

JUST HUMANS

By Gene Carr



"GOSH, AIN'T NATURE GRAND!"

SOMETHING TO THINK ABOUT

By F. A. WALKER

THE OPEN-HEARTED

WHO does not like the candor of the little child who has not yet learned the initial art of fabrication? There is something so frank, open, straightforward in the innocent one's prattle that even in the old Machiavellian disciple of deception will pause in his juggling with truth and wish he were less guilty.

He is conscious of a trait of character that once was his in his youth days which he let slip from him when he first began to deal with a tricky world.

He tried sincerity, but found that nobody believed in it.

So he ventured forth into zones of thought still unsurveyed and became a lying innovator in the debt use of ambiguous acts and unpardonable words.

He forgot his mother's teachings, the little prayer which he uttered at his mother's knee, while she toyed lovingly with his dimpled hands and stroked his hair, picturing his future in glowing colors.

Do you think it is hard to tell the truth?

It is natural for the child, but when art steps in the difficulty to adhere to veracity causes us devious perplexities.

What has been discussed a dozen times before with sincerity and artlessness, assumes a new phase when we depart from probity and begin to color, retouch and reshape the words and sentences we must use in competition with the false and those who "commend the poisoned chalice to the lips."

We soon find language ready shaped to our purpose, and quickly become adept in forming a new vocabulary which enables us to beat round and round the truth without once touching it.

We have no defense for such conduct, except that we are associating and dealing with smooth-faced, double-tongued flibbers and must meet them on their own ground and surpass them at their own game.

We get the idea that if we cannot lie like a trooper we cannot march at the head of the regiment in gay uniform and brass buttons.

And these popular lies, you will find on reflection, are the basis of the major troubles of our sin-burdened world. Likely at any moment to belch forth consuming fire of our own making!

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What Does Your Child Want to Know?

Answered by BARBARA BOURJAILY



HOW DOES A BEE HUM?

If you will watch, you'll soon find out. Its wings make all the humming. To tell the flowers round about that sister bee is coming.

(Copyright.)

A WORD WITH WINGS

By DOUGLAS MALLOCH

THERE are the words of common things, And then there are The words with wings; And so I try, Try even now, To catch some word, Some word somehow, To send it forth Across the blue, A word with wings To wing to you.

So if today, Amid the hum Of life some thought, Of love should come, Or if tonight Some word you find That sings and sings Within your mind, Oh, do not bid My bird depart, But let him rest Within your heart.

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How It Started

By JEAN NEWTON

"TO MAKE HAY WHILE THE SUN SHINES"

TO EXPRESS foresight, taking advantage of the opportunity when it appears, one of the most commonly used sayings in our language is "making hay while the sun shines."

In the use of the phrase today "hay" is figurative for money or place or love or health or any other matter in which it is desirable to improve the shining hours. But in its origin "making hay while the sun shines" had a literal application.

It goes back to the time of Henry VIII in England when it became the substance of a legal statute! At the time great damage resulted from the practice of careless farmers who left hay in the fields indefinitely after it was cut and frequently saw it ruined in rainstorms before they had it under shelter. To guard against such waste, the law was passed requiring farmers to take in their hay as soon as it was ready. It was from this statute that the expression "making hay while the sun shines" gained popularity in common speech.

(Copyright.)

SAWS

By Viola Brothers Shore

FOR THE GOOSE—

A MAN forgets the last kiss long before a woman has forgot the first.

When a woman starts pannin' husbands, she's nearly always pannin' some particular husband.

The most hopeless day in a woman's life is the one when she realizes that the reason she can't get what she wants out of men ain't through any lack on her makeup—but in theirs.

FOR THE GANDER—

If you buy a pond you can swim; If you buy more than one you can drown.

Nothin' seems like a sin, once it gets to be a habit.

No matter how much a woman's lips lie when she speaks, they tell the truth when she kisses. On'y you can't get a man to disregard the former and pay attention to the latter.

(Copyright.)

SUPERSTITIOUS SUE



SHE HAS HEARD—

If you are planning for a week-end jamboree and the sun should rise a sickly, pale red color—dust off the galoshes and crank up the umbrella—for it is a sign that it will rain that day.

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MILLY'S RENEWED ROMANCE

(© by D. J. Walsh.)

IN WESTPORT, where she taught nine months of the year, Milly Lane was Miss Lane, the primary grade teacher, who "had such a nice way with children," and whom their parents looked up to. She boarded at Mrs. Bailey's with four other teachers of the Westport school and had pleasant companionship and many good times.

