

# MOTHERS' DAY



(Copyright, W. H. U.)

By ELMO SCOTT WATSON  
 ON SUNDAY, May 13, millions of Americans will be wearing carnations as a symbol of love and remembrance for their mothers and sending loving greetings of one sort or another to them. For the second Sunday in May of each year has been set aside as Mothers' day and despite an unfortunate element of commercialism that has become associated with it, the idea back of it has such a universal appeal that few holidays or special days are more generally and sincerely observed by all Americans of all races, classes and creeds than is Mothers' day. The celebration of Mothers' day is now twenty years old. It was originated by Miss Anna Jarvis of Philadelphia in 1908 and given official recognition in 1914 when President Woodrow Wilson issued the first Mothers' day proclamation.

The glory and beauty of mother love and the consequent love for mother with all the joy that it brings is as old as the human race. There is an ancient Jewish saying that "God could not be everywhere and therefore He made mothers." Some of the greatest men of all ages, with the true humility of the great and with the breadth of vision which recognizes the true values of life, have acknowledged their great debt to the guiding force that made their achievements possible. Such an acknowledgment has never found a finer expression than that attributed to one of the greatest men of all time. For it was Abraham Lincoln who is said to have declared once: "All that I am, or hope to be, I owe to my angel mother."

And last year on Mothers' day a splendid tribute was paid that mother when, to quote from a news dispatch sent throughout the United States from Lincoln City, Ind.: "Mothers' day was commemorated here, today to one of the nation's greatest mothers—Nancy Hanks Lincoln.

"Gathered at the grave of the mother of the Emancipator, the executive committee of the Indiana Lincoln union pledged itself to the task of building a national shrine in honor of the mother who, against all the hindrances of a rude pioneer life, molded the character of Abraham Lincoln."

"An aviator, zooming low over the grave and cabin site, dropped this message:

To the Manes of Nancy Hanks Lincoln: The men and women are here, beside your grave, among the guarding trees, to make their vow: "Your name shall never die"; and to their praise, We add our tribute from the sky.

We are the artificers of the past, whose handicraft has gained the praise of men. With stone and clay, with brush and pen, We wrought, to leave expressions of the truth we found.

But you—you dared to take a living child, a plastic infant mind, To mold into a soul of love, an instrument divine, Your genius used an art that ours was mean beside.

To you, then, Master Artist, we send our word of praise.

Through devious paths that masked the way,

paper asking her to set a date for an interview in regard to a story. The writer replied: "Unable to come, owing to quince preserves."

The editor, being a woman, recognized the force of the excuse and rejoined: "Are you doing them up, or are they doing you up?"

The five cities having the highest suicide rate are all along the West coast.

You led with kindly hand  
 A child into the light of truth  
 And made an honest man.

Mother love and love for mother have been the inspiration for some of our best-known poets and have resulted in the writing of some of our best-known and best-loved poems. Rudyard Kipling was writing for all of us and expressing a belief which all of us hold when he wrote

**MOTHER O' MINE**

If I were hanged on the highest hill  
 Mother o' Mine,  
 I know whose love would follow me  
 still.  
 Mother o' Mine,  
 If I were drowned in the deepest sea,  
 Mother o' Mine,  
 I know whose tears would come down  
 to me.  
 Mother o' Mine, Mother o' Mine,  
 If I were damned of body and soul  
 I know whose prayers would make me  
 whole.  
 Mother o' Mine, Mother o' Mine.

Louis Untermeyer confessed for all of us the inadequacy of mere words to express our debt to the women who gave us birth when he wrote

**TO MY MOTHER**

Poor recompense to you were I to fill  
 This page with rhyme and rhetoric  
 to display  
 Only the poet and thereby betray  
 My earliest thoughts for mere poetic  
 skill.  
 Poor recompense, indeed, were I to  
 thrill  
 With my own music, turn to you and  
 say,  
 "I give you these, my verses; let  
 them pay  
 For all you gave and all you give me  
 still."

I am too poor to buy you back the  
 years  
 A mother pays for with her dreams  
 and fears,  
 For I am rich in nothing but in love,  
 So let me give my thanks, so let me be  
 forever in your debt, who gave to me  
 The breath of life—and all the joy  
 thereof.

How many "little tired out boys"—  
 even though they were "boys"—have  
 not wished that they could put into  
 words the longing that Eugene Field  
 expressed in his

**CHILD AND MOTHER**

O Mother-my-Love, if you'll give me  
 your hand,  
 And go where I ask you to wander,  
 I will lead you away to a beautiful  
 land—  
 The Dreamland that's waiting out  
 yonder.  
 We'll walk in a sweet posse garden out  
 there  
 Where the moonlight and starlight  
 are streaming  
 And the flowers and birds are filling  
 the air  
 With fragrance and music of dream-  
 ing.

There'll be no little tired out boy to  
 undress,  
 No questions or cares to perplex you;  
 There'll be no little bruises or bumps  
 to care,  
 Nor patches of stockings to vex you,  
 For I'll rock you away on a silver dew  
 stream,  
 And sing you asleep when you're  
 weary,  
 And no one shall know of our beau-  
 tiful dream,  
 But you and your own little dearie.

