

JUST HUMANS

By Gene Carr



"YOUR HUSBAND, MRS. GIBBS, IS HE DOING ANYTHING YET?"
"OH, YES, MISS—SIX MONTHS!"

SINCE FRIENDS ARE HARD TO FIND

By DOUGLAS MALLOCH

SINCE friends, good friends, are hard to find. Why should I be to friends unkind? I guard my gold with so much care, And put it here, and lock it there. Yet thoughtless do, or thoughtless am, And lose a friend along life's way. Although a friendship I should hold Surely as rich a thing as gold.

Since friends, good friends, are good to know. I wonder I neglect them so. I watch my garden for each weed. Yet friends, not roses, are my need. However beautiful the flower, I won't bring me in my final hour. To lay upon my breast or brow, My need is friends and friendship now.

Since friends, good friends, are much to me. I wonder that I do not see That other men need friendship—why I pass the lonely stranger by— Why I who cry have none to know. Ever let sorrow grieve alone— Why to all men I am not kind— Since friends, good friends, are hard to find.

(Ed. 1929. By Douglas Malloch)

Through a Woman's Eyes

By Jean Newton

ANOTHER LINDBERGH

Why We Do What We Do

By M. E. THOMSON, Ph. D.

WHY WOMEN DRESS

"WHAT do you think of the boy who stowed away in the French plane. Wasn't it wonderful?"

No, I don't think it was wonderful. And if our correspondent had been one of those Frenchmen who measured the gasoline upon which their lives depended in drops and ounces I think she, too, would not be so enthusiastic about the boy who admitted that he knew the danger of his extra weight, to the success of the expedition, hid in the tail of the plane which recently crossed the Atlantic.

Nervy the boy was—even brave, we must admit. But it was not bravery, of a very constructive kind, nor was it motivated by a constructive purpose. The world's heart, of course, goes out to nerve and bravery, and one is touched by the boy's move to his parents in which he said, "I should be able to do more for you after this."

But even the desire to benefit his parents by the fame and fortune accruing from vaudeville engagements resulting from "getting away with the stow-away" is hardly excusable. It is hardly excusable the boy's selfishness and his lack of consideration of those men who were risking their all on the success of the flight which they had worked hard to bring to a successful conclusion, those other men who had cut down even their food to a minimum to conserve the weight-carrying capacity of the plane, and whose lives as well as whose success in a constructive endeavor he was endangering by his exploit.

Those other men had not only nerve and courage, they had an ideal. They had worked for months to prepare for the event of their lives. They were giving of themselves to accomplish a transatlantic flight. In contrast, the young man who gave nothing but added risk, who took a chance on achieving this glorious feat and then came along there expending his nerve—no, while he seems courageous he hardly seems "wonderful" to me.

Incidentally it is interesting to me reports of his reference to the successful flyers as "we," and to speak of himself as another Lindbergh! Funny that, but not so "wonderful."

(Ed. by M. E. Thomson, Ph. D.)

WHY women dress is a mooted question. Some would-be authorities claim that women dress to please the men. Others say that women dress to make other women envious.

Probably there is some truth in each of these explanations but they do not tell the whole story. Women are a little differently sensitized to the opinions of other people. They have the curious combination of being more sensitive than men in some respects and less in others. They are more eager to be admired and yet they are less disturbed by criticism.

Consider what tortures a man will endure before he will get up and leave in the midst of a public performance where people are likely to be disturbed. A woman has no such fear. Note also a difference in their attitude when late to church or a recital. The man will slink into the back seat and try to appear inconspicuous. The woman will walk right up to the front row and take her seat as unconcerned as you please.

Men tolerate clothes: women adore them.

Men dress in order to avoid something, the loss of morale and self-esteem or perhaps the censure of some woman; women dress to gain something, self-expression, display of good taste and affluence, the envy of other women, to attract men, and to exercise their esthetic love of beauty and fine things.

