

SCHOOL DAYS



The cartoonist

Something to Think About

By F. A. WALKER

YOUR SUPERSTITION

IF YOU read the cable news you saw a few days ago an item from Bombay which said that the stock and exchange markets of that city had been closed and that a general religious strike was in prospect because two European boys had killed two pigeons in the streets of the city.

The natives considered the pigeons sacred and the strike resulted because the police did not take the action which the natives thought should have followed the destruction of the birds.

From the beginning of history there is a record of animal worship by human beings.

The carvings and crude paintings of the earliest Egyptian periods, which are the first picture record that we have, show the esteem in which the lower forms of life were held.

The cat was especially venerated by the ancients and in the tombs of Egyptian rulers and nobility are found wonderful carvings of cat heads, sometimes pictured as being on human bodies.

The tops of funeral jars which were placed in the tomb to contain either food or toilet preparations for the use of the dead had covers of cat heads wonderfully true to nature. The Metropolitan Museum in New York has numerous examples of these jars.

The bull was a sacred animal for centuries and some modern savage populations still worship it and lead it, gorgeously decorated, in all their state ceremonials. Greek and Roman mythology and history are filled with references to the sacredness of the bull and it figures largely in both painting and sculpture.

In India, no matter how near to starvation a man may be he will not take food from a dog nor kill it to eat, although dogs are recognized as a staple article of food in the Philippines and other parts of the world. To kill a dog in India would be almost sacrilegious.

We cannot hold ourselves as wholly immune from animal worship. To the owl we ascribe a wisdom wholly absent from that dull and witless bird. His brain power is not to be compared with that of the crow, one of the most intelligent of the feathered tribes.

We ascribe great wisdom to the fox whose achievements are not nearly equal to those of the beaver, the most interesting of all the animal kingdom.

The reason for the ancient veneration of the animals and the modern regard in Bombay for the welfare of pigeons is that the people believe that they have some peculiar power of protection from disaster or "bad luck."

The human mind, when it does not have any proven thing to believe, is always willing to substitute superstition.

The sufferer from rheumatism after he has found other remedies ineffective, will resort to carrying a horse chestnut in his pocket. The gambler puts his lucky coin on the table as soon as fortune begins to run against him. Half the baseball teams in the country pay a salary to a mascot and transport him about the country for his presumed effect on the winning of games.

If you spill the salt, you throw a pinch of it over your shoulder to allay the unhappy results which you half believe may follow. You will not walk under a ladder and if you go out of the house and have to return for something you think you must sit down before you go out again.

You very likely thought, if you read the Bombay item, "What fools those people are to make so much of a row over the killing of a couple of pigeons." The gentleman in Bombay would be equally amused if he knew that you attached great power to the breaking of a mirror to bring you bad luck.

One superstition is about as silly as another and so long as we harbor beliefs which have neither reason nor logic to support them, we are not in a position to criticize the people who do not want their pet opinions interfered with by foreign unbelievers.

The best way to avoid this kind of trouble is to have no superstitions ourselves but to respect the weaknesses of those who persist in foolish beliefs.

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THE CHEERFUL CHERUB

My friends monopolize me so,
They make me go where'er they please.
They really interrupt my life—
It's well I have some enemies.



EVA NOVAK



Very few people know that Eva Novak, now starring in the "movies" and Jane Novak's younger sister, is a pianist of no ordinary talent. She formerly spent hours in practice at the piano and could play whole sections of grand operas from memory. She declares she likes classical music best of all.



FOR lasa tree, four week I no feela ver good every day. Seema like I losa somateng eettle bit every morning. I dunno where ees go or how I losa, but any way I no gotta so mooch lika lasa moot.

I aska my boss wot's matter I no feela good and he say I jusa losa da pep. I tella heem I never hava dat stuff, but he say I am meestake. "Everybody gotta pep somatime," he say. I aska where can finda eef losa dat stuff and mebbe jusa for joke he aska me go tella da cop.

But dat cop laugha righta my face and aska too moocha informash. He aska me wot my pep looka like lasa time I see. I say I dunno wot ees looka like eef I meeta on da street somatime.

Weeth dat cop and my boss I gotta deestust, so I aska doctor wot's matter I no feela good. He say, "Oh, you no pay attensh weeth dat, Pietro, you jusa gotta touch weeth spreenga fever." I getta touch one time before and losa my purse and mebbe spreenga fever toucha me for da pep, too, I dunno.

But dat doctor say I gotta wrong idee wot ees da spreenga fever. But I am smarta guy lika heem, too. I say for getta married ees one fee, getta deevorce married fee, use da phone ees other fee—een fact everyting gotta fee too mooch.

Betta your life I know plenta good wot ees da fee alla right. But so longa I levee I never feegure out wot's da fee for.

Wot you tink?



IN GOOD SHAPE

Mrs. Shad: Doctor, will I ever swim again, after this awful fall?

Dr. Cod: Oh! You'll be up and about in a day or two! I only find about nine hundred bones broken! Nothing serious at all—at all!

THE SANDMAN STORY

UNCLE BEN'S STORY

JUST before bedtime each night, after playing and romping with Juno, a nice old collie dog, Nancy and Jack would climb up on Uncle Ben's knees and beg for a story. Uncle Ben had been a lighthouse keeper for nearly 30 years and always had an interesting story to tell about his adventures.

"Tell us the most exciting thing that ever happened on the lighthouse," demanded Jack, sitting up very straight. "I am not at all sleepy tonight."

So Uncle Ben, after peeping into Nancy's bright eyes, began his tale. "It was in the winter of 1883 that it happened—one of the worst winters that I ever spent on Stony Ledge lighthouse. The ice had piled up and piled up and pushed the big blocks between two piles of ice, and would be safe enough until morning, when we could see to get ashore. I heard no sound of an explosion from the light tower, so guessed that it had been put out in the fall, and we tried to make ourselves as comfortable as possible for the rest of the night. We did not sleep very much and we were glad to see morning dawn. The wind had gone down, so we decided to go ashore. Just as I opened the door I heard a 'Hello, there,' and on the ice below were two of our good neighbors from ashore who had come out as quickly as they could to our rescue. We were delighted to see them and soon were climbing over the ice blocks toward shore, safe and sound.



"And now, sir, that is quite enough for one night," so scamper off to bed, both of you!" "Please, Uncle Ben, tell us what happened to the light tower?" pleaded Jack, as he slid down from Uncle Ben's knees. "Why, the whole tower was knocked right off and was found later quite a long ways from the house."

"I'm so glad it didn't explode," said Nancy gravely, "and I think you and Aunt Mary are the bravest ones I know."

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"What's in a Name?"

By MILDRED MARSHALL

Facts about your name; its history; meaning when it was derived; significance; your lucky day and lucky jewel.

MARIE

MARIE is perhaps the most prevalent feminine name known to etymologists. Its synonym, Mary, has almost equal vogue, and Marie, its other equivalent, is enormously popular. But though Marie is originally the French version of the name of the Blessed Virgin, all countries have adopted her and called her their own. Originally, of course, the Hebrew word marah, meaning bitter, is the root from which all derivatives of Marie are evolved.

Quite early in history, it became customary to give the name of Marie to girls, adding a middle name to qualify the attributes of the first Mary, the Blessed Virgin herself. In this way, several daughters of a family could be called by the name of Marie or Maria and yet they could be distinguished by their second appellation. The earliest of these names was that of Maria Annunziata, very popular in Spain, and later changed to Maria Anunciada. In France, one of the most popular feminine names was Marie Annonciade; another was Marie des Anges (Marie of the angels) and in Spain, the votress of the merciful interceding patroness (the Blessed Virgin) is Maria de Mercedes.

