SAWS

0-0-0

By Viola Brothers Shore

FOR THE GOOSE—

DOIN' without things ain't so hard. Doin' without 'em and pretendin' to like it, ain't so easy. But doin without 'em and actually likin' it, is the way to get the laugh on life.

—

You gotta be serious about some'n if you wanna keep on bein' amused in life; the same as you gotta be sick once in a while to really appreciate feelin' well.

—

A man falls in love with the woman he's interested in. But he marries the one that's interested in him.

—

FOR THE GANDER—

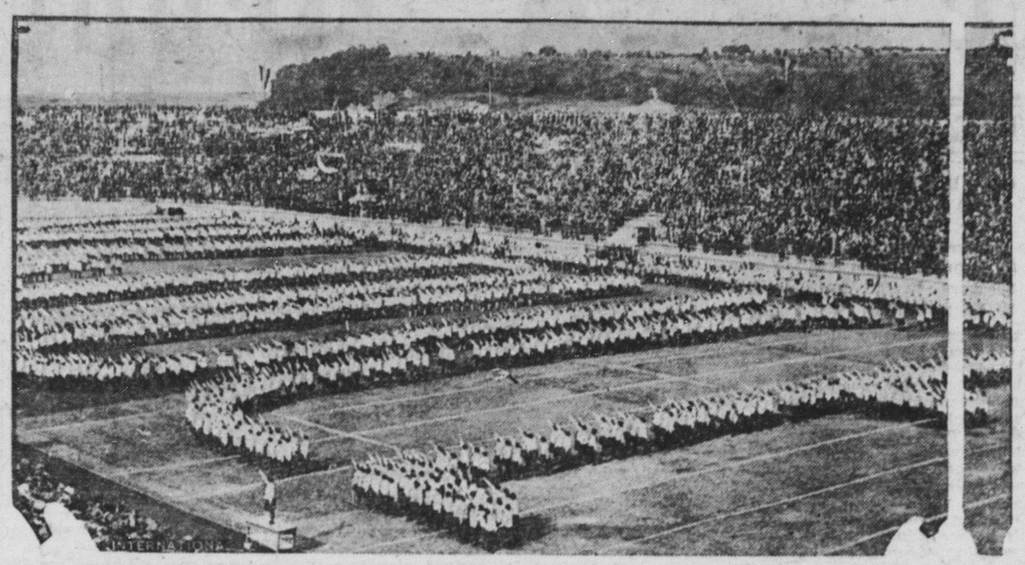
A man's no more responsible for his love dyin' than for himself cashin' in. Yet the one always makes him a devil and the other a saint.

—

Ain't it too bad that a man's most spectacular victories is usually won outa range of the enemy?

(Copyright.)

ITALIAN GIRL ATHLETES SALUTING PREMIER MUSSOLINI



Despite the disapproval of Pope Pius XI, thousands of Italian girls participated in the recent athletic meet in the national stadium at Rome. The young women are here seen, formed in the words "Il Duce" and saluting Premier Mussolini.

LIFE

By DOUGLAS MALLOCH

WE TALK and talk of life and living
As though they were a puzzling thing,
Yet find no way to sing but sing,
No better way to give than giving.

We seek for joy, we hunt for pleasure,
When all the joy the heart can know
Is thinking right, and doing so,
A quiet mind our surest treasure.

We argue creeds, discuss believing,
When all that matters, after all,
Is that we have some pow'er we call
Our God, to turn to in our grieving.

We build our courts, with domes and gildings,
And briefs we write, and books we scan,
And yet the rights of one poor man
Are more important than our buildings.

We speak of styles, as though our duty
Were wearing what the rest decree,
And yet the test is modesty;
Without it beauty is not beauty.

We talk of life as though behind it
There lurked some mystery in gray;
But conscience always points the way,
And it's no trick at all to find it.

(© 1928, Douglas Malloch.)

THERE is nothing that has ever taken the place of Bayer Aspirin as an antidote for pain. Safe, or physicians wouldn't use it, and endorse its use by others. Sure, or several million users would have turned to something else. But get real Bayer Aspirin (at any drugstore) with Bayer on the box, and the word *genuine* printed in red:

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

: Location an Important Factor :

By JOHN BLAKE

THE vast majority of people prefer to live on hillsides, where they can look out upon at least a little part of the world.

Constantly you hear men talk about the "view from my window."

Not long ago I overheard a little working girl boasting to another that from the flat where she lived she could "see right across the roofs of two streets of tenement houses to more tenement houses on beyond."

"I love to sit there, and just look out," she said.

Location is always an important factor in life.

Always the most expensive building sites are those which command a view.

The first thing a man newly come into a fortune thinks of is to buy a home which is surrounded by extensive grounds, so that he need never more know that shut-in feeling which has been his since birth.

Yet many of the owners of beautiful park-surrounded homes, where they may look through vistas of trees to the sea or mountains, are still shut in as far as life is concerned.

• • • • • • •

It is education and thought which give people the real vision which counts, the ability to look back across the years with the eyes of history, and to look on the activities of mankind through the eyes of intelligence and understanding.

Only the people who have taken the trouble to read and think are quite free from mental blindness.

To these the locations of their roofs matter little.

The boy, Chatterton, could see more in his attic than many a magnate can from his mansion.

Every attic is filled with windows, if one knows how to use them. Reading makes a seeing man, as well as a full man.

Reading plus reflections puts one on a mountain top, and enables him to see beyond oceans, and over mountain chains, and to understand and enjoy the life of the whole world.

• • • • • • •

But, unhappily, most of us still are content to dwell within walls, to shut out all the wonders and delights that we might well be looking upon, simply because it is difficult to study, and distasteful to think. We are content, if we look out at all, to look out on a few streets, or perhaps a lake or across a river, while we might be looking back on the struggles of humanity from the time history began, or even a little—as yet a very little—forward into the future.

Education means a favorable and commanding location in the world, and is worth more to us than any mountain top or seaside residence, for by means of it we see all humanity pass and repass—and though we fall on evil days and are plunged into poverty, no affliction—not even blindness—shall ever take that ability away from us.

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ORIGIN OF THE "PRINT"

By Jean Newton

THE collecting of prints is becoming one of the most popular of hobbies. Certainly enjoyment of them is no longer limited to the artistically sophisticated, for today in quite modest homes, we see the product of the etcher, the woodcutter and the engraver. And of all the known arts, none has woven about its history a more unique tale than the origin of making prints, or taking impressions from engraved plates.

For its beginning, we must go back to the workshop of one Tomaso Finiguerra, a goldsmith of Florence, who decorated gold and silver plates by filling their engraved lines with black enamel or "niello." Before treating his wares with this substance, which hardened and became permanent after it was applied, he would try out the effect with a temporary medium. This was accomplished by rubbing soot and oil into the crevices that were to hold the inlay.

One day, according to the story, one of his plates was laid face downward upon a sheet of paper, and when the plate was removed the first crude "print" appeared which is supposed to have furnished the inspiration for the subsequent improved efforts in this direction.

The earliest recorded engravings are a series of copper plate engravings dating about the middle of the Fifteenth century, their subject being the "Passion." The latter half of the Fifteenth century saw the birth of two of the world's greatest engravers, Durer, being born in 1471, and Michael angelo, in 1474.

(Copyright.)

"Indolence won't make the pot boil," says Philosophizing Felice, "and yet it has cooked many a man's goose."

IDEAS ABOUT TREES

By H. IRVING KING

THE ancients appear to have had two ideas regarding trees—one that they possessed a spiritual life of their own—were, in fact, tree-gods; and the other that they were frequently the habitations of certