SPEED AND COMFORT OF AIRPLANES

THE time is coming when women will think nothing of flying across the continent to attend a dinner party or to do a day's shopping.

And "airplane breakfasts" and "airplane teas," given in the attractive gardens laid out about the airports of big cities, are going to be the height of fashion in a year of two.

Such is the forecast of Grace Williamson Willett, who writes of the speed and comfort of the new American mail and passenger planes in Harper's Bazaar.

American airplanes are even more luxurious and comfortable than the European ones, she points out, with the added attraction of a courier who looks after the passengers' needs. The hourly schedule on the coast-to-coast route is a convenient one, and the facilities at the airports are excellent, including a lounge, shower baths and retiring rooms and well-trained maids. There is less vibration in an airplane than on an ocean liner, while the opportunity for rest and relaxation is just as great.

"Although the airplane is flying at ninety miles an hour, one has the sensation of being in a steady, slow-moving ship," Mrs. Willett writes. "The cushion-padded aluminum seats enable one to recline as in a deck chair or to sit erect. There is plenty of leg room and plenty of head room for the tallest passenger when he chooses to stand.

"The air which comes through the easily adjusted window at one's side is cool but not too cold. Even in midsummer when traveling in European airplanes, I have longed for woolen hose and fur-lined boots.

"Then, too, there is no unpleasant vibration to brace one's nerves against. Occasionally the plane undulates in an air pocket, particularly over the desert, but there is none of the jarring one receives in an automobile or a railroad train. While on an airplane I have jotted down notes at random and my handwriting was as legible as if I sat at my desk at home.

"It is the absence of vibration and the lack of dust, dirt and odors that enable an air passenger to step from a plane at the end of a journey of three thousand or six thousand miles without a trace of fatigue."

NUTTY NATURAL HISTORY

By HUGH HUTTON

THE FROSTED GARPON

A GARPON (called "queek-umtash-kondlebok" or "Dog-like-a-red-fox-but-fine," by the Cree Indians for obvious reasons) lives in herds over the frozen wastes between the Great Slave lake and the Mackenzie river. During the long winter nights they are quiescent, but at the first sight of the sun they become frightened at their shadows and tear away at a terrific speed to escape them. The writer has seen

them go so fast that they were at least 20 feet ahead of their shadows. Paul Bunyan, the noted woodsman, claims he saw one that had entirely lost its shadow, but any child knows that would be impossible.

Two double peanuts do for the head and tail of this creature, and are joined by a filbert body. The feet and eyes are split navy beans, the legs short toothpicks, and the ears split peanuts. If a movable shadow is desired it can be cut from the top of a salmon can.

(© Metropolitan Newspaper Service.)

SUPERSTITIOUS SUE

SHE HAS HEARD THAT—

The nice soft rain water, if caught and bottled, is considered very beneficial for the face and hands—hooray, girls, it's away with the pasty face and on with the peach bloom.

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The SANDMAN STORY

ABOUT THE SOAPSUDS

EVERY once in awhile—oh, more often than that—the members of the Soapsud family held a family reunion.

They had a very good time in their soapsuds fashion. Perhaps you wouldn't enjoy their kind of a good time, but then you're not a soapsud, and as many a wise and truthful person has said, it all depends on the way you look at a thing or in your "point of view" as they say.

There were Susy Soapsud and Sammy Soapsud, Solomon Soapsud, Sheffield Soapsud and Sidney Soapsud.

Of course Mamma Soapsud was there and Papa Soapsud, too.

Teacher Spots was on hand and Professor Dirty Clothes, for they

Held Their Banquet Right in the Washtubs.

were such old friends of the family that they always came to the family reunion.

In fact they were almost thought of as belonging to the family.

No longer did either the professor or the teacher have to say:

"Now, pray don't put yourselves out on my account. Just let me know what you're going to have yourselves—let me feel as one of the family."

They didn't have to say this any more. And when they had a soapsuds banquet and soapsuds food and foamy soapsuds water, which they all loved, everyone was quite at home.