Some one has said that a woman's future depends on her looks. Her looks, meaning her outward appearance, is her fortune, while a man's future depends largely on his brains. If this be true we have an additional motive for the fact that women make so much bigger fuss over dress than men do to it. It means everything to some of them.

(Ed. by M. E. Thomson, Ph. D.)

SUPERSTITIOUS SUE

SHE HAS BEEN TOLD THAT—

If you blow out a candle and the wick stays red, it means you will be quickly—oh joy, bring on the orange blossoms, for soon you will be wed.

(Ed. by M. E. Thomson, Ph. D.)

THE WHY OF SUPERSTITIONS

By H. IRVING KING

KILLING CATS

FROM Maine to California it is considered bad luck to kill a cat. That is because the Egyptians of old regarded the cat as a sacred animal under the protection of the cat-headed goddess Bast. Bast, who was identified with Isis as a moon-goddess; or rather—it seems probable, represented some attributes of Isis. Some Egyptologists even speak of a cat-headed god called Bast. In fact, the moon goddess Isis was its goddess. It appears as if Egyptian mythology varied under the different dynasties. At any rate the moon and the cat were intimately connected in the ancient beliefs, the cat was considered a sacred animal and mummies of cats were reverently placed in the tombs.

It is thought that the domestic cat is indigenous to Egypt, and spread from there to other countries. It was sacrilege to kill a cat in the land of the Pharaohs and as we have inherited the cat from Egypt so we have inherited the idea that it brings bad luck to kill one. Snipers are particularly firm in their belief in the mystic qualities of a cat and while they are sure that she can bring on a storm if she wishes yet, they are convinced that some disaster is sure to happen if one is killed on board the ship—the moon-goddess avenging its own.

(Ed. by M. E. Thomson, Ph. D.)

Mother's Cook Book

"Ah, what would the world be to us, if the children were no more? We would dread the desert behind us. Worse than the dark before."

GOOD FOOD

TRY this different lemon pie, for a change from the ordinary one:

Mix one and one-fourth cups of sugar with one-half cup of flour, one-half teaspoonful of salt, one and one-fourth cups of hotting water, stir until well mixed and cook fifteen minutes. Add to this beaten yolks of three eggs, rind and juice of a lemon, the juice and rind of an orange and add to the mixture, stirring until well mixed, and cook lightly. Make a meringue of the egg whites and a half cupful of powdered sugar, whip one-fourth of it into the mixture, the rest use as a cover for the top. Brown in a moderate oven.

Mint Sauce for Lamb.

Chop one-fourth cupful of mint, add one tablespoonful of powdered sugar and one-half cupful of orange juice and lemon juice. Let stand in a warm place for half an hour, then serve.

Peach Ice Cream.

This is a delicious ice cream, if the peaches are ripe and rubbed through a sieve. Take a pint of peach pulp, one cupful of sugar and a quart of thin cream, or a pint each of cream and milk. Add a pinch of salt, lemon juice, a half teaspoonful of almond extract and freeze as usual.

Ginger Creams.

Take one cupful of sugar, three-fourths cupful of molasses and one-fourth cupful of corn syrup, one cupful of sour milk, two teaspoonfuls of soda, one teaspoonful of ginger, two teaspoonfuls of cinnamon, one cupful of shortening, two eggs and three cupfuls of flour. Add two cupfuls of flour and use the rest to roll out and cut into large cookies. Separate the egg yolks and whites and mix as usual. When baked drop on a teaspoonful of icing made with powdered sugar mixed with cold coffee to make of the right consistency to spread.

Pralines.

Boil one pound of brown sugar with just enough water to dissolve it until it forms a fine thread when poured from the end of a spoon. Stir in one pound of pecan meats and when even mix with cream into buttered gem pans to cool and make a large thick patty.

The SANDMAN STORY

BEATRICE'S RAG DOLL

BEATRICE had never before been to a big city. It was a great event when her father and mother told her they were going to take her for a visit with them to a very, very big place.

Beatrice packed her bag, a little straw bag which Santa Claus had given to her the Christmas before.

