

MOTHER NATURE, M.D.



Outdoor Recreation
Amid Natural Scenic
Beauty Best Antidote
for Ills of Our Modern
Civilization

she is giving some New York city boys a dose of country life in the Palisades Interstate park along the Hudson. This park is a thing of beauty and a joy forever to the millions of the metropolis. Welfare organizations annually make vacation joys there possible to hundreds of thousands of boys and girls to whom a scene like this is fairyland. Doubtless there are boys in this line who never before saw a wild flower or heard a wild songbird; who have not known what it was to play under the shade of trees and in clean air. These boys will absorb health and strength and ideas; this glimpse of a new world may be the turning point in their lives.

Picture No. 2 is one to warm the cockles of the heart of every man who was once the same kind of boy. A look at it carries the conviction that every boy should have a chance to play after Doctor Nature's own fashion. Contrast with him the city boy whose knowledge of life is derived almost entirely from the moving pictures. Which boy has received the better start on a career as a useful, likable human creature? The youngster who has landed his "big one" has felt the urge of incentive, the thrill of sportsmanship, the pride of achievement—each a valuable lesson in itself.

MOTHER NATURE, M. D., is really a very clever practitioner. Her medicine is usually easy to take and she generally manages to make the patients like the treatment. She belongs to the eclectic school of medicine and uses any sort of remedy that seems to suit the case. And she's far from orthodox, for she advertises and she drums up patients. Every spring, when that tired feeling hits us all after a winter of hard work—and no less strenuous avocations—she not only fills the newspapers with display ads of mountain and seashore and forest lake, but she gets in a private call to each one of us something like this:

"Stop, look, listen! Drop the strenuous life. Take up the simple life. Pause, take breath, relax."

She has a persuasive tongue, has old Mother Nature. Anyway, the whole country is awheel this very minute, doing just what Doctor Nature told them to do. And quite likely it is a lucky thing for the American nation.

For the American people are under indictment just now as the most lawless nation of earth. The indictment contains special counts of murder, robbery and other crimes of violence. Those defending our people endeavor to throw the blame on lack of police protection, faulty legal procedure, sensational newspapers and so on. But the criminologists know better. They declare emphatically that the prevalence of crime is a symptom of basic disturbance in our emotional stability. When a people, they say, has a normal emotional life, everything goes smoothly and the nation progresses. When its emotional life is abnormal, emotional instability shows itself, with insanity and crime as natural resultants. Automobiles, the movies and jazz carried to extremes; complexity and artificiality of life in the big cities, and avocations that are as strenuous as vocations are the causes they see of our emotional instability. These have drained the nervous vitality of our people.

Right here Mother Nature, M. D., steps in with an offer of aid. The pictures suggest some of Doctor Nature's many activities. In No. 1

How about mental benefits? They have seen many an object lesson of earth in the making—naked granite peak, eroded valley, glacier, gorge and moraine. They have been in a vast exhibit in the national parks of wild life—animal, bird and plant. Surely they should have gained educationally. They have driven and camped with people from every nook and corner of the United States—the farmer from Nebraska, the banker from Illinois, the merchant from Louisiana, the manufacturer from New York, all with their women folks. Has that not made for democracy?

Doctor Nature is exceedingly busy in the national parks this summer. The national park service reports, with the season yet several weeks from its peak, that all records for attendance will be broken. And that is a good thing for the nation. For outdoor recreation amid scenes of natural scenic beauty is the best antidote for the many ill of our modern civilization.

Doctor Nature in the national parks is showing her patients a wonderland. At the Grand Canyon she is showing them the most sublime spectacle in all the world—and the world's greatest exhibit of erosion. In Rocky Mountain she takes them to the "Roof of the World" on the Continental Divide and shows them the most remarkable collection of high granite peaks and beautiful valleys known to man. In Yellowstone they are seeing more geysers than all the rest of the world can show and buffalo and elk and moose and bear in their native wilderness. In Mount Rainier they are enjoying winter sports in the snow in midsummer and gazing upon the largest single-peak glacier system—a vast and impressive mountain with its top snow-clad and with its flower belt between ice and forest-clad slopes.

And so on, wonder after wonder is Doctor Nature showing her patients, with lessons for the physical body, for the mentality, for the soul. She shows them majestic scenes, but even more majestic is the response she awakens in the human mind and soul. For we are poor specimens indeed if we are not bettered by association with the beautiful and majestic in natural scenery.

volving at high speed and the vibration of the stay wires produce distinct noises, and it is with a view to tracing and eliminating these that Professor Low is to carry out his experiments.

