

## Why Mirror Is Covered

By H. IRVING KING

IN SOME sections of the country it is customary when a death has occurred in the family to cover the mirrors and to keep them shrouded while the body remains in the house. Generally, however, it is only a mirror which happens to be in the room where the body lies which is veiled.

This custom is traced by Professor Frazer to the belief of primitive man—of which belief we still see vestiges remaining—that the ghost, the soul, of a dead person hovers for a while about its late tenement. A man's reflected image was considered to be a part of himself, possibly his "exterior soul"—and concerning the belief in "exterior souls" the professor accumulated a vast amount of data. The idea in veiling the mirror was to obviate the chance of the lingering soul of the deceased taking away with it the "exterior soul" of any person whose reflected image appeared in the glass.

Mirrors are very ancient and before mirrors were introduced there were pieces of bright metal in which an image might be reflected and which were covered upon occasions of death, a custom still observed by some savage tribes.

Whether the "exterior soul" idea applies here, as the professor thinks, or not, it is certain that primitive man like the savage who is the primitive man of today regarded his reflection

as something vitally pertaining to his personality, and it was natural that he should protect it against any possibility of contact with a lingering spirit by preventing its existence. And what was begun as a precaution is practiced today because of an avatism which makes the superstitious feel it might be "unlucky" not to do it. (© by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

### MEANING OF "MALL"

By JEAN NEWTON

ONE of the most famous "malls" in the country is that in Central park in New York city. But the term is commonly used all over the country for a public promenade and names usually the broadest and most beautiful walk in a park.

"Mall" is derived from the Latin "malleus," meaning a mallet, and our use of the word in the modern sense goes back to the old English game of pall-mall, which literally meant "ball and mallet." It was from the circumstance that the open space where the game was played was called in London a "pall-mall alley," then just a "pall mall," which, abbreviated, became "mall," that the word came to be applied to any open walk and later to the most popular promenade of a city or the broadest walk in a park. (Copyright.)

## Verdun's Unknown Dead



French troops carrying fifty-two coffins containing remains of unknown soldiers who were killed at Verdun, to the new ossuary beside the remains of Fort Douaumont. The huge stone ossuary can be seen in distance. Thousands of relatives of the fallen and one hundred generals attended the ceremony.

### What Editors Have to Stand

Editor (considering article)—You say here, "seems to advance, but really is as unprogressive as a clock." I don't get that.

Writer—Why, you see, a clock is running all day and yet it always winds up at the same place.

The average person in the United States eats almost 14 pounds of commercially prepared candy in a year.

## FAVORITE RECIPES

By NELLIE MAXWELL

Take every good thing that comes your way. There are so many pleasant little outings that would send you home rested and with a different viewpoint, but you think up some excuse for work that must be done and do not go.

With a little bread and butter, this will make a wholesome meal.

### Orange Layer Cake.

Take one-third of a cupful of butter, add one cupful of sugar, gradually, one beaten egg, one cupful of milk, adding the latter alternately with one and three-fourths cupfuls of flour which has been well sifted with three teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Flavor with orange extract and bake in two layers in a moderate oven for twenty minutes. Spread with whipped cream, flavored with grated orange rind or with a filling prepared as follows: Use one egg well beaten, a tablespoonful of flour; one-half cupful of sugar and one-half cupful of boiling water; cook until smooth, adding a tablespoonful of butter, the grated rind and juice of an orange and spread when cold on the cake for filling. The top may be covered with whipped cream or an icing.

### Fruit Punch.

Boll together for ten minutes three cupfuls of sugar, two cupfuls of water with the grated rind of one lemon and orange. Strain while hot, add one glass of jelly—currant is best. Set on ice and when ready to serve add the juice of nine lemons, five oranges, one cupful of cherries and shredded pineapple. Pour into a punch bowl, add ice water and a pint of charged water, one at a time, to give it sparkle.

### Coronado Bavarian Cream.

Soak two ounces of gelatin in cold water to cover. Take one quart of ripe strawberries, crush and mix with one pound of powdered sugar. Beat three cupfuls of double cream until stiff, add the gelatin to the crushed fruit and stir until the mixture is set. Mix lightly with whipped cream, fill the molds and harden. When ready to serve unmold and decorate with whipped cream and shapely berries. (© 1927, Western Newspaper Union.)

IF YOUR family has never been educated to eat clabbered milk, they may refuse to eat one of the most delightful as well as healthful dishes. Put a quart of whole milk into a deep dish and set away to thicken. Chill, cover with a sprinkling of brown sugar, cinnamon or nutmeg and serve.

### Hints for the Goose and for the Gander

By VIOLA BROTHERS SHORE

FOR THE GOOSE—  
THE woman that likes to eat her cake alone better learn to bake it alone, too.

There'd be better brought-up children in the world if it was the parents that got the lickin's.

The kiss you give him when you meet is practically the same workmanship as the one you give him when he leaves. But oh, how different it feels!

FOR THE GANDER—  
You can lose your heart to a woman as much as you like, as long as you keep your head.

Never lose your temper with a woman. But sometimes pretend to.

Don't be afraid of spoilin' a woman. Leave her have anything but your goat. (Copyright.)

## Bedtime Story for the Kiddies

By MARTHA MARTIN

"A LITTLE boy, a very little boy, was crying, for his balloon had blown away from him and was caught up in an oak tree," said the Sandman.

"Before long, though, the little boy dried his tears and he was given another balloon.

"But up in the tree the balloon and the oak leaf were talking.

"I suppose I was very naughty," said the balloon, "but I did want to fly away. I just couldn't resist the temptation of taking a little trip with Mr. Wind."

"It's rather hard at times not to do as Mr. Wind tells you to do. I know that," said the oak leaf.

"Tell me about yourself," said the balloon. "Why are you and some few other oak leaves still clinging to the

"There are oaks that are always with their green leaves," said the oak leaf.

"Such trees could not stand such a chilly climate as this is, but there are many of these trees where it is warmer.

"Our ancestors were green leaves all the time—ever green were their frocks.

"And as I've told you many of the family still do so who live in warmer places.

"But we cannot do that. Still, we have a feeling about our leaves.

"We want to keep the old family ways—just a little bit, so a few of us stay on the tree, and do not even let the storms take us away.

"We've changed from our green frocks to red or brownish frocks—and then we stay on, with quiet brown winter coloring as our little way of showing that we remember what the old ways of the oak family have been.

"It is the oak tree's memory. It is a very good memory that the oak trees have."

"I should say it was," remarked the balloon, "and I've been glad to hear your story. How interesting a reason!"

"Ah," said the oak leaf, rustling slightly, "look at all those birds sitting on that long telegraph wire looking at the apartment houses that are along there.

"I wonder what they are thinking about. I fancy they must be thinking that they would not like indoor apartments and houses such as people have!

"I know I would not want to live indoors.

"Fancy an oak tree inside a house. Dear me, that would be too terrible a thought. We need the rain and the air and the beautiful earth!"

"Then the great red sun began to think of going to bed and as he did so he, too, shone upon the window panes of the apartment houses, and



"Yes, I Will Tell You My Story Right Away."

tree when all the leaves are off the other trees?

"Oh," said the oak leaf, "I must tell you about that, for it all comes from an old, old reason."

"Then there is a reason for it?" asked the balloon. "When Mr. Wind brought me up here I was wondering why there were some leaves upon this tree and not upon the others.

"And so there is a reason," the balloon repeated; "well, I am glad to hear that. Do tell me the reason now, for I may not stay long.

"Mr. Wind might decide to blow me away from here. You can't tell.

"I can't tell at any rate."

"Neither can I tell," said the oak leaf. "Yes, I will tell you my story right away.



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## New Costume for Girl Scouts



At the annual meeting of the Girl Scouts in New York the board of directors discarded the old khaki uniform of the members and substituted a new green gray costume. Above are four of the leaders, left to right: Mrs. Jane Deeter Ripplin, national director of the Girl Scouts; Mrs. Louis G. Meyers, Mrs. Nicholas F. Brady and Mrs. William Hart.

he chatted with the city's tall buildings and he said:

"You may be built to reach great heights but you don't begin to come up to me. No, you can't do that."

"And what is more you never will! For you're only buildings made by men, mere men!"

"And Mr. Sun smiled his sunniest, nicest smile as he sank down behind the hill for his sleep and the oak leaf whispered to Mr. Wind:

"It's a very interesting world after all."

(Copyright.)

### Both Ways

"Can you serve company?" asked the mistress.

"Yes, both ways, mum," replied the new maid.

"Both ways?"

"Yes, mum. So they'll come again or so they'll stay away."

### Snubbed His Predecessor

Each succeeding British sovereign "looks the opposite way" to his predecessor on the British coinage. This has been observed since the restoration of Charles II, who expressed a strong desire not to look the same way as Oliver Cromwell.

## IN THE MODE



"I MUST HIKE ALONG, DEAR. I HAVE AN APPOINTMENT TO HAVE MY KNEES MASSAGED!"

## AS WE COMPUTE AGE

By LEONARD A. BARRETT

JUST how old is a person? Is he as old as the number of summers and winters that have passed since he was born? Are the years he lived the measure of his age? If so, then some persons are very old at thirty; others are very young at seventy. Robert Browning in his "Last Ride Together," writes:

Grow old along with me!  
The best is yet to be,  
The last of life, for which the first was made:  
Our times are in his hand  
Who saith, "A whole I planned,  
Youth shows but half; trust God: see all, nor be afraid!"

If this is true, and it doubtless is,

then old age is a matter of something else than number of summers and winters.

Is a person as old as his arteries are hard? Perhaps so. The hardness of the arteries is a sure sign of approaching senility. No person can be very much alive with sluggish blood flowing through his veins. The blood pressure is a tell-tale of what is coming unless we profit by what the physician's instrument tells us. The virility of life has a physical basis. An active mind and a sluggish liver seldom are good companions.

But age is not dependent upon anything, in the final analysis, except

THOUGHTS. A person is as old as his thoughts make him. The most important secret of age is not the story told by the physician's instrument nor the calendar's record, but what our thoughts have to reveal. A person is as old as he feels. One's attitude toward life largely governs age—for:

We live in deeds, not years;  
In thoughts, not breaths;  
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.  
We should count time by heart throbs.  
He most lives  
Who thinks most, feels the noblest,  
Acts the best.

It matters not how long we live, but how.  
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## A Wife's Transformation

The Story of the Comeback of a Woman Gone to Seed

By Mary Culbertson Miller

INSTALLMENT I

IT WASN'T anything so drastic as a family explosion that awakened Helen Crane from her snugly satisfied life—the security of permanence and the feeling that she and her husband were indivisibly one until death do them part, but it was something equally as effective.

When the clergyman had pronounced Bob and Helen, man and wife, he said, as far as Helen was concerned, the last word on the subject. She settled right down into the take-everything-for-granted matrimonial jog-trot.

Nothing of the hair-shirt sort about Mrs. Robert Stone Crane, just a negligible quantity—something of a vacuum. Her husband's success in business made an easeful life possible, and in the process she had grown fat and flabby. She had allowed every interest in life, except that of literature, to atrophy.

Bob's roses were beginning to adorn other women's bouffards. He sought other company with the air of a man in need of refreshment and rest.

Crane was that successful looking American type. Dressed well, good brain, something fresh and vital about his admirable physique. As full of the love of life as his wife was joyless and indifferent.

From a couch, in their charming living room, where Crane's unerring instinct had installed the best things and the right things, Helen usually greeted her husband on his return home in the evenings. She would look up from the inevitable book in the unsmiling way of one whose whole attention is still held.

Their two children died in infancy and their substantial home traveled smoothly enough on its own momentum. So there was little for Helen to do but follow her inclinations, and thus she became a mere figurehead of a wife.

Perhaps it was a prayer from a man's exasperated lips one night, to the god that understands women, after a stronger dose than usual of his wife's negligence, that brought Mrs. Robert Crane under the knife that cut into her indifference.

### Bob and His Secretary.

It was the morning of the day that Crane was to leave for Texas on a six weeks' trip. He had asked his wife to be at his office about ten-thirty on a matter of business. In his private office he had been going through his mail, dictating to his secretary for an hour or more.

At the moment Bob was slightly slumped in his chair, his lean brown fingers neatly poised, tips matching. He was endeavoring to keep up continuity of thought. It was difficult—the allure of his efficient young business woman, who one could see was as efficient in her ways of living and dressing as in the office routine, kept disrupting his trend.

"Gentlemen," he dictated. "In accordance with your request of July 2, we are enclosing an itemized—" Concentration broke into bits. Bob's keen blue eyes fastened on the shapely fingers. Greuze might have fashioned, moving swiftly across the notebook. Miss Secretary wished that her employer would go on. Suddenly he pulled himself together—"statement of your account, covering the balance of \$26.98—" As if hooks were drawing his eyes, they lifted to the young woman's delicate profile. Just a shade of coloring noticeable on the oval cheek. The nut-brown, glossy hair, just right in soft waves across an extra white forehead, and above a straight line of dark brow that gave character to her face.

"Looks like a find!" he thought. Dressed so quietly, was Miss Secretary in the manner of the business world.

It was a visualization diametrically opposite that pried into Bob's thoughts; his wife's flabby, slouched body contour, dulled eyes, rebellious, bobbed hair, and rough sallow un-nourished skin, that told tales of sweets, indigestible foods and inactivity.

### Wife and Secretary.

Dictation over. A door opened in response to a summons from Bob's desk. "If Mrs. Crane is waiting, tell her to come in, please," he said. The next moment the irregular figure of his wife stepped over the threshold and paused. Her shoulders slumped awkwardly, and her neck thrust forward, slightly to the side, as if her head were too heavy to be borne in an upright position. Personal disinterest fairly leaped forth and shouted from Helen. And the tragedy of it was that she had possessed good looks.

From across his mahogany desk her husband's keen eyes pierced her like rapiers. That look almost vivisected her—his half-smile seemed a mockery. He spoke quickly, brittle bright, introduced his new secretary, indicated a chair, all were sandwiched into some final instructions in process, to Miss Secretary who was standing nicely poised at the door giving access to her own small domain. Miss Secretary smiled, and humor shone from dark eyes—that was all. But the reaction that Helen got from that smile was something quite dynamic. She might have said to her, "I'm in love with your husband—what are you going to do about it?" (© by the Bell Syndicate, Inc.)