One pleasant thing about the banquet was that no one had to bother about manners.

They didn't eat at a table. They held their banquet right in the washtubs.

You see, they were all "the family" and they didn't have to make any fuss.

"Well," said Professor Dirty Clothes, "I see we've got a good crowd this week."

He always said that when there was a big wash. A good crowd to him meant a big wash.

"Yes," said Teacher Spots, "lots of representative spots."

The Soapsud children had all been taught by Teacher Spots just what that meant.

He had told them that representative men were men who were important in their different lines, and who represented or stood for something rather high up and important.

When he spoke of representative spots he meant good, big, important, interesting spots.

"I hope I'll be able to handle them all," said Mamma Soapsud.

"There, there," said Papa Soapsud, "you always get nervous at the beginning of each wash. But they always go so well!

"They turn out splendidly and you're a fine Mammy Soapsud."

"Thank you, my dear," said Mamma Soapsud to Papa Soapsud.

As she said this she drew her soapsuds hand across her soapsuds face and wiped it with her soapsuds handkerchief which, of course, didn't dry it in the least.

But as she hadn't wished to dry it, that didn't matter at all!

"I do hope they'll get at the scrubbing soon," said Professor Dirty Clothes.

"The scrubbing board is needed today," he added.

"Oh, yes," said Susy Soapsud, "they're going to begin the scrubbing now."

"Hurrah," said Solomon Soapsud, "now for some games and some fun."

"Now for some games and some fun," chimed in Sammy Soapsud.

"Hurrah!" shouted Sheffield Soapsud.

"Goodie!" said Sidney Soapsud.

What a good time they did have! Mamma Soapsud looked at Papa Soapsud and said:

"How happy the dears are!" And Papa Soapsud looked at Mamma Soapsud and said exactly the same thing.

The professor spoke of it and so did Teacher Spots and the washtub was the most gloriously happy Soapsud playground ever seen.

Although, it is true, they thought the same each week! Not a single week seemed less happy than any other week.

(Copyright.)

How It Started

By JEAN NEWTON

'ON A WILD-GOOSE CHASE'

A SEARCH for something that cannot be found, a useless effort, an impossible cause, a hunt for something that will probably not be attained, is spoken of as "a wild goose chase." The reference of the elusiveness of success in a chase of the wild goose, is, of course, obvious. But there is more than that to the story of the phrase.

The modern phrase "on a wild goose chase" owes its origin to a story told of that skillful sportsman, Charles I of England. Charles liked his hunting, and according to the story, a similar fondness on the part of the nobles sometimes interfered with his enjoyment. It irritated the king, on the trail of his quarry, to find other hunting parties beating through the wood and sometimes crossing his path.

On one occasion when he was particularly desirous of getting rid of them, an idea came to him. He published among the nobles an offer of a prize to the one who could capture the greatest number of wild geese. Off they went to the seashore, and the king had the woods to himself!

And so though the object is not literally wild geese, it is not unfamiliar method of getting rid of a nuisance today is to send hyr "on a wild goose chase."

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Abundantly Financed

Historic records show that Aristotle was rich in his own right and had an appropriation from Alexander the Great amounting to more than $4,000,000 to devote to research work and intellectual pursuits.

Around the Home

By MARGARET BRUCE

WNU Service

The Decorative Value of Large Pictures.

If I were asked what one fault rendered the interior of many homes ineffective, I think I would say, too many small pictures on the walls. A living room of noble proportions, with ample wall spaces can be utterly spoiled by being dotted—yes, dotted is the word—with pictures ranging from ten to eighteen inches in size.

Such small pictures as this are entirely out of proportion to a room of any fair dimensions, especially if there are no big pieces of furniture to rise against the wall space and help to fill it up. The dignity of a spacious living room is lost without at least one or two large mural decorations, or even more, unless there are a good many windows to break the wall spaces.

