

JUST HUMANS

By Gene Carr



"DON'T BE A BILL, MINDIN' KIDS!"
"WHATCHA GOIN' TO WHEN YER HAVE A FLOCK OF 'OWNS?"

Why We Do What We Do

by M. E. THOMSON, Ph. D.

WHY WE FALL FOR FLATTERY

THE 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, thus so pleased that she opened her mouth to sing and dropped the meat, which the fox immediately ate.

From ancient times it was 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 coming from a superior or from one whose 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 that 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 conceited person as having a swelled head or of "swelling with pride." Pride and flattery are inseparable. They "blow up" the individual just as the opposite "takes the wind out of one's sails" and the egotist pines 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 only too eager to believe good things concerning our own personality, because we are self-centered, and being social animals we like to get the praise of our fellows.

(By McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

SUPERSTITIOUS SUE



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

(By McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Written by German

The lines: "Though the mills of the Gods grind slowly; yet they grind exceedingly small; though with patience He stands waiting, with exactness grinds He all" are from "The Button" by Friedrich von Logau.

THE GREAT BIG MAN

By DOUGLAS MALLOCH

WE TALK about the great big things:
The great big pile of gold,
The great big men, financial kings,
The great big jobs they hold.
Well, son, I'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 speeding
Means.

To make each part the best.

The man who looks for great big things,
Just 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.

(R. 1929, Douglas Malloch.)

Mother's Cook Book

Being a parent used to be one of the most simple, natural and inevitable developments in the world. But nowadays, one has no business to be married, unless sleeping and waking is conscious of the responsibility. Abraham Fleener.

THE SCHOOL LUNCH BOX

FOR many weeks in the year some mothers find the lunch box for the children is an added burden. The morning duties, milk and sandwiches are the usual wholesome contents of the child's lunch box. But sandwiches may become very monotonous, if the fillings and breads are not varied.

Dried fruits offer a change from routine fillings and they combine well with peanut butter, cream cheese and cottage cheese and the sandwiches keep fresh and moist longer than those with dried fillings.

The special sandwich loaf is a convenience, as all the slices are the same size. In using the home made loaf, care must be taken to put together adjacent slices or they will not fit. All bread should be at least twenty-four hours old to cut easily. Many like to spread the butter on the loaf, then cut. Whole wheat bread, bran and steamed brown breads combine well with dates, raisins and figs in the filling.

Have a bowl of softened butter, that is, butter which has been allowed to stand in a warm room to soften, or which has been creamed. If the rounding loaf of home made bread is used, spread the loaf with the butter, and the next slice with the filling. It is far better to leave the crusty crust given children as they need both the browned crusty edges because of their wholesomeness and it promotes the chewing habit which is so vital to healthy teeth and gums as well as good digestion. The following are a few fillings using the date which will be found most agreeable to the children:

Date and Cheese Sandwiches.
Take one-pound loaf of bread which will cut into twenty-four slices. Use one cream cheese or half cupful of cottage cheese. To the cream cheese add one to two tablespoons of oil. Cut twenty-four dates into quarters lengthwise, spread one slice of bread with softened butter and the next with cheese. Into the cheese press four of the quarters of dates, cover with the buttered slice.

Cream cheese with candied or maraschino cherries in the same amount as the dates, makes a very tasty sandwich.

Nellie Maxwell
(R. 1929, Western Newspaper Union.)

What Does Your Child Want to Know?

Answered by BARBARA BOURJAILY



CAN WATER MELT A ROCK?
Pure water could not melt a rock. But certain gases in it—Carbonic acid, and the like—Could melt one in a minute.
(Copyright.)

The SANDMAN STORY

ABOUT THE CHICKS

IT HAD been several weeks that Mother Hen had been waiting patiently for the little chicks to hatch. It had seemed a 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 bodies.



Mother Hen Had Every Reason to Be Proud.

For many weeks in the year some mothers find the lunch box for the children is an added burden.

There were twelve little chicks in all, twelve darling little babies, and Mother Hen was very proud, as well she might have been.

She had every reason to be proud. How the little chicks did look to her for help and protection though they were learning to help themselves, too.

But Mother Hen was the one who cared for them. She scratched the earth for seeds, she looked for little goodies for her darling wee yellow chicks.

"Peep, peep, peep," said the first little yellow chick, "Mother Hen is looking after me."

"Peep, peep, peep," said the second little yellow chick, "Mother Hen is looking after me."

"Peep, peep, peep," said the third little yellow chick, "Mother Hen is looking after me."

"Peep, peep, peep," said the fourth little yellow chick, "Mother Hen is looking after me."

"Peep, peep, peep," said the fifth little yellow chick, "Mother Hen is looking after me."

"Peep, peep, peep," said the sixth little yellow chick, "Mother Hen is looking after me."

"Peep, peep, peep," said the seventh little yellow chick, "Mother Hen is looking after me."

"Peep, peep, peep," said the eighth little yellow chick, "Mother Hen is looking after me."

"Peep, peep, peep," said the ninth little yellow chick, "Mother Hen is looking after me."

"Peep, peep, peep," said the tenth little yellow chick, "Mother Hen is looking after me."

"Peep, peep, peep," said the eleventh little yellow chick, "Mother Hen is looking after me."

"Peep, peep, peep," said the twelfth little yellow chick, "Mother Hen is looking after me."

"Peep, peep, peep," said the thirteenth little yellow chick, "Mother Hen is looking after me."

"Peep, peep, peep," said the fourteenth little yellow chick, "Mother Hen is looking after me."

"Peep, peep, peep," said the fifteenth little yellow chick, "Mother Hen is looking after me."

"Peep, peep, peep," said the sixteenth little yellow chick, "Mother Hen is looking after me."

"Peep, peep, peep," said the seventeenth little yellow chick, "Mother Hen is looking after me."

"Peep, peep, peep," said the eighteenth little yellow chick, "Mother Hen is looking after me."

"Peep, peep, peep," said the nineteenth little yellow chick, "Mother Hen is looking after me."

"Peep, peep, peep," said the twentieth little yellow chick, "Mother Hen is looking after me."

"Peep, peep, peep," said the twenty-first little yellow chick, "Mother Hen is looking after me."

"Peep, peep, peep," said the twenty-second little yellow chick, "Mother Hen is looking after me."

"Peep, peep, peep," said the twenty-third little yellow chick, "Mother Hen is looking after me."

"Peep, peep, peep," said the twenty-fourth little yellow chick, "Mother Hen is looking after me."

"Peep, peep, peep," said the twenty-fifth little yellow chick, "Mother Hen is looking after me."

"Peep, peep, peep," said the twenty-sixth little yellow chick, "Mother Hen is looking after me."

"Peep, peep, peep," said the twenty-seventh little yellow chick, "Mother Hen is looking after me."

"Peep, peep, peep," said the twenty-eighth little yellow chick, "Mother Hen is looking after me."

"Peep, peep, peep," said the twenty-ninth little yellow chick, "Mother Hen is looking after me."

"Peep, peep, peep," said the thirtieth little yellow chick, "Mother Hen is looking after me."

"Peep, peep, peep," said the thirty-first little yellow chick, "Mother Hen is looking after me."

"Peep, peep, peep," said the thirty-second little yellow chick, "Mother Hen is looking after me."

"Peep, peep, peep," said the thirty-third little yellow chick, "Mother Hen is looking after me."

"Peep, peep, peep," said the thirty-fourth little yellow chick, "Mother Hen is looking after me."

"Peep, peep, peep," said the thirty-fifth little yellow chick, "Mother Hen is looking after me."

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"Peep, peep, peep," said the thirty-seventh little yellow chick, "Mother Hen is looking after me."

"Peep, peep, peep," said the thirty-eighth little yellow chick, "Mother Hen is looking after me."

"Peep, peep, peep," said the thirty-ninth little yellow chick, "Mother Hen is looking after me."

"Peep, peep, peep," said the fortieth little yellow chick, "Mother Hen is looking after me."

