

El Brendel



ABOUT BABY DAYS

MELLY could remember a good many months back. In fact, she could remember two whole years back, and yet she was now only three years old.

But she was a child now. She was no longer a baby. Some foolish people still called her a baby. Really, they knew very little. Didn't they know that a baby was a little bit of a helpless creature, very lovable, very sweet, but very helpless?

Didn't they know that a baby couldn't walk, or talk, or even think? At least, if a baby could think, a baby couldn't tell what she was thinking about.

And a baby couldn't remember well at all. In fact, a baby had a very bad

she didn't remember anything about the train—nor did she remember a single thing that had happened in all of that first year of her life. She was a little over a year of age when her daddy had carried her from one hotel to another. She remembered how dark and strange everything had seemed, and she remembered that her mother and daddy had talked to each other and sometimes to her.

What they had said she had not understood, but she had not felt frightened in her father's arms. From the time she was a year old until she was eighteen months old, she remembered very little. Only she remembered kindly old waiters—she could see them now as she thought about them. And she remembered the great excitement of creeping. Oh, how fast she could creep! But just as soon as she had a good start and was really rushing delightedly along her mother had come hurrying after her and had caught her up and carried her back to her room.

Her mother had a way of hurrying so very fast—Melly could not keep ahead of her mother, once her mother had started after her. Sometimes her daddy would come and stop her when she was creeping. Sometimes the very oldest and the very newest waiter in the hotel chased after her.

It seemed such a pity. They were afraid she would fall downstairs. And she was not afraid of anything. Not a single thing.

But best of all, during those months, was the great big Newfoundland dog with the long, soft, beautiful hair and the most handsome face Melly had ever seen.

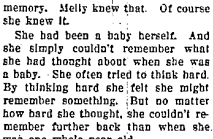
Her mother and there was nice and so was her daddy's, and these were cross eyes, too—faces that looked at her and made her feel in the way and not loved. Faces that belonged to people who also had a cross way of speaking.

Melly didn't know just what was the matter with those people then. When she was three, though, and thought about them she knew that they were merely "fussy" people who were "made nervous" by children.

But the dog had the most handsome face of all. She loved to put her head close to his head. And he seemed to love it, too. And he gave her rides—all the rides she wanted—on his big, beautiful back. Oh, she would never forget the dog. Not as long as she lived. He had made her have so many happy times when she was little.

Yes, she was little then, but even then she was not a baby. Still, perhaps she could get her baby days. Now, though, she was three years old and she was most certainly a baby no longer. Only foolish people called her a baby now! (Copyright)

She Loved to Put Her Head Close to His Head.



memory. Melly knew that. Of course she knew it.

She had been a baby herself. And she simply couldn't remember what she had thought about when she was a baby. She often tried to think hard. By thinking hard she felt she might remember something. But no matter how hard she thought, she couldn't remember anything back than when she was one whole year old.

Her mother said that most people couldn't remember when they were a year old, but Melly could do that. Not much, of course.

She could remember only a few things about that time. She had a strange, dim remembrance of the night she had been carried in her daddy's arms. It was a very, very dark night. She had been told since that they had arrived in the town where they were going to make their home and that the place they had gone to stay for the night was overcrowded and that there had been no room for them.

She knew they had stayed on a train, as she had been told that. But

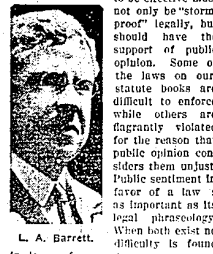
The odd fact about El Brendel, a new recruit to Movietone pictures, is that he has imitated Swedes on the stage so long that audiences believe he is Swedish, which is not true. El is a comic, born in Philadelphia, and is to be seen in the comedy role in "Sunny Side Up." Before becoming a star in comedy in 1921, he had experience in all manner of theatricals. He is 5 feet 9 inches tall, weighs 165 pounds, has brown hair and blue eyes.

For Meditation

By LEONARD A. BARRETT

INTERNATIONAL GOOD-WILL

A FAMOUS lawyer is quoted as having made the remark that there never had been a will drawn up that he could not break. This might be considered an extravagant statement of an over confident lawyer, but it does suggest the possibility of a legal status arising in which technicalities could thwart justice. A law



L. A. Barrett.

to be effective must not only be "strong" legally, but should have the support of public opinion. Some of the laws on our statute books are difficult to enforce while others are flagrantly violated for the reason that public opinion considers them unjust. Public sentiment in favor of a law is as important as its phrasing.

When both exist no difficulty is found in law enforcement.