Not long ago I sat in a beautiful home where the entrance hall, living room and dining room opened into each other with wide rough-plastered arches showing no woodwork whatever. These were very few small pictures on the walls, and what there were had been gathered together in a well-arranged group that had the value of a large picture. Over a long divan against one wall was a color print in quiet rich tones. It

formed a background that had the effect of a tapestry. It hung low above the couch and was nearly as long as that piece of furniture.

Over the stone mantel at the other end of the room was a long dusky oil painting, a copy of a master. In another broad wall space hung an oriental rug, with a massive carved chair below it. There was an entire absence of petty pictures.

If small pictures are used in spacious rooms, they should not be streched at regular intervals here and there over the wall, but gathered together into panel-shaped groups, or perhaps hung in the narrow space between two windows. They should never be flung meaningleasly over the surface of a large side wall, like bits of paper afloat on a river.

(Copyright.)

Through a Woman's Eyes

by Jean Newton

THE GIRL WHO CAN'T GET ALONG WITH HER FAMILY

A YOUNG girl writes to me that she cannot get along with her large family of brothers and sisters because they are all so thick-skinned. They say the most insulting things to each other, she writes, and the next moment are good friends. "For my part, I don't like to be called a fool or told that I'm crazy. And when one of my brothers or sisters does that I simply don't have anything to do with them. I don't talk to them in that way, and I don't see why I should be compelled to subject myself to that sort of language.

"My mother, of course, says I am over-sensitive. She points out that I also have trouble in getting along with my friends. That is true. But if I have got to keep my friends at the cost of my self-respect, I prefer not to have any. I merely expect people to show me the same consideration that I show them. And I think my mother's doctrine that 'you have to close your eyes to things now and then, if you want to have friends' is a rather cheap one."

I wrote that child—for in every line of her letter is the idealism, the self-deluding of youth that cries out—that we have got to close our eyes to a great many things in life if we expect to know any peace or happiness.

It is not only the practical matter of keeping friends which decrees that we make shortcomings in those we care for and try to adapt ourselves to things and people as they are rather than insist upon our own notion of what they should be; it is the more important necessity of keeping something fine and sweet in our own hearts and gladness in our spirit. If we are going to brood about the qualities we don't like in those with whom we come in contact and answer every offense by "having nothing to do with them" we cannot avoid turning into sour misanthropes. For perfection is hard to find. And the reason that this is a "cheap" doctrine is the very obvious fact that we ourselves would find great difficulty in maintaining standards of perfection which some one else might set for us. Many of us would be more tolerant if we could know how involuntarily we often grate upon those who love us.

The girl who says about her sister and brothers "I do not act in that way to them and I insist that they follow my example in their relations with me" is trying to force an entire family into her own mold, and failing to do this, exaggerates a superficial difference into a crime serious enough to cut her off from her own family. The Spanish people say, "He who will revenge every affront means not to live long." And they are right.

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Dear Editor:

IN THIS gay, topsy-turvy world, there are towns where the undertaker is the best local booster.

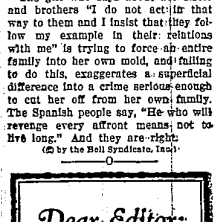
One undertaker's billboard says merely this: "Our village shipped 450 cars of wonderful peaches last year." Another sign reads: "70 per cent of our residents own their homes."

It would be nice, when being buried, to think that the presiding officer was the town's best friend. But I'll bet it breaks an undertaker's heart to pay money for a signboard reading: "This is the healthiest city in the state."

That would be too much like knocking his own business.—Fred Barton.

(Copyright.)

WINS AT WIMBLEDON



Sidney B. Wood, Jr., of the United States, who won the men's singles championship in the national tennis tournament at Wimbledon, England.

Canons of Painting

The celebrated "Six Canons of Paintings," which have been the basis of art criticism in the Far East throughout subsequent centuries, are, translated freely: (1) Life motion engendered by spiritual harmony; (2) use of the brush in rendering bone structure; (3) delineation of forms in conformity with objects; (4) application of colors appropriate to the kinds; (5) spacing based on proper planning; (6) copying of classic pictures, thereby preserving tradition.

