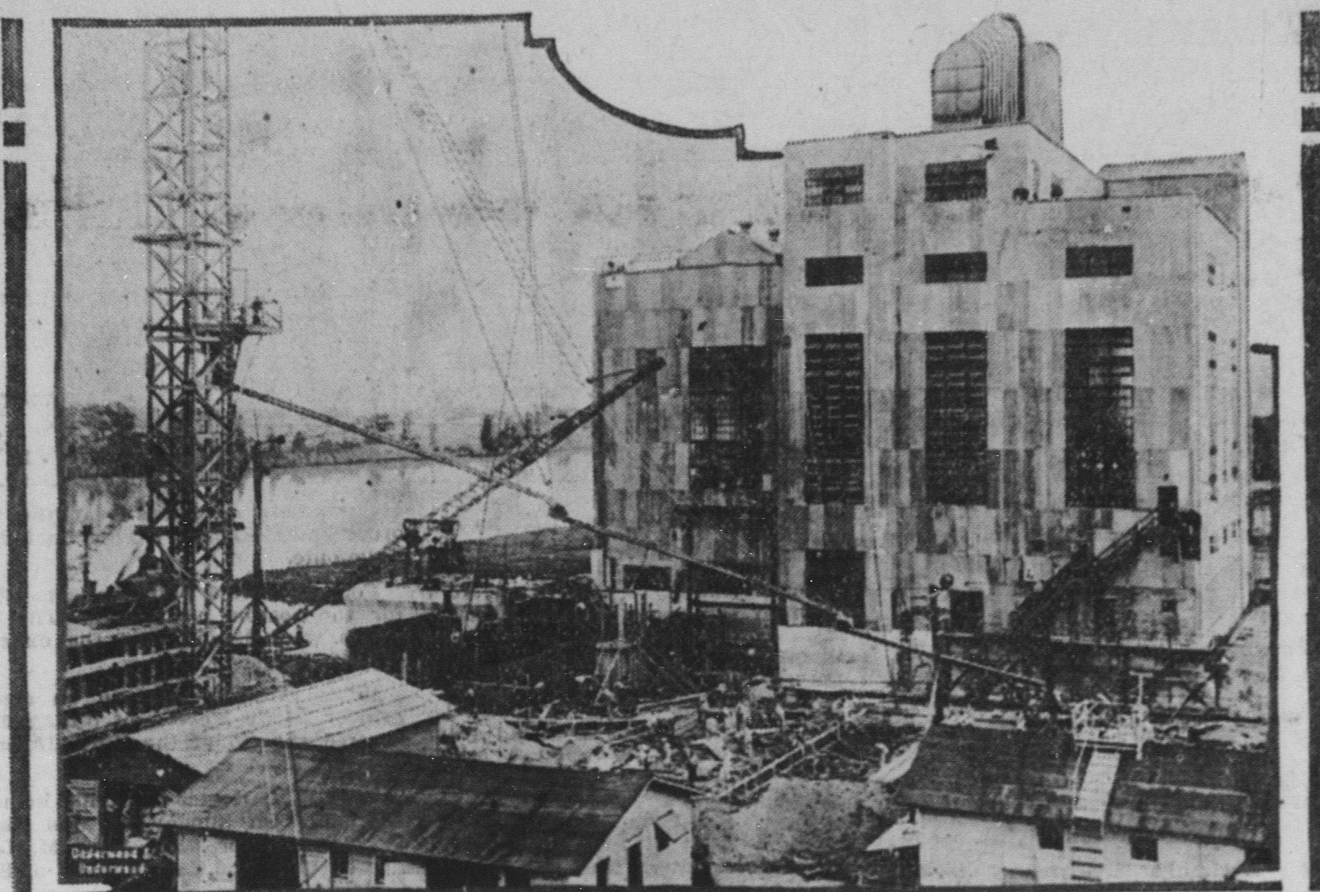


# \$6,000,000 Power Plant for Irrigation Pumps



Public utilities in Beaumont, Texas, are spending \$6,000,000 to construct this second generating plant for sending power into southeastern Texas and southwestern Louisiana for a distance of 175 miles to pump agricultural irrigation plants on individual farms producing rice and truck crops in an area of 700,000 acres.

# Finger Nail Spots

By H. IRVING KING

SOMETIMES upon examining your finger nails you will see a little white spot which, as the nail grows, moves slowly toward the finger's end. The superstitions will tell you that the little, white spot means money coming to you, due to arrive when the white spot reaches the end of the nail—a very common superstition.

Sir Thomas Browne (1605-1682) mentions it as being very ancient in his day and ascribes its origin to the tendency which people have to consider any bodily symptom which they do not understand as a prophecy. The "British Apollo" in 1708 published a learned article scoffing at the superstition and explaining that the white spots in the nails were "glistening particles," generally mixed with the red particles of the blood, but which had happened to get loose. Medical science was evidently badly equipped to battle with superstition in those days.

But the superstition in question dated away back into the primitive ages when man's hair and nails, living and growing parts of himself, were held to be peculiarly connected with his destiny. A white spot slowly advancing up the nail must mean something; as the spot was white the "something" was probably good. As

time passed and man began to use currency the good was conjectured to be money. A regular cult grew up of divination by the finger nails under the name of onychomanancy and as we know from Plautus, the educated Roman of 2,000 years ago watched the spots on his nails with the same interest as the most superstitious Yankee of today.

(© by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

# ENGAGEMENT EMBLEMS

By JEAN NEWTON

WHEN is a solitaire just a solitaire and when is it transformed into that emblem of magic and romance, the engagement ring?

It is the latter when worn on the third finger of the left hand. Indeed, worn there, it need not be a solitaire; the humblest circlet when it appears on the proper finger becomes potent with symbolism. A mere "friendship" ring remains such only while it does not appear on that crucial finger. Once worn there it assumes a deeper significance! And when the bridegroom says, "I do," and turns to his blushing bride, it is on that third finger of her left hand that he places the golden circlet which is a token and a symbol of their union.

For the origin of this practice we must go back to the days of the ancient Romans, whose wives wore their wedding rings on the third finger of the left hand because it was their belief that the nerve of that finger ran directly to the heart!

(Copyright.)

We have another den for our home. "Yes, and we have a fine bill from which we can see what is going on. And we will be happy, and there will be other little wolves."

"But best of all, Mr. Wolf, there is my dear mate." And then she laughed.

"How strangely our talk would sound to people. They do not know that wolves are different at home from when they see them."

"And after all I think it is better to be nice in the home than outside it. At any rate that is what you think, and it is what I think, for we are two devoted wolves."

"Two devoted wolves is what we are," said Mr. Wolf as he patted Mrs. Wolf on the shoulder and looked at her out of his eyes which now were very loving and affectionate.

(Copyright.)

# Those Who Are Not Selfish

By LEONARD A. BARRETT

WHEN COLONEL LINDBERGH had the opportunity to commercialize his successful flight to Paris he steadfastly refused. He replied that he was interested primarily in aviation and wished his success to count in that direction. When Doctor Banting made that priceless discovery of insulin he frankly refused a proffered fortune. Rather than capitalize his discovery he made it possible for the medical profession to have access to it at a reasonable cost. Today the scourge of diabetes can be kept under control.

When Doctor Steenbock discovered how to treat food with the ultra-violet ray so as to cure rickets, one business concern promptly offered him a million dollars if he would patent his discovery and sell it to them. Like Colonel Lindbergh, and Doctor Banting he refused, stating that all he desired was the privilege of continuing his studies. This was made possible through the creation of the Wisconsin Research foundation.

The attitude of these three men have created a wonderful reaction in the hearts of young men and women.

