

Washington Welcomes French Aviators



The national capital gave France's two famous flyers, Dieudonne Costes and Joseph Lebrun, a royal welcome when they landed safely at Bolling field after the flight from Montgomery, Ala. High officials of the government, members of the diplomatic corps and army and navy airmen were on hand to greet the daring flyers who were the first to make a nonstop flight across the South Atlantic ocean. In the photograph, left to right: Maj. Georges Thénault, assistant French military attaché; Lieutenant Lebrun; Hon. Paul Claudel, French ambassador to United States; Undersecretary of State Robert E. Olds; Lieutenant Costes; Secretary of War Dwight F. Davis and Secretary of Navy Curtis D. Wilbur.

Belief in the Hand of Glory

By H. Irving King

A PUBLICATION of the American Folk-Lore society states that the negroes of Georgia "believe in the hand of glory just as it is described in British Folk Lore." The hand of glory superstition is peculiar to European races and the Southern negroes must have imbibed it from their white neighbors. If it is more prevalent today among the negroes than among the whites the reason may be looked for in the lower general culture among the negroes. But it is not entirely extinct among the whites of the country who also retain superstitions of an analogous nature evidently derived from the hand of glory superstition, nor is it entirely extinct in Europe in its original form.

A few generations ago this superstition was very prevalent. As late as 1833 cases in which the hand of glory figured were before the courts of the British Isles and there are many old criminal cases on record in which it played a part. As not so very long ago the hand of glory was admissible as legal evidence it is not strange that it should linger today in modern folk lore. It is a magic pertaining to thieves and midnight marauders.

The hand of glory is the hand of a man who has been hanged and in former times it was pickled in a certain prescribed manner. It is supposed

HOUSE-WORK TIRED HER

Finds Aid in Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Plymouth, Wis.—"I am one of the women taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and am proud to say it is good. I was so run-down that I didn't feel like doing anything and my mother told me to try the Vegetable Compound and I did. It did me good. I do my housework and also do all my garden work and I have a three-year-old girl to look after. I have told quite a few others to try the Vegetable Compound and I am willing to answer letters about it."—Mrs. Ed. Bunn, R. 4, Plymouth, Wisconsin.

'FUZZY'
taste in the mouth of mornings, means constipation and biliousness.
DR. THACHER'S VEGETABLE SYRUP
will stop this condition promptly. 50c and \$1.20 bottles are sold and guaranteed by YOUR LOCAL DEALER.

WOMEN GETTING BALD

The next five years will show women with Bald Heads, or going in that direction. Men attribute it to Heredity. What will the women say is the cause for it? Thousands of young men bald or going that way, who had no need for getting bald or even scarce of hair. You surely can give one or two minutes each day to take care of your hair. This is all the time required. You owe this to Nature, as it was given to us in the beginning by Nature. Grow hair on your Bald Head. Grow new hair, destroy dandruff by improving the condition of the scalp which feeds the hair. Then you have the problem solved.

Forst's Original BARE-TO-HAIR is not a tonic, but is a scalp fertilizer and germicide. The results from its use has really created its own demand over the entire country. Literature and information sent upon request.

W. H. FORST
Discoverer and Manufacturer
Scottsdale, Penna.

Time flies, but the leader of an orchestra always beats it.

That Cold

May End in Flu
Check it Today

There's a way to do it—HILL'S. Does the four necessary things in one. Stops the cold in twenty-four hours. Checks the fever, opens the bowels, tones the entire system. That's the aid you need. Don't be satisfied with anything less. Go right now and get HILL'S in the red box, 50c.

HILL'S
Cocaine—Bromide—Opium

PASTOR KOENIG'S NERVINE
for Epilepsy Nervousness & Sleeplessness.
PRICE \$150 AT YOUR DRUG STORE
Ask for Sample
KOENIG MEDICINE CO.
1045 N. WELLS ST. CHICAGO, ILL.

A Raw, Sore Throat

eases quickly when you apply a little Musterole. It penetrates to the sore spot with a gentle tingle, loosens the congestion and draws out the soreness and pain and won't blister like the old-fashioned mustard plaster.

To Mothers: Musterole is also made in milder form for babies and small children. Ask for Children's Musterole. Jars & Tubes.
MUSTEROLE
WILL NOT BLISTER
Better than a mustard plaster

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.

