

OUR BRAVE DOCTORS

By JOHN BLAKE

TWO or three winters ago I spent a day with a country doctor. He found his office filled with patients as soon as he had finished his breakfast.

He listened to all of them, picked out the few who really needed his services, told them what to do, and sent them away.

The others he treated considerately, assuring them there was nothing the matter with them, and almost pleading with them to go back to their work or their household duties, and not to imagine they were sick.

Then we started out together in his little car, through a blinding snow-storm.

There was a boy's broken bone to set in the first house, five miles away; a child to give antitoxin to in another house a little farther along; an old lady with rheumatism to be made comfortable in another place, and a dog—yes, a dog—to be dosed for distemper at the house of a well-to-do farmer.

There were no veterinarians in that neighborhood. The doctor treated man and beast.

At another little family's home the doctor had to spend an hour explaining to a child with serum in New York city was shot and killed by the child's father.

He had been called too late. The child died. The ignorant father believed the injection of the serum had killed it.

Such risks doctors must frequently take.

Yet, as a rule they take them cheerfully, employ tact among their patients, and are always cheery and comforting, and work like slaves.

One wonders why men choose a profession which is so arduous, evening that the diphtheria serum would not harm the children, and that they ought to take it because of an epidemic which was raging.

He was a medical officer as well as a doctor, and could, if he had chosen, have brought along a policeman to enforce his word.

But he preferred the softer method, and he at last was successful.

We made forty-two visits that day, and the doctor returned exhausted, to snatch a hasty dinner and go out again on a report of an accident on the highway. He got to bed a little after three in the morning.

Very recently a doctor who had though the doctors who become specialists reap rich rewards.

Ye brave devoted men enter this profession, and many of them grow gray in it without ever getting any-

thing but a livelihood, although they may be men of real ability.

I never hear people speak slightly of the profession but that I think of the ride I took with my friend in the country.

He died not long ago, broken down at fifty. Afterward a man who had been at medical school with him said he would have made a fortune in the city. But I think he did more good working in obscurity.

Hints for Goose and Gander

By Viola Brothers Shore

FOR THE GOOSE—
A STUDENT—an artist and a mother—their work is never done.

If a thing is bein' talked about a lot, there's bound to be a little truth in it. And a lotta untruth.

Just because people are tellin' you the truth, don't mean they ain't trying to fool you.

FOR THE GANDER—
The feller that's watchin' could at-was 'a' worked out the game.

Some artists just wanna paint enough to be able to live well. And others again just wanna live enough to be able to paint well.

It's just as bad for you to go around not trustin' nobody as it is trustin' everybody.

Odd Baggage Railway Men Get



Suitcases and trunks are not the only things that pass through the railway baggage rooms in the larger cities. Particularly at the San Francisco ferry station dozens of varieties of animals and fowls are taken for transport or delivered to owners. Some of them are trained and gentle, others wild and woolly. In the picture above "Little Jim" is plenty woolly.



DON'T suffer headaches, or any of those pains that Bayer Aspirin can end in a hurry! Physicians prescribe it, and approve its free use, for it does not affect the heart. Every druggist has it, but don't fail to ask the druggist for Bayer. And don't take any but the box that says Bayer, with the word genuine printed in red:



Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monocetacidester of Salicylicacid

Indubitably

During a lull in the game Spottawood perpetrated this one: "Why is the three of spades like a shirt bosom?"

"I'll bite," said Garrison. "Why?"

"Because it looks like the deuce with a spot in the middle of it."

BELIEF IN WITCHES

By H. IRVING KING

A BELIEF in witches, though still lingering among us, is now confined for the most part to those who have brought the belief with them from their former European or Asiatic homes. It is said, however, to be not infrequently found among the negroes of the South and is occasionally met with in remote country districts in various parts of the United States. There are also many customs of a superstitious nature which are employed by people who while not believing in witches exactly, or perhaps not at all, continue the practices of their ancestors and attribute to them some magic efficacy. Such are the customs of putting a hot poker into a batch of home made soap to make it harder; and

of throwing a red-hot horseshoe into the churn when the butter refuses to come, customs which will be found in many localities all over Canada and the United States.

A publication of the American Folklore society says that as recently as fifty years ago this hot poker act was performed in rural New England with the avowed purpose of working a counter charm upon soap which was supposed to be bewitched, and it was confidently believed that "the witch would be burned, too," who had done the bewitching. As recently as thirty-five years ago the publication states, people in Vermont threw red-hot horseshoes into refractory cream, openly stating that the cream was bewitched and would not otherwise turn to butter. As stated, these practices still continue, though it is rarely now that the worker of the counter charm will admit that he is really seeking to baffle a witch.

Iron has from ancient times been considered as something feared and hated by witches and evil spirits. There appears to be some dispute in folklore as to whether cold or hot iron is most efficacious against the powers of evil. The Scots are all in favor of cold iron but the advocates of hot iron say that it has the double advantage of undoing the witch's work and of burning the witch at the same time by sympathetic magic.

FLYING OVER

By Douglas Malloch

THE bees are always flying over To pay a visit to the clover, And in the town in wintry weather The houses stand close together, The big one and its little brother, The houses seem to warm each other.

The hills run down to meet the valleys, The streets run up to touch the alleys, From tree to tree the birds go winging And set the other birds to singing, The things outdoors all have their labors, And yet they seem the best of neighbors.

The waves run up and kiss the beaches, And for the roof the ivy reaches, The oak tree shades the church's steeple— I wish it were that way with people, The sunshine smiles on all the roses, And only folks stick up their noses.

The girl next door won't play with Sletter, The men downtown call Daddy "Mister," And people pass, and people let them, Because we never really met them, The bees are visiting the clover— I wish that folks would just fly over!

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Good Prune Dishes

By NELLIE MAXWELL

THE prune is always in the market, and can be prepared in so many appetizing ways.

Prune Pudding.
Remove the stones from one pound of cooked prunes. Add one-half cupful of butter creamed with one cupful of sugar, three well-beaten eggs, one-fourth cupful of molasses, one-half teaspoonful each of soda, cloves and cinnamon. Dissolve the soda in one tablespoonful of milk. Mix all the ingredients with one pint of bread crumbs and steam three hours. Serve with:

Foamy Sauce.
Beat the whites of two eggs to a

stiff froth, add one cupful of powdered sugar, then the yolks of the eggs well beaten, a pinch of salt and one-half teaspoonful of vanilla. Just before serving add one-half cupful of boiling milk.

Spiced Prunes.
Soak a pound of prunes over night in water to cover, after washing them well. In the morning simmer in the same water until tender, add 10 cloves, the rind of a lemon with its juice. When tender, drain and add one cupful of honey, one-half cupful of vinegar and simmer the prunes in this for half an hour. Chill and serve.

Spiced Prune Marmalade.
Take one pound of prunes, soak and simmer in the water in which they were soaked over night. When tender remove the stones and cut the prunes into small pieces. Return to the heat with the liquid. Add one cupful of mild vinegar, one and one-half cupfuls of sugar, one-half teaspoonful each of cinnamon and cloves. Simmer until thick. Serve with meats; very nice with roast pork.

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Fairy Queen Story for Children

"I'VE had a fine journey," said the Fairy Queen, as she came back to Fairyland.

"Tell us about it, and tell us what you saw," the Fairies asked.

"First of all I saw some lovely trees along a great avenue. They had all come out in full, and they were leaning over and meeting high in the center, and talking to each other.

"It seemed that they had started telling each other little springtime secrets, and had gone closer together and closer together as they had listened to each other.

"So now the lovely branches met and made a beautiful tree archway all down the avenue.

"All winter long they had looked at each other on either side of the roadway and they had said:

"When spring comes we'll have some talks!"

"Then I peeped in at a birthday party. A little girl named Lucy was nine years old.

"She had some other children at her party, and they played all kinds of

games. Puss in the Corner was one favorite.

"They played the donkey game, too. There was a big sheet, and upon it was a painted donkey. Each child was blindfolded, and after having been turned around three times so as to be mixed up and to make the game harder, she was started off carrying a painted tail made of cloth, which she was going to try to put on the donkey.

"The one who got nearest in putting on the tail correctly won a prize.

"Then they had ice cream and a large birthday cake with Lucy's name



"I Saw Some Dear Little Pink Leaves Coming Out."

and age printed in pink letters upon the white frosting.

"The table had a paper table cloth upon it with all kinds of pretty pictures of little Boy Blue blowing his horn and of children with sand pails and shovels at the seashore. The napkins were like the tablecloth, too.

"Then there were fences made of cardboard with the same patterns, and these fences were put about the table. They were quite low.

"The colors were all blue and yellow, and Lucy wore a yellow hair ribbon, and yellow socks, and a blue sash.

"Oh, they had a splendid time.

"Then I passed a great many members of the Balloon family, all riding on motorcars. They looked very pretty and gay and festive, and they were very proud as they waved a 'hello' to me as they hurried by!

"I saw some dear little pink leaves coming out, and I knew the members of the White Oak family were slowly coming along.

"I called upon a little Dicky bird, too, who belonged to a little boy known to his friends as Pine.

"Pine was very fond of Dicky and told how Dicky would sing, though really Dicky sang very little.

"But even his chirping was music and song to Pine's ears. And Pine told me of Dicky's bath-taking, and how he never failed to take a bath each morning.

"Oh, Pine boasted of Dicky, and of his bright yellow feathers.

"Pine thought it was so wonderful that Dicky did everything standing on his legs.

"He sleeps that way, he eats that way, he sings that way, he takes his bath that way," Pine said.

"I saw many garden flowers—lavender tulips, and white lilacs, and lilacs of the valley, and Johnny Jump-Ups, and Striped Grass and Flowering Almond bushes, and they all wished me such a polite good-day.

"Flowers have such sweet manners. I saw two dogs rub noses, too, and tell each other they were so glad to meet again.

"My journey was interesting to me because I love to see all the different creatures and flowers and people I can.

"To me there is so much that is worth while to see, and it's all so very enjoyable," the Fairy Queen ended as she waved her wand happily.

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Holding the Faith

By F. A. WALKER

TO FACE your duty serenely, to play your part courageously while the clamor of the world beats all about you, to hold the faith through calamities and march bravely on, are the things to do when sorely pressed.

Desperate captains run their ships upon the rocks and sink into the sea; cautious sailors find their way to peaceful harbors.

The latter think soberly and act with discretion.

The difference between the rash man and the man of prudence is but a thin drawn line, yet this little variance makes a defeat or victory.

Even though your heart may be burning as harrowing fears oppress, press on resolved to win, and win you surely will.

Some wavering, weak-minded variable men and women seeing you, may at the eleventh hour screw up their waning strength and reach the solid ground, better and abler for the example you have unknowingly set them.

In whatever station in life you may be compelled to cast your lot, let no load of care retard your progress towards the tops of the peaks, where the air is sweet, the sunshine

is bright and kindly and the presence of the Omnipotent stirs your inmost soul to rejoicing.

Lighten your burdens by various deeds and exalted aspirations.

Think not of the weight upon your shoulders, but rather of the strength that is yours as compared with the stragglers lagging behind.

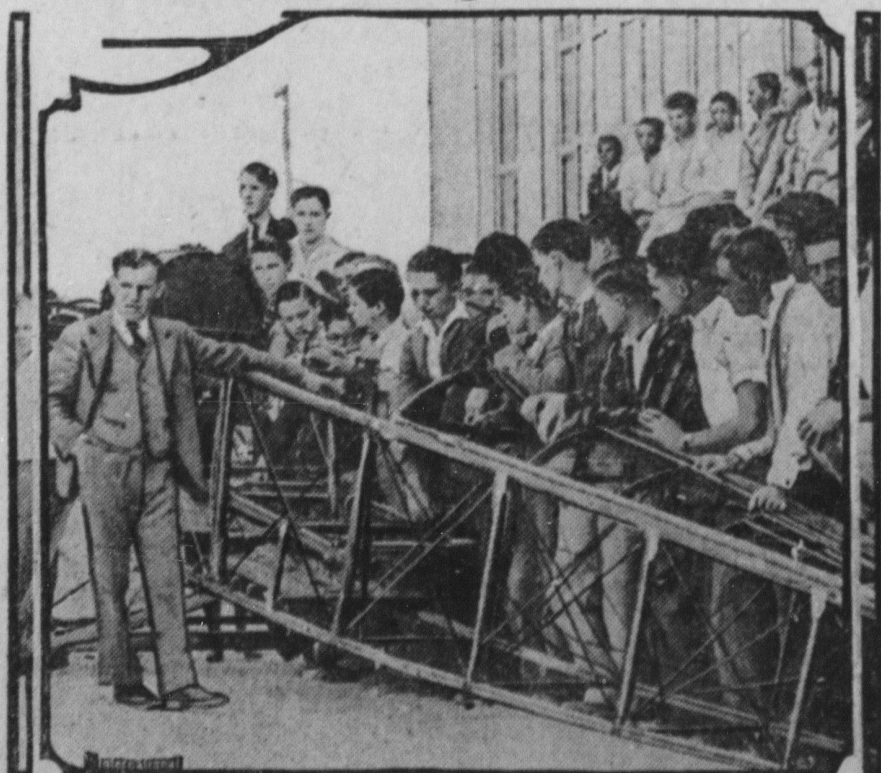
In many cases your grievance, annoyance, vexation, discontent and torment, are what you, yourself make, or allowed circumstances to make for you.

They rankle, gnaw and freeze your blood because you stubbornly refuse to follow the line of least resistance, as have the failures who wilfully turned from the right path abashed with signboards all along the way, from the springtime of youth to the winter of sore old age.

In the heydays of life, and until the racing tide reaches its height and begins to slacken, keep to the right, and then as the waters turn back to the great sea, they will leave you unfettered and free, happy in the thought that you have kept the faith.

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Aviation Taught in School



Harry Rogers, noted flyer, instructing the aviation class of the Miami (Fla.) high school. This is said to be the first high school to make a course to aviation a part of the regular studies.

Don't Make a Toy Out of Baby - Babies Have Nerves

By RUTH BRITAIN



Much of the nervousness in older children can be traced to the overstimulation during infancy, caused by regarding baby as a sort of animated toy for the amusement of parents, relatives and friends. Baby may be played with, but not for more than a quarter of an hour to an hour daily. Beyond that, being handled, tickled, caused to laugh or even scream, will sometimes result in vomiting, and invariably causes irritability, crying or sleeplessness.

Fretfulness, crying and sleeplessness from this cause can easily be avoided by treating baby with more consideration, but when you just can't see what is making baby restless or upset, better give him a few drops of pure, harmless Castoria. It's amazing to see how quickly it calms baby's nerves and soothes him to sleep; yet it contains no drugs or opiates. It is purely vegetable—the recipe is on the wrapper. Leading physicians prescribe it for colic, cholera, diarrhea, constipation, gas on stomach and bowels, feverishness, loss of sleep and all other "upsets" of babyhood. Over 25 million bottles used a year shows its overwhelming popularity.

With each bottle of Castoria, you get a book on Motherhood, worth its weight in gold. Look for Chas. H. Fletcher's signature on the package so you'll get genuine Castoria. There are many imitations.

Right Kind of Gambling
Carol—Does your husband gamble? Jo—Not in an objectionable way. He nearly always wins.—Exchange.

It was woman who invented all the dishes she has to wash. Men preferred to eat out of the pot.

CAN NOW DO ANY WORK

Thanks to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Denison, Texas.—"I think there is no tonic equal to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for nervousness and I have used Lydia E. Pinkham's Sanative Wash and the Pills for Constipation. I can certainly praise your medicines for what they have done for me and I wish you success in the future. I can do any kind of work now and when women ask me what has helped me I recommend your medicines. I will answer any letters I receive asking about them."

—Mrs. EMMA GREEN, Route 3, Box 53, Denison, Texas.

W. N. U., BALTIMORE, NO. 19-1928.