

THE LEAVES OF LIFE

By DOUGLAS MALLOCH

COULD I turn back the leaves of time,
As I can turn this calendar,
Perhaps no folly and no crime
The record of the years would mar.
I would erase my errors and
Undo the evil I have done—
But what is written now must stand.
I cannot turn them back, not one.

Could I turn back the leaves of life
And live it over day by day,
There would be peace where there
was strife.
And where I grieved I would be gay.
I would trust more, or not too much,
Or I myself would wretched be—
But all the moments that we touch
Are ours, and then eternal.

Could I turn back, but I can turn
The leaf alone that lies ahead.
God grant that something wise I learn
From something foolish that I read.
The book is closed, the record there
Is written for a life, an age;
But I can be more good, more fair,
And make the next a cleaner page.
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KNOWING THE TREES

AMERICAN ELM

(Ulmus Americana)

THE American elm is a large ornamental tree, usually with spreading branches and drooping branchlets, forming a very wide-spreading top. The trunk divides gradually a short distance from the ground into two or more stout branches, which curve gracefully upward and outward to form a symmetrical, rounded, wide-spreading or vase-like top.

This tree's brownish, gray bark is furrowed into perpendicular ridges, very rough and solid, with whitish inner layers. The tree is marked by drooping twigs, and by pointed leaves which are usually quite rough above, sharply double-toothed, with straight, pale veins clearly marked and extending to the teeth on the margins. The stem is common and thrives in rich, moist soil.

With its high-arching crown, its gracefully drooping foliage of brilliant green, the American elm affords a summer picture not offered by any other variety of tree.

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Your Home and You

By Betsy Callister

FOR A GIRL'S BIRTHDAY

"WHAT shall we give Peggy for her birthday?"

That was a question that members of Peggy's family were asking, because Peggy, who was approaching twelve, was just too old for toys and playthings and still too young for jewelry and other grown-up presents—and no one could expect to give Peggy a saddle horse or a fast-top or any of the things that would have been precisely what Peggy thought she wanted.

So they decided to get together on the very latest present that a girl of Peggy's age could receive. They decided to do over Peggy's room and every one who would be expected to give Peggy a present was taken into the secret and assigned some necessary of the new decoration.

Brother Bill and big sister Nell scraped and washed off the old paper and put on new, while Peggy slept in the guest room and was merely allowed to guess what was going on. Mother bought material for new curtains and put them up, and helped sister Nell paint over the old furniture all in the same soft tone. The father bought a new rug, grandma made the covers for a bureau and bed-side table.

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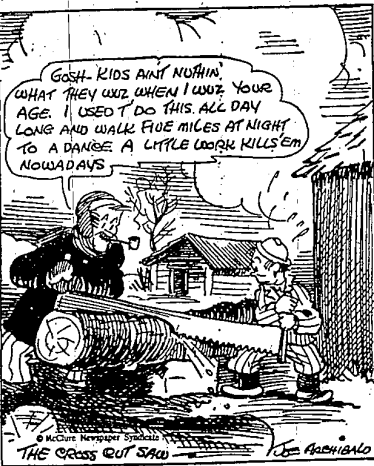


"There aren't any ancient ruins in this country," says the Limping Lem. "But it has its share of fallen arches."

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Why Boys Leave Home

BY JOE ARCHIBALD



SUPERSTITIOUS SUE



SHE HAS HEARD THAT— Sailors used to believe that an anchor worn somewhere about them was a hope charm for a safe return when they went out to sea—well, that being the case, it also makes a marvelous marmalade mascot.

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Through a Woman's Eyes

By Joan Newton

CAN THE HOME BE OF "LESS IMPORTANCE"?

A VERY prominent woman executive recently made a statement of great significance, which, because of her own important position, was reported in newspapers all over the country as an almost official announcement on the position of women today.

She said that industry, which has always been a "man's world," is now adapting itself to the fact that women are keeping women out, as they used to, employers are now even adapting their plans to "labor demands."

