

Why Boys Leave Home

JOE ARCHIBALD



THE SIEGE JOE ARCHIBALD

Through a Woman's Eyes

By Joan Newton

DISCONTENTED LOOK

WE SAT, my friend and I, at a table in the terrace of the Cafe de la Paix. Suddenly my friend remarked, "There come two American women."

"Why so sure?" I retorted. "They have the American woman's mouth. That mouth is a dead giveaway."

"They came closer talking. Yes they were Americans. But what did my friend mean about the mouth? I noticed that these women had a slightly discontented expression. The corners of their mouths drooped. It gave them the appearance of fault-finding, of dissatisfaction."

"There's only one woman who goes about with that expression," asserted my companion, "the American woman."

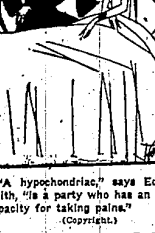
"I pondered. Why was this?" "Too much for nothing," declared my friend. "No vital interest. No need for any sacrifice of self. No inner companionship with their men. To be found only to work together. Without understanding it, these women feel cheated. They haven't grasped the fundamental fact that what they want isn't to be given something, but to give. They want to be asked for something worth while."

I have taken that from an article by Hildegarde Hawthorne in a current magazine because I believe it is well worth reading by every one. The discontented faces of women in a big question, and I believe Miss Hawthorne has hit the nail on the head as to the reason for them."

But I take issue with the author when she typifies the woman with a discontented face as the American woman. It may be true that many of the American women who frequented the Cafe de la Paix in Paris looked discontented. They were discontented because it is true that the luxury of travel is being opened up to even greater numbers of American women. It is still hardly fair to take a type of woman who happens to be familiar among those tripping about on the continent of Europe—and call her the American woman!

The busy mothers of America—who are not counted in tens or in hundreds—do not have that discontented look. If America is a woman's country, it is primarily so because it is a place where women have more opportunity for self-expression, for activity, for that giving of themselves which sustains the life of the spirit, and which is the greatest enemy of boredom and discontent. So the person who ascribes that discontented look, the bored face of the selfish, over-indulged woman to American women is making a mistake. You may meet those faces on some American women in Europe, but they are by no means typical of the American woman.

(© 1931, Joan Newton)



GRIGLAGS

NUTTY NATURAL HISTORY

BY HUGH HUTTON

THE BRITISH HOWL

THIS "nall feathered friend is quite common in the British Isles, and is the true explanation of the aversion to fur coats and other modern heating plants over there. Nearly every home has one tucked up beside the fireplace. The snappy little creature is a regular little spitefire, and whenever the fire gets low he becomes angry and expectorates into the coals, whereupon the



fire revives. He acts as a very dependable automatic thermostat. As shown here, the body of the howl is built like a motor and the head, a diaphragm. The feet are thin beams, the ears popcorn, and the beak is a split almond kernel saved across. The eyes are painted on in almost any color."

(© Metropolitan Magazine Service)

Mother's Cook Book

Why are the things that have no death the bread with neither sight nor breath. Eternity is thrust upon. A bit of earth, a senseless stone. A grain of dust, a casual cloud. The angels that are put on by God. A pebble in the roadways—He never dies.—Louis Untermeyer.

HOUSEKEEPING HINTS

SCOVH utensils as the egg beater or food chopper need oiling, but one must use olive or vegetable oil that will not cause any taint to enter the food when the utensils are used. Basement stoves and all iron or rustable utensils should be well greased with paraffin oil before leaving them for any length of time. Rust will ruin in a short time any good stove. To bring out the full flavor of the tea add a lump of sugar to the pot and lemon peel left in the tea canister is well liked, or where the jasmine flowers blend a handful of the fragrant blossoms added to it will make a most delightful flavor.

When washing a sweater sew up the button holes to keep them from stretching. When baking potatoes, if in a hurry, drop them into boiling water for five minutes, then dry and grease them and the skins will be thin and tender.

Banana Bread. Cream one-half cupful of butter, add one cupful of sugar, three bananas washed fine and two well beaten eggs. Sift two cupfuls of flour, add one teaspoonful of soda and one-half cupful of sour milk. Mix well and pour into a greased baking pan and bake one hour.

Tutti Fruiti Bread. Beat one egg, add one and one-fourth cupfuls of milk. Sift and add two cupfuls of flour with one-half teaspoonful of salt, two tablespoonfuls of sugar and two ounces of grated chocolate, melted. Bake one hour.

NEEIE MAXWELL (© 1931, Western Newspaper Union)

THE MOTHER OF THE MAN

By DOUGLAS MALLOCH

THE child is father of the man, the saying may be true. And yet some woman must, and can, be mother of the two. The baby needs a mother, yes, the baby on the floor. But there is not a child, I guess, who doesn't need her more.

Man courts her in his courting days, and will not let her be. And talks to her like books and plays, like movies that you see; He says she's like a rose in bloom, a lover's dream, and yet, O lucky, lucky, lucky groom, that isn't what you get.

A fellow thinks he wants a bride, he even wants a wife, And yet he really needs, beside, a mother all his life. He loves her for her beauty's sake, but when the sun is gone, He needs a mother who will make him put his rubbers on.

Man thinks he needs a madon fall—the greatest need of his. Is some one who will tell where his hat or hammer lies. The dog perhaps was once a pup, and a kitten cats began, But one thing never does grow up, and that one thing's a man. (© 1931, Douglas Malloch)

FIRE FESTIVAL USED TO PROVE TRUE LOVE

FIRE festivals, one of the most primitive means of making a love charm, actually take place today in different forms in several countries, reveals a writer in *Nyctale Magazine*. These fire festivals of today come from an old pagan rite in the days when fire was a symbol of fertility. In such times weird sorts of fire worshiping were practiced to insure the birth of many children and abundant growth of crops. They have been changed to their quaint and more wholesome use of today through modern influence. But the original rite may still be seen if one explores into the heart of central Africa and a few other tropical regions.

An intimate view of a modern fire festival, continues the writer, can be obtained by transporting ourselves to the pretty French province of Franche-Comte, where they are still held. If we are lucky, we find a spot in a forest where the ceremony is about to take place. We hide and watch by the light of the moon. Presently, if some group of young men and women come trooping into a clearing among the trees. Some are pulling small carts loaded with fagots. Others gather up dead branches of trees from the ground. After much whispering and many glances at the sky, the fuel is at last piled in preparation for a huge bonfire, ready for the lighting.

A match is applied to the wood and the flames commence to mount, throwing a ruddy glow on the tops of the trees. The young girls stand about, fascinated, faces glowing from their task of gathering wood, eyes bright with faithful anticipation. Then the young people leap over and through the flames, taking great care not to singe or burn themselves. They believe that those who come through the ordeal unscathed will be happily married within a year, and be blessed with children.

Perhaps two lovers will go off by themselves to a clearing, light a bonfire and perform the curious custom alone. The young lad leaps boldly through the fire. If unscathed he smiles happily back through the tall, red tongues of heat to where his sweet-heart stands preparing to jump. Her lover braces his legs and, with arms outstretched, is ready to receive her happily back through the tall, red flames. If her flight is so swift that she is unscathed, both are overjoyed. They kiss tenderly, worshipfully, and set off for their home, hand in hand, firmly believing that they will be married within a year.

SUPERSTITIOUS SUE

SHE HAS HERD THAT— If you find shadows that you're writing to your sweetie, on heart, palatine—it's a sure sign she's daffy about you. (© by McClure Newspaper Syndicate)

The SANDMAN STORY

THE OFFICER'S HORSE

"TODAY," said the policeman "I horse to some of the other horses," "we had a picnic—master and I."

"A picnic!" the horses exclaimed in their own fashion. "Neh, neh! Weren't you on duty today?" "Yes; we were on duty, but we had a picnic, too," the horse answered. "I'll have to tell you about it," he said.

"An automobile came along and it was some people. That's the usual way of course."

"An automobile doesn't come along by itself."

"But no matter, you understand me. The people in the automobile asked my master how to get to a place where they wanted to have their picnic."

"There were a number of children and they had a fine dog with them, too."

"They told my master that when they stopped at their picnic grounds



"Oh, Yes, We Had Our Picnic," the Master said.

the dog sat on the step along the side of the automobile so that people passing by would know that he was not a stray dog looking for food but that he was really a part of the picnic party.