Marie de Dolores (Marie of Sorrows) and Marie del Incarnacion are other examples of the popular trend which helped to spread the name of Marie. Many young ladies in Spain are still christened Maria de la Concepcion, but in Italy, this is contracted to the one word Concetta. England and America use Marie alone and also favor Molly, the diminutive and endearment. Indeed, in England, Molly is frequently given in baptism as a proper name with no reference to its more dignified parent.

Marie's talismanic stone is jasper, the deep green gem which is proof against evil spirits and bites of venomous creatures. If placed upon a snake bite, it is said to draw the poison from the wound. It will also bring rain if prayers are made while wearing the stone. Friday is Marie's lucky day and one her lucky number.

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HER PRIVILEGE

"If we get married will you promise never to get a divorce?" "Sure, I'll let you do that."

HOW DO YOU SAY IT?

By C. N. LURIE

Common Errors in English and How to Avoid Them

"RISE UP," "FALL DOWN," "END UP."

A MOMENT'S reflection will show the reader the absurdity of the first two phrases printed above. Of course, when a person rises there is only one direction in which he can go, and that direction is up or upward. Therefore, do not "rise up" in the morning or in the world—simply rise.

Likewise, when you fall do not "fall down"—simply fall. There can be no such thing as "falling up"; it would be contrary to the law of gravitation, which has not been repealed. Dr. Einstein's theory of relatively to the contrary notwithstanding.

A somewhat similar error is the use of the preposition "up" after the verb "end," as in "This ends up the affair." Omit the "up"; the sense is expressed by saying, "This ends the affair."

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How It Started

MOTORCYCLES

SHORTLY after the introduction of the bicycle an attempt was made to propel two-wheeled vehicles by power other than man. W. W. Austin of Winthrop, Mass., in 1868, made the first motorcycle—a crude machine, propelled by steam. Others followed, but it was not until 1895 that the first gasoline cycle, constructed by E. J. Pennington of Cleveland, was produced.

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A LINE O' CHEER

By John Kendrick Bangs.

BLAMELESS.

I SHALL not chide the Winter blast,
Nor chilling clouds that overcast
The heavens high, nor icy drip
That holds me in its arctic grip.
For these forsooth are Winter's ways,
And Winter must have wintry days,
And none hold any call to chide
The wintertide
That hath not the smiling grace
We find on Spring or Summer's face.
No more than we should blame
The cloud
That he is no Olympian god,
And Spring and Summer to my mind,
Are sweeter for the Winter's wind
So here's to Winter and her snow,
And for her winds, why, let 'em blow.
And thank our stars that Winter's true
Unto the task it has to do.
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THE GIRL ON THE JOB

How to Succeed—How to Get Ahead—How to Make Good

By JESSIE ROBERTS

BOOKSELLING

ONE of the best known and most successful retail sellers of books in this country went on record recently, in a speech made before the Women's National Bookselling association, as believing that an era of great expansion for the small bookshop is at hand, and he added that he thought women were particularly suited to take a large part in this expansion.

"I think that many women who have worked as librarians would make first-class booksellers, and I think that a good business woman could not do better than put her money into a small book shop in any of the thousands of towns throughout America where there is no such shop at present." He added that there was always a better chance of succeeding with a bookstore in a town that had a public library, than in one where there was no such institution.

Yet it is possible for a clever woman to so arrange things that her little store will become an attraction even in a neighborhood that has not yet acquired a taste for reading. Special programs and lectures could be arranged for in the shop; there should be a carefully thought out plan by which to attract the children; there might be poster displays that would strike the popular fancy. The thing to do is to get people to come to the store in the first place, by any means that will seem effective. The actual buying of books would come later, but it would come.

"Let the women get in now," said the speaker, "for we are at the beginning of an important and interesting expansion of retail bookselling. The more bookstores there are, the better each will do, for book buying is a progressive disease. Once you catch it, you can never shake it off. The field is tremendous, and there isn't a more interesting profession in the world."

The line forms at the right—don't crowd, please.