During those nine months at Westport she grew rosy, took on flesh, and crept out of her shell of shyness so far as to be able to laugh easily, talk, and show some interest in life. Even with her red hair and spectacles she was rather pretty, because she had a girlish immaturity of build and expression in spite of her twenty-eight years. Will Fuller, the farmer who grew onions and sprouts in such quantities for the city markets that he was getting rich thereby, who owned the best car in Westport, and the best house and the best piece of land anywhere about there, paid her as much attention as he did anyone, perhaps a trifle more. It was generally supposed at Mrs. Bailey's that Miss Van Etten would eventually be his choice for Miss Van Etten was handsome in a dark, dreamy way. However, nothing was settled yet, and if Milly Lane dare hope a little who could blame her?

Thus for nine months Milly led the life of a normal young woman who works hard, has good food, is respected and liked, and even has a gleam of romance to light her way. Then about the twentieth of June it ended and she found herself back in Valleyville.

Back in Valleyville in four rooms with her duty. Her duty was Aunt Mandy.

Milly had acquired Aunt Mandy by the direct process of inheritance. The people who should have been responsible for her had died or moved away or eluded the burden in some way until she had fallen to the care of Milly. Milly kept the four rooms for Aunt Mandy, provided her with fuel, food and clothing and hired Mrs. Dunne downstairs to see that these were properly administered. For Aunt Mandy had never been strong either of mind or body, and now that she was getting old she simply sat down and stared her time away. Always sitting, always staring, arousing a little if spoken to then sinking back into the stare and inertia.

When Milly came home to Aunt Mandy she was a Cinderella feeling from the ball, with this difference, she had no magic slipper on her foot. In Valleyville she was the daughter of a failure and the custodian of the queerest bit of humanity that could be found in the whole locality. For the worst of Aunt Mandy was her looks. But Milly had grown used to them.

A week after returning to Valleyville Milly began to lose color and curve and take on a saddened, repressed air that robbed her of all attractiveness. Aunt Mandy aroused her enough to say that Milly acted as if she were "coming down with something." But Mrs. Dunne, kindly old soul, understood.

"Mandy's a trial to the flesh," she said. "I feel sometimes as if I'd just o'we to try to shake a little sense into her. I've expected all winter she'd burn me out the way she's poked the fire. And she's taken to wandering off lately—taking walks, she calls it. It fuses me to death to see her go weaving and tottering down the street with heavy trucks and autos passing every moment. Some day she won't get out of the way of one and then—"

As Milly shuddered Mrs. Dunne patted her shoulder. "There! I oughtn't to say anything like that. Are you going back to Westport to teach next year?"

Milly gulped. "No, I sent in my resignation yesterday. I—I'm going to try to get the McClure school, then I can be home nights and over Sunday. I just feel I've got to stay with Aunt Mandy and—"

—and look after her. You've done wonderfully, dear Mrs. Dunne, but it's my duty and—"

She paused. She couldn't say that she could no longer keep up the expense on her wages. If she were at home she could have the price of her own board, to say nothing of car fare. Aunt Mandy would be better off. As for herself, nothing mattered now.

"Well, of course you know best," Mrs. Dunne said slowly. But she sighed as she looked closely at Milly's pale face.

Now that she had forcibly detached herself from Westport and all that was there, Milly saw before her a dark narrow alley which ended in a high stone wall. All that she could do was to go on as best she could with her duty.

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At last, fairly overcome with heat, she returned home to find Aunt Mandy calmly rocking in her favorite chair. She glanced up in surprise.

"Why, where you been?" she inquired mildly. "It was so hot that I decided not to go far, just over to Miss Tolson's."

Milly sank upon the couch, over-whelmed and exhausted. She closed her eyes and did not move again for a long time.

That evening when Aunt Mandy had gone to bed to sleep like a child, Milly sat on Mrs. Dunne's porch with her headache and her problems. Dusk gathered and a night moth dipped into the sweet cups of the opening nicotines.

A heavy roadster whizzed down the street and stopped at the door and a man got out. He was close to Milly and had spoken before she recognized Will Fuller.

"And you didn't know me?" he said, as he took the empty chair beside her. "Why, I'd have known that little red head of yours anywhere. Milly, what do you mean by leaving Westport this way? You've got to come back."

"I can't," Milly faltered. "I've sent in my resignation."

He laid his brown hand over hers as it rested on the arm of her chair. "You've got to come back because I'm going to take you—as my wife."

It was an hour before Milly could understand that her lost romance had reached out arms that had captured her warm and fast. She was glad to let her head lie on Will's shoulder while he made plans. She had already told him about Aunt Mandy and the duty and all the rest of it, so there was nothing new of that kind to say.

"We'll let Aunt Mandy have a room of her own and the housekeeper will look after her if she needs it," Will said. "And if she wants to take walks she can walk all she wants to on my land. You see, Milly, I'll just appropriate your duty, and all you'll have to do is to love me and brighten up life for me with your little red head."