And when I am tired I'll nestle my  
 head  
 In the bosom that's soothed me so  
 often,  
 And the wide awake stars shall sing  
 in my stead  
 A song which our dreaming shall  
 soften.

**Cousins**

The folder advertising the boat cruise read: "Give the number in the party, with names, relationship, etc."

Heller had never made reservations before and this puzzled him. He wrote: "Johnson and I will travel with you. Am not sure of our exact relationship."

Later he wired: "Johnson's uncle and my father were second or third cousins. Must I bring further proof of our relationship?"

So Mother-my-Love, let me take your  
 dear hand,  
 And away through the starlight we'll  
 wander—  
 Away through the mist to the beautiful  
 land—  
 The Dreamland that's waiting out  
 yonder!

And of all the "familiar poems" what one is better known and strikes a more responsive chord in the hearts of all of us than Mrs. Elizabeth Akers Allen's

**ROCK ME TO SLEEP, MOTHER**

Backward, turn backward, O Time, in  
 your flight,  
 Make me a child again just for to-  
 night!  
 Mother, come back from the echoes  
 shore,  
 Take me again to your heart as of  
 yore:  
 Kiss from my forehead the furrows of  
 care,  
 Smooth the few silver threads out of  
 my hair;  
 Over my slumbers your loving watch  
 keep—  
 Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to  
 sleep!

Backward, flow backward, O tide of  
 the years!  
 I have grown weary of dust and de-  
 cay—  
 Toll without recompense, tears all in  
 vain!  
 Take them and give me my childhood  
 again!  
 I have grown weary of dust and de-  
 cay—  
 Weary of flinging my soul wealth  
 away;  
 Weary of sowing for others to reap—  
 Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to  
 sleep!

Tired of the hollow, the base, the un-  
 true,  
 Mother, O mother, my heart calls for  
 you!  
 Many a summer the grass has grown  
 green,  
 Blossomed and faded our faces be-  
 tween,  
 Yet with strong yearning and pas-  
 sionate pain  
 Long I tonight for your presence  
 again,  
 Comes from the silence so long and  
 so deep—  
 Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to  
 sleep!

Over my heart, in the days that are  
 gone,  
 No love like mother love ever has  
 shone;  
 No other worship abides and endures—  
 Faithful, unselfish and patient like  
 yours;  
 None like a mother can charm away  
 pain  
 From the sick soul and the world  
 weary brain.  
 Slumber's soft calm o'er my heavy  
 lids creep—  
 Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to  
 sleep!

Come, let your brown hair, just lighted  
 with gold,  
 Fall on my shoulders again as of old;  
 Let it drop over my forehead tonight;  
 Shading my faint eyes away from the  
 light;  
 For with its sunny-edged shadows once  
 more  
 Happily will throng the sweet visions  
 of yore:  
 Lovingly, softly its bright billows  
 sweep—  
 Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to  
 sleep!

Mother, dear mother, the years have  
 been long  
 Since I last hushed to your lullaby  
 song!  
 Sing, then, and unto my soul it shall  
 seem  
 Womanhood's years have been only a  
 dream.  
 Clasped to your heart in a loving em-  
 brace,  
 With your light lashes just sweeping  
 my face,  
 Never hereafter to wake or to weep—  
 Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to  
 sleep!

**Reversed Ignition!**

Reverse the ignition circuit of your Fordson, Ford car or truck. The saving in gas is considerable. The extra speed and power saves you time and money.

The reason: Simply because the stronger, hotter reversed circuit delivers an extra large, extra hot spark to the spark plugs.

Write today for free particulars.

Scott Manufacturing Co.  
 Knoxville, Tenn.

## OVER 28 BILLION CHESTERFIELDS SMOKED IN 1927

(Only a few years back, you'll remember, it was 7 billion)



**A 300% INCREASE SUCH POPULARITY MUST BE DESERVED!**

THEY SATISFY and yet THEY'RE MILD

LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.

### Reversed Ignition!

Reverse the ignition circuit of your Fordson, Ford car or truck. The saving in gas is considerable. The extra speed and power saves you time and money.

The reason: Simply because the stronger, hotter reversed circuit delivers an extra large, extra hot spark to the spark plugs.

Write today for free particulars.

Scott Manufacturing Co.  
 Knoxville, Tenn.

### Indian Soldiers

A full-blooded Indian detachment of the United States army, consisting of 16 privates, two corporals and a sergeant, is stationed at Fort Huachuca, Ariz. These Indians lead as far as possible the life as led by their ancestors, living in tents, cooking at campfires and hunting for some of their food instead of drawing it all from the quartermaster. Among the names are Chow Big, Charles Bones and Sineu Riley.

### Reason Enough

Mrs. Icee (during the dance)—Why do you hold me so close?  
 The Man—Because you're so di-  
 tant.—Boston Transcript.

