

Why Boys Leave Home

JOE ARCHIBALD



Mother's Cook Book

When we cultivate the power of focusing all our force on any single act, we cultivate also the power of throwing our whole mind on one subject to stabilize. The power to concentrate is the attribute of genius. Thus we can forget worry, grief, discouragement in happy work.

GOOD THINGS FOR THE TABLE

Ripe Cucumber Relish.
Peel and grate a large ripe cucumber, remove the seeds and squeeze all the liquid from the pulp by pressing through a sieve. Add good vinegar to make the same consistency, a small grated onion, and salt, cayenne and two to three tablespoons of finely chopped red pepper. Bottle cold and seal. This will keep for months in a cool place.

Ripe Cucumber Pickles.
Cut ripe cucumbers into halves lengthwise. Cover with salted water and heat gradually, then let stand an hour or two. Remove and chill in ice water. Prepare the cucumbers as above, by peeling and placing all seeds. Make a sirup by boiling two cups of sugar, one pint of vinegar, two tablespoons of whole cloves and the same of stick cinnamon, tied in a cloth. Add the cucumbers and cook ten minutes, remove to a jar and pour over them the boiling sirup. Boil the sirup three mornings and pour over the pickles, then cover and put away for winter use.

Lemon Mincemeat.
Scald, drain and chop one cupful of raisins. Mix with them one cupful of chopped apples, one-half cupful of chopped nuts, one-fourth cupful of candied orange peel or orange marmalade, one-half cupful of lemon juice, two cupfuls of sugar, one-half teaspoonful of salt, two teaspoonfuls of cinnamon and one teaspoonful each of cloves and ginger. This makes two medium-sized pies. When making pies add a tablespoonful of butter to each pie, more if liked richer.

Nellie Maxwell
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NUTTY NATURAL HISTORY
BY HUOH HUTTON

THE NEBRASKA NOIMP

THE noimp, or bob-eared rabbit, has been nearly exterminated by the farmers of the sandhill region in the West, but at one time it was so plentiful that crops were wiped out season after season, and the ensuing hard times gave birth to a new political party. It is a fast-burrowing rodent, and can undermine a whole sandhill



In a few hours clear down to bedrock. The weight of a cultivator on the field will cause it to cave in. When down there, the farmer can usually find the noimp and hit it with the cultivator, but by then it's too late to do much about it.
A half-shill walnut does for the body of the noimp, with a fibert head attached on front. Ears are popcorn and feet are split-peanut kernels with claws attached to the front ones for claws. The tail is also a claw.
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FIFTY YEARS FROM NOW

By Douglas Malloch

SOME fifty years from now some kin of yours,
For so it is that thing called kin
Some child unborn, with both your
blood and name,
Will come along this very street you
came.
And trace your footsteps with the
kindly thought
That kindred have, aye, if they meet
or not.
And when youth comes to some old
neighbor's door
I wonder what we'll be remembered
for?
There will be some one left who saw
us pass
To tell late to eager land and lass:
Will men remember kindness, or recall
Our money and our little hates is all?
Men may misjudge us now, misun-
derstand us
But time is like a sieve, and sifts
life's sand.
The great things shall remain, if
good or bad;
What shall they learn about us, lass
and lad?
If little matters, I wonder how
The world will like us fifty years
from now?
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Why We Do What We Do
by M. K. THOMSON, Ph. D.

