

Berlin Entertains Afghan Ruler



The visit of King Amanullah of Afghanistan to Germany was the first formal visit of a crowned head to that country since the founding of the republic. The king is shown with President Von Hindenburg.

WHAT IS EVOLUTION?

By JOHN BLAKE

DARWIN, who first called attention to the working of the principle of evolution, was widely honored not only in England, but throughout the civilized world.

A young man who taught Darwin's ideas to his pupils was dismissed from the school in which he taught, and was fined \$100.

But the Supreme court of the state in which this young man lived remitted the fine.

That is progress. It is progress because it is a virtual admission that the court which imposed the fine was wrong.

For if evolution is a denial of a religion in which all men should believe, it is a crime to dispute it.

As a matter of fact evolution is merely another name for progress, and it is progress which has made the world.

There is no denying the existence of God in stating that His work was done systematically and methodically—that He conceived a plan which the forces He created would be certain to carry out.

There is no sacrifice in tracing the various steps by which this plan has worked, bringing creatures up out of the sea, and permitting them to develop according to laid-down laws until finally man with his God-given brain came into existence.

It is not denying God to show how the world itself was formed from gases and the land was divided from the seas.

To one seeking a belief in a Creator evolution supplies abundance of evidence.

No evolutionist would deny that there is mind behind all this great work, or that there is mind behind the great system of suns and planets which surround us, a system so vast that we cannot conceive it.

Evolution is merely the doctrine of progress.

It is in a tremendous way that the development of the modern locomotive from James Watt's tea kettle has been, what the progress of building

had brought about in erecting St. Paul's cathedral or the Woolworth building by using the ideas which resulted in the first hut of mud in which primitive man sheltered himself from the weather.

Evolution is working about us today, constantly.

A part of it is in the brain of man, but man's brain is puny compared to the mind which could devise a system which could continue to go on and on, as it has done since the crust of the earth formed about the fiery interior.

Men of religion need not quarrel with evolution.

The facts that it teaches supply the most convincing of all possible proof of the existence of God.

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SAWS

By Viola Brothers Shore

FOR THE GOOSE—

IF YOU lose love, it often ain't your fault. If you lose respect, it generally always is.

Silence might not be the best defense, but it certainly is the most aggravatin'.

Answerin' insults with sarcasm is tryin' to clean off an ink spot with a fountain pen.

FOR THE GANDER—

The world over every man a livin' on'y he's gotta do his own collectin'.

When you talk, talk soft. But when you hit, hit hard.

Cunning and breeding is alike in this way—that the more you got 'em the less you show 'em.

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"Flappers are rather hard to define," says Mature Matilda, "but they might be defined as young ladies who think Baton Rouge is a lipstick."

Will Insects Be Our Rivals?

By F. A. WALKER

MAETERLINCK, deep thinker and able and entertaining writer, advances a new idea. Discussing the life of insects he advances the theory that they may yet overrun the earth and be "the rivals of our last hours and perhaps our successors."

There have been a thousand and one opinions of what would happen to the human race in the ages to come—what would be the conditions on this speck in the universe when the last day should dawn. But this is the first time that the writer has ever come across the theory that the insect life was likely to overpower all the other forces of our planet and become its masters.

The idea is, however, not so grotesque as it first appears. The ant is a thousand times more industrious than man. The spider much more ingenious. The bee much braver. And all the insect world reproduces itself with tremendous more frequency than mankind.

To the student of nature there cannot be any doubt of the tremendous power in the insect world. As far back as Bible times the most dreaded plagues were the plagues of insects.

In modern days the records of destruction made by the boll weevil, the gypsy moth, the army worm, the locust, the potato bug and scores of other pests have mounted to millions on millions. Except that the brain of man has devised methods of extermination the

A really greater danger than the insects lies in the rapid increase and wider spread of rodent life. The rat pest of this country has reached in its annual destructiveness the enormous annual total of \$200,000,000.

Perhaps if Maeterlinck had been as well acquainted with the rat as with the insect he would have made an army of rodents our final conqueror instead of the creeping hosts which he selected.

But we may be quite sure that neither rats nor insects will overcome humanity. The brain that can build the Panama canal, conquer the heights of the air with airplanes and the depths of the sea with under-water ships; that can weigh the sun and compute the forces of unseen stars; certainly that brain will not be beaten into submission by insects nor conquered by any lower form of life.

If you want to supplement your natural courage a little turn to the second chapter of Genesis and read the twenty-eighth verse and see what God had to say regarding man and the rest of creation. Even Maeterlinck might find it worth while to reread his Bible.

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For Children's Story Hour

"WE MIGHT as well make the best of it," said Miss Ham. "Squeal, squeal, we might as well make the best of it."

"What should we make the best of?" asked Grandfather Porky Pig.

"Tell us, Miss Ham, grunt grunt; tell us, Cousin Ham."

"Yes, tell us, squeal, squeal; tell us, Miss Ham," said Brother Bacon.

"Grunt, grunt, tell us, Miss Ham," urged Sammy Sausage.

"Please tell us," said Sir Percival Pork.

"Grunt, grunt, please tell us, Miss Ham."

"Yes, squeal, squeal, please tell us, Miss Ham," said Sir Benjamin Bacon.

"We want to know, grunt, grunt, we want to know," said Mrs. Pink Pig.

"Yes, and you must tell us, squeal, squeal," said Mrs. Pinky Pig.

"You surely must, grunt, grunt," said Pinky Pig's mother, and Pinky Pig said:

"Squeal, squeal, we want to know."

"Well, grunt, grunt," said Miss Ham, "you don't give me a chance to tell you. You grunt and squeal and won't give me a moment in which to tell you anything."

"Squeal, squeal," said Brother Bacon.

con, "we will give you all the moments you want, if you will only not ask us for food. I do not mind, however, if you ask the others for food, but do not ask it of me."

"Ask me for moments if you will and I will give you all the moments you want."

"How absurd you are," said Grandfather Porky Pig. "Why, I would not



"I Will Show You That I Am Superior."

even bother to say that I didn't want to be asked for food.

"She could ask me if she wished we've got to make the best of and that is that we've finished dinner and that wouldn't mean that I'd have to give it to her."

"That wouldn't mean anything of the sort."

"Oh, yes, I understand," said Miss

Ham. "But I must tell you what can't find anything in the Pig Pen, so that it looks as though we'd not have anything more to eat until supper time."

"That's no news to us," said Grandfather Porky, "and to think that you got us so excited about such a horrible thing that was not worth getting excited about."

"Grandfather Porky is right," the other pigs grunted. "Grandfather Porky is right."

"Oh, very well," said Miss Ham. "But I was going to suggest that as long as we couldn't eat and had to make the best of it we might make up some poetry."

"What?" grunted all the pigs in amazement.

"Yes," said Miss Ham. "Pigs' poetry would be lively, I'm sure, and it could go down to fame."

"We don't know about it going down to fame," said Sammy Sausage, "but it would doubtless go down into the mud along with our snouts."

"Well," said Miss Ham, "as you're all so foolish, I will show that I am superior and I will make up a poem. Here it is:

I'm a pig,
I don't dance the jig
I am not so neat,
But I do love to eat!
And food I will greet,
And consider it sweet.

"Queer sort of poetry," grunted Brother Bacon, "but it only goes to show that pigs' poetry cannot amount to much, so there isn't any use in trying to make poems."

"Correct," squealed the other pigs.

"Correct."

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In Our Own Front Yard

By Douglas Malloch

A CHOKE-CHERRY grows in our front yard, and we've looked long, and we've looked hard.

For something beautiful we might see, and never saw the choke-cherry tree.

Right near the tree a honeysuckle grows, that no one notices, I suppose. We look up town and we look down street.

With a honeysuckle right at our feet, always somewhere else all the wonders are.

Or perhaps it's this—that we took too far, we watch the walk where the velvets pass, and we never see our green grass.

We drive and we drive, for miles and miles, while out in front Mother Nature smiles.

There's not a place that we haven't known, excepting one, and that one's our own.

And so for once let us stay right here and see the things that are somewhere near.

Let the wide world wait until afterward, till we take a look at our own front yard.

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Good Things to Eat

By NELLIE MAXWELL

THE planning of meals "is powerful constant," and a few helpful suggestions are always welcomed.

Jewish Cheese Sandwiches. Work a large-sized cream cheese with one-fourth of a cupful of butter until of creamy consistency. Then add one teaspoonful of chopped capers, one teaspoonful of paprika, two anchovies chopped fine, one shallot chopped fine, one-half teaspoonful of caraway seed and one-half teaspoonful of salt. Mix thoroughly and pack solidly in a small brick-shaped mold. Let stand on ice over night to ripen. Remove from the mold, cut into thin slices and use on rye bread spread lightly with butter and made mustard, as sandwich filling. Press edges together, trim and serve with coffee.

Orange marmalade used as sandwich filling for white buttered bread makes a delicious sandwich for an afternoon tea.

Creoles. Beat three eggs until light, add gradually one cupful of soft brown sugar. Mix and sift three-fourths of a cupful

of flour with one-half teaspoonful of salt, and one-fourth of a teaspoonful of ginger. Add to the first mixture and beat three minutes. Add one and one-half cupfuls of pecan meats. Fill small fluted tins two-thirds full of the batter and bake fifteen minutes. Spread with maple frosting and decorate with half of a pecan meat.

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Peace Defined
Peace is liberty in tranquillity.—Cleero.

THE HOWLING DOG

By H. IRVING KING

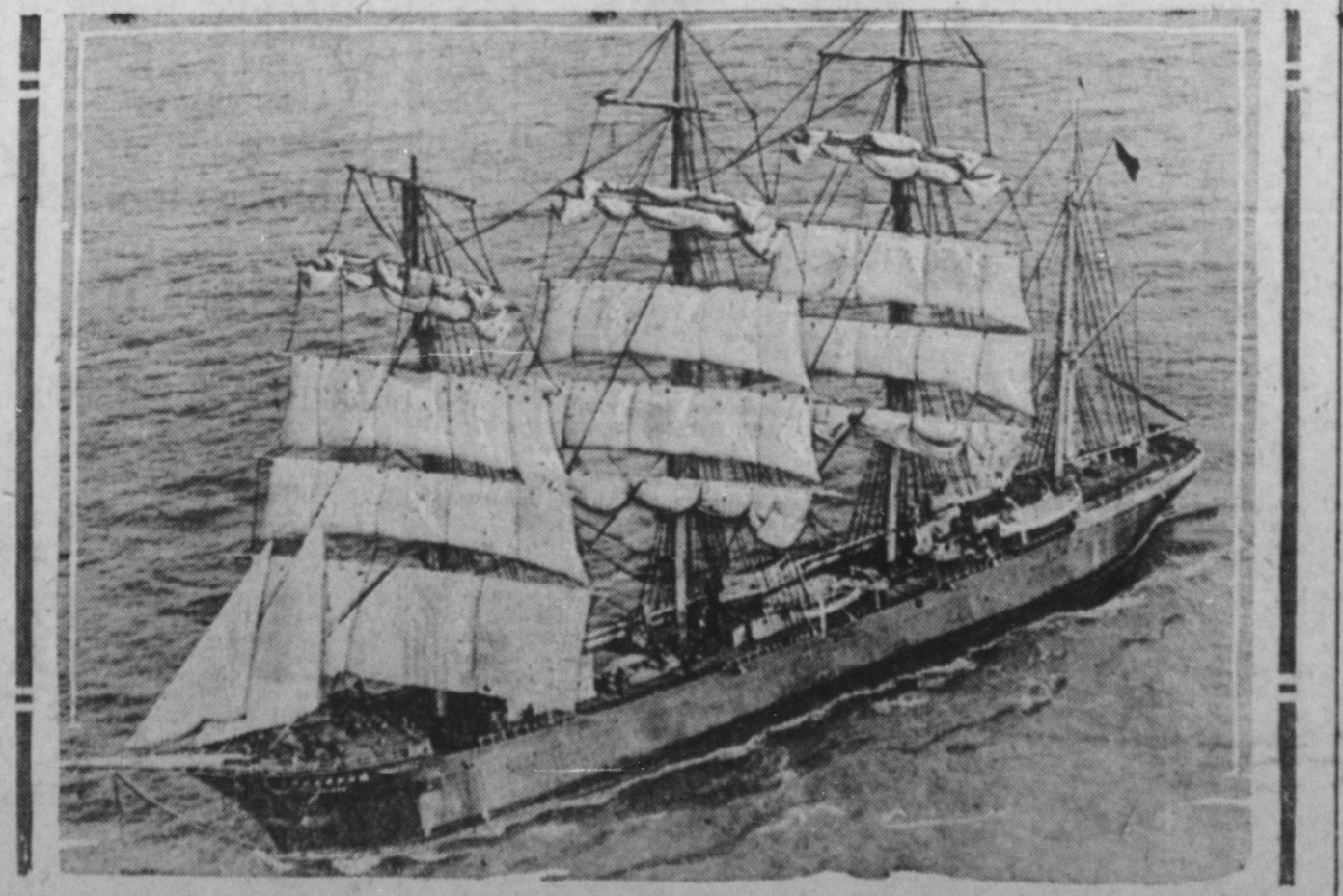
IT IS safe to say that the majority of men waking in the night to the prolonged howling of a dog feel, mingling with their desire to throw something at the brute, a little twinge of uncomfortable superstition. In the first place a dog's howling is a mournful thing to hear—and then there is the age-long superstition that a howling dog foretells a death in the family. Tennyson alludes to it in his "May Queen"—"I did not hear the dog howl, mother, or the death-watch beat."

It is very likely that a dog beloved by his master, will howl for his companionship when illness deprives him of it. In fact any serious illness in the house would probably cause the dog to be neglected by others to a

large extent and he would howl for his accustomed food or companionship. If the sick person recovers nothing is thought of the dog's howling. But if he dies one member of the family looks with an awed expression and asks: "Did you hear the dog howl last night?" "Yes," will probably be the reply, "I have heard him for several nights now." And each secretly believes, or half believes, that the dog's howling was "a warning." The character of a dog's howl, suggestive of death and desolation, and the above facts are sufficient to account for the superstition. But just think, gentle reader, how many, many times you have heard the dog howl at night and nothing untoward has happened.

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Russian Training Ship After Collision



An air view of the Russian training ship making for port after its disastrous collision with the Italian steamer Alcantara in the English channel. The Italian steamer sank with all men aboard save one.



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