This decreasing industrialization of women, we are told, has given her a greater purchasing power than that exercised when she was solely a housewife, and this reorganization of society has made the home "less important" in the life of women today.

It is that conclusion that is so significant, followed as it is by this frank declaration: "The home as an economic institution has passed out of our lives. Girls no longer have to do it to do in the home and must go out of it if they are to be of any economic importance whatever."

With that I take direct issue. I feel that as long as civilization remains as it is, as long as we have children and families, the home can never be "less important."

I believe that the trouble with the home is not that it is too old-fashioned, but that it is too new. It is too new in the sense that it is too new to the modern world. It is too new to the modern world in the sense that it is too new to the modern world.

But when such work is an all-day job for a woman with growing children, when it means that her home has become unimportant to her life, then I think it is too bad. In fact I know it. Incidentally, the combination is a great deal for the nervous system of any one woman. But particularly the objection is on behalf of the husband and those children whose home has been said by a woman industrialist to be unimportant.

It is simple to answer the declaration that we must get out of the home if we are to be of economic importance—assuming that it is vital to you to be of economic importance—by pointing out that a woman who brings up children to live up to the best in them and be good citizens can hardly be said to be "no economic importance."

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Mother's Cook Book

There are many good things which we can all afford, regardless of our circumstances. We can all afford to be tolerant of the opinions of others, because—if we are growing—our own views are certain to change.

We can all afford to believe that which is good, because only the good is true.—Benjamin Franklin.

THINGS YOU'LL LIKE

WHILE we are eating the acid-forming foods in more abundance during the cold weather of winter, we must remind ourselves that green vegetables and fruits must have an important place on the menu. There is nothing more appetizing than a lettuce salad on which is served four or five sections of grapefruit, sprinkled with a bit of chopped celery and with a good dressing.

Savory Butter Sandwiches.

Put all the following ingredients into a bowl and beat until creamy: two teaspoonsful each of anchovy paste and lemon juice, two teaspoonsful of mustard, four teaspoonsful of mayonnaise, four teaspoonsful of finely cut Roquefort cheese and four teaspoonsful of butter. Spread on crackers and cover with another cracker.

Waffles.

Mix one cupful of cooked rice and one cupful of toasted bread crumbs, one cupful of milk, two teaspoonsful of sage, one-half teaspoonful of paprika, one and one-half cupsful of ground walnut meats, two eggs, one-half teaspoonful of salt, one-fourth teaspoonful of celery seed and a teaspoonful of onion juice. When well blended shape into sausage-shaped rolls and brown in a frying pan. Garnish with bacon rolls and lemon.

Bran Muffins.

Sift one-half cupful of flour with one-half teaspoonful of salt, and mix with one cupful of bran, add three-fourths of a cupful of orange juice in which a half teaspoonful of soda has been stirred, add one and one-half teaspoonsful of molasses and two tablespoonsful of melted butter. Beat vigorously and bake in hot, buttered glass pans.

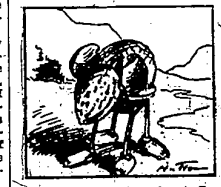
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NUTTY NATURAL HISTORY

BY HUGH HUTTON

THE SEDUCTIVE YEEK

THE yeek is quite plentiful in western Siberia, where it lives in small caves in the Ural mountains. Having a mild appearance, it is chased by the wild droshky, which pursues it into the cave. The droshky, being much larger than the yeek, becomes wedged in the entrance of the cave and thus furnishes a good supper for the rest of the yeek family. The



Yeek takes an important place in Russian folklore, and is said that the Scheraz of Tchekowka's Symphonie Pathétique was inspired by the galloping of the pursued yeek toward their caves.

As shown above, the yeek has an almond head with peanut-shell ears and walnut body. The legs are toothpicks, and the feet are peanut kernels.

(© Metropolitan Newspaper Service.)

The SNAKEMAN'S STORY

ABOUT SNOW BUNTING

"WE ARE very fond of it along by the ocean," said Snow Bunting.

"We really like to be by the ocean better than inland, though once in awhile we go into the country away from the ocean and whir about before a snowstorm and through, the storm, too, and look and appear as one who would have us appear."