The following day Milly and Will were married at the parsonage. Then they packed the few things they needed, put Aunt Mandy in the car between them and flew back to Westport. Mrs. Dunne promised to look after the contents of the four rooms.

"Poor Milly!" sighed Mrs. Dunne. "I'm glad she's going to be happy in spite of her duty."

Real Hearty Eaters in Medieval Times

Those capacious individuals who break into the front page every week or so by eating six dozen eggs and drinking 12 cups of coffee, or by downing 100 flapjacks with a gallon of sirup, will please draw in their claims to fame and retire as quietly as possible. They are anemic, underfed dyspeptics compared with the real hearty eaters of the Middle Ages.

Frederick L. Collins, writing on the art of dining for Harper's Bazar, has dug up the records of several gastronomic feasts of medieval times which put to shame all modern competitors.

For example, Philip the Good, who reigned in the Eleventh century, is credited with giving an all-day dinner at which 192 separate courses were served, excluding several kinds of wine.

The good Catherine de Medici, says another record, "tasted everything" at another little affair where 14 kinds of meat were on the table at once—pheasant, swans, capons, peacocks, herons, pigs, pigeons, rabbits, deer, hare, geese, quail, cranes and bustards.

And, getting down to specialized gastronomy, an early bishop of Paris was host at a repast where all the chief courses were sea food—4 large salmon, 10 turbot, 12 lobsters, 50 pounds of whale, 200 cod, a basket of mussels, 9 fresh shad, 18 trout, 17 pliké, 62 carp, 18 lampreys, 200 herrings, 200 white herrings, 200 sauteed herrings, 80 salted salmon, 18 plaice, 3 baskets of whitebait and 600 frogs!

English Church Curiosity

Jack-the-Smiter, the famous figure which smites the four hundred fifty-year-old bell in Southwold (Suffolk) church, is one of the sights of the district. He stands at the west end of the noble fifteenth century church, once the abbey of the monks of St. Edmund, a painted man-at-arms, four feet four inches in height.

A pull at the cord below and Jack smites with his stout battle-axe upon the bell which calls the faithful to service. In his left hand he holds a wooden sword. When Jack was made, on the completion of the church, he was worked mechanically, being connected up with the church clock. His original works have long since disappeared.

Quite

Bursting open the door marked "Private," the butcher confronted the local lawyer.

"If a dog steals a piece of meat from my shop, is the owner liable?" he asked the man behind the desk.

"Certainly," replied the lawyer.

"Very well, your dog took a piece of steak worth a half a dollar about five minutes ago."

"Indeed," he returned smoothly.

"Then if you give me the other half that will cover my fee."

A Gentle Razz

Persistent Customer—"I don't think you've properly fixed this muffler yet. It keeps on going 'phut, phut, phut, phut.'"

Garage Man—"I'll have another look and see what I can do. Is there anything particular you'd like it to say instead?"

The DAIRY

OVERFEEDING COW IS UNPROFITABLE

Most Common Error Is Giving Excess of One Feed.

Underfeeding of dairy cows is one of the most common reducers of profits for many dairy farmers. Overfeeding, however, may be just as unprofitable. A bulletin published by the South Dakota State college, "Feeding the Dairy Herd for Profit," points out that care should be taken to avoid the latter as well as the former.

To avoid overfeeding the bulletin strongly recommends that grain be fed according to milk production. "If the cow increases in production," it says, "increase the grain allowance. Continue increasing the grain as long as there is an increase in production. When no further increase in milk results from an increase in grain, it might be well to decrease the grain slightly and note if a decrease in milk results. If this occurs the right amount of grain is being fed."

A common error in feeding is to overfeed on one or two feeds, thus giving the cow too much of one nutrient. For instance, when corn stover and ground corn are fed in large amounts the cow is being overfed on carbohydrates. She can only utilize a certain amount of carbohydrates because of lack of protein. What she cannot utilize for maintenance and milk production she must throw off; hence, so far as the cow is concerned this surplus carbohydrate is wasted.

Those who feel that feeding according to production takes too much time and is not practical, are strongly urged to try it out. "It is safe to predict," the bulletin says, "that a material increase in milk will result from the same feeds when fed according to production rather than by allowing the same or about the same amount to each cow. This, of course, guards against underfeeding also."

Off Flavors Caused by Weeds and Surroundings

Off flavors in cream may be caused by feeds and weeds, such as wild onion, garlic, leek, sweet clover, and ragweed. Flavors may be absorbed from the surroundings. For example, oil, gasoline, and vegetable flavors may cause trouble. Another class of flavors resulting from bacterial contamination are called stale, cheesy, yeasty, bitter or acid. All of these off flavors result in poor quality of cream and cause a financial loss to the dairy farmer. They may be eliminated by keeping cows out of pastures which contain undesirable weeds, by handling and storing cream in clean sanitary surroundings, and by careful methods in production and handling. Cooling of cream to 60 degrees Fahrenheit immediately after separation and frequent deliveries will help win the battle against poor cream.