WHY ACTIONS SPEAK LOUDER THAN WORDS

"WHAT you do speaks so loudly that I can't hear what you say," is one of the most familiar of Emerson's phrases.
"We rightly judge a man by his acts rather than by his words. It is easier to lie with the tongue than it is with the muscles. Many a well oiled lie has fattened because of the truth-telling muscles, some unconscious gesture, a glance, a sip has ruined a perfect alibi."
Presumably we have speech for the purpose of conveying ideas, but frequently speech is the most convenient means of concealing ideas, of giving false impressions.
Character expresses itself more fundamentally through conduct than it does through speech. Acts are expressed through a physical mechanism which has habitual modes of reaction that cannot be changed quickly and in some cases cannot be changed at all. Hence the tongue has as much handi-caps. Given the incentive and the purpose, the tongue may wag in any direction desired.
Actions speak so much louder than words that the modern man has very little confidence in speech. He prefers action. There was a time when men showed their piety by lengthy discourses of their religious experiences. In recent times the men have grown skeptical of the fellow with loud professions and little deeds.
Actions speak louder than words because they are more fundamental. They run deeper. They are harder to change and harder to detect. They are disinterested parties. They have no motive for appearing in any other than their true light.
The tongue no man can tame. We are suspicious of all tongues. We have greater confidence in the language of acts.
Actions speak louder than words because they are more readily. It takes greater skill to be a great actor than it does to be a great liar.
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SUPERSTITIOUS SUE



THE HAD HEARD THAT—
If you should happen to find a piece of coal in the street, for Pete's sake, girlie, pick it up and cherish it for it is lucky mascot. That's a hot one, isn't it?
(© by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)
Smiles at Faze Valise
Smiles pay bigger dividends than sneezes, and sneezes have no value in any market.—American Magazine.

The SANDMAN STORY

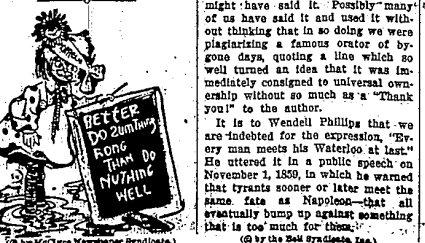
ABOUT THE GOLDENROD

THE goldenrods were nodding their pretty bright heads.
"We are like the sun," they said, "pretty and bright and yellow."
Near them stood some weeds which were also pretty, but, of course, they were not considered flowers.
"If we were in a garden or were hard to grow they would call us handsome," said the weeds.
"We're not in a garden," said the goldenrod, "and many people like us. Of course there are others," continued the goldenrod, shaking their heads quite hard, "who don't like anything unless it costs money—hard, cold money."
"Just as though money would make us grow!"
"They could pour those things they call pennies and nickels and dimes—"
"And even quarters, all over us, and do you suppose we'd grow then?"
"They could plant all around our roots and it wouldn't make a scrap of difference."
"That shows how much we care for money and the people who only like flowers that cost a great deal."
"You have almost as much sense as though you were weeds," said the weeds.
"We're very near to the weeds," said the goldenrods, "for we are called wild flowers."
"We need sun, rain, summer weather to make us grow."
"And aren't they far finer than pennies and nickels and dimes? But it does annoy us to hear people say that they like flowers only of the flower shops when here we are in the fields and meadows and have really a finer home than the rich flowers."
"We're golden, golden, goldenrods. And we grow all over the land. We're bright and strong and sturdy and we have our own meadow land."
The wind always whistles our little tune. The woodpeckers drum, drum, drum, and the air always carries our song for us. As we gaily, cheerfully hum. The bumblebees buzz in the chorus. The flowers wave the time in the breeze. And the song is caught up in the branches. And sung by all of the trees. For the meadow band you surely have heard. In the sunny summer time. Just here next time you're out-of-doors. And maybe you'll, too, hear our drum.
We're the golden, golden, goldenrods. The flowers of the whole country."
(Copyright.)

THE WHY of SUPERSTITIONS
By H. IRVING KING

OWLS

AN OWL'S hooting at night is so because they are more fundamental. They run deeper. They are harder to change and harder to detect. They are disinterested parties. They have no motive for appearing in any other than their true light.
The owl, it is true, in the classic period, was assigned as the night to Minerva, the goddess of wisdom, because the creature has a wise look. But it never lost its sinister significance for the proletariat: which is not to be wondered at when we consider that, in addition to his uncanny appearance and doleful hoot he is a carnivorous bird of prey, and that small birds and squirrels instinctively attack him when he is caught dozing in the woods.
The American Indian stops where he is and covers his head in fright when he hears an owl hoot in India but upon which the night is fore down the Australians of native race say that "smells death," visits the neighborhood of the dying and is an agent of the Spirit of Evil. In Europe and America an owl hooting near a farmhouse casts a warning of death or disaster into the souls of its inhabitants. And all this because of the impression the owl's appearance, habits and doleful cry made and make upon the primitive mind. He looks, acts and cries ominously, therefore he presages disaster.
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Sally O'Neil