"We have calm, lovely calls and we can whistle, too—ever so prettily. Yes, indeed."

"We're friendly with the horned larks. We look very beautiful when we fly, and we go way up to the Arctic regions, at times."

"These facts I was particularly told to tell."

"And some one who saw one of our nests at one time described it in his



"Little Snow Bunting, the Winter Sea-son is Passing."

man words to be a lovely, cozy nest. This person saw it in an old hollow log. The nest was lined with feathers and was made of grass and white fox hair.

"They say though that we look our best when flying through a snowstorm. Ah, but birds look very lovely when they fly. Great crowds of birds flying is always a lovely sight. Even starlings, when they fly are very beautiful."

"They say 'when starlings' for starlings are not popular. They have taken so much possession of things. 'They push other birds out of the way.'"

"But they do not bother us at all. However, that is not what I am to talk about. I am going to tell you that spring is soon coming. Ah, yes, for I heard a secret. Mother Nature whispered it to me."

(Copyright.)

THE WHY OF SUPERSTITIONS

By H. IRVING KING

BEDPOST MAGIC

ANY young lady—unmarried—who wishes to know whom she is destined to marry should name the four corners of her bed after four young men of her acquaintance before she retires for the night. If it is the name of the young man whose name she has used, that young man will appear to her in her dreams. A variant of this superstition is naming the four corners of a room the first time you sleep in it, and in some localities the destined husband does not appear in a dream but is the first one of the four chosen youths met with the next day. Of course if the young lady "breaks" is not to marry any one of the four men whose names she has used, none of them will appear to her in her dreams or meet her next day when she first goes out of the house.

In this superstition there are three sorts of magic—the contagious magic of our primitive ancestors; "arithmancy," or the magic of numbers, which the ancients greeted into a pseudo science on a par with astrology, which was practiced by the Babylonians and which in latter days formed a part of the philosophy of Pythagoras and Plato; and the "mana" in name, a primitive doctrine common among all uncivilized peoples even today. The magic of contact in this case is that form of sympathetic magic by which a savage seeks to injure his enemy by throwing a spear into his footprint. The bed, because it retains the impression of one sleeping on it, and because it is brought so intimately into contact with the sleeper, partakes of the sleeper's individuality—his ego.

Now the bed has four posts, or corners, and the bedroom has four corners, and it was by the number four that the Egyptians swore on important occasions. According to Galen, the great Greek physician and philosopher, the number represented the four "humors" of man—fire, water, air and earth. To his aid—the "mana," or mystic quality, in names. A part of this primitive doctrine is that if you can get hold of a person's name you can influence him in most any way you please. These ingredients make a pretty strong dose of magic which is exceedingly popular with young ladies.

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"She said: 'Little Snow Bunting, the winter season is passing. For what do you suppose I saw today?'"

"I asked her in my sweetest voice: 'What, Mother-Nature? Do tell me.'"

"I saw a Mourning Cloak Butterfly," she said, "and you know, little Snow Bunting, when they begin to come, I know that Mistress Spring-time is really on the way."

"Of course you know how she meets Winter on her way here, and how they chat and laugh and talk, and what a time they have, puzzling people for all they are worth!"

"But today I saw Mourning Cloak. I must tell you about Mourning Cloak," Mother Nature continued. "Mourning Cloak comes when it is very early spring. I often wonder if Mourning Cloak likes to listen to the chatter between Winter and Mistress Spring-time!"

"I often think that he does, for surely Mourning Cloak arrives early."

"Mourning Cloak comes flying through the woods, just a little warm sunlight to encourage him. He flies about and flits here and there, and we can see those wings of his so dark and purple and rich in appearance with their yellow-edged touches."

"His blue spots are so handsome, too. Oh, Mourning Cloak is a handsome fellow, and there is no mistake about that. He is one of the best dressed of my family."

"He sleeps all winter, hiding away in some cave or under some rock and he wakes up early. Yes, he doesn't wait until the last minute to arise."