Ventilating System Is Important for Stable

Avoid damp walls next winter by starting now to put a ventilation system in your stable, says A. M. Goodman of the New York State College of Agriculture. Build the out-take flue from the mow floor to the eaves now while the mow is empty.

A good, natural draft dairy stable ventilation system must have at least one tall out-take flue. This should start about fourteen inches above the stable floor, and extend to a point about eighteen inches above the highest part of the roof of the barn. This flue or chimney may be built either inside or outside of the barn. If a farmer plans to have the flue pass up through the hay loft, as is the most common practice, it should be built up from the mow floor at least as high as the eaves of the barn while the mows are empty or nearly so.

Actual Performance Is Real Test of Machines

Actual performance on dairy farms is the real test of milking machines. It has proved a labor saver in many medium and large-sized herds and has been adopted by thousands of the best dairy farmers in every dairy state. This leaves little room for any objection on the ground that it might influence production adversely. Only if it is handled improperly or carelessly or is in poor mechanical condition will the milker fail to get most of the milk.

Compared to good hand milking, the milking machine can claim no advantage on the basis of its effect on production.

Good Cows Best

In a dairy experiment-run in Stephenson county, Illinois, it was proved that the feed cost of making 100 pounds of milk in the high-producing herd in the test, which averaged 11,195 pounds of milk, was 63 cents, as compared with \$1.05 for the poor producers of the test which averaged 4,980 pounds of milk. The high producing herd of ten cows were partly purebred and partly grade Holsteins which would prove that poor cows are the



WHAT DR. CALDWELL LEARNED IN 47 YEARS PRACTICE

A physician watched the results of constipation for 47 years, and believed that no matter how careful people are of their health, diet and exercise, constipation will occur from time to time. Of next importance, then, is how to treat it when it comes. Dr. Caldwell always was in favor of getting as close to nature as possible, hence his remedy for constipation, known as Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, is a mild vegetable compound. It can not harm the system and is not habit forming. Syrup Pepsin is pleasant-tasting, and youngsters love it.

Dr. Caldwell did not approve of drastic physics and purges. He did not believe they were good for anybody's system. In a practice of 47 years he never saw any reason for their use when Syrup Pepsin will empty the bowels just as promptly.

Do not let a day go by without a bowel movement. Do not sit and hope, but go to the nearest druggist and get one of the generous bottles of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, or write "Syrup Pepsin," Dept. BB, Monticello, Illinois, for free trial bottle.

HAVE Beautiful Skin

—soft, smooth, clear, "pink and white"—the matchless complexion of youth. Sulphur purifies, clears and refreshes the skin. For beautifying the face and arms use

Glenn's Sulphur Soap

Contains 33 1/3% Pure Sulphur. At Druggists.

Monarch Not a Myth

Good King Wenceslas really lived a thousand years ago. In the old Christmas carol we commemorate his kindness. In a bronze equestrian statue the citizens of Prague commemorate his statesmanship, which brought a bloodless peace and independence out of defeat and threatened to the country which is now Czechoslovakia.

Millions now use Russ Ball Blue. Makes clothes snowy white. Get the genuine.—Adv.

Might Be "Antique"

Whether the word "sterling" on silver would destroy the value of the piece as an antique would depend upon the piece. The word "sterling" appears on Chester silverware as early as 1690. It is also found on silverware made in Cork, Ireland, at the end of the Seventeenth century.

But Tired, Anyway

The person they used to call the "tired business man" was only the tired husband after his emancipated wife had gotten his wind.—American Magazine

Those Who Dance

MUST pay the piper—and all who suffer the misery of dancing in new or tight shoes know it. Why not shake loose the friction from the shoes, and make dancing or walking a real joy.

use Allen's Foot-Ease For Feet in Shoes and Feet in Shoes. Allen's Foot-Ease, Le Roy, N. Y.

Feel Good

Most ailments start from poor elimination (constipation or semi-constipation). Intestinal poisons sap vitality, undermine health and make life miserable. Tonight try NATURE'S REMEDY—all-vegetable corrective—not just an ordinary laxative. See how it will aid in restoring your appetite and rid you of that heavy, lousy, peevish feeling. Mild, safe, purely vegetable—

NATURE'S REMEDY

At Druggists—only 25c



WELL OR MONEY BACK

Your Piles eliminated or fee refunded—in the WRITTEN ASSURANCE we give in administering the Dr. C. J. Dean famous natural method of treatment. (Used by us exclusively.) Remarkable success also with the Rectal and Colon ailments. Send TODAY for FREE 100-page book giving details and hundreds of testimonials.

DEAN RECTAL & COLON CLINIC