

David Rollins



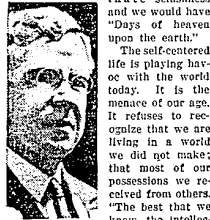
School dramas in his earlier days were responsible in a measure for handsome David Rollins being a screen actor.

For Meditation

By LEONARD A. BARRETT

THE MENACE OF OUR AGE

DEATH is the result of breaking contact with the divine. When it is cut down the tree dies.



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An Elevator Girl

By RUBY DOUGLAS

THIS girl is employed because she is courteous, helpful and intelligent. Anything she can do to assist you she will gladly do.

Ever since the automobile accident in which her brother had been so badly injured that he was still unable to work, Mary had been wondering what sort of employment she could get to help support her widowed mother's large income in caring for the big family of children.

It was the busy season and Mary found no difficulty in getting a position. Inside of a few days she was dressed in the becoming gray uniform of the shop employe and was doing duty in the easily running elevator.

Mary tried to live up to the sign. She was always helpful and she used her intelligence. Even when the crowd was crowded and fussed and complained, she always tried to retain her courteous manner.

One Saturday afternoon she had an experience that proved her kindness and good nature.

The elevator was half full and at the rear stood a tall, pale man with a child in his arms. The child might have been two or three years old.

"That child should be at home with its mother instead of making every one in the store uncomfortable," the woman said loudly and rudely.

"My rest hour comes in a few minutes. Won't you let me take your errands?" she asked.

The man's face lighted up. "Oh, you are too kind," he said.

But Mary, accustomed to children, insisted, and it was not long before she had the little girl sitting comfortably in the restroom looking at a book.

During her rest hour Mary had an inspiration. "Why not let my mother take care of the child for awhile?"

She worked out the idea in her mind and presented it to the man.

"I don't like to be separated from my child," he said.

"No," said Mary, "of course not." "It should say, 'This girl is employed because she is beautiful, lovable and wonderful.'"

"I know it seems very soon for me to tell you I love you," said Tom.

A "dead language" is one which is no longer used as a means of communication by any people.

WORLD OF FRIENDS

By DOUGLAS MALLOCH

I HAVE a friend who has a friend, another friend of his, for that's the way it is with friends—how wonderful it is!

If I should meet that other man I'd pass without a sign. Although, if he's a friend of his, then he's a friend of mine.

I'm sure of this, I shouldn't hate, I mustn't if I can. For he may be a friend of friends of mine, that other man.

Through a Woman's Eyes by Jean Newton

ON SISTERS CUTTING EACH OTHER UP OVER A MAN

DOWN in Mexico City two sisters and a brother died over a man.

Their names are Dominga and Angela Ayala and they literally fought a duel with knives, wounding each other so severely that they had to be taken to a hospital, where they are lying in adjoining beds.

But to get back to the story; the duel followed a party at the home of Angela's sweetheart, whom Dominga also loved.

"It's a good thing I've come. You might all have collapsed from indignation if I hadn't come just in time."

"Squel, squeal, what does he mean?" asked Sammy Sausage.

"Grunt, grunt, what does he mean?" asked Brother Bacon.

"Squel, squeal, what does he mean?" asked Sir Percival Pork.

"Grunt, grunt, what does he mean?" asked Plinky Pig.

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GRUNTER, THE PIG

"WELCOME, welcome, the pigs welcome you, squeal, squeal, grunt, grunt."

A new pig had come to the Pig Pen, and all the pigs were grunting and squealing.

The new pig's name was Grunter. He was not a baby pig, nor was he a grown-up pig. He was an in-between pig.

He had a little twisted tail and short bristles, pink-white hair and pink eyes and a very rough way of looking out of the sides of his eyes.

His snout showed that he belonged to the pig family. It was the same snout that runs through the whole family.

"Grunt, grunt," said Grunter. "I'm glad to see you, too. In fact I look as though he fed you well. It's a good thing I've come. You might all have collapsed from indignation if I hadn't come just in time."

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Blessed Collar Button

By CLARISSA MACKIE

DANIEL MARSH was dressing to go out for the evening. He hadn't quite decided whether he would go to a theater or to one of the smart hotels where he could dine in more or less state, and then remain for dancing.

"Blazes!" he exclaimed wrathfully, when a collar button eluded him in the traditional manner and landed with a tinkle near the steam radiator.

"Now for the collar button," said Dan remorselessly, and stepping back felt something under his foot. It was the collar button, squashed flat.

"Oh, you needn't worry about me," said Grunter. "I have a good digestion."

"Oh, you must not take chances with it. Any dig your digestion may go back on you, and if you ate too much it would be taking chances," said Grandfather Porky.

"You're welcome," said all the pigs. "You're very welcome to our mud, our society, our grunts and our squeals, but not to our food, grunt, squeal, squeal, not to our food!"

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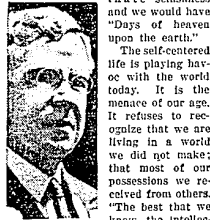
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THE WHY OF SUPERSTITIONS

By H. IRVING KING

PEACOCK'S FEATHERS

AMONG the superstitious peacock's feathers have a bad reputation. In England and the United States it is a common belief that to keep them portends disastrous events; and that if there are daughters in the family the girls will never be married as long as the ill-omened feathers are a part of the household furnishings.

These superstitions are survivals from the ancient cult of Juno to whom the Romans represented the goddess in many of their paintings and sculptures made for protective purposes.

Elworthy says with regard to the superstition that peacock feathers bring bad luck, that Juno's anger is excited in some way by the plucking of the feathers of her favorite bird; while the idea that so long as they are kept in the house no suitor will come for the daughters points to the old attribute of spite and jealousy in love or water under discussion; yet how many of us, offhand, would be able to say that it was an allusion to the River Nile?

It is in tribute to this largesse of the night Nile that Stevens christened it "The All-fathering River."

Old Chinese Burial Custom Mirrors were frequently buried with the dead in ancient China.

SMILES

GABBY GERTIE



How It Started

By JEAN NEWTON

WHY IS IT "THE ALL-FATHERING RIVER?"

ALMOST every one of us has heard a reference to the famous bird to die to time to time.

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