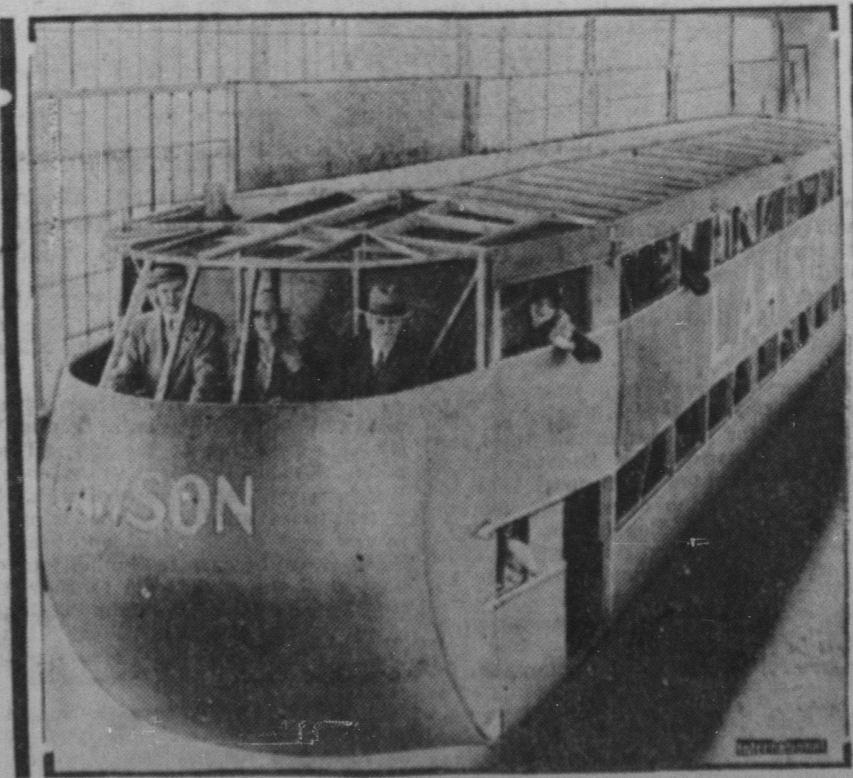
The moral impact of their point of view will do much to encourage a more wholesome faith in unselfish service.

(© 1927, Western Newspaper Union.)



"When it comes to selling arguments," says Impeccunious Imogene, "no advertising writer can produce one like a dollar in the pocket."

# Air Liner to Carry 100 Passengers



View of the body of the double-tiered air liner designed by Alfred W. Lawson and under construction at Garwood, N. J. The plane will carry 100 passengers, is equipped with twelve motors and has a wing spread of 200 feet.

# Sufferers From Catarrh

HERE IS GLORIOUS NEWS FOR YOU! No matter how long you have suffered from this dreadful and annoying complaint, a speedy and effective relief from your suffering is now offered to you in CAMPHOROLE. Whose wonderful results are realized at the very first trial. The most stubborn cases will quickly yield to CAMPHOROLE.

I would like every sufferer from Catarrh in this city to try my CAMPHOROLE. says Dr. Brigadell. Go to your druggist and get a 50c jar of my CAMPHOROLE, and if it fails to give immediate relief and is not better than anything you have ever used, return the jar to your druggist, who is authorized to refund your money. Once you have tried CAMPHOROLE, you'll then realize how good it is, not only for Catarrh of nose and throat, but also for Asthma and Bronchitis.

At All Drug Stores

CAMPBOROLE, INC., ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.



SOLD AND GUARANTEED BY EVERY DRUGGIST

### PASTOR KOENIG'S NERVINE

for Epilepsy Nervousness & Sleeplessness  
PRICE \$1.50 AT YOUR DRUG STORE  
Ask for Sample  
KOENIG MEDICINE CO.  
1045 N. WELLS ST. CHICAGO, ILL.

The more a man gets the more he wants—unless a police judge is dealing it out.

Headaches from Slight Colds. Laxative BROMO QUININE Tablets relieve the Headache by curing the Cold. Look for signature of E. W. Grove on the box. 20c.—Adv.

Maiden lane in New York is so named from the fact that it once followed the course of a stream in which the Dutch girls washed clothes.

# Boschee's Syrup

has been relieving coughs due to colds for sixty-one years. Soothes the Throat loosens the phlegm, promotes expectoration, gives a good night's rest free from coughing. 25c and 50c bottles. Buy it at your drug store. G. G. Green, Inc., Woodbury, N. J.

# CORNS



Ends pain at once! In one minute pain from corns ended. Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads do this safely by removing the cause—pressing and rubbing of shoes. They are thin, medicated, antiseptic, healing. At all drug and shoe stores. Cost but a trifle.

Put one on—the pain is gone!

# Dr. J.D. Kellogg's ASTHMA REMEDY

No need to spend restless, sleepless nights. Irritation quickly relieved and rest assured by using the remedy that has helped thousands of sufferers. 25 cents and \$1.00 at druggists. If unable to obtain, write direct to: NORTHROP & LYMAN CO., Inc., Buffalo, New York. Send for free sample.

# Garfield Tea

Was Your Grandmother's Remedy. For every stomach and intestinal ill. This good old-fashioned herb home-remedy for constipation, stomach ills and other derangements of the system so prevalent these days is in even greater favor as a family medicine than in your grandmother's day.

W. N. U., BALTIMORE, NO. 51-1927.

# SQUAWKS FOR THE GOOSE AND THE GANDER

By VIOLA BROTHERS SHORE

## FOR THE GOOSE—

WHEN you find mushrooms twenty cents a pound you immediately imagine they must be left over. And generally they was.

Many a woman that you think would know better, goes around nursing envy.

The one step from the sublime to the ridiculous is apt to be in jazz time.

## FOR THE GANDER—

The highest wisdom has got a little foolishness mixed up in it.

A poor, smart kid slaves away all his young years makin' money that a rich old fool spends.

Some guys has got such luck that if they was to inherit an undertakin' business, somebody'd discover an antidote for death.

## Rebuke That Stung

It is related that a certain man, who apparently didn't like Buddha, came up to him and called him a lot of very ugly names. Buddha listened quietly until his reviler had quite run out of epithets, and then said to him: "If you offer something to a man, and he refuse it, to whom, then, does it belong?"

The man replied: "It belongs, I suppose to the one who offered it." Buddha said: "The abuse and vile names you offer me, I refuse to accept."—From The Outlook.

# Bedtime Story for Kiddies

By MARTHA MARTIN

"I HAVE looked for some time for a nice place, and I think I have found it now," said Mrs. Wolf. "I looked at a good many. In fact, I almost set up housekeeping in several and cleaned the dens out, but I didn't like them finally. I thought I could get a nicer home." "Ah, Mrs. Wolf," said Mr. Wolf, "this is beautiful. This is a perfect home. And how lovely this weather is."

"Dear Mr. Wolf, would anyone imagine that the wild and dangerous and blood-thirsty wolf would talk about the weather," Mrs. Wolf chuckled. "Ah, they don't know," said Mr. Wolf. "They do not know how we are when we are at home. We love each other so."

"We whisper all sorts of little nothings to each other, though to us they are not 'nothings.' They're 'somethings' of great importance." "Yes, this home is perfect. Well, Mrs. Wolf, I had a dangerous time not long ago. I thought I was caught." "Ah, don't tell me that," said Mrs. Wolf. "But you need not worry now," said Mr. Wolf, "for you see that I am here, all safe and sound." "Yes, yes," said Mrs. Wolf, "but I cannot bear to think that you have been exposed to danger."

"But you have escaped! Yes, you have escaped, and you will be more careful in the future?" "I am careful," said Mr. Wolf, "but I will be even more careful. I had been hunting and having a little meal and was taking a nap away from the

hunting ground—but not far enough away. For an old hunter came after me and almost would have had me. "But the wind was in the right direction so I could get a whiff of the human being coming toward me."

"Oh, Mr. Wolf, what a narrow escape!"



"And How Lovely This Weather Is," Said Mr. Wolf.

cape. And how thankful I am it was an escape! "I wish I could give the wind a present to show my gratitude, but the wind isn't the kind of a creature or a thing to whom one can give a present." "But I am grateful, oh, so grateful," Mrs. Wolf said. "Yes," Mr. Wolf continued, "we want to be safe, for we only have each other."

At that, tears came in Mrs. Wolf's eyes.

"There, there," he said, "there will be other little wolves, and I am happy, for we have each other. That means everything, Mrs. Wolf."

