

Bedtime Story for Children

By MARTHA MARTIN

MR. TURKEY GOBLER was in the barnyard. Near him stood Mrs. Turkey Gobbler as well as many other of his relatives and barnyard friends.

"Listen to me, Turkeys," he said, "for today I wish to make a speech. Gobble, gobble, gobble, I have a great deal to say."

All the turkeys gathered around Mr. Turkey Gobbler, and after he had cleared his throat and looked at all the different animals to see if they were paying attention to him, he smiled his best turkey smile, and commenced:

"All friends," he said, "it is not well to boast, but a little real pride is all right. We turkeys can be justly proud."

"We are honored on the principal holidays and other state occasions. Now Porky Pig over yonder in the pen, is never honored in such a way. His family never receive the great and beautiful compliment we do."

"I often look at them, and I say to myself that it is no wonder they are always digging in the mud with their snouts, for they cannot hold up their heads and gobble with pride as we can. Sammy Sausage, Brother Bacon, Pinky Pig, Master Pink Pig, Miss Ham, Sir Percival Pork, Sir Benjamin Bacon, are all right in their way, but they are not animals of any importance. And they know it! That is why they grunt their way through life."

"Now, the ducks quack and swim and the geese cackle and make a great deal of noise and quarrel with their neighbors. That's because they're geese, of course! They don't know that creatures are far happier and have a far better time who are pleasant, and who enjoy their neighbors. But then of course you can't tell by their family name what they are like!"

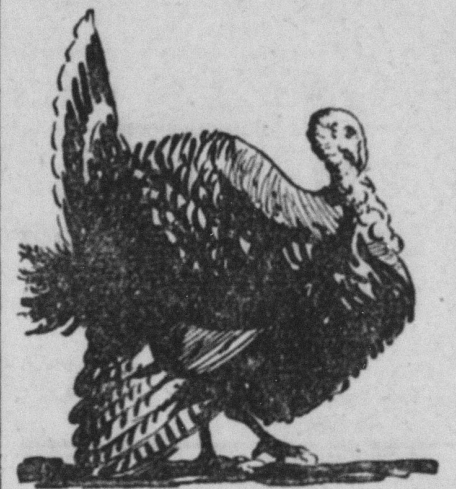
Mr. Turkey Gobbler cleared his throat again and after seeing that all were still listening to him, he continued: "Billy Goat is all very well, but then, too, one can tell by his family name that he doesn't amount to much. How glad I am our family name isn't that of Goat! He will eat almost anything. There is nothing superior about his diet, and by diet, I mean his food. Mr. Rooster crows and makes a great fuss, but he gets pretty fright-

ened by an automobile horn! His grandfather or great grandfather or great-great-grandfather said he made automobiles stop to see which way he was going, as he wasn't going to let them think their horns were of more importance than his crowing.

"He is of the opinion that roosters should go up and start some barnyards in the clouds just so as to show the airplanes they haven't the right to go wherever they please!

"But he hasn't gone as yet because he hasn't heard of any Rooster airplane express going to the clouds."

"The hens cackle and make a great fuss, but they don't amount to so much. And the chickens aren't great. But ah, we turkeys! It is not



Mr. Turkey Gobbler Almost Bursting With Pride.

because I wish to boast, but it is because I am almost bursting with pride.

"Porky Pig's family will do for any old breakfast. Who has set aside a special day in the year when the special food at the banquet is bacon or pork or ham? No one, and I doubt if they ever will."

"Who has set aside a special day in the year when the special food at the banquet is chicken? No one. A chicken will do for any meat at all, though I think chickens are more favored than pigs. Chickens do mostly for lunches and dinners and suppers, and bacon is mostly for breakfast. Where is the honor in being eaten by people who're hurrying off to school or business or who're still half-asleep and not in

the least appreciative? As I say, I do not wonder they grunt their way through life. But we have days set aside when we are the great and important feature of the occasion.

(Copyright.)

SQAWKS

By VILOA BROTHERS SHORE

FOR THE GOOSE—

NO MATTER how much he worships beauty a hungry artist won't turn down a cucumber just because it's got warts.

A man you wouldn't listen to if he was your father can get you to believe anything from a platform.

If you're rich and no good people point their fingers at you. If you're poor and no good they point their toes.

