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"It may seem paradoxical," said the librarian at an East side branch library, "but I find that the people who have the deepest appreciation of literature almost invariably are those who keep their library books beyond the allotted time. It isn't that they do not read the books but rather that they read them quickly, and perhaps buy others or borrow others, forgetting the books which should have been returned to the library."—Detroit News.

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Hancock Sulphur Compound Ointment—5c and 5c—for use with

**Hancock Sulphur Compound**

**The TALE of KIDDIE KATYDD**

**by Arthur Scott Bailey**

**A NOISY CROWD**

WHEN the night of the races and other sports finally came, when Katydid, Mr. Frog, Benjamin Bat, and others had planned to meet, a great crowd began to gather about Farmer Green's place soon after dark. Although Benjamin Bat had told people that the fun wasn't going to begin until almost morning, they were all so excited that they couldn't wait for the night to pass.

They lingered around the dooryard and talked so loudly that they actually disturbed the household. Farmer



Benjamin Was Very Short-Tempered. "What's the Matter," He Sneered.

Green was even tempted to get up and shut his window, he found it so hard to go to sleep.

The noisiest of all the gathering was Mr. Frog, the tailor, who lived over by the creek.

He had a great deal to say about everything; and it soon became plain to everyone that he was trying to manage the whole affair.

Mr. Frog objected to every arrangement that Benjamin Bat had made. When he learned that he was expected to enter a jumping contest with Kiddie Katydid he explained that he and Kiddie were such good

friends that he hated the thought of trying to beat Kiddie at jumping. "Kiddie might feel bad," said Mr. Frog. "People might laugh at him because I won."

"Don't you worry about me!" Kiddie Katydid called out.

"Where are you?" asked Mr. Frog, looking all around. "I can hear you, but I can't see you."

But Kiddie Katydid refused to show himself.

He preferred, for the time being, to remain safely hidden among the leaves, where he could listen to what people said—and talk to them when he wanted to.

"Wouldn't you prefer some other sort of contest?" Mr. Frog then asked him. "Now, there's swimming! We could swim in the watering-trough, or the duck pond. And if I beat you, you could stick your head under water, so you wouldn't hear what people said. Don't you think that's a good idea?"

"Goodness, no!" cried Kiddie. "I'd drown myself in no time."

"Dear me!" said Mr. Frog. "I never thought of that."

And then everybody laughed so loudly at him that he hurried off to the watering trough to dive under water, and stay there until he was sure that his remarks had been forgotten.

Meanwhile Benjamin Bat was worrying. He couldn't find anybody who was willing to try the sport of hanging head downward by his heels. He asked Kiddie Katydid, and Kiddie declined flatly to do any such thing.

Now, since Benjamin had not yet dined, he was very short-tempered. And he grew angry at once.

"What's the matter?" he sneered. "Don't you know how to do any easy trick like that? If I could see you—" he declared, peering among the maple leaves—"if I could see you I'd show you how it feels to hang beneath a limb."

Kiddie Katydid said no word in reply. He knew well enough what Benjamin Bat meant, Benjamin wanted to eat him! And he wished that Benjamin would go away and get a good meal somewhere before he came back again.

(© by Grosset & Dunlap)

**AN ABBREVIATED STORY**

**TORPEDO GINDLE**

IN THE office of the Gindle whistle factory, Torpedo Gindle gave audience to the representatives of his employees.

"You ask for a 22-hour week and a 60 per cent increase of wages, with time and a half for work on Sundays, holidays, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Fridays. In the past three months I have raised the men's wages 433 per cent, thereby reducing my own profits from 900 per cent to a miserable 600 per cent, barely sufficient to feed my eight motor cars. Therefore I have a proposal to make: Rather than go on living from hand to mouth, I will make a gift of the factory to my employees, who will all be promoted to the rank of owners and managers, while I, my brother Submarine Gindle, and my uncle, Periscope Gindle, will serve as salaried workmen."

"Mr. Gindle, you are a just man," said the spokesman for the employees in a voice choked with emotion.

"Very well, the new order of things will go into effect tomorrow morning," said Gindle crisply.

At noon the next day the three Gindles, the only workmen, went on strike for a three months' vacation. The former employees, being now all owners and managers, naturally refused to lower their dignity by actually working and the factory went to the dogs and at the present writing the whole lot, including the three Gindles, are in the poorhouse.

(© by George Matthew Adams.)

