ool dramas in his earlier days responsible. In a measure for tome David Rollins being a screen He was born in Kansas City in

For Meditation By LEONARD A. BARRETT

#### THE MENACE OF OUR AGE

DEATH is the result of breaking contact with environment. When it is cut down the tree dies. Sever the flower from the stem and it will wither. If, in the world of moral raines, you destroy the nerves leading to sacrifice and service, the result will be death to one's ideals. The death of he moral ideals of sacrifice and service is caused by selfishness. Elim-

in a te selfishness. Elliminate selfishness and we would have "Days of heaven upon the earth."

The self-centered life is playing havo e with the world today. It is the menace of our age. It refuses to recognize that we are living in a world we did upt make; that most of our possessions we recognize that we are living in a world we did upt make; that most of our possessions we recognize that we are living in a world we did upt make; that we know, the intellection of the man to the country of the country into one great colone of which he himself is to be the master spider? Shall the ladderial and political giant say, "Here is the power in my hands, weakness owes me a debt? Build a mound here for me to be through upon, come, weave tapes-tries purple, dance before me that I may signed, and sing sweetly to me that I may serve as the creed of an anarchist whose object is to overthrow the government and establish by force that form of discipline which does in the surface of the purple, whether some that I may serve as the creed of an anarchist whose object is to overthrow the government and establish by force that form of discipline which does in the surface of the purple, whether secrees for us a nettonal as well as an individual peace, prosperity and happiess.

(0, 152), Western Newspaser Usion.



#### An Elevator Girl

By RUBY DOUGLAS

By RUBY DUCILAS 
Couvrish.

(Couvrish.)

(Couvrish.)

(THIS girl be employed because the set is courteous, helpful and intelligent. Anything she can do to assist you she will igladly no."

Mary read the sign above the elevator door, "Courteous, helpful, intelligent." his repeated. "Well—I think I could qualify."

She let her eyes fall on the young woman who was running the lift up and down in the crowded department store. The efforts did not seem much. It would time a little practice to be able to stop just at the right place, and the seem of the seem

and the state of the contain her counties and the contain her counties and the contain her counties and the free counties and the family income.

The elevator was half full and at the rear stood a tall, pale man with a child to his arms. The child might have been two or three pers old and was able to walk, but was frightened at the motion of the elevator and screamed and clump to its father. They were golds up several floors and the continual crying and screaming annoyed an irritable woman who, also, was going to a top floor. "That child should be at home with its mother instead of making every one in the store oncomferciable worse and the continual counties and quietly. The child has no make the continual counties and quietly, "the child has no mother there was dead silence in the title care,"

mother."
There was dead slience in the little car.,
When they reached the top floor,
Mary stopped her car and stepped out after the iman and the child.
"My resit hour comes in ia few minima. Won't you let me take the little one with ime while you do your ermads?" she asked.
The man's face tighted up. "Oh, you are too kind." he sald.
But Mary, the sald.
But Mary, and it was not long before the sald in the little grant string confortably in the restroom looking at a book. She had learned from the man that his lefte had been dead only a shoot, she had learned from the man that his lefte had been dead only a short time and he had not yet deeded on what to do with the child. They were strangers in the country from England and it was a difficult problem. During her rest hour Mary had an inspiration. Why not ask her mother why she could not take care of the little one, for awhile?
She writted out it to the man.
Her. She is all I hade now," he explained at length, "Might I see you again in Ja day or two after we have all thought it over?" The man had an attractive accent and his plight was pitiable.

Mary's mother was only too glad to

an attractive accent and his pilght was pitable.

Mary's mother was only teo glad to take in the man and his baby. The only man in the house was her disheld soln, now, and it would mean an addel income and perhaps congenial cipmanionship.

Tom Elson—for that was the man's name—proved to be a very quiet man and Mary and her mother fell in love with his tiny daughter. She played with the older children and was well behaved!

with the older children and was well behaved.

On Saturday afteraooas, after awhite, the father cot lot the habit of going home by way of the shop where he had first seen Mary.

Mary, he said to be made the shop where he had first seen Mary.

Mary, he said to be made the shop where he had first seen Mary.

Mary, he said to be made the shop with them, would you mide mide my tetting you what it think that sign in your clearator ought to read?

No, "land Mary, "of course not."

"t should say, "This kirl was employed because she is beautiful, lorable—and wonderful."

Mary was lost for a reply.

Tom was a little afraid of what he had said. They were both silent for swhile.

had said.

"I know it seems very soon for me to tell you i tove you. Mary—but—" Mary looked at him. "But you do, Tom. I have known it for a long time and we are going to tell mother about

It and—
"And it will be all right—won't it,
dear?" he asked.

By the time they reached home they
had worked it all out so na to find
happiness for themselves and yet
make do one else less comfortable.

Why it is "Dead"

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

## WORLD OF **FRIENDS**

By DOUGLAS MALLOCH

\* \*

HAYPs riched who has a friend,
nother friend of his,
for that's the way it is with friends—
how wonderful it is!
It 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,
The hamp be a friend of friends of mine, that other man.
I cannot hurt another man, I cannot make him fail.
For I may hart some friend of mine I'd hate to hurt at all.

Yes, even if we aren't friends, the strangers on the street. They may be friends of friends of mine, although we never meet. I guess they all are friends of ours, the way that God intends—Although we push, although we crowd, we're just a world of friends. (©, 1135, Dougha Malloch.)

#### Through a Woman's Eyes

by Jean Newton

# ON SISTERS CUTTING EACH OTHER UP OVER A MAN

DOWN in Mexico City two sisters fought a diel over a man. Their names are Dominga and Angela Ayaia man their literally fought a diel with knives, wording over their own of their own on a hospital, where they are tring in adjaining beds. Let us hope that when their wounds heal and they regain their strength there will be nothing around their heds that might severe as a wenpon! But to go back to the story; the

a weapon! But to go back to the story; the shel followed a party at the home of Angele's sweetheart, whom Doriniagn also loved. Up to that time she had cancealed her emotions, but took occasion during the festivities to voice them—whereupon her sister challenged her, the victor to get the man.

lenged her, the victor to get the man.
The sisters went into the kitchen
of the house, we learn, and fought
desperately with knives until both
fell, many times wounded. But according to the news disputches, the
question of who will get the man is
still unsettled.

still mosettled.

Probably neither will get him. It was silly of those sisters to imagine that two women fightling over a mould decide which one should have him. After all the man has some gay in the matter.

And it's in such' terribly poor taste. To say nothing of the fact that it will probably make the man feel too important, so that whoever girs him is unlikely to have much Joy out of him. Indeed those women ought to be

unitedly to have much loy out of him. Indeed those women ought to be animated of themselves. It should be polated out that you don't see brothers cutting each other up over a women. No indeed. You hear of such things as men fighting over a women, course, but they are usually strangers, fighting, say, in a braw!. But brothers—or indeed even friends don't let a mere woman break their friendship, to say nothing of cutting each other up!

No, there's very little that can be said for those two sisters in Mexico.

City.

(©, 1930, Bell Syndicate.)

# NUTTY NATURAL HISTORY

#### THE SOFT-SHELLED GINGERSNAPPER

Tills pestilent creature is rather plentiful in the dairying regions where it inhabits the streams raining tower that vaneless within racidly of its powerful jaws is likely as not to have the lower part of her legs shapped off. The first time is not so bad, but as a cow does not learn from experience, the legs are lopped off again from time to time. In some districts the cows have become too short legged



to milk, and, not being beet cows, the only use for them is to train them as ferrets to chase jack rabbits out of their holes.

The gingersapper is mainly constructed from an ordinary gingersap with clove legs and horns attached. The head is a single pensur with pen and ink expression, and the tall is a coupled by the company of the c



GRUNTER, THE PIG

ELCOME, welcome, the pigs welcome you, squeal, squeal,

grunt, grunt."

A new plg had come to the Plg
Pen, and all the plgs were grunting

Pen, and all the pigs were grunting and squeeling.
The new pig's name was Grunter. He was not a buby pig, nor washe a grown-up pig. He was an inbetween pig.
He had a little twisted tail and abort bristly pink-white hair and pink-res and a very roguish way of lowing out of the sides of his eyes.
His snowl, showed that he belonged to the pig family. It was the same



Have a Good Digestion, Grunter Insisted.

shout that runs through the whole

family.

"Grunt, grunt," said Grunter. "I'm glad to come to this Pen.

"No, we could never let you get indigestion," said Sammy Sausage. "It would not be kind," said Brother

Bacon.
"We wouldn't have the heart to do

"We wouldn't have the heart to do such a thing, it let you get indigestion," said Sir Percival Pork, "It would be unfair," said Sir Benjamin Bacon, "Very unfair," said Mrs. Pink Pig. "Most unfair," said Mrs. Pink Pig. "Decidedly unfair," said Hisy Pig. "Bettremely unfair," said Master Grandfather Porky.

And Pinky Pig's mother said. "Oh, so unfair li We could never be so unfair as to do that." "Oh, you needn't worry about me" said Grunter, "I have a good digestion."

Said Crunce.

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

"What Grandfather says is right," "cid Rerother Bacon.

said Brother Bacon.
"Quite right," said Sammy Sausage.
"Grandpa knows a lot," said Pinky

"Grunt, grunt," said Grunter. "Inglad to come to this Pen.
"It looks as though you had good playwead around, and the farmer looks as though he fed you too well.
"It's a good thing Fig come. You might all have collapsed from indigestion if I hadd't come just in time."
"Grunt, grunt, what does he mean?" asked Sammy Sausage.
"Grandrather Porky."
"Squeal, squeal, what does he mean?" asked Sammy Sausage.
"Grunter looked at them out of his link eyes and twisted his little tall, and the other all said too the pink eyes.
"Grunter looked at them out of his link eyes and twisted his little tall, and link eyes and twisted his little tall, and said:
"Grunt, grunt, what does he mean?" asked Brother Bacco.
"Squeal, squeal, what does he mean?" asked Sir Perckval Pork.
"Grunt, grunt, what does he mean?" asked Sir Perckval Pork.
"Grunt, grunt, what does he mean?" asked Sir Benjamin Baccon.
"Tourie wetcome." said all the plysa of the plysa considered Pinks Pig.
"Squeal, squeal, what does, he mean?" asked Master Pink Pig.
"Squeal, squeal, what does, he mean?" asked Master Pink Pig.

PEACOCK'S FEATHERS

A MONG the superstitious peacock's feathers have a bad reputation. In England and the United States it is a common belief that to keep them in the house for decorative purposes portends disastrons events; and that it 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 adornments.

These superstitions are survivals from the ancient cuit of Juno to whom the peacock was sacred and by which the Bonans represented the goddess in many of their paintings and sculprures made for protective purposes. Elevorthy says with regard to the superstition that peacock eathers bring bad luck, that Juno's "anger is excited in some way by the plucking of the feathers of the favortee bird; while the fede that so long as they are kept in the house no sultor will come for the daughters points to the old attribute of spite and fealousy in love or matrimolal minters with which the goddess was always accredited.

(26) y acclure yearsear syndacts. the goddess was always accredited."
(@ by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

everything on the mean except the hyspecks.

Signs today: "Population 700."
Well, don't boast. "Threshing machines and tractors not allowed on the
pavement." No, you're got to leave
room for the trucks.

Why dose every one wave at a locomotive engineer?

A fow farmers are threshing; the
sites are getting loaded up with anything left after the drought. Apples
are growing right along the roadside.
The convinced again that this is a
great country.—Fred Barton.

(20 yth Bell Byndicate, Ina.)

them all. It is in tribute to this largesse of the mighty Nile that Stevens chris-tened it "The All-fathering River." (© by the Bell Syndicate, Inc.) (@ by the Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

Odd Chinese Burial Custom Mirrors were frequently buried with the dead in aucient China.

#### Blessed Collar Button

By CLARISSA MACKIE

Daniel Marsh was dressing to go out for the evening. He hadri quite decided whether he would go to a theater or to one of the smart hotels where he could due in more or, less state, and then remain for dancing. He knew very few girls in New York, anyway, and it was not likely that any of them would happe to be at the hotel tonight, just because he was feeling rather loadly in the bigness of the city. Dan was making good in a very the position of which a collar button." "Binese!" he exclaimed wrathality, when a collar buttoner and landed with a thokie near the steam indiator. He spread a newspaper down on the floor, and kneeling down gingerly examined around and underteath the warm beater. Dust—fuilf—some burntmatches—outhing else. Then he saw the square opening around the steam pipe, where it entered the room.

Something gieamed in the shallow hole and Daniel flabed for it with a knife blade. He brought his find carefully to the surface and took it to the bureau. Then for the second time that olight. Dan Marsh yelled. "Blazes!"

The collar button was not there, but he had brought out of the bole a beautiful diamond ring together with a lor of dust. It was a woman's tlog, with two very fine stones in an exquisite settling.

The collar button was not there, but he had brought out of the bole a beautiful diamond ring together with a lor of dust. It was a woman's tlog, with two very fine stones in an exquisite settling with two very fine stones in an exquisite settling to the collar button." Said Danamorteles, and steeping back felt something under his foot. It was the collar button, squashed dat.

Fifteen minutes later, Daniel Marsh left the bouse immaculately attreed and with his foot on the first round of the ladder of adventure in this waistoont pocket was the idlamond ring and the fiatened collar button. On the way downstar's he had hier-viewed Mirs. Weed, his landinday.

"I was wondering who had occupied my room, before I came," said Dan. "I found a book there—" he had the book under his arm, an andern novel.

With this information Dan decided and to go down to the hotel and dince, he would follow the leading of the blessed coline button—he was beginning to call it that. He dined at a neighborhood restaurant, and then found bis way to Miss Girroy's apartment. A colored maid answered the door.

"Miss Pearson, yes, sir. Here's a gentleman to see you, Miss Pearson, whe said and led thin into a small living room, where some one was playing softly on the plane. The playing stopped, and the player arose and faced Danlel Marsh.

"I am Miss Pearson." she said colliby.

coldly.

Dan qualled before the forbidding countenance of a middle-uged woman, but he found courage to inquire whether she had not boarded with Mrs. Weed.

Weed.
"I don't owe her a cent of money,"
sald Miss Pearson stilly.
"Of course not." soothed Daniel
Marsh. "I merely came to inquire
about—you lost a diamond ring, didn't
you?"
"I never talk to recorrect" course."

"Of course oot," southed Daniel Marsh." I merety came to inquire about—you lost a diamond ring, didn't you?"
"I never talk to reporters," suffered the singular Miss Pearson, "besides, I found the ring in my trunk—lost It while packing."
"You couldn't rill me who occupied that recommender you did!" ventured Daniel to the men of the packed of the recommender you did!" ventured Daniel to the packed on the packed of the recommender you did!" ventured Daniel to the United Daniel Marsh alore to the United Danie

## THE WHY of SUPERSTITIONS By H. IRVING KING

### PEACOCK'S FEATHERS

Dear Editor:

TODAX I was so hungry, after 150 miles of touring, that I ordered everything on the menu except the fly specks.

A LMOST every one of us has heard this reference to the famous body of water under discussion; yet how many or us, offmand, would be able to say that it was an allusion to the River Nile?

It was G. W. Stevens, historian, traveler and literateur, who coined this name, after the fact that throughout the ubparalledel length of the Nile's flow; it beneficiently waters are greater area of the agricultural world than any other stream.

The ground saked by the Nile is known to be the most fertile soil of them all.

Much Wire in Mainspring | If straightened out, the mainspring if a watch would be about 2 feet

& SMILES & GABBY GERTIE



bay-window frames a "A walt."

How It Started By JEAN NEWTON

WHY IS IT "THE ALL-FATHERING RIVER?"