HEARD IN THE BARNYARD

KIDDIES' BEDTIME STORY

"CACKLE, cackle, cackle," said Miss Hen.
"Cock-a-doodle-do, cock-a-doodle-do, cock-a-doodle-do," said Mr. Rooster.
"Cock-a-doodle-do, cock-a-doodle-do, cock-a-doodle-do, I wish the same to you," said Red Top, the rooster.
"Cackle, cackle," said Mrs. Gray Hen.
"Cluck, cluck," said Mrs. White Hen.
"Cackle, cackle," said Miss Fidgety Fashionable Hen.
"Quack, quack," said Mr. Duck.
"Quack, quack," said Sir David Duck.
"Quack, quack, quack," said the little ducklings.
"Quack, quack," said their fond mother.
"Quack, quack," said Mrs. Indian Runner Duck.
"Gobble, gobble," said Mr. Turkey.
"Neigh, neigh," said the horse.
"Moo, moo," said Mrs. Cow.
"Baa, baa, baa," said Mrs. White Sheep.
"Bow, wow, wow," said the dog.
"Baa, baa," said Billy Goat in a different tone of voice from that of Mrs. Sheep.
"Chirp, chirp," said little Mr. Robin as he sat on the branch of a tree.
"Squirm, squirm," said the little worm, "this is no place for me."

"But what does all this friendly word business mean?" asked Sammy Sausage.
"Here I was having a nice dream of a castle built of food and I awoke



"We Are All Hungry and Ready for a Good Breakfast."

to hear every one talking and chatting and I thought to myself:
"Ha, ha, grunt, grunt, the food has come."
"No food has come as yet," said Red Top. "We are all hungry and

ready for a good breakfast it is true. But it will not be long now."

"Why are you all talking in such a friendly fashion when there isn't even any food to talk about?" asked Pinky Pig.

"Of course, Red Top," said Porky Pig, "you have always had the habit of getting up at crack of dawn, as the saying is."

"You take after your father and his father before him and his father before him—and I don't know how far back."

"But they have all been early risers. Much too early risers to suit lots of folks."

"Well, I won't change the custom of the family, for it would be making out the family to be of little importance," said Red Top.

"Still I don't understand why you are all strutting about and talking?" said Sammy Sausage.

"You woke up the whole pig pen," said Mrs. Pink Pig.

"You did, it's true," said Sir Percival Pork.

"Had we been awakened for food we would not have complained, but to be awakened by a lot of idle chatter, gracious, mercy, grunt, grunt, it is too much," said Grandfather Porky.

"The ways of the barnyard crea-

Aim at Target You Can Hit

By JOHN BLAKE

IT HAS always seemed strange to me that men allow themselves to be drawn into contests in which they haven't a chance of winning.

A couple of centuries ago prominent citizens who knew nothing of duelling were always getting themselves killed in duels. A man who knew nothing of fencing would allow himself to be drawn into an affair in which raplars were the only weapons. A fellow who had never fired a gun in his life would consent to "shoot it out" with a crack shot.

Of course, the expert fencer and the crack shot always talked quite loudly of honor and made the amateurs think that they would be rewarded if they didn't fight according to professional rules.

The victims apparently never stopped to think that instead of turning out at daybreak with cutlasses and flintlocks they might punch their enemies on the nose with equal honor to themselves and a much greater possibility of success.

Far from it. They always went nobly to the slaughter. And their honorable opponents seldom hesitated to accommodate them.

Duelling, fortunately, is today almost a lost art. Fisticuffing is much more general and considerably less harmful.

Yet men and women still let themselves in for contests in which their chances of success are negligible.

College students weighing 120 pounds are seen trying for the varsity football team. They may excel their big associates forty ways as scholars, debaters or glee-club artists. Yet they forget all about their superlatives and try to vie in roughness.

There ain't one that don't think he's qualified to advise somebody else.

Everybody thinks that one of the reasons there's so many people in the world without brains is because they got more than their fair share.

Even helms' cheated occasionally ain't no harder on a man's disposition than never trustin' nobody.

The population of Java has doubled in 25 years, a remarkable rate of increase.

ness with 200 pounders. And they are seldom successful.

In this case the "old college spirit" replaces honor as a war cry.

Here is a man who is a good teacher. He sees an advertisement promising him rich rewards if he will turn salesman. Of a retiring disposition, the vocation of salesman does not appeal to him, but he sees an opportunity to make money. He becomes a poor salesman, earning more than a teacher, perhaps, but utterly unable to compete with the fellows who really like their jobs. And his former deep content and satisfaction in his work is gone.