This same fact holds true regarding international movements such as peace, compact, covenants and treaties. Peace can never be bought nor is it possible to realize it by the mere signing of a protocol. When public opinion frankly and in no mistaken language demands the elimination of war, the reign of peace shall have already begun. One step in that direction is the removal of misunderstandings between nations. When people thoroughly understand each other much of the difficulty which causes separation and enmity is removed. An important contribution to that end has recently been made by Prime Minister Ramsay MacDonald of Great Britain. In his remarkable address before the senate he said: "There can be no war; may, more; it is absolutely impossible. If you and we do our duty in making the peace just active, that any section of our arms, whether land or sea or air, can ever again come into hostile contact. Deep down in our hearts is the conviction that can never be removed that there will be a full understanding between our people. With understanding, misunderstanding will be completely charmed away."

Let other nations send ambassadors of peace and friendship to us. Let them speak the mind of their governments as did the prime minister of Great Britain. Let our government send to other nations representatives of the "Will of America" for international peace and its certainty will not be far distant.



Universal Provider
The announcement that vitamins have been found in hush need cause no surprise. Nearly everything else has been found in that delectable hush.

EVERY one knows what it is to be sorry, to regret doing something, wishing that we had done something else. Some people would explain this fact by saying that it is conscience that is troubling the person who is sorry and regretful. And by conscience they would mean the voice of inner voice which condemns you for violating a moral law and keeps telling you over and over again that you have acted wrongly, that you should not have done so, that you will be punished for your act. This makes one feel blue and downhearted.

Whatever views we take of conscience the fact remains that all normal people feel a sense of guilt and shame in doing what they know to be wrong.

But it is not in connection with moral questions alone that we experience regret and are sorry. This happens every time we realize that we have made a mistake of some sort—injuring another person, making a foolish choice, getting cheated, or feeling cheap in some way, or in suffering loss when we might have done better.

Some of us are inclined to overdo this just as some are inclined to not feel regret strongly enough. Those who suffer from too sensitive a nature in this respect are manifestly unfair to themselves.

As a man grows older he usually gets more mellow and has a broader view of things which may bring regret concerning his earlier conduct. One common regret is the lack of appreciation we have for our parents while they are alive. We do not realize at the time that we are not doing all we can to show our love and appreciation. But after they are taken from us and we cannot possibly make amends we can think up any number of nice things we might have done for them.

A Sticksle
Animals play games like children, says a famous naturalist. Children are purrulent in a game of leapfrog. Farm and Fleadie.

HOW MUCH ARE YOU WORTH?

By DOUGLAS MALLOCH

HOW much are you worth? It is not hard to say. You own that will tell your worth. But what you will do to the lives you touch.

The mark you will leave on earth. You may be worth many miles of land. Yet what is the honest truth? If you never have given a boy a hand, then what are you worth to youth?

How much are you worth?—not in golden sums. The sums that your books reveal. A new dawn breaks, and a new day comes.

And men have a new ideal. You may drink your drink from a silver cup. But what is your fortune then? If you never have lifted a brother up, then what are you worth to meet?

How much are you worth?—not in things you own. But worth in a larger way? Do you stand apart, do you dwell by your home?

Serve only yourself each day? The time will come when your time is through. A time you must lay you down. And men each that for the time to do. Then what were you worth to the town?

Mother's Cook Book

Blessed are they whose furniture is so inexpensive or so shabby that children and dogs are not excluded from its sacred precincts.

GOOD THINGS TO EAT

SOMETIME when ideas are not very plentiful try the following dish for luncheon.

Corn and Tomato Chowder.
Place two cupsful of canned corn one cupful of canned tomatoes, one cupful of diced celery, and one tea spoonful of salt in a cooking kettie with a quart of cold water and simmer gently for one-half hour; in another saucepan, melt two tablespoonfuls of butter, add three tablespoonfuls of flour and cook for a smooth paste. Add one and one-half cupsful of milk, while stirring constantly. When smooth add the vegetable mixture a little at a time and season to taste. Add one-half cupful of grated cheese and one cream pepper finely chopped. Stir until the cheese is melted and serve piping hot.

Pumpkin Pie.
Take three-fourths of a cupful of pumpkin sifted, the same of sugar, one and one-half cupsful of milk and one-half cupful of cream, two eggs, one teaspoonful of ginger, one-half teaspoonful of cinnamon, one-eighth teaspoonful of salt. Beat the yolks of the eggs, add the sugar, salt, milk and spices. Add the pumpkin and cream, fold in the stiffly beaten whites of the eggs and turn into a pastry lined plate. Bake slowly after the first ten minutes to bake the crust.