It was such a nice straw bag, very light and easy to carry and yet it held quite a good deal, too—particularly so if you pushed everything in hard enough.

The bag was of green and tan straw, and this was the first time it had been taken away on a trip.

Beatrice began packing a week before, but she kept putting more and more things in each day, until the bag was very queer looking, with its sides bulging out in all directions.

And then she didn't have all the things she really needed at all.

So the day before they started she took everything out and packed all over again.

Of course her rag doll had to go along and so did the toy monkey, but she decided to leave the rest of her dolls at home. There was no room for them, and they were a little too young to be taken on such a trip after all.

They could go later, she told them, when they were older. They were very good about it, too. They didn't act disappointed or sulk in the least. They she put in her little rubber bag with a toothbrush and sponge and all the little things she needed every night and every morning. Her brush and comb—oh, there were a number



of these odds and ends which Beatrice knew must be taken along.

There was her best dress and hat but her mother had said she would take those.

So Beatrice put handkerchiefs and stockings and little things in her bag. At last they reached the big city. It was the strangest place in the world.

There were just crowds and crowds of streets and cars and motors and people all the time.

At night there was a constant noise—a queer humming sound quite unlike the sounds of the orchestra and the ovals and the leaves of the trees swishing and laughing as they thought of things to say to each other.

The next day they went shopping. The shops, too, were crowded. And Beatrice began to feel homesick for the country and her own friends and the places she knew.

But now her mother said they were going to visit a top shop.

It was a china shop. Beatrice had, actually, to pinch herself to make sure that she wasn't asleep. There was everything in this shop.

There was all the toys one could ever think of and so many more besides.

But of all the wonderful toys a little doll, a tiny china doll with a dress made of china lace filled her heart with longing.

Oh, it made china dolls, she would be perfectly, perfectly happy always.

She stood looking at it, not noticing that she had forgotten to follow her mother who had come to look at some bigger dolls. And then, something more wonderful than any dream had happened to her.

A kindly man looked down at her, and said:

"Little girl, do you like that doll?"

"Oh, I think it's the most beautiful thing I've ever seen in all my life. I adore it."

"Maybe you'd like to own it," the kindly man said.

"Oh, I'm sure it's so beautiful it must cost dollars and dollars."


"No, it's not so very expensive—it is rather unusual—but it doesn't get expensive at all. I'll give it to you."

"But how can you give it to me? Are you so very, very rich?"

"I own this shop," the kindly man said, "and I think I know children. I know the little china lace doll will always be happy with you, so it is yours!"

(Copyright.)

MARGUERITE CHURCHILL



During the season 1927 and 1928 Marguerite Churchill, now a leading lady in motion pictures, was the youngest leading lady on the New York stage. She is still in her first year on the New York stage, in Kansas City. Miss Churchill is five feet six inches tall, weighs 124 pounds, has beautiful long Auburn hair, dark brown eyes, and a gracious aristocratic pose. Her only hobby is dramatic art.

What Does Your Child Want to Know?

Answered by BARBARA BOURJAILY

HOW FAR IS THE SKY?

Some sixty miles in daytime. A million miles at night. The sky is a reflection Of various kinds of light.

(Copyright.)

Dear Editor:

I WANT to tell you all about Ohio. I live there.

Ohio has 3,000,000 cars, no driver's examinations, no age limits, and that ain't all. A dozen the companies maintain day-and-night trucks to wear out test tires. Thousands of fifteen acre Ohio highways from Detroit are new markets.

Traffic is so heavy that you wonder that any Ohio boy lives long enough to become President.

Every highway has a festoon of white crosses along the edge. "Each cross marks a fatal automobile accident," explains a calloused native.

Drive carefully when you come to Ohio. There have been enough fools here already.—FRED BARTON.

(Copyright.)