PLAYBACK, THE STORY OF A THWARTED SUICIDE

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By FANNIE HURST

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(WNU Service.)

TO THE druggist, what happened one motionless July evening, on one of those streets of lower New York that after dark, whether merited or not, take on a sinister gloom, while by no means routine was nonetheless not without frequent precedent in the many years of his shopkeeping.

He knew the ear-marks so well. The strangely lit eyes, the smeared pallor, the elaborate manner of asking for rat poison. In the case of the girl with the strawberry-colored hair and the pitiful lower lip with a tiny mole that looked like a court plaster beauty spot, it was much the same as usual, except that she was so young. Not over sixteen, if the druggist was any judge, and he flattered himself that he was.

The thing to do in these cases was not to interfere; to interfere was to invite desperate and frightened recoil. There was a little shelf in the store for just such emergency. Neat little phials of barley water duly labeled "poison." In this wise, chances were the subject would have time to recover from the mental abberration and in all probability not repeat the attempt at self-destruction.

That had been the druggist's experience, where he had been in a position to follow up the case, but usually they just drifted out of sight after the fiasco he thrust on them, and it was left to his intuition, which he trusted, to gauge the results.

On one or two occasions the would-be self-annihilators had returned to thank him for the deception. But more usually, at least according to the druggist's conviction, they just drifted sheepishly out of sight.

In any event, it behooved him to regard the matter that way. It assuaged his unease of mind.

The sixteen-year-old girl with the strawberry hair had not returned; but in the odd times his mind flashed back to her after the event, the druggist had leaned upon his conviction that failure to succeed that once had jerked her to her senses.

The druggist's life was too involved in the multitudinous affairs of his little business to let these matters obsess him. The exacting hours of his shop weighed heavily. It was at the period when his son was attending Pharmaceutical college and the assistant he had was all too inadequate.

The druggist had been fourteen years in his small old-fashioned shop which the antiquated air of a pharmacy still pervaded instead of the modern electrified atmosphere of the newer type of drug store. He took pride in that, and further prided himself in the fact that when his only son had finished training, he, too, would carry on in the spirit of the chemist, rather than that of the new fangled department store regime which had overtaken the corner druggist.

And even down there on the remote by-street, tidings of this small shop spread among physicians to whom the perfectly-filled prescription meant much. Motor cars that seldom, if ever, frequented that part of town swooped now with frequency into the druggist's street. His shop became a trademark of quality.

Curiously and against the modern tendency of the modern youth, the son had returned to it himself with enthusiasm and valor for the cause of medicine, in the old shop.

Eight years after his graduation from the state college, he was practically carrying alone the increasing responsibilities of the drug store. Meanwhile of course the neighborhood had changed, becoming in a way even more remote and even more sinister in its implication.

Various the opportunities that had come and the offers from doctors to help finance the removal of the shop to a more likely part of town, but the old druggist, half bed-ridden now, was querulous when approached on the subject, and for one reason or another his son, twenty-nine past, of steady caliber, and i. a father's passionate pride, did not urge it.

After all, the store was the old gentleman's life and work. It was he who had created it out of pennies; nurtured it, tended it in infancy and seen it flourish with the years. The world might well be said to have beaten a pathway to the door of the little shop. It was because of his integrity that doctors with national and international reputations recommended it to their patients, and once gained, a customer remained.

No, this was scarcely the time to cross a bedridden old man in his desire for the stabilization of his life work.

Not that it was a strenuous or tormented old age into which he had entered. The little rooms above the shop where he had dwelt the twenty-eight years following the death of his wife were snug to him as the proverbial bug in its rug. Peace and pride ruled here; the peace of honest achievement and high pride in a son whose ideals were the ideals of the father and whose youth stood aside in deference to the conservatism of age.

Some day, naturally, the boy would blossom out into a new and wider enterprise. It was right that he should. He had the ability, the opportunity, the ambition. But while the father lived, there he remained in the shop, right-hand to the business, right-hand to the parent.