Louise Dresser



Louise Dresser (in private life, Mrs. Jack Gardiner), is a woman who has allowed herself to mature gracefully, and the world pays homage to her loveliness. She is featured in the Movietone, "The Black Diamond." The Gardiners live in their charming home in Glendale, Calif.; she is a regular home woman; gossips over the back fence; has a wonderful garden, growing vegetables and flowers. She is a great lover of pets.

For Meditation

By LEONARD A. BARRETT

THE GOLDEN RULE

CONFUCIUS, by his teachings endeavored to assure peace and prosperity to the empire of China. He proclaimed a golden rule which was, "Whatsoever you do not wish done to you, do it not to another." If you do not want to be robbed, do not steal. If you do not want to be murdered, do not kill. In other words, let everybody alone and they will let you alone.



L. A. Barrett, as the most important principle of life.

Any theory of life that is to stand the test of time and bring ultimate peace and prosperity must be positive and not negative in character. We have such a philosophy of life taught by the World's Greatest Teacher whose golden rule was just the opposite of the one by Confucius. "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them." If you wish to receive kindness, express kindness to others. "Give to the world the best you have and the best will come back to you."

A rule of life applicable to individuals is likewise applicable to communities and to nations. In our international relations for many years we have been struggling for peace. We fought the greatest war in modern times thinking we would win it, but we discover that we do not possess it. It is experiences encountered in this struggle have taught us some lessons. Certainly we discovered that peace cannot be obtained by any rule, or contract which eliminates human relations. A negative attitude toward life will never assure peace. "Do not fire at an enemy if you do not wish to be fired upon," will never bring peace. We have been endeavoring to have peace by spending large sums upon armies and navies with no definite result. Why not try a theory of life which was advocated by the world's greatest teacher? Why not emphasize in our international attitude the same spirit we wish expressed toward ourselves? Suppose we spend less upon preparations for war and more upon methods that will bring about a feeling of good will. Why not substitute for a negative attitude a constructive program that will remove suspicion and stimulate mutual trust, confidence and dependence? If half the money spent upon armaments had been spent upon creating good will we would have had an international peace long ago.

(R. 1929, Western Newspaper Union.)



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THE WHY OF SUPERSTITIONS

By H. IRVING KING

FOWLS AND SNAKE BITES

IN MANY parts of the country the flesh of a fowl is regarded as a sure cure for snake-bite. In fact, the superstition is rather general. There are sections also where the same "folk-medicine" is recommended for rheumatism, stings, scarlet fever and diphtheria.

There are several variations of the superstition: In some sections it is insisted that the application made should be the raw and bleeding flesh of a fowl which has been stunned and is still alive while in others it is sufficient that the fowl be newly killed. This superstition should read "a cock" instead of a "fowl" and there are places where they still say that a cock should be used in case of a man and a hen in case of a woman is to be cured.

The origin of the superstition is easily seen in the relation which the cock bore in Greek mythology to Aesculapius, the god of medicine and the son of Apollo, the sun-god. The cock's connection with the sun, whose first beams he haunts with his crowing, made him a particularly acceptable and appropriate offering to Apollo's son.

"Sacrifice a cock to Aesculapius" were the last words of Socrates. Though the ages have broadened the superstition a little so that we no longer are particular as to the sex of the fowl sacrificed, yet when we attempt to cure disease or snake-bite by the application of the flesh of a newly killed fowl we are, in effect, sacrificing a cock to Aesculapius in the hope that the old Greek god will accept the sacrifice and give relief.

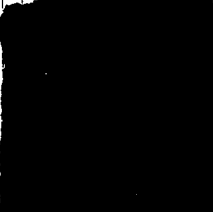
(R. 1929, McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

One Idea From Hoop Skirts

One can hardly see any connection between hoop skirts and the electrical industry, but one may be traced, strongly enough, which took place in the early days of the electrical development. The first cables were not covered satisfactorily till Walter Z. Brown, an Englishman who braided hoops with cotton, had an inspiration. Crinolines were going out and his business. So he used machinery for insulating copper with cotton braid, and he soon came to regret the passing of crinolines.

SMILES

GABBY GERTIE



(By McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)