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Mother's Cook Book

Plain food is quite enough for me;
Three courses are as good as ten;
If nature can subsist on three,
Thank heaven for three. Amen!
I always thought cold victrola nice;
My choice would be vanilla ice.

—O. W. Holmes.

EVERYDAY FOODS.

A NICE way to cook pork chops for a busy day is to place them over a pan of thinly sliced potatoes, seasoning well with salt and pepper, bake until the chops are well done, and serve from the baking dish. The moisture in the potatoes and the fat in the pork will be sufficient to make the dish of the right consistency.

Even a small family may enjoy a dish of sauerkraut by covering a quart of kraut with a slice of nice pork steak; usually there is very little salt needed; bake until the steak and kraut are well cooked. Long, slow cooking of at least three hours makes a fine well seasoned dish. Another way of cooking kraut is to roll a nice spare rib around it and bake long and slowly, adding salt if needed, and pepper to taste.

Swiss Steak.

Have two pounds of round steak cut one inch thick, lay it on a meat board, and with the edge of a saucer pound into it a cupful of flour or more, turning and pounding it well. Have a tablespoonful of suet fat in a hot frying pan, lay in the steak and brown, watching closely not to let even a bit scorch; then cover with boiling water and simmer over low heat for two or three hours, add the seasoning after

the meat has browned; onions may be added, if desired. The meat, if cooked slowly, will be very tender and have a good gravy to serve with it.

Sour Roast.

Take four or five pounds of the rump of beef, one medium sized onion, six whole cloves (stick these in the meat), one-half cupful of cider vinegar, one cupful of canned tomatoes, one cupful of boiling water. Put all into a kettle and cook tightly covered; when nearly done, salt to taste. Strain the gravy and thicken with flour; cook until smooth. Serve around the meat.

Spaghetti With Hamburg.

A cupful of chopped fresh meat added to a dish of cooked spaghetti or macaroni will make a good main dish. Put the meat in layers with chopped onion or a bit of garlic, into a baking dish, add salt and pepper and bake for an hour or more until the spaghetti is well seasoned.

Nellie Maxwell
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THE WOODS

By DOUGLAS MALLOCH

BACK ON THE JOB.

THIS is the time of the bust-up.
This is the end of the trail;
Though your icin' you do,
Still the ground will come through
An' your icin' an' cussin' will fall.
The eaves are a-drippin' at midnight
An' out of the south comes a sob;
You kin talk about loss
All you like, Mister Boss,
But Spring has got back on the job.

You kin rave all you like of the timber
That lays in the woods at the stump,
You kin swear you will haul
Ev'ry stick of it all
To the road an' the bank 'an the dump,
But she's got all creation ag'in you,
The sun an' the wind an' all that,
An' she'll bust ev'ry road
An' she'll stand ev'ry load
An' your timber will stay where
It's at.

You ought to know somethin' of woman—
You've seen her both single an' wed;
You know you can't stir
Any notion in her
When once it gits into her head.

But, of all of the contrary women,
Miss Spring is the worst of the lot;
When you want her to freeze
She will thaw, if you please,
An' she'll freeze when you're wantin'
It hot.

No use to dispute with a helfer
Er argue a case with a skirt;
If Spring wants to thaw,
Neither reason ner law
Will keep her from doin' you dirt.
It's will er it's won't with a woman—
She says when she won't er she will.
You kin talk till you're black
In the face, but the shack
Will be bossed by the petticoats still.
We think we're her lord an' her master,
She swears she will love an' obey,
We think we're the head
Of the house, as she said
We would be when we bore her away.

But a month or so after the weddin',
When honeymoon season is flown,
She quits sayin' "dear"
An' she gits on her ear
An' she kicks us plumb off of the throne.

It's likewise up here in the timber;
We think we are runnin' the thing;
We're falling the trees
An' we're makin' it freeze—
But all of a sudden it's Spring.
Then it's mix up a walk fer the swampers
An' can the whole mackinaw mob;
No use fer the boss
Er the crew or the boss—
Miss Spring has got back on the job.
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