It is hoped to produce a passenger air express in which the noise inside the cabin is actually less than on the latest express train.

Some Snickered

A pastor in an Indianapolis church recently was discussing the manner

in which the strong sometimes prey on the weak. To illustrate he related an incident in which a little Spitz dog owned by him had been attacked a few days before by a large Alfrede.

Waxing warm as he recalled the incident he said, emphatically:

"And that air devil rushed across the street and seized the little dog." The "devil" part obviously was a slip of the tongue, for the pastor plainly was embarrassed. The congregation smiled. Some even snickered.

In the JUNGLE

With Cheerups and the Quixies
By Grace Bliss Stewart

PATH TO CHEERUPS' DOOR

"NOW just look at that path, Brighteyes," called Cheerups to a little brown Quixie who was peeping out of a bush near by. "You couldn't really call it a path, could you, sir?" asked Brighteyes. "Hardly a blade of grass is worn off."

"No, that's just the trouble, Brighteyes; there's no one to wear it off," replied Cheerups. "Nobody comes to see us. Maybe they can't find the way.



"I Have an Idea," Called Cheerups to His Companion.

It must be that, for I'm sure they would like us if they could get here."

"I'll go once more and look," cried Brighteyes. "I'll climb the very tallest tree on the tipmost top of the mountain and look as far as I can to see if anyone is coming," and he jumped aboard a passing breeze and flew away through the air.

There sat Cheerups in the doorway of his little house. It was only a hole in the side of an old hollow stump, but this jolly little fairy liked his home and was so happy that it would have made you laugh just to look at him.

But even if the rest of the world hadn't come to Cheerups, he had friends. Anyone so jolly and kind couldn't help it. There were four little Quixies who were his faithful companions, and they were called Brighteyes, Quickear, Softfoot and Sniffsniff.

These Quixies lived up in the Great Pine Tree which waved its whispering

branches over Cheerups' hollow stump, and they were so much alike that you couldn't tell them apart unless you knew them very well. They were as slender and brown as Cheerups was plump and green, and being so slender and brown, they looked like brothers to the pine needles which fall from the great pine trees and feel so soft under your feet in the woods.

Brighteyes could see very well indeed. His eyesight was so wonderful that he could almost see around a corner. Quickear said that he could hear the grass grow. Softfoot stepped so lightly that even Quickear couldn't hear him, and Sniffsniff could smell a violet a mile away.

Of course, with such good friends near him, Cheerups couldn't be very sad about the lack of visitors. It was really because he was so glad that fine morning that he wanted to share his good spirits with every one.

"Yes, I'm sure they would like us if they could only get here," murmured Cheerups to himself. "I would so love to broaden my acquaintance. They say travel does it. That's it, we'll travel! Oh, Brighteyes, Quickear, Softfoot, Sniffsniff; I have an idea!"

"Yes, sir, here I am, sir; I couldn't see anyone from the top of the mountain coming this way, sir," cried Brighteyes, as he fluttered to the ground.

"Never mind that now," shouted Cheerups excitedly. "I have a wonderful idea. We'll go to them!"

"To whom?" piped Quickear.

"To whom?" chirped Softfoot.

"To where?" sputtered Sniffsniff.

For they had all dropped down from

Richard Dix



This handsome "movie" star was born July 18, 1895, in St. Paul, Minn. He was educated at the University of Minnesota. He is 6 feet tall, weighs about 180 pounds and has dark hair and dark eyes. His first theatrical experience was with a stock company.

the Great Pine Tree at Cheerups' first call.

"We are going to travel," chuckled Cheerups. "Isn't it exciting?"

"But please, sir, when do we start?" chimed the Quixies in chorus.

"We begin here and we start now," cried Cheerups gleefully. "All aboard for Somewhere," and he hopped on a passing leaf and rose into the air. The four little Quixies were most astonished to move but they didn't want to be left behind, so each grabbed a bit of thistle-down and followed Cheerups on his voyage of discovery.

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Your Health

By Andrew F. Carrier, M. D.

ADENOIDS

IN ADDITION to the adenoids, we often see enlargement of the tonsils and of the uvula (the little cone-shaped body which hangs at the entrance to the throat), the entire opening to the throat being almost obliterated.

Such children are often stammerers, their voice is thick and lacks resonance, and their intellect suffers.

Their countenance is dull and expressionless, their complexion is bad, their upper lip is retracted, the septum of their nose deflected, and the glands in their neck enlarged.