### Not His Line

Bill Brennan, Jr., isn't old enough to be a member of his father's firm and he knows as a realtor, but he specializes the same as the W. A. Brennan company does in large down-town leases and real estate deals, having his small sister as his principal client. The other evening Bill, Sr., overheard some of the "business" conversation. The "client" had called by phone and Bill, Jr., answered.

"No," he spoke into the imaginary telephone. "I am not an insurer; I am a real estate."—Detroit Free Press.

### That's No Lady

One (at fancy dress ball)—That lady over there has been watching you for ever so long; I bet she'll be asking for an introduction soon.

Two—She won't—she's my wife.—  
 Passing Show.

### Recalling Old Times

Among those who attended the Martha's Vineyard county fair this year were twenty-two men and women who went to the first fair, sixty-nine years ago.

In a little town people are always saying "nice things" to your face, anyway.

### Buck Paid Board Bill With Set of Antlers

Superintendent J. R. Eakin of Glacier National park is authority for one of the most striking instances of wild animal gratitude recorded in natural history. He relates:

"A buck deer with especially fine antlers has been a great favorite at headquarters this winter, and several people expressed a desire for his horns when they were shed, which invariably happens around January."

"One morning while feeding this buck on her back porch, a woman residing at administrative headquarters was astonished to see him rub his horns on the wall until they fell to the floor. As she fed him more often than any other person, she believes it was his way of showing gratitude."

### Just Wait!

"My play will be produced tomorrow."

"How thrilling!"

"Yes, the manager said he would produce it for me tomorrow if I would call for it."—Montreal Star.

### Room for Millions

Passenger-carrying capacity of all the railroads of the United States if every car and coach were filled, it is estimated, would be approximately 2,612,000 persons.—Gas Logic.

### INSTALL CHAMPIONS NOW

Once again Champion reminds you that to enjoy maximum engine performance during the next twelve months you should install a complete new set of spark plugs now.

Champion is the better spark plug because of its double-ribbed aluminum core—its two-piece construction and its special analysis electrodes.

Champion X—for Model T Ford and Fordson Tractors 60¢

Champion—for all other engines including Model A Ford. 75¢



### AGENTS WANTED, EVERYBODY BUYS

Cash in on this. Sell Grayson Phonographs, Records, Grayson Reproducers and Accessories. Only few agency vacancies in this state. Act quick. Write today, Grayson Sales Co., Thomas, W. Va.

### GIRLS AND BOYS—Sell 100 needle books

for 10¢ a book and earn \$5.50. Order now ANNE E. SWOPE, 42 Harbour Sq., Dayton, Ohio.

Footproof Cabbage and Bermuda Onion Plants, parcel post paid 25¢. \$1: 1.99, \$2.50. Write for prices on larger quantities. Also Tomato and Potato plants. Service and plants guaranteed. Ponder Plant Co., Omega, Ga.

### "A MESSAGE FROM HOLLYWOOD"

The Hygiene of Youth and Beauty, by Joell Ginsburg, MD, Famous Hollywood Plastic Surgeon, Preservation and Restoration of Youth and Beauty. Send \$3 with order to Youth and Beauty Publishing Co., 323 Broadway Arcade Bldg., Los Angeles, Calif.

### To Give Your Perfumes That Real French Touch

use the Heigian Trading Co., Inc., Essential Oils, Aromatic Chemicals and Perfumery House, F.W. AS GOOD, NONE BETTER, 211 Water St., New York City.

### MONARCH QUALITY FOOD PRODUCTS

MONARCH CANNED VEGETABLES, every vegetable that grows... and the cream of the crop... MONARCH CANNED FRUITS, the "prize pick" of the world's finest orchards... MONARCH COFFEE, TEA AND COCOA, if you paid a dollar a pound, you couldn't buy finer quality... MONARCH PICKLES, sweet gherkins, dills, sweet mixed pickles, chow and relishes... MONARCH CATSUP AND CHILI SAUCE, made from Monarch tomatoes grown from Monarch seed... and the famous Monarch Tennis Weenie Specialties.

REID, MURDOCH & CO. (Established 1853) General Offices, Chicago, Ill.

### \$1 Will Save Their Lives!

Thousands of testimonials from all parts of the U. S. speak with eloquence of the marvelous results from LEE'S POULTRY TABLETS. Dollar box will safeguard your flock for a long time.

For White Diarrhea, Cholera, Chicken Pox, Worms

This remedy is the formula of a foremost veterinarian, and is PROVEN by use over more than 10 years. Money-back guarantee with each box.

Makes Ten Gallons

Each package contains enough tablets to make 10 gallons of medicine. Full directions on each box. This introductory offer will be withdrawn soon. Act now. Ten dollar bill to this ad and mail TODAY. Or we'll send tablets C.O.D. and you can pay postman \$1 and few cents postage when delivered.

Lee Poultry Co.  
 506 Continental Bldg., Oklahoma City, Okla.

### FARQUHAR PORTABLE SAWMILLS

Sizes to Meet Local Needs

Send for Illustrated Booklet

FARQUHAR Box 689 York, Pa.