How It Started

By JEAN NEWTON

"LIKE SAM HILL"

THE phrase "like Sam Hill," as "He runs like Sam Hill," or "He works like Sam Hill," always with the connotation of bettle or excessive activity—is commonly used in everyday speech and many people have wondered about its origin and whether there was in fact such a person as "Sam Hill."

There was a descendant—yes, there was. And we have tracked him to his lair! Not only that, but a descendant has been found, living in Westchester county, New York, who has but to turn to the family album to supplement our biography of him!

Col. Sam Hill (for that is what he was) was born in Guilford, Conn., Feb. 21, 1878, and died in May, 1922. He was elected to the general assembly, and re-elected term after term. He was for a time Justice of New Haven, Conn. court. In 1877 he was town clerk and clerk of the proprietors of the common and undivided lands. From 1870 to 1872 he was clerk of the Probate court and later judge of probate, which he remained until his death.


In fact, so often and so continuously was Sam Hill elected to public office, we learn, that the moderator at town meetings might have been said to have the habit of remarking: "We are again assembled to nominate Col. Sam Hill!" And in and about the town of Guilford to this day, people say with reverence to an unusually successful and surviving candidate for public office: "He runs like Sam Hill."

Throughout the country the phrase gained popularity and an expression for unusual activity, which is the sense in which we use it today.

(Copyright.)

SMILES

GABBY GERTIE



"No use trying to find out over the phone how many Innings have been played. You'll never get the number."

Know Yourself!

"The road to hell is paved with good intentions," said Oscar Wilde.

I have always believed every one knows himself, and lies when he says he does not.—E. W. Howe's Monthly.

Great Shakespearean Drama

"King Richard III" was written in 1564 and first printed in 1597. The title page of the first edition reads as follows: "The Tragedy of King Richard the Third, Containing his treacherous plots against his brother Clarence; the pitiful murder of his innocent nephews; his tyrannical usurpation; with the whole course of his detested life, and most deserved death." "King Richard the Third" has kept perpetual possession of the stage ever since it was written, and the character has been a favorite one of nearly every English-speaking tragedian of eminence, from Burbage down.

For Meditation

By LEONARD A. BARRETT

A FLYING FISH

NOT many years ago it was thought incredible that automobiles should ever supplant the horse and wagon, and today we assume the same attitude toward the airplane. Many persons confidently affirm that planes will never take the place of automobiles. Is it not within reason to believe that, if traveling in the air can be made as comfortable and safe as land travel, the airplane will become a very common method of transportation? Granted that this comfort and safety can be assured, the outstanding advantage of the airplane over the automobile lies in the fact that it is not so expensive.

A recent effort to attain a new record of speed was made by a scientist in Germany. He claims that the airplane he is making will fly from Berlin to New York in six hours. In order to accomplish that speed it is necessary to attain an altitude of not less than thirty thousand feet, which he claims his ship can reach in one and one-half hours, by traveling upwards at an angle of forty-five degrees instead of soaring in circular fashion. At this altitude the pressure of the atmosphere has an effect so that with hermetically sealed engines, it is possible to attain a speed of from four hundred to five hundred miles an hour. As no charts are available for traveling at such a height, the pilot directs his course according to directions received from the earth by radio. The ship resembles a large fish. It is twenty-two feet long and weighs about one half ton. Its hours of travel would not be costly as it has been estimated that the trip from Berlin to New York would not consume more than ten dollars worth of fuel.

While it may be possible for air travel to supplant automobile for the tourist who may enjoy the novelty and the speed of the former, it is a serious question if the airplane can ever accommodate a very large percentage of those who travel or transport heavy freight in large quantities.

First, the horse and wagon—followed by the cable car, now the electric trolley, followed by the automobile, geared to run at eighty-five miles an hour, now a flying fish—Berlin to New York in six hours—What next?

(Ed. by M. E. Thomson, Ph. D.)

Attractive Porcelain

Belleek porcelain is an extremely fine ware, decorated with a peary lustre laid over the glaze, suggesting the interior of a shell. It derived its name from Belleek, Ireland, where it was originally made.