Alsatian Pancakes.
Make a batter of one-half cupsful of milk, three beaten egg yolks, two teaspoonfuls of sugar, one cupful of flour, one teaspoonful of baking powder and after beating well add another half cupful of milk, the stiffly beaten whites, one-fourth cup of milk to make the batter just right. Grease a frying pan well on the bottom and sides, pour in the batter, so that it reaches all sides. When cooked on the bottom place in a hot oven to brown the top. Dressing with powdered sugar and squeeze over it some lemon juice. Break the puffed center, add more sugar and lemon juice and fold over like an omelet. Cut into three or four strips and serve with coffee as a dessert.

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Dear Editor:
I was a kid, I have always liked to see the wheels go round. I've watched a big factory roll river pits. I've seen tanks, motor cars, plants, match works, golf ball foundries and razor blade clinics. Machines can do most everything. I'm waiting now for a machine to manufacture nails.

Watching a girl manicurist today I was impressed with the number of wasted strokes. At least 90 per cent of her motions, I estimate, were unproductive. What a field for scientific management!

But any man who pays \$1 for being fussed over probably wants those extra flourishes and hand pats. It's a good racket, and those who prefer soap always snip their own with the desk shears.

—FRED BARTON.
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Smiles
GABBY GERTIE

What Does Your Child Want to Know?
Answered by BARBARA BOURJAILL

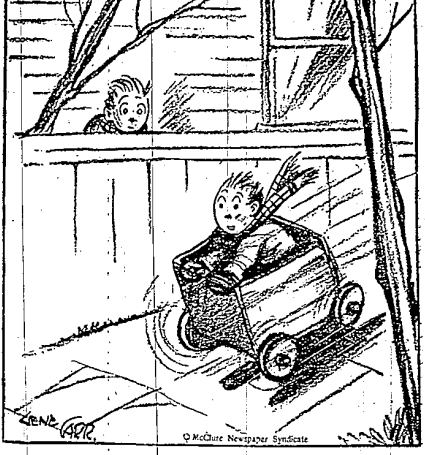


ARE LIGHT OR DARK CLOTHES WARMER?
Dark clothes are warmer, for things hold fast to all the light—And light is warm, as you well know. From "Mooing" day and night.

Big Point Overlooked
The conception that the natural environment of man must be modified if the body is to survive has long been recognized, but the fact that the mind is incomparably more delicate than the body has not as carefully been noticed at all.—E. R. Hodge.

JUST HUMANS

By Gen Carr



"I'D LOVE TO SEE 'Y' LOSE 'Y' LICENSE!"

THE WHY OF SUPERSTITIONS

By H. IRVING KING

HUNCHBACKS

THE hunchback superstition is especially prevalent in Europe and America, especially among those with a liking for "taking chances." Touch a hunchback and you can "play the market" or "back the tiger," assured of success. Anyone who has visited Monte Carlo, or a race track when horse racing was in flower in New York state, can give you information on this point. When Paris went crazy over Jew's Mississippi Scheme a hunchback amassed a comfortable fortune by allowing speculators to use his back as a writing desk on which to make out their applications for stock.

But the curators of yesterday and today did not invent the hunchback superstition. They inherited it from the days when the mysteries of the Egyptian god Bes were celebrated by the Nile. Large numbers of the statues of the hunchback god are in existence and the modern "Gobbo," so popular as a charm in southern Europe, is but a copy of these ancient statues of Bes. Bes was a malignant god and was generally represented with horns when Horus applied death.

Wearing an image of Bes as a charm, or touching a human being made in his likeness is but an idea resting on the principle of the old saying, "Always take your hat off to the devil." By the charm, or the touch, you proclaim yourself one of Bes' favorites; his malignity is disarmed and he gives you his aid in return for your devotion. The hunchback superstition then is a survival of the cult of Bes; a modified form of devil worship; an attempt to propitiate and to control one's own fate, the powers of evil by a display of allegiance.

How It Started
By JEAN NEWTON

CALLING IT "CLARET"

IT IS true that claret is the name of a red Bordeaux wine, that it is frequently applied to other red wines and that no wine that is not red could be called claret. Yet the popular assumption that there is some connection between the name "Claret" and the color of the wine is incorrect.

Superstitious
SUE



She Has Heard Brother Bill Say That—
If a baseball team lumps a load of barrels on the way to the game—oh Jimmy Jump! Jinx—they haven't a Chinaman's chance to win.

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