LAUGH AT TIME THE MOST

By Douglas Malloch.

I KNOW a man, an old, old man,  
Who still is sprightly in his walk,  
Who laughs as loud as any can,  
Is just as cheerful in his talk;  
And if I did not know his year,  
I'd never think of him as old.  
Yes, so much younger he appears  
That strangers always must be told.

I know a man, a young, young man,  
Who seems to scuff his way along,  
Who knows he'll never live his span,  
Although there's nothing really wrong;  
And, if his years I did not know,  
I'd never think of him as young,  
His mind's so dark, his step so slow,  
And so disconsolate his tongue.

And, knowing them, I know mankind,  
And, yes, this thing called age, perhaps,  
Is a matter of the mind  
As much as of a life's elapse.  
Enjoy whatever joy you see,  
And laugh at everything you can,  
And time the most, and you will be  
A younger, not an older, man.

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## SUPERSTITIOUS SUE



### SHE HAS HEARD THAT—

If you are about to move into a new home, for Pete's sake don't go in for the first time by the back door, because it is very unlucky.

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## Some Good Things for the Family Table

By NELLIE MAXWELL

IF ONE enjoys fresh tasting grape-juice, which may so easily be put up at home, do not fail to prepare a basket or two of grapes this fall.

Grapejuice.

Take one cupful of grapes, taken from the stems, place in a quart jar, add one-half cupful of sugar and fill up with boiling water. Seal and set

away for use at any time of the year. The two-quart jars which are apt to be too large for most foods in a small family may be used for grapejuice. Add two cupfuls of grapes and one of sugar, then fill with the boiling water and seal with new rubbers and perfect tops.

Ripe Tomato Marmalade.

Remove the skins from four quarts of ripe tomatoes and slice, add four pounds of sugar, six large lemons thinly sliced and the seeds removed, and one pound of raisins. Put all together in the preserving kettle and cook slowly about an hour, or until thick. Stir often and seal when thick.

Welsh Rarebit.

Put two tablespoonfuls of butter into a chafing dish or a double boiler. When melted add one and one-half cupfuls of finely cut cheese, one-half teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of mustard, one-half teaspoonful of sugar; when the cheese is melted add two-thirds of a cupful of cream, one teaspoonful of cornstarch a dash of cayenne and two beaten eggs. Stir constantly and cook until very smooth and thick. Serve on hot toast with a slice of tomato.

Mint Wallop.

Pour one quart of boiling water over six teaspoonfuls of tea, a good-sized bunch of mint, the grated rind of four lemons and two oranges. Cool, add the juices of the fruits and strain. Add two cupfuls of sugar, one quart of light grape juice and one quart of water, with a bit of green coloring. Stir and mix until the sugar is well dissolved. Chill and serve with clipped ice.

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Maybe Sooner

"I understand you want a new cook."  
"I engaged one five minutes ago. Call again the day after tomorrow."

## ABOUT MERMAIDS AND MERMEN

THE belief in mermaids and mermen dates from the earliest times; and the tritons and syrens were half fish and half human. The North American Indians relate they were conducted from northern Asia by a man-fish. This fable is told of a mermaid: In the northern part of Greenland this creature was seen, appearing like a woman as far down as her waist, with long hands and soft hair, the head and neck like that of a human being. Her fingers appeared web-like, as those on the feet of water birds. From the waist downward the creature had a body like a fish. The brow was low, and the eyes piercing—all in all, a horrible creature.

Sailors upon seeing these creatures would become horror-stricken, fearing the loss of several of their crew. The mermaid would often dive into the water and arise to the surface with fish in its hands. If it threw them in the direction of the boat the sailors took it as an evil omen; in the opposite direction, they took it as a good omen that they would not suffer a loss in the impending storm.

Mermen have been said to have been seen off the coast of Grimsey in the years 1305 and 1329; and off the coast of Suffolk in 1187. One old authority on natural history records the appearance of a mermaid which was sworn to on oath by several of the observers.

One monster was seen by three sailors at the sides of their boat, with the head of an old man and broad shoulders, but the arms they could not see.

The lower part of the body was pointed like a fish.

The navigator of a ship relates this story: One morning while looking overboard, some of the crew saw a creature that appeared to be a mermaid. It came close to the ship as it had no fears, and kept looking at the men. A little later a sea came and overturned her. Her body was like that of a woman, and as large, her skin very white, and she had long, beautiful hair hanging down her back. In her going down they saw her tail, which was similar to that of the porpoise.

Columbus in his journal relates how he saw three mermaids. He says they were not as beautiful as sometimes supposed, but somewhat resembled the human countenance. It is supposed that they were sea-calves, but his imagination compelled him to give a wonderful character to everything in this New world.

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"She was only a washwoman's daughter," says Facetious Florencia. "But she knew where to draw the line."

(Copyright.)

## CAP AND BELLS

### TIT FOR TAT

One Sunday morning a member of a church that could not boast of a new organ met a friend who belonged to a church that had just purchased one.

"I hear you've got a new organ," he said. "Now all you need is a monkey—"

"And all you need is an organ," his friend answered with a smile. —Answers.

### JUST A HUMMER



"That bird sings, I suppose?"  
"No—it's a humming bird."

Grandpa Wayback Says  
Unless yu hide  
Is puncture proof,  
It's best to live.  
And tell de truth.

### No Nails to Her

"Your husband has been nominated for office," said the neighbor.  
"You don't seem much interested."  
"No. It doesn't make a great deal of difference. It won't be any news to me when the friendly papers print his picture, nor when the opposition editors talk about his faults."

### What Does She Mean?

Father—This is a nice state of affairs! Here you've got engaged to this young fellow—he's been coming here every night for weeks—and you know absolutely nothing about him!  
Daughter (dreamingly)—Now you mention it, he does rather like keeping me in the dark!—The Humorist.

### He Didn't Count

Landlord (showing apartment)—No babies are allowed in this building, you know.  
The Lady—Well, my husband is an awful baby, but he won't keep anybody awake nights with his crying or do any damage to the apartment, I guess.

### Excepting One Thing

Mose—How far can you all go in dat new car?  
Rastus—Ah, could make 2 miles a minute 'ceptin' foh one thing.  
Mose—What's dat, boy?  
Rastus—Ony jes' came de distance is too long foh de shortness of de time.

### FOOD BUSINESS



"You're in the food business, eh? Supplying the consumer, I suppose?"  
"No—just consuming."

### Plaint of the Blind

If, as they say, the world is round, I really cannot see why I have found why all of it that I have found should seem so flat to me.

### Courageous

"Are the Americans courageous as a rule?" asked the foreign visitor.  
"I should say so!" answered the patriotic citizen. "You should see the way the average American eats hard-boiled and pie at a picnic."

### Successful Genius

"What is your nephew doing?"  
"He is an inventor."  
"What has he invented?"  
"Numerous excuses for borrowing money from me."—Zurich Nebelspanner.

### A Critical Juncture

"Biggles is a great friend of yours."  
"He has been, heretofore."  
"Don't you expect him to remain so?"  
"Can't tell. I have just indorsed his note."

### A Tough Round

Indifferent Golfer—You are getting more and more hopeless!  
Caddie—I couldn't have less hope than wot I started with.—The Humorist.

## Why Boys Leave Home

BY JOE ARCHIBALD

