

## JUST HUMANS

By Gene Carr



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"DON'T BE A SILL, MINDIN' KIDS!"  
"WHATCHA GOIN' TEE WHEN YER HAVE A FLOCK OF Y'OWN?"

Why We Do  
What We Do

by M. K. THOMSON, F. D.

WHY WE FALL FOR  
FLATTERY

**T**HIS story of the fox and the crow is one of the best known of Aesop's fables. A crow, having stolen a bit of meat, the fox spoke to the crow thus: "How handsome you are! And I have heard that the beauty of your voice is equal to that of your form and feathers. Will you not sing for me, so that I may judge whether this is true?" The crow was so pleased that she left her nest to sing, and dropped the meat, which the fox immediately ate.

From ancient times it has been known how human beings fall for flattery. This trait has been the subject of much satire. Now and then we find a person who flatters himself into the belief that he is not subject to flattery. It is very doubtful if any normal human being is entirely immune to flattery. It is all in the way the dish is served.

Flattery comes from a desire to gain one's opinion or affection. We cherish will be that much more effective for the simple reason that we like to believe the statement is true even when we know just it is false and mere flattery.

We like flattery for the same reason that we hate to be scolded or have our faults spread abroad. It is quite significant that we speak of a concealed person as having a swelled head or as "swelling with pride." This is a natural and explicable. They "blow up" the foolish "flatter" as the opposite "takes the wind out of one's sails" and the eye-glosses like a toy balloon with a hole in it.

We fall for flattery because of innate conceit, because we like to hear nice things about ourselves, because we are too eager to believe good things concerning our own personalty, because we are self-centered, and being social animals we like to get the praise of our fellow men.

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SUPERSTICIOUS  
SUEThrough a  
Woman's Eyes

by Jean Newton

## HUBBY'S GOOD POINTS

**A** PSYCHOLOGIST, speaking on that important matter of getting along with people, says that we should "bring out each other's centers of attraction and not harp on the areas of repulsion."

That is so true that it's worth reducing to plain language, and it applies to all of us. Do you realize how the hot centers of attraction and areas of repulsion—the things we like about them and the things we don't—usually the things we have in common with them and those in which we are not sympathetic; in other words, perhaps these matters on which they agree with us and those on which they do not?

Now, if there are sufficient "centers of attraction" to make us like them, then we want to get along with them—husbands, wives, and friends. The way to get along with them is to bring out their "good points" so as to speak.

What the psychologist means by bringing out centers of attraction and not harping on areas of repulsion is just this: If you marry a man who shares your taste for books, but has a positive aversion to music, make the most of your common interest, but don't drag him to highbrow concerts. If your husband is a perfect lamb except at the card table, where slight pique may drive him into a violent temper, it would be wise to let him be an expert and could not possibly give him cause for irritation to avoid being his partner at bridge. If he is the kind of man who can't be a passenger in an automobile without seeing faults in every move the driver makes, particularly if that driver is his wife and the car is his own, a wise woman would do her driving when he is not in the car.

It is also important to realize that this advice is merely afflicting the obvious; that all that I have mentioned is only common sense and the situations such that only a fool would take the course which is sure to make trouble for herself—then I call upon the thousands of women who constantly find themselves doing just that to stand up and defend me! There seems to be an evil jinx that leads many wives to deliberately creating situations that will bring out the worst side of their husbands. However, the psychologist calls this "areas of repulsion" that emphasize the differences in their tastes or viewpoints or dispositions, so causing friction there might be harmony and creating reefs and shallows for their marriage ship.

## Dear Editor:

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**SHE HAS HEARD THAT**  
If by chance one of those queer-shaped insects called the "Praying Mantis" should alight on you for goodness sake! Sheba, don't! Holler and throw a fit—or it is a sign that great good fortune will soon attend you.

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Written by German

The lines: "Though the mills, or God's grid slowly; yet they grid exceedingly small; though with patience He stands waiting, with exactness grinds He all" are from "Patricia" by Friedrich von Logan.

THE GREAT BIG  
MAN

By DOUGLAS MALLOCH

**WE TALK** about the great big things: The great big piles of gold, The great big men, financial kings, The great big jobs they hold. Well, we've seen some great big men.

But when I came to call, The big men weren't talking then.

The great big things at all.

The man who had the great big mill That had the great big trade, I found, my boy, was making still The little things he made; And men who made the big machines To stand the great big test!

Were spending time and spending means

To make each part the best.

The man who looks for great big things,

Just has great big things to do.

To no endeavor ever brings

The thing that puts it through.

The man who nothing leaves to guess.

Who every part will scan,

Will make the great, the big success.

For he's a great big man.

(© 1929, Douglas Malloch.)

The  
SANDMAN  
STORY

## ABOUT THE CHICKS

**I**T HAS been several weeks that Mother Hen had been waiting patiently for the little chicks to hatch.

It was a long, long wait, but Mother Hen was patient. At last they began to come forth.

Their little heads came first and they broke away from their shells.

Some might have thought they did it very quickly, but Mother Hen thought they were a trifle slow. She was so eager to see her darlings.

In no time at all they were able to run about and play and follow their dear, devoted Mother Hen about the barnyard.

They were so soft with their downy yellow feathers and their little heads

they broke away from their shells.

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