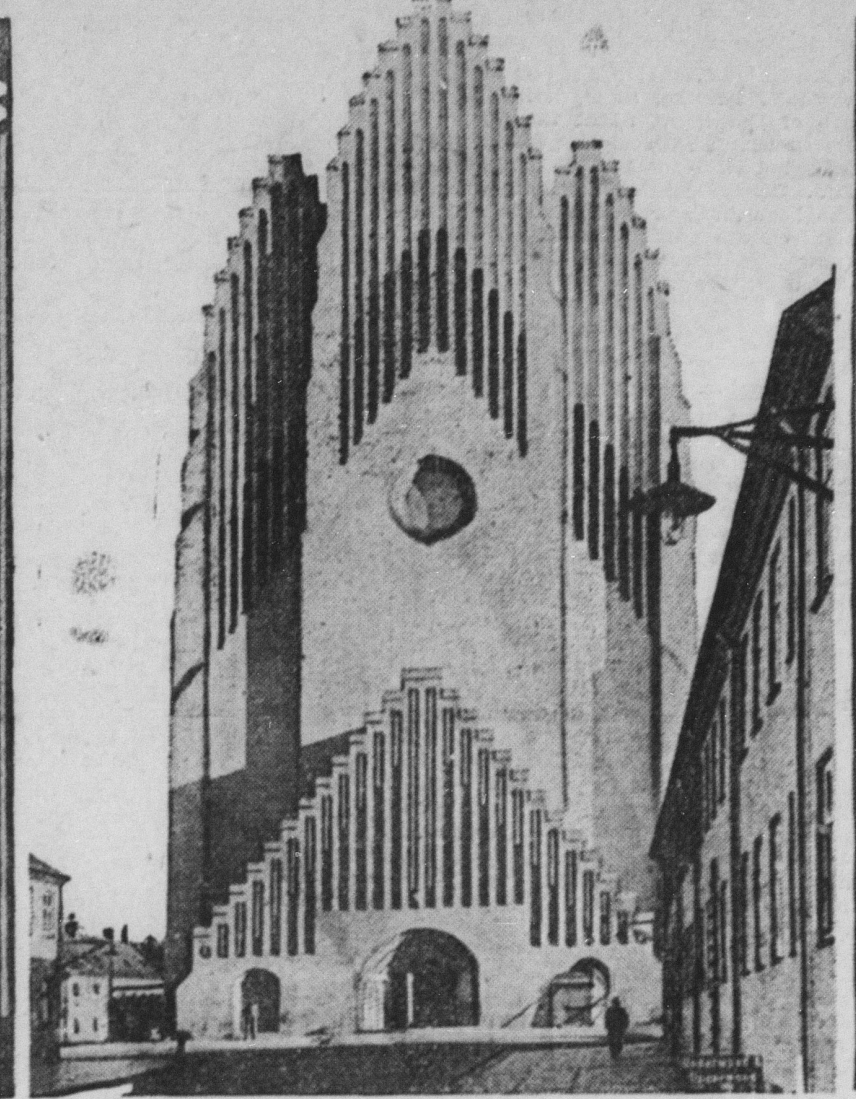
FOR THE GANDER—

You can depend on a woman's sense of smell, her sense of beauty and her sense of dishonor.

To a woman all is fair in love, war and the lookin' glass.

What would you rather have, your enemies sayin' mean things because they envy you, or your friends sayin' kind ones outa pity? (Copyright.)

Odd Scheme of Architecture



This is the new Grundtvig church in Copenhagen, Denmark—a brilliant architectural achievement in the modernistic manner, designed apparently after the idea of the organ and organ pipes within the church.

Sure Relief more Gas

Sourness, Dizziness Heartburn or Distress after eating or drinking Not a laxative but a tested sure relief for digestive disorders of the stomach and bowels. Perfectly harmless and pleasant to take. Normalizes Digestion and Sweetens the Breath.



Increase in Whaling In recent years the number of whaling companies has increased rapidly and no ocean is exempt from whaling operations. In excess of 10,000 whales are killed annually, the maximum yield of oil being reached in 1923, amounting to 44,000,000 gallons. Millions of gallons of whale oil now find a ready market in this country.—Scientific American.

Woman's Amazing Message to Rheumatics

After Suffering Intense Aching for Many Years—She Wants to Tell Others. Dr. Briggall: I simply had to write and tell you what your wonderful CAMPHOROL has done for me. For many years I suffered the tortures of Rheumatism, as only those who have it know. The sharp pains were so severe, I could not sleep. Had to get up and rub. It almost drove me crazy. I tried doctor after doctor and all kinds of medicine I was told to take, which only left me worse. I could not bend my knees. The joint in my right shoulder was so sore and inflamed, it pained me so that when I touched it tenderly I could almost scream with pain. You can imagine what agony I have suffered for years. I am a Farmer and had to give up my work. Seeing your advertisement in a paper I thought I would take another chance and told my daughter to get me a 25c jar from our Druggist. You can imagine my surprise after using CAMPHOROL. I started to get better right away. I am now well and happy and have gone back to work. I shall never forget the day I took a chance on CAMPHOROL. After all the years I suffered it feels good to be well again.—Mrs. E. Anderson, Pleasantville Terrace, N. J.

At All Druggists. Beware of Substitutes.



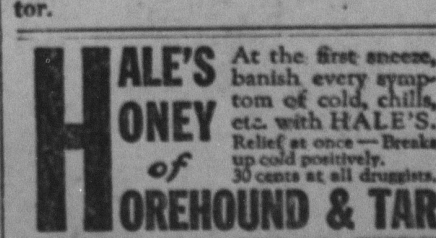
A Family Remedy for Man and Beast To relieve Coughs, Colds, Cramps, Pain in Stomach and Bowel Complaints. Also for Burns, Scalds, Sprains, Bruises, Cuts, Boils, Felons, Frosted Feet and Chills. To relieve Pain in the Face, Neuralgia, Inflammatory Rheumatism and Tooth ache. Sold by dealers everywhere. Made and guaranteed since 1871 by The Geo. H. Rundle Co., Piqua, O., U.S.A.

Garfield Tea

Was Your Grandmother's Remedy For every stomach and intestinal ailment. 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.



Dodging Payment "Politeness pays." "A lot of it used to stand me off, however," responded the bill collector.



For Wounds and Sores Try HANFORD'S Balsam of Myrrh All dealers are authorized to refund your money for the first bottle if not used.

Kindness and Consideration

By JOHN BLAKE

A GOOD executive never commands where he can request. He knows that people do not like to be peremptorily ordered about.

This may seem to be very obvious. Yet many persons seem to forget all about it as soon as they acquire a little authority.

Did you ever listen to the boss of a road gang explaining his wishes to the men under him? He is usually an interesting study.

His station in life is certainly not lofty. Yet he generally rules his little kingdom like the most despotic autocrat.

No fair words for him! No sentimental respect for the feelings of his

workers. It's all command—and loud and insistent—often backed up with emphatic and stimulating oaths.

Is he winning the affection of the men under him? No, but he is feeding his great opinion of himself. His men may detest him and do it when he isn't looking. But his overbearing insolence will feed his own vanity.

After you have studied the gang boss for a while drop in at the office of some really important executive. Hear him give a few orders to his helpers.

If the man is really big his orders will take the form of courteous requests. You will hear him ask his subordinates instead of telling them to do things. Yet they will be orders just the same.

The smart executive knows that there is a vast difference between "Will you please do this?" and "Do this." The one soothes pride. The other outrages it.

There may be no good reason for the existence of such pride. Order-haves to be given, apparently, and they have to be carried out. Why, then, should anyone quibble about the way the orders are given?

Perhaps no one should. Yet the fact remains that almost everybody does.

Pride is a very important human attribute. It may be unreasonable but it is fundamental enough to command attention and respect.

If a courteous request flatters that pride and a curt command offends it, why not make use of the former? The arrogant boss may get a malicious satisfaction out of antagonizing those under him. But he will pay for that satisfaction in a number of ways.

I don't think many people prefer inscience to courtesy. I have always suspected that a little of the latter

The Casual Greeting

By DOUGLAS MALLOCH

WE GREET them lightly now. Some day

We'll think a thousand things to say. We'll greet a thousand things to do! We greet them lightly. If we know, I wonder if a wave of hand would be enough? Though here they stand,

Another day, another year, I wonder, will we both be here?

We hail them lightly when they come. Life yields so prodigal a sum. Of joy, our joy we hardly heed. But if our eyes the years could read, No lips would ever have the power To tell the gladness of this hour, No voice could ever half express This moment of our happiness.

We kiss them lightly when they leave. I would not want your heart to grieve. And yet some moment after this We may recall the hurried kiss, This hour together may recall And treasure it the most of all. Perhaps 'tis well we never know—For then we could not let them go. (Copyright.)

Bad Luck to Stumble

By H. IRVING KING

THE idea that it is bad luck to stumble when setting out upon any new enterprise is a very old superstition easily explained by psychology. It is one of which there are a great number—arises from natural symbolism. Stumbling is the natural symbol of poorly directed action and the word is so employed in popular speech as: He stumbled into a hornet's nest; to signify blundering into trouble; or "He stumbled into a good thing," to signify that he succeeded only by accident. And falling is the natural symbol of failure—as witness the popular slang, "He fell down on his job."

The primitive mind, still active in man no matter how civilized he may be—and natural superstitions, make the analogy instinctive, and hence the superstition. If a man stumbles on the threshold of a new enterprise the outcome of the enterprise is doubtful; if he stumbles and falls it is doomed to failure.

The story is well known of how William the Conqueror, mindful of superstition, when he stumbled and fell upon leaping ashore in England, answered the cry that went up from his soldiers that it was a bad omen by grabbing the sand and crying out "I have taken seizin of this land with both hands." There is a similar story of the landing of Caesar in Africa. But if Caesar and William scorned this honary superstition Sir Walter Scott did not. When Mungo Park, previous to his last and fatal expedition to Africa, was taking leave of Sir

Walter his horse stumbled. "A bad sign," said Scott, "I shall never see him again." And he didn't. Of course, given a sufficient number of stumblings, the superstition is bound to work out sometimes. And then people say, "There! I told you so!" (Copyright.)



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First Air Mail On September 23, 1870, M. Jules Durouf flew from Paris in a balloon with mail to Craconville, France. At that time Paris was withstanding the Prussian siege. This was probably the first successful delivery of mail by air.

German Vaults Contain Tons of Gold



An unusual view, taken by special permission of the German government, of the vaults in the Reichsbank containing tons and tons of gold. In order to keep the value of marks stabilized, Germany is compelled to deposit an amount of gold equal to the amount on each paper bank note issued.

UNHAPPY PEOPLE

By A. F. WALKER

THOSE fretful individuals who continually drag their way through the world, complaining about hard luck and lack of opportunity, while their acquaintances look on in stupor, cause society most of its serious troubles, and multiply troubles for themselves.

If traced to its source, it would be found that their discontent comes mainly from inactivity of the hand and the mind—a natural result of idleness and the baneful habit of stepping aside from the exacting duties of life.

The indolent are never happy. They strut languidly with a proud air before the industrious with the feeling that the world and its pleasures were made for them alone, so they flay away their life by wasting their time in finding fault.

Not content with their surroundings, their clothes or their homes, they proceed to make everybody discontented.

Sad to say, these misbegotten souls who call themselves men and women, represent a type of idlers who, purposely or not, are becoming a serious menace to our laws, our home-life and our faith.

In plain words, they are undermining the structural principles of government and sowing broadcast seeds of rankst poison.

Erring, mischievous and reckless, they are hastening their own destruction, which they are doomed to reach in the eve of their lives in rags and dishonor.

Let it be hoped that you have no affiliation with such people.

That you belong to the industrious, solid sort, who go on from day to day, bending cheerfully to their task, surmounting difficulties and saving a title of their earnings for the uncertain years that lie ahead.

Create for yourself some high ideal, some noble purpose.

Turn your back upon the fretful, discontented trouble-mongers.

Shun them as you would a rock at sea, and press steadily forward with the hopeful and the courageous.

Remember that gold is tried in the fire, and that you, too, must be tried until you ring true and stand the acid test.

Your trials are meant to purify you, to prove your faith, to mold your soul into a thing of enduring beauty and to develop your worth, not only for your own sake, but for the sake of loving friends who are watching you, and whose hearts would break if you should stumble and fall. (Copyright.)

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Cashmere Shawls

The fine wool used for cashmere shawls is only obtained from animals living in the highest regions. Napoleon Bonaparte imported some of the goats into France and some were imported into Essex county, England, in an effort to provide domestic wool for the manufacture of shawls, but in both instances the wool deteriorated and the goats were allowed to die out.