They are often victims of croup, hiccough, St. Vitus dance, nose bleed, earache and headache, they suffer constantly from colds or deafness or weak eyes.

Not all children with adenoids have all these troubles; all have some of them, some have all of them, and most

of them are benefited when tonsils and adenoids are removed.

Children may be born with adenoids or they may have them soon after birth; and they are more likely to be in homes where the hygiene is faulty the ventilation poor, the food unsuitable, and the conditions, in general unsanitary.

The child is not responsible for all these bad conditions, hence the more important is it for those who brought him into the world to do all in their power to prevent the growth of adenoids or to have them properly and skillfully treated before his health is undermined.

No matter how poor parents may be, there is today no excuse for neglecting the health of their children.

There is hardly a town of any size, anywhere, which does not have a dispensary or hospital in which proper treatment may be obtained if needed.

Of course the earlier it is given, the better for the child; and in the case of such children as have been here considered, the treatment will consist in removing the adenoids (and the tonsils, too, if necessary), the administration of suitable tonics, and the giving of properly prepared and easily digested food.

(© by George Matthew Adams)

A LINE O' CHEER

By John Kendrick Bangs.

WORDS

THE written word hath potency sublime
If it be penned in prose or
lilting rhyme
To lift the soul of man from
depths of care
Up to the pinnacles of freedom
where
He seems to touch the stars, and
find the gain
That comes to him who triumphs
over pain,
And in the simplest words of all
we find
The richest blessings of our days
combined,
For what is sweeter in these
vales of strife
Than cheer, and hope, and love,
and faith, and life?
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THE WHY OF SUPERSTITIONS.

By H. IRVING KING

SPIDERS

TO SEE a spider spin down before you is an omen of good luck. That is the broadest form of the spider superstition which extends to all parts of the world. The more restricted form says that the spider sometimes called the "Book Spider" and sometimes the "Money Spider"—that little fellow who drops down on his slender thread from ceilings and window ledges—is the bringer of good luck. His appearance, spinning down before you, is a sure sign of money coming to you. Some say that it is almost as sure a sign of good luck to find one of these spiders on your clothing.

The origin of the spider superstition has been seen by some in the old Hebrew tradition telling how David, being pursued by Saul, took refuge in a cave across the mouth of which a spider at once wove a web. Saul, coming along and seeing the web,

broken web, said: "Nobody in there," and went on. Therefore, the spider, having saved David, was revered ever after. Others cite the story of Robert Bruce, who was inspired, when his fortunes were at their lowest, to make another attempt to restore the independence of his country by watching the persistence with which a spider, after repeated failures, hauled himself up by his slender thread.

But the spider superstition prevails in countries which never heard of Bruce and where the legend of David's spider is unknown. It is an ancient superstition of psychological origin—a cognate idea arising from a fact.

Old Fuller mentioned the spider superstition 300 years ago and gave as the explanation of it the fact that "such as imitate the industry and perseverance of this contemptible insect, may by God's grace, weave for themselves wealth and the purchase of a large estate."
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"WHAT'S IN A NAME?"

By MILDRED MARSHALL

Facts about your name; its history, meaning; whence it was derived; significance; your lucky day and lucky jewel

GEORGIANA

GEORGIANA is a modernism which has quite a bit of interesting history behind it. It means "husbandman" and dates back to the allegorical saints of the Greek church, one of whom was called by a Greek name which meant "worker of the earth." The fame of St. George and the dragon carried the masculine name to extraordinary heights of popularity. From it various feminines were formed with a distinct idea of honoring the saint. It was not a slow growth, but a deliberate manufacture. The first English lady bearing a name akin to George was a god-child of Anne of

Denmark, who had her christened Georgia Anna in commemoration of herself and the popular saint. Later the two names were run together and Georgiana is the result.

Georgia is now regarded as a contraction of Georgiana, although it has the right to separate existence. Georgine and Gergette are French versions which have also acquired popularity in this country.

The emerald is Georgiana's talismanic gem. It is believed to guard her from unfortunate love affairs by giving her extraordinary keenness in judgment. Wednesday is her lucky day and 3 her lucky number.
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Photographing Sounds

Sound photographs recording the noises in the cabins of Imperial Airways cross-channel passenger airplanes whilst in actual flight are to be obtained by Prof. A. M. Low with a view to locating the actual source of the various sounds.

The big Napier engines used on many of the air expresses have already been silenced to a remarkable degree, but it is found that the propeller