And of course, along about the time the older man began to feel upon himself the Shadow, there began to move across his mind torments, fears, heartaches, even terror for the future of this boy. There was something so naive and trusting and simple about this son. His one weakness in the affairs of business was his tendency to take every one at his word.

Such a youth would fall easily and readily into the hands of any woman who desired him sufficiently, and at twenty-nine there was dignity to this fellow, fine clarity of eye and brow and a naive quality that gave him added attraction.

With the old gentleman standing by to add his pinch of cynicism whenever necessary, all that was well and good. The boy had had his threats of pitfalls and come out unscathed. It was the aftermath the father dreaded. What about after he had passed on?

It therefore became almost a secret obsession with him. What about this boy's future? A woman could break or make him. What untold relief to see this boy settled in life before . . .

Intuitive always, the old man watched for signs. The reticence of secret thoughts—there was none of that. The absorption in some one of the many charming young women who come into the shop—not a suggestion of personal interest with anyone. The telephone's unexplained demands that might suggest a hidden sweetheart—there were no clews there to indicate a preparation for the inevitable.

Countless times he attempted to broach the subject but the boy would have none of it. Not interested in women! Why must father get on the morbid subject of death—nothing but gout the matter with him? Let the future take care of itself.

The future did take care of itself. One spring evening the son of the old druggist entered the sick room with a look on his face that caused the heart of the old man to leap in terror and hope.

This boy was in love!

He was, and the matter of introducing the girl to a father who depended so strongly upon intuition was a time of untold nervousness to the boy.

"If you don't like her, Father, it's terrible to have to tell you, but if you don't like her I'm going to marry her anyway."

It required only one meeting to set the fluttering old heart of the fluttering old man at rest. She was right! She was the assured future of his boy. She was everything in her strawberry-haired prettiness, with the mouth so prettily shadowed by a mole, her eyes so prettily shadowed by good common sense, that this father could wish for his son.

One felt so at home with her at the very first meeting. It was as if one had known her before. . . .

Long List of "Ologies" in Alphabetical Form

The following are the principal ologies: Anthropology, science of man; archeology, antiquities; astrology, influence of stars on human affairs; biology, life and living organisms; biontology, physiology of the species or genus; carpology, structure of fruits and seeds; craniology, characteristics of skulls; criminology, criminals; entomology, insects; etymology, derivation of words; geology, structure of the earth; genealogy, descent and ancestors; graphology, study of character from handwriting; horology, time measurement; hydrology, waters of the earth; ichthyology, fishes; limnology, lakes and ponds; mammalogy, mammals; mineralogy, minerals; naology, ecclesiastical architecture; ophthalmology, structure and diseases of the eye; pathology, morbid condition of the body; physiology, organic functions; paleontology, fossils; phrenology, character as indicated by form of skull; pomology, fruits; sociology, society as a whole; theology, God or of religion, and zoology, animals.

Native African Houses

The native of Kirdi-Massa, on the west coast of Africa, builds his home of a stiff clay much like the adobe used by Mexicans and Indians. This is poured over a framework of slender wooden poles used as reinforcements, and allowed to dry in the sun. The design is worked on with a crude trowel-like tool while the mud is moist.

The houses look like huge anthills, with only an inadequate opening for a door in the side and a small round chimney hole at the top to admit light and air. The design on the outside is often elaborate and worked out with the greatest pains, for it serves to identify the owner of the hut.

Lightest Known Gases

One cubic foot of hydrogen under ordinary conditions will lift .071 pound. One cubic foot of helium gas will lift .066 pound. These are the lightest gases known and practically the only ones used for balloons. It is stated that the government helium plant in Texas can produce helium at about $12 per thousand cubic feet, or at a little more than twice the cost of hydrogen. Hydrogen is inflammable while helium is not. While heated gases and smoke have a tendency to rise, their lifting power will depend on their specific gravity and on the temperature.