**THE WHY OF SUPERSTITIONS**  
By H. IRVING KING

**CROSSING THE LINE**

EVERYBODY has heard of—many have seen—the ceremonies with which sailors mark the crossing of the equator—the visit of Neptune to the ship and the ensuing "highjinks" which initiates the neophyte who sails for the first time below the "line." Formerly these ceremonies were seldom omitted; now they appear to be falling into desuetude. Still, if we could be given the power of sweeping the seas with a glance on this very day we should see many a ship slipping into the southern hemisphere on whose docks Neptune is holding his court and sentencing those who have never crossed the line before to the pains and penalties of duckings, rude shaving, etc., escaped only by the payment of a fine to be expended for the jollification of the crew.

The ceremony is a sailor's frolic now, Neptune the boatswain wearing whiskers of oakum; but it was once to its present state from a great antiquity and real sailors of the old school still feel that it is not good to cross the line without some notice being taken of the event.

The modern ceremonies are a survival of the ancient custom of early seafaring folk to sacrifice to their gods when entering unknown waters—especially to the sea-god, Poseidon as the Greeks knew him, Neptune as he was called by the Latins.

In ancient times ships did not sail below the equator and by the time they began to do so Christianity had replaced heathenism. But the old idea had lingered among seafaring folk, exhibiting itself in various forms, and when, toward the close of the Middle Ages, ships began to sail into the strange waters south of the equator the sacrifice to Neptune was revived—or sprang up as a custom—practically in the form it is in today. All idea of reviving a heathen custom was denied but it was a clear case of atavism and underneath the ceremony of crossing the line still lurks the ancient superstition.

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**Great Financial Center**

Lombard street is a street in London, famous for many centuries as the financial center of Great Britain. It derives its name from the Lombard money lenders of Genoa and Florence, who, in the Fourteenth and Fifteenth centuries, took the place of the persecuted Jews of "Old Jewry." One authority says the money lenders "were sent by Pope Gregory IX for the purpose of advancing money to those who were unable to pay the taxes so vigorously demanded throughout the country in 1229."—Kansas City Star.

**Jacqueline Logan**



Pretty Jacqueline Logan, the "movie" star, was born in Corsicana, Texas. She first tried newspaper work, but later went on the stage. She was induced to go into motion pictures and her beauty and intelligence won her success. She has been called the "typical American girl." Miss Logan has auburn hair and deep-blue eyes.

**WHO SAID**

"Nothing has such power to broaden the mind as the ability to investigate systematically and truly all that comes under thy observation in life."

IT IS a peculiar thing that the man who uttered this plea for breadth of vision and generosity in treating differing opinions, should have been one of the best and noblest emperors of ancient Rome and at the same time one of the most insistent and harsh persecutors of the Christians. His persecution is all the harder to understand when we consider that this man, Marcus Aurelius, left a collection of his meditations which are in striking harmony with the religion of Jesus Christ.

Marcus Aurelius was the adopted son and son-in-law and successor to the Roman emperor, Antoninus Pius. He ascended to the throne of Rome in the year 161, and until the year 169 reigned jointly with his adopted brother Lucius Verus. In that year the latter died and Marcus Aurelius became the sole ruler of Rome.

Few men were better emperors of Rome than Marcus Aurelius, but he had his enemies and the tribes to the north of Rome were particularly troublesome during his reign. A legend is told concerning his campaign against these northern tribes which, it would seem, should have been sufficient to turn the emperor from his persecution of the Christians.

The story runs that on a certain day the Roman army was caught in a narrow defile, unable to advance because of the enemy, and unable to retreat. There was no water to be had and the soldiers were fainting of exhaustion. At this moment a band of Christians who belonged to the legion came forward and prayed for rain. Not only did the water pour down in torrents, but a terrific ballistara set in which thoroughly demoralized the enemy and brought victory to the Romans. There is no record, however, of the emperor ceasing his persecutions.

Marcus Aurelius died in what is now the city of Vienna, Austria, in the year 180, while on a campaign.—Wayne D. McMurray.

(© by George Matthew Adams.)

**WHEN I WAS TWENTY ONE**  
BY JOSEPH KAYE

At 21: Supreme Court Justice Van Devanter Was a Librarian.

READING of the fact that David Warfield walked into the Actors' Equity association headquarters the other day, wrote on a membership application and wasn't recognized until he put his name to the document, reminds me of a similar experience he had in Denver when I was tracking the elusive item for the Denver Post.

Warfield was known wherever newspapers were read and footlights shone as "The Auctioneer." On arriving in Denver he fell into conversation, with a dramatic critic, who proposed that they try out the theory that a "name" was more valuable than the vehicle. In spite of Shakespeare's dictum that "The play's the thing." So he took Warfield around to the town's cheapest vaudeville house, where they played at least four and sometimes as many as six a day. The newspaper man introduced Warfield to the proprietor, a certain Henry Labelsky, who became well known later as an exponent of bizarre publicity ideas.

"This fellow," said the critic, "thinks he can act. He would like to tell a few stories and give a few impersonations."

"All right," replied the owner, "but for somebody else than you I wouldn't do it."

Warfield went on immediately and gave his impersonations. After the performance the newspaper man asked the proprietor:

"What chance do you think he's got of getting on the stage?"

"Not much," was the reply. "But if you give me the word I'll hire him at \$15 a week. But he'll have to drop his imitation of David Warfield. It was awful."

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**OPHELIA**



A HART FULL OF LOVE—R  
LIKE A CAN  
FULL OF JOY

ALL-IF-NEAR-12  
A MARCH TO  
MAKE IF BEST  
WITH JOY

(© by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

**NELLIE REVELL Says:**

DID you ever take your car to a garage to have a slight repair made and then find out there were so many things the matter with it that you wondered how it ever held together? Well, that is exactly what happened to me. When my chassis got disabled by the mishap to my carburetor and I had to be towed to the human garage for housing and repairs, I had no idea that it would be so long before I was again stepping on the accelerator. Nor did I suspect that the medico-mechanics could possibly find so many things wrong with my differential, ignition and lubrication. Had I known, I presume I would have been sufficiently skilled as a chauffeur to have applied the emergency brakes and stopped to have my magneto overhauled. But as a matter of fact I didn't realize that my cylinders were misfiring until the motor balked and the repair men put on the muffler.

Thank Heaven, my spark plug has continued to function and my shock absorbers were in good condition; otherwise I do not know what would have happened during the remodeling of my tonneau.

There have been times when I came near being short-circuited, but I have passed all the dangerous curves in the road and my transmission is rapidly getting O. K. again. As soon as my radiator is normal and the storage battery is fully charged I am going to attach the non-skids and sail on through life with the throttle wide open and all cylinders working. Please excuse my dust!

This was relayed to me by Billie Taylor, who tells it as having happened in the St. Charles hotel, New Orleans.

A southerner was in the habit of going to the hotel dining room for lunch every day and always sat at the same table. The colored boy who waited on him was tall and very dark. He knew that the luncheon was always good for a fifty-cent tip and consequently gave him the best possible service. One day after the southerner had taken his seat, a little, light darky approached him and handed him the menu.

"Where's my waiter?" asked the southerner.

"I'm, you-all's waiter," answered the little fellow.

"No, you're not," said the man. "My waiter's a tall dark boy."


"Well, captain, you see, suh, I don't want you from him las' night in a crap game."

There's one thing I'll be safe from this summer at least. Girls, listen not to the dictates of fashion this coming summer, but cover up your necks to protect them from the sunlight. If lot, you may suffer seroderma pigmentosum. This, according to London dispatches, is the warning sounded by medical authorities to women who wear low neck dresses and blouses and lounge on the beaches.

"Fair-complexioned girls are likely to develop an acute erythema or even an eczematous dermatitis, followed by desquamation," the spokesman for the medicos declared. "Cold cream and preparations will do much, of course, to remedy the results of the exposure, but the velvet milk-white skin of youth never returns."

Salome was an acrobatic tumbler and not a dancer, George C. Druce, of Oxford, England, told the Royal Archaeological Institute. That makes Mary Garden and Geraldine Farrar eligible for membership in the National Vaudeville Artists' association. But if they open the bill at a certain variety theater I know of in Texas, I hope they don't send out their laundry before the manager sees their act.

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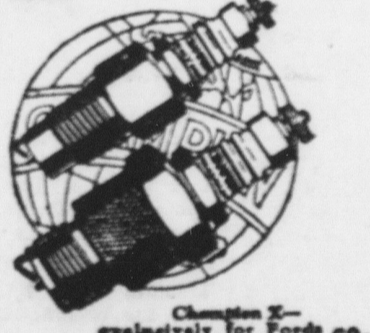
The latest federal statistics show that Michigan is fourth among all states in the number of hunter's licenses sold, being exceeded by Pennsylvania, New York and Ohio. Close to 5,000,000 hunting and fishing licenses were issued in the United States, of which number Michigan accounted for 282,328.

Good men can more easily see through bad men than the latter can the former.—Richter.

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