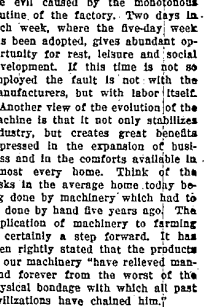
A Columbia picture star. Before she reached the silver screen she was Miss Noonan of Bayonne, N. J. With her sister, Molly O'Neil, she is now making personal appearances in the East with the first talking "Sisters" picture to reach the screen.

For Meditation
By LEONARD A. BARRETT

MACHINERY

MUCH has been said lately regarding the demoralizing effect of machinery upon labor. It has been argued that the man in the shop is gradually developing into a mere automaton. In place of skilled labor which demands both experience and reasoning ability, the modern factory calls for a less efficient type of workman whose only task seems to be confined to doing one thing only during the entire working day. The task may be driving a river, turning a screw, any one of the thousand different operations necessary to turning out the finished product from our factories.
It also has been argued, and perhaps rightly so, that the tendency of our machine civilization is destructive to mental and cultural development. The criticism is that it discourages the initiative and creative spirit.
As an alternative many manufacturers are giving their employees more time for leisure than they were accustomed to a decade ago. If this leisure is properly employed, it should have a tendency to overcome the evil caused by the monotonous routine of the factory. Two days in each week, though the five-day week has been adopted, gives abundant opportunity for rest, leisure and social development. If this time is not so employed the fault is not with the manufacturers, but with labor itself.
Another view of the evolution of the machine is that it is only stabilizing industry, but creates great benefits expressed in the expansion of business and in the comforts available in almost every home. Think of the tasks in the average home today being done by machinery which had to be done by hand five years ago. The application of machinery to farming is certainly a step forward. It has been rightly stated that the products of our machinery "have relieved mankind forever from the worst of the physical bondage with which all past civilizations have chained him."
Machinery is not enslaving mankind; rather it is liberating the race, making it possible for more time to be devoted to the development of the cultural and intellectual values in life. Machinery is made possible through the creative genius that is scientific mind. It is an asset rather than a liability. Our age of machinery is not enslaving mankind, it is setting him free.
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SMILES
GABBY GERTIE



"A girl always knows the car has come to a dead stop when her escort, talks about the moon with both hands on the wheel."
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How It Started
By JEAN NEWTON

"EVERY MAN MEETS HIS WATERLOO AT LAST"

HERE is a quotation which sounds as though almost any one of us might have said it. Possibly many of us have said it and need it without thinking that in so doing we were plagiarizing a famous orator of by-gone days, quoting a line which so well turned an idea that it was immediately considered a universal ownership without so much as a "Thank you!" to the author.
It is to Wendell Phillips that we are indebted for the expression, "Every man meets his Waterloo at last." He uttered it in a public speech on November 1, 1859, in which he warned that tyrants sooner or later meet the same fate as Napoleon—that all eventually bump up against something that is too much for them.
"I'm in trouble, with most automobile drivers, I've decided, is, they never owned a horse. A decent man has some consideration for his mount."
There goes a car labeled "My fourth bus." Clash those gears, some more like that, young fellow, and you'll never lift one leg long.
"An old-timer tells me, 'As long as my car runs, I never do anything with it. If I start looking, I'd find something wrong.'"
"When I consider the jolts, and ruts, and broken glass and weather a car comes us through, I wonder that we aren't more grateful. I made a New Year's resolution to 'give the car plenty of oil and grease and paint.'"
Fred Bartos.
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Dear Editor: