

THE NEED OF SCIENTISTS

By JOHN BLAKE

AN AMERICAN scientist—a professor in a college, recently refused the sum of \$2,000,000 for the formula by which he has produced a new vitamin, which is helpful in the prevention of many maladies due to wrong diet.

A food manufacturing company made him this offer.

Had he accepted it, there is no likelihood that any effort would have been made to fix a high price on the product containing the vitamin.

But a monopoly would have been conferred, and that is what the discoverer of the vitamin desired to prevent.

He wanted the result of his labor and study to be for everybody.

Now there are not many people who

would lightly refuse a sum such as that which was offered this scientist.

Two million dollars means not only freedom from financial cares indefinitely, but the possibility of living in real luxury, and in leaving a fortune to a family afterward.

But it is a characteristic of many men of science that they take their pay in satisfaction, and not in money.

The colleges are filled with men who could go into the business world and earn large sums because of their intimate knowledge of chemistry and of engineering and of other branches of learning, which have now been applied to manufacturing and finance.

Some of them accept the offers made them—and no one can blame them.

But in a time when money is regarded as all important, it is cheering to note that there are men who care little for it, and that these men are not only not lunatics, as some people might regard them, but men of very great ability.

There is hope for the human race, and hope for progress when such things as this can happen.

dependence, which is the duty of every man with a family.

But there are some things which are more to be desired than great riches, and chief among them is a man's knowledge that he is doing good for his fellow men, and asking no return in money for it.

We never think much about this when it is done by a soldier, who risks and often loses his life in the service of his fellow countrymen.

It seems strange only when it happens in time of peace, and when the figure in it is a man belonging to a profession poorly paid, and with relatively few opportunities for fame.

Some day governments will be wise enough to place able scientists beyond any possibility of want, so that they can fight disease and work for better human conditions with no fear.

But that will not be for a long while.

In the meantime hundreds of earnest able men forego luxury and even comfort that they may do the world's most important work, and ask no pay whatever.

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Great Britain's Forests

There are now sixty-two forests in England and Wales and fifty in Scotland, although the trees in many of them may yet be small. Something like fifteen new ones are established by the forestry commission every year.

Things That Fail

By DOUGLAS MALLOCH

I THOUGHT that men must build success
On old successes. 'Tis not so.
For all the champions I know
Had been defeated more or less.

The smoother road that great men tread,
I learned, a harder path they came;
And he who found the eternal flame
Had left a thousand campfires dead.

Yes, many another dream must fade
That men may recognize the true;
And men will find the thing to do
Because of errors that they made.

We win low life as hands the wheat;
Amid the chaff we find the grain.
I say that every loss has gain,
I say the bitter makes life sweet.

From rocks that loosen great men make
A footing that they know will hold;
Defeat will only make them bold
Some other height to dare, and take.

On rocks that tumble toward the vale
We upward climb to find the peak;
And men shall find the things they seek
By making use of things that fail.



"The hands-across-the-sea idea would be all right," says Pondering Ponzella, "if they didn't always extend palms upward."

Keep Step With the Victors

By F. A. WALKER

DO YOU give sufficient and proper thought to yourself, to your imperfections, your foot-hold upon solid ground and the direction in which you are traveling?

The man or woman who refrains from sober meditation upon all the conditions that have to do with the future, can never hope to make substantial progress.

To succeed in any one of the callings of life, it is necessary to think and deliberate.

Lloyd George, one of the most distinguished statesmen of this age, learned early in life to think for himself—to bestow intense thought upon the little things that have so much to do with the development of patience, ability and leadership.

In his boyhood days he found much to think about in the roughly formed logic of a cobbler, who while pegging away at his last, caught hold now and then of the great truths that have to do with the welfare of mankind.

These truths were regularly discussed with the eager little boy who was thinking for himself.

It is only by thinking for yourself that you can become a power.

You may go to the foremost universities, delve in metaphysics, etymology, ethnography, mathematics and philosophy, read the works of the greatest writers, listen to learned lectures, but if you do not think and get these sciences in your own head by your own thinking, you will never rise above the common level.

The world's greatest men and women, those who have achieved most for humanity, have been the greatest thinkers.

They deliberated, considered and

contemplated until the subject in hand was thoroughly mastered and fully understood.

The complex, dull and difficult parts were not skimmed over, but instead, they were taken up separately, examined, analyzed and thought out to the end, until every particle became orderly, clear and easy of comprehension.

Learn to think for yourself and in a surprisingly short time you will be astonished at your newly found strength to grapple with larger problems, and the ease with which you can ascend the hardest hills and keep step with the illustrious victors.

The Gamblers' Superstitions

By H. IRVING KING

IN SOME respects, no class of people are quite so superstitious as gamblers. Others may have more superstitions in which they half believe, and one or two pet superstitions in which they rather more than half believe, but no class has such an abiding faith in their superstitions and is so governed by them in their actions—no not even sailors. But the qualification to this statement is this—that the gamblers' superstition is quite likely to be confined to gambling.

With regard to the ordinary affairs of life he may be remarkably free of superstition, but when it comes to games of chance, bets or other hazards he is a convinced slave of superstition.

To one who has watched the antics of the "pesky" little marble in the roulette wheel and the manner in which the cards and the ponies will sometimes run in seeming defiance of the doctrine of chances, the law of

probabilities and the most carefully prepared "dope" this is not strange. One gambler's superstition is that it is bad luck to play against—that is at right angles to—the grain of the table. In other words to be lucky at cards sit so that when you throw out your cards or can throw them down in the same direction as the grain runs in the wood of the table. Here we have our old friend sympathetic magic, plus a tinge of tree worship.

The cards and the grain of the wood flow in the same direction—result harmony, sympathy, luck! If you throw your cards across the grain of the wood you play out of sympathy with the course of the grain—at cross-purposes as it were. Result—bad luck! The fact that the material upon which you throw your cards is the dead body of a tree-god renders it all the more necessary that your play should be in the direction of its grain.

New City Hall Dedicated



This is the superb city hall of Los Angeles which has just been completed and dedicated. On the top of the tower is the Lindbergh beacon, a powerful light to guide aviators, which was lighted when President Coolidge pushed a button in Washington at the time of the dedication. The building is said to be the most beautiful city hall in America.

Cute in a Baby—Awful at Three—and it's Dangerous

by Ruth Brittain



Thumb sucking does look sweet in a baby, but it is disgusting in the three-year-old and sometimes it hangs on until fifteen or sixteen! This habit may cause an ill-formed mouth or induce adenoids; and it always interferes with digestion. Pinning the sleeve over the hand; attaching mittens, or putting on cardboard cuffs, which prevent bending the arms at the elbows, are some of the ways to stop the habit.

Another bad habit—irregularity in bowel action—is responsible for weak bowels and constipation in babies. Give the tiny bowels an opportunity to act at regular periods each day. If they don't act at first, a little Fletcher's Castoria will soon regulate them. Every mother should keep a bottle of it handy to use in case of colic, cholera, diarrhea, gas on stomach and bowels, constipation, loss of sleep, or when baby is cross and feverish. Its gentle influence over baby's system enables him to get full nourishment from his food, helps him gain, strengthens his bowels.

Castoria is purely vegetable and harmless—the recipe is on the wrapper. Physicians have prescribed it for over 30 years. With each package, you get a valuable book on Motherhood. Look for Chas. H. Fletcher's signature on the wrapper so you'll get the genuine.

COLDS

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No dose—no harmful drugs—no bad after-effects. Just quick sure results. 25 and 50¢ at all drug stores.

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Indignant Lady Nonsuited
Asking a woman for a cigarette is no ground for having a youth arrested for disorderly conduct. Magistrate Tumen ruled at Asbury Park, N. J. Mrs. Julia Faulhaber said Samuel Fried walked up to her and asked her for a cig. "Is that all he did to you?" inquired the court. "Certainly," came the reply. "And that's enough, to ask a decent, respectable lady for a cigarette." The court differed. "That is not enough nowadays; and let me tell you something—there are a great many decent, respectable women who smoke cigarettes; case dismissed.—Indianapolis News.

Valuations
"Dustin Stax is a big man in these days of railway mergers."
"Expert engineer?"
"Bigger than that. Expert accountant."

If some people were to think twice before speaking they would never say anything.

WILL DO ALL IT CLAIMS TO DO

Mrs. Steele Says of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Pratt, W. Va.—"I was so weak and nervous that I was in bed most all the time and couldn't sit up and I am only 30 years old. I saw your advertising in a magazine and after I had taken three doses of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I could feel that I was better. After taking two bottles I began doing my work and I feel like a new woman. I recommend the Vegetable Compound to my friends and say it will do all it claims to do and more. I will gladly answer all letters I receive."—Mrs. S. E. STEELE, Pratt, W. Va.

About Butterflies and Moths

"HELLO, Cecropia," said the Cabbage Butterfly to the big Moth. "I've got some news to tell you."

"Do tell me the news," said the big moth, whose name, as the Cabbage Butterfly had said, was Cecropia.

"How do you happen to be awake at this time of day?" asked the Cabbage Butterfly. "I thought you moths liked to rest and nap in the daytime and fly about by night."

"We do," said the Cecropia, "but the day seemed a lovely one and I like this seaside place where I am. The air was warm and sunny and I thought I might spend the day in dozing and taking little snoozes rather than in actually sleeping."

"I see," said the Cabbage Butterfly. "Well, at any rate I'm glad to have found you awake. I will feel sleepy when night time comes, especially after my adventures."

"Adventures?" said Cecropia. "So you've had adventures?"

"I've been to the city," said the Cabbage Butterfly, "and this is morning, too."

"Dear me," said Cecropia, "you're like a business man. I hear them talking on the porches at night and they speak of catching a boat or a train so they can go to the city in the morning and work at their business."

"Well," said the Cabbage Butterfly, "I'm like a business man perhaps as far as going to the city this morning is concerned. But not in any other way."

"For I didn't catch a boat or a train and I didn't do any work and I'm back before it is night time."

"So you see it is quite different."

"Yes, I see," said Cecropia.

"But I went to the city, and how strange it was. I flew up and it seemed to me that the sky was hidden. I wondered for a time if they had a sky in the city!

"There were such high buildings. Dear me, Cecropia, they were high! They were much higher than trees

"I heard on my way home that there were nice parks where butterflies would find bushes, but I didn't happen to see any."

"And then, too, I wouldn't leave the country for anything. Some night, but not I."

"Still it was fun to see so many different sights and to have adventured into the big city with its buildings and its people."

"Dear me, Cecropia, there are lots of people in the city."

"As many as a hundred or so?" asked Cecropia.

"But I believe there are more than a hundred people in the city."

"I fancy you must be right," said Cecropia.

"Well," said the Cabbage Butterfly, "I must rest now, for I'm beginning to feel quite tired."

"I should think you would feel tired," said Cecropia, "but I'm glad you went, for it has been interesting to hear of such a visit."

"Yes, it's all right to visit the city, but I like the country for my home," ended the Cabbage Butterfly.



"Do Tell Me the News," Said the Big Moth.

and as for bushes—well, bushes would get lost in the city, completely lost, Cecropia."

"Dear me," said Cecropia, "how very strange."

"Very strange indeed," said the Cabbage Butterfly. "You are right. It is very strange in the city."

"But I found at last there was a sky in the city. Yes, it was over the city just as it is over the country."

"It was quite exciting and interesting, but no sort of a place for a butterfly to live in."

Cheese and Other Nice Dishes

By NELLIE MAXWELL

CHEESE is such a concentrated and wholesome food that for a warm weather dish it is ideal. Though fairly high in price there is no waste as there is in meat, for which it is a good substitute.

Dinner Cheese.
Put through the meat chopper one-half cupful of stuffed olives, add to one cream cheese and when well blended add two cupfuls of grated American cheese. Season well with

salt, roll in a long roll and decorate with slices of stuffed olives. Pass with a cheese knife and let each guest serve himself.

When preparing a salad or cocktail of fruit, using grapefruit, save the juice and thicken with a bit of gelatin and serve the next day cut into cubes with cream cheese as a salad.

Cream Cheese Sandwiches.
Mash a cream cheese and moisten with French dressing. Spread thin slices of graham bread with the mixture and sprinkle lightly with salt and pepper (red), cover with bread, spread with butter, trim off crusts, cut into finger strips and toast lightly on both sides. Serve hot with salad.

Cheese and Chicken Dish.
Rub the yolk of a hard-cooked egg to a paste with a tablespoonful of olive oil or soft butter. Add one teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of made mustard, one of sugar, and a few dashes of cayenne pepper. Mix with two cupfuls of grated cheese and one cupful of chopped chicken. Press into scallop shells or ramekins and bake just long enough to melt the cheese. If too hot the cheese will be tough and stringy.

Onions fried with apples make a most tasty dish to serve with park roast or chops. Cook the onions for a few minutes before adding the apples. Add seasoning of salt, pepper and a little sugar.

Chopped onion placed as a poultice on the chest is beneficial in all colds or flu. Mix with a bit of rye flour and moisten with vinegar, place on a thin cloth and change the poultice as soon as it is dry.

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Indians Inspect Tamiami Trail Bus



Tamiami trail, the great highway through the everglades of Florida from Tampa to Miami, is so far completed that the first autobus traversed it the other day. The vehicle aroused the intense interest of the Seminole Indians, some of whom are seen above inspecting it on the trail.

Timely Hints

By VIOLA BROTHERS SHORE

FOR THE GOOSE—
THERE'S times when you have to tell a lie. And times when you don't have to tell the truth.

It's just as dumb to go crazy over things just because they're popular as it is to hate 'em for the same reason.

There's such a thing as bein' too far sighted. I know a woman that wouldn't buy herself a set of false teeth for fear she wouldn't have enough for a tombstone when she died.

FOR THE GANDER—
When your enemy wants to make peace it might be on'y fear or self-interest—or just that he's gettin' tired of war.

But it's always better to have him for a friend than an enemy. Just as long as you don't trust him none.

You gotta be a pretty good talker to get the advantage away from a silent man.

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