"They said he always did this, except for a few moments now and then when he went for a run or a swim or chasing sticks."

"My master and the people chatted for quite a few moments and then my master told them how to get to the place they wanted to reach."

"Before they left they offered my master some candy and my master

How It Started

By JEAN NEWTON

"HIP! HIP! HURRAH"

IF THERE is any expression that one would bet almost anything was characteristic or typical among Americans, it is "Hip! Hip! Hurrah!" Yet it is not a word that we had on this origin for this exclamation of joy or satisfaction we would surely lose. For, astonishing as it may seem, "Hip! Hip! Hurrah," comes to us from the Latin and was first used centuries ago.

Delving into the archives of history for our story we find that the word "Hip" is composed of the three initial letters of a Latin phrase meaning "Jerusalem is lost!" The word "Hurrah" is of Slavonic origin, meaning "Parade."

The entire expression "Hip! Hip! Hurrah!" was commonly used during the so-called "Danish" age at which time there were periodic incursions and raids against the Jews. The battle-cry of these hordes was "Hip! Hip! Hurrah!" indicating "Jerusalem is lost to the infidel and we are on the road to Paradise!" Quite a far cry from its present sense and usage; but that is how it started. (© by the Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

SMILES

GABBY GERTIE "When a girl just loves to please her husband who isn't getting much kick out of it herself." (© by McClure Newspaper Syndicate)

Marjorie White



Charming Marjorie White of the screen was born in Winnipeg, Canada. At the age of four she was on the stage as a singer; during the war she sang in vaudeville camps. Later she was in vaudeville, finally becoming a member of a movie company. She is a good dancer and a natural comedienne, a splendid singer and a good pianist. Her latest picture is "Just Imagine."

For Meditation

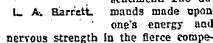
By LEONARD A. BARRETT

MONEY

ECONOMIC success may or may not be a blessing. It all depends upon one's attitude toward the acquisition of money. If the principle object of our business career is to accumulate money as an end in itself, the success achieved is scarcely worth the effort.

Money is one of the chief necessities in life. With it we purchase homes, provide for the education of our children, purchase the necessities and some of the luxuries of life. After these needs have been reasonably satisfied, the acquisition of money may cease to be either a benefit or a pleasure.

The love of money, for money's sake, kills all sentiment. The de-



L. A. Barrett.

ments made upon one's energy and nervous strength in the fierce competition of our modern life may so exhaust all our reserve resources as to stifle all appreciation of the higher appeals of life. Music, art, books, travel, and even friendship may lose their hold upon us. It is a common remark, often heard in business circles, that there can be no friendship in business. When money so controls our thinking and our desires that it kills all manly power, it truly becomes "the root of all evil."

Much of the anxiety in the world today has been caused by borrowing money. This unwise use of money, taken various forms. The installment buying of late years has wrought havoc in many a home. The tendency under such an arrangement is to over-buy. The day for payment is sure to come. If such demands cannot be met, not only must the purchased articles be sacrificed, but what was paid for them in installments is likely to be a loss also. The better part of wisdom is never to buy an article, especially a luxury, until you have money on hand to pay for it. Some persons borrow money for speculative purposes and when unable to meet their notes lose money in large amounts. Banks must protect their depositors and cannot be overlenient even to the best of their customers. When borrowing money becomes absolutely necessary it should be for necessities only and not for things that we can do just as well without, at least, for the time being.

A most wise use of money is to save it. A sum of money put out at interest about doubles itself in six years. If you have a sum of money, a dollar saved is a dollar earned. Necessities cost but a small amount of one's income. The luxuries demand most of our income. Thrift leads to profit and prosperity. (© 1931, Western Newspaper Union)

Making Him Useful

Smithson was about to retire to his room for the night. "By the way," the manager stopped him on the stairs, "what time would you like the porter to call you in the morning?" "There's no need," returned Smithson. "I make it a practice always to wake up without being called."

"In that case," said the manager, "I wonder if you would mind calling the porter?"—London Tit-Bits.

Clothed in Mystery

"Father," said the small boy, "what is a scientist?" "A scientist, my son, is a man who tells you something you already know in such long words that you fall to recognize it."

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