"When Mourning Cloak is a caterpillar he wears a handsome black costume with striking red spots and he feeds on the leaves of willow trees, for he's a rascal then."

"He has a dangerous appearance then, but he is harmless and not at all like the green caterpillars with the short prickly spines."

"Ah, yes, Spring will be along soon, for the Mourning Cloak, the first arrival, has come."

"That was what Mother Nature told me," continued Snow Bunting, "and so I know it must be true."

"And I thought that it might be nice for some of the winter creatures to leave a song for Mistress Springtime. She might be pleased to think she was spoken of—creatures are pleased, I've heard, when they're asked about, even when they were away."

So Snow Bunting left a little song for Mistress Springtime alone, and only the Breeze Brothers who carried it to her from him heard what the song was about.

(Copyright.)

How It Started

By JEAN NEWTON

"A LOTUS-EATER"

TO SAY of a man that he is a lotus-eater does not necessarily or even inferentially imply that he eats the leaves of the lotus plant.

Rather, it is a metaphorical reference to a man who is heedless of the passage of the hours, and opportunity and who idly fritters away his life in idleness, ennui and pointless pleasure.

The phrase itself is interesting as an allusion to the lotus-eaters of Greek mythology.

In this realm the lotus-eaters comprised those followers of Olympus who actually ate of the leaves of the lotus plant which had the effect of rendering them oblivious to their friends and home.

It is from this circumstance that we have the phrase in the related modern connotation of forgetfulness of time and ambition.

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SMILES

GABBY GERTIE



"When a woman is tried she is always found wanting."

(© by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Maureen O'Sullivan



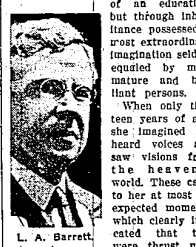
Maureen O'Sullivan of the screen was born at Boyle, Ireland. Her home is in Saintsbury, Kentucky. She was educated in Dublin, London and Paris. She had brief stage experience before coming to this country. She has been seen in "Song O' My Heart," "So This is London" and "Just Imagine." She is 5 feet 6 inches tall, weighs 116 pounds, has blue eyes and dark brown hair.

For Meditation

By LEONARD A. BARRETT

JOAN OF ARC

MAY 30, 1931, will mark the fifth centennial of the martyrdom of Joan of Arc. The "Maid of Orleans," as she was frequently called, was born Jan. 6, 1412. Few persons in history have had so many spectacular and heroic deeds crowded into so brief a period of time—only nineteen years—as Joan of Arc. Born of peasant parents, she was deprived the privilege of an education,



but through inheritance possessed a most extraordinary imagination seldom equaled by more mature and brilliant persons.

When only thirteen years of age, she imagined she heard voices and saw visions from the heavenly world. These came to her at most unexpected moments, which clearly indicated that they were thrust upon her by a power over which she had no control and which she personally did not intentionally create. The most daring and venturesome suggestion, which later took the form of a command, was that she was destined to free France from the dominating power of the English, who had taken possession of the entire country.

Through a period of three years these visions were insistent and finally, at the age of nineteen, she succeeded in gaining the consent of the court to lead her own army. Under her inspiring leadership, her forces were successful in gaining many victories, the most noteworthy being the siege of Orleans and the victory of Patay, both of which occurred in 1429, a hundred years before the Protestant Reformation.

These two victories resulted in the banishment of the English from France and the subsequent coronation of Charles VII. The most important event took place in the beautiful cathedral of Rheims, which was so frightfully destroyed during the late war, but has been restored through the generosity of a wealthy American. At this coronation service it was Joan of Arc who personally placed the crown upon the head of Charles VII. She regarded this as her most successful achievement. The visions of Joan of Arc which were the cause of her inspiring leadership, later became the cause of her martyrdom. She claimed that she possessed the power to communicate with God and the saints; with the intermediary of either church or priest. She was therefore tried by the church and condemned to death. She was burned at the stake on May 30, 1431, but her soul, unharmed by flames, was welcomed by the angels in heaven.

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