"Oh, yes, Mr. Wolf, that means everything, and, dear mate, you are so good to me." "How well I remember, too, when there were the dear little wolf babies—three darling babies there were last spring. And after they were born and I was so afraid that something would happen to them, you kept us supplied with food so that I did not have to leave them."

"But oh, Mr. Wolf, for the longest time I thought every time I came back to the den that somehow or other I would find my babies. Again and again I looked for them—after they had been killed and taken away." "Oh, dear, how sad it was. They were never there. And then we stood it for as long as we could, and now

# Without Objectives in Life

By JOHN BLAKE

IN NEARLY all the recent distressing cases of suicide among boys and young men, the suicides have been without any definite objectives in life.

Not knowing where they were going, it seemed to them useless to go anywhere.

Their minds were not occupied with the steady, systematic effort to do some one thing well.

So they brooded over the futility of existence, till their reason went awry and they found what to their disordered imaginations seemed the only way out.

One of the most important duties of teachers, leaders and directors is to interest young men in some definite aim in life.

For those who come into the world specially fitted for art or engineering or any other specific calling this will not be necessary.

But the average boy has no special talent, or if he has he doesn't find it till his education is over.

He turns from this pursuit to that, and none of them interest him.

I know that it is one of the most difficult things in the world to discover what will interest young men sufficiently to make it the dominant thing in their lives.

But recent advances in the science of psychology have been helpful in this pursuit, and it will be furthered when teachers discover that their mission in life is not to ply their pupils for their natural lack of book lore, but to try to understand them, and help to encourage their aspirations.

The teaching profession is now excellently equipped to make education easy for the studious, but it has much to learn about how to make it interesting for the average mind.

If every teacher would read and think about how to inspire boys and girls with definite objectives—to give them something to do that would keep their minds too busy to brood, there would be fewer epidemics of self-destruction among young people

On farms where boys are kept busy, even though the work is uninteresting, they seldom are suicidally inclined.

It is only when life becomes complicated, when there are so many dis-

tractions that it is hard to concentrate or a definite and purposeful line of action that introspection begins to sow its dangerous seeds.

Hard work is not enough. But hard and purposeful work, with a definite objective can soon put into the shade all neurotic notions and send young men on the road which, if it does not lead to fame and fortune, at least will lead to useful achievement, and to fully as much happiness as the fortunate and famous usually enjoy.

(Copyright.)

# SOME GOOD THINGS TO EAT

By NELLIE MAXWELL

FOOD nicely served and daintily garnished will be much more palatable and appetizing than that which is served carelessly. Next to palatability we like our food to appeal to the eye.

## Roquefort Salad Dressing.

Cream two ounces of Roquefort cheese, using a wooden spoon; add gradually four tablespoonfuls of olive oil or cream and two tablespoonfuls of vinegar, a scant half teaspoonful of salt and a few dashes of cayenne. Cream may be used to replace all or part of the oil as one's taste desires.

## Banana Soup.

Rub six ripe bananas through a sieve, add a pinch of salt and the grated rind of a lemon, put over the heat and when the boiling point is reached add two tablespoonfuls of cornstarch to a little cold milk and cook, stirring all the time; cool, add two tablespoonfuls of lemon juice, chill and serve in chilled bouillon cups.

## Shrewsbury Cakes.

Take two cupfuls of butter, the

same of sugar, three pints of flour, four eggs and a teaspoonful of mace. Cream the butter, add the sugar, and the beaten eggs. Roll out very thin, cut into small cakes and bake in a hot oven. These cakes will keep a long time.

## Tartar Sauce.

Mix together one tablespoonful each of vinegar and worcestershire sauce, one teaspoonful of lemon juice and one-fourth teaspoonful of salt. Heat over water. Brown one-third of a cupful of butter and carefully strain into the first mixture.

## Apples a la Mode.

Here is an easy dessert for a busy day: Core some good baking apples and fill the centers with mince-meat. Bake, basting occasionally; serve hot.

(© 1927, Western Newspaper Union.)

## Overtime Job

The chaps who loaded the latest "world's largest clock" onto the freight train at Waterbury had time hanging heavy on their hands.—Farm and Fire-side.