Another man is a good mechanic. Forgetting that nearly all work is

dignified, he wants a white-collar job and becomes a clerk. He is a poor clerk and will probably always be a clerk, for his talents do not lie in that direction.

The woman who gives up a happy home for a career has been described often enough. Her actions are, of course, her own business, but unless she has a real ability in the vocation she takes up she will probably make the sad discovery that she has made a mistake. The world is full of mediocre dabblers.

If you excel at any one thing you will probably be happier and more successful if you stick to it than if you enter a contest in which your opponents are more skillful than you are.

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Signing New Peace Treaty



A bond of peace and friendship between France and the United States which had its beginning 150 years ago, was sealed anew at the State department in Washington, when signatures were attached to the new peace pact which virtually renounces war as an instrumentality ever to be called into play between the two republics. In the photograph, (seated) Hon. Paul Claudel, French ambassador, and Robert E. Olds, undersecretary of state standing, left to right: Spencer Phoenix, assistant to Undersecretary Olds, Henri Jules, secretary of the French embassy, and William R. Castle, Jr., assistant secretary of state.

Little Things

By Douglas Malloch

If I can make two words to rhyme
And give a thought a merry chime,
If you can make the grass to grow
Where grass the stranger would not know,
We need not sigh for great deeds, too,
Who have the little things to do.

The man who solders pots and pans
Has work as good as any man's;
He works as well as anyone
Who works at work that must be done.
'Tis better just to sew a seam
Than dream of things, and only dream.

The world is full of buildings tall
That stand upon some sturdy wall
That humble hands have fashioned; so
From little deeds the great deeds grow.
Although great things the great world needs,
They all must rest on little deeds.

So let us try to do our part,
And do it with a singing heart,
For surely we have right to sing
Who do the unimportant thing,
Because the things that seem so small
Are most important, after all.



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PIES YOU WILL LIKE

By Nellie Maxwell

I know there are no errors
In the great eternal plan,
And all things work together
For the final good of man.

And I know when my soul speeds onward
In its grand eternal quest,
I shall say as I look earthward,
Whatever is—is best.

—Ella W. Wilcox.

FOR those who do not like meringue on pie, this delicious one will appeal:

Lemon Sponge Pie.
Cream one tablespoonful of butter with one-half cupful of sugar and add the yolk of two eggs, beat well and add the grated rind and juice of a lemon. Scald all but two tablespoonfuls of milk and with it mix one tablespoonful of cornstarch; when thickened add to the lemon mixture, fold in the stiffly beaten white of the eggs and bake in a pastry-lined plate.

Franzpani Pie.
Prepare individual pies baked in patty pans. Cool and fill with the following: Chop fine one-fourth cupful of blanched almonds very fine, add one-fourth cupful of sugar and the yolk of an egg. Scald one and three-fourths cupfuls of milk, add to it two tablespoonfuls of cornstarch mixed with one-fourth cupful of milk and cook until smooth and thickened; then add the first mixture with four tablespoonfuls of preserved chopped peaches or strawberries, four tablespoonfuls of stale cake or macaroon crumbs. Cook over hot water for a few minutes and fill the pastry shells. Top with a meringue and bake until brown.

Oyster Cocktail.
Mix the following and pour over one pint of oysters: Three-fourths of a cupful of catsup, one-fourth cupful

of vinegar, a few drops of worcestershire sauce, a dash of cayenne, salt to taste, the juice of a lemon and a spoonful of grated horseradish. Chill the oysters and serve covered with the sauce.

Julienne Soup.
Into three quarts of water put one half cupful each of diced turnips, carrots, onions and celery, finely chopped. Add one bay leaf and one tablespoonful of minced parsley. Bring to the boiling point, then add two tablespoonfuls of worcestershire sauce, two teaspoonfuls of beef extract and one teaspoonful of salt. Simmer one-half hour, strain and serve. Three quarts of goose soup stock may be used in place of the water and beef extract.

Some Quacks

By Viola Brothers Shore

FOR THE GOOSE—
I AIN'T a kindness to bring a woman strawberries that's got strawberry rash.

Don't speak about nobody that done you dirt. Because if you say mean things people'll think you're small. And if you say nice ones they'll know you're lyin'.

Your lookin' glass is more your friend when the things it's tellin' you don't seem friendly.

FOR THE GANDER—

There might be a man livin' that didn't think he was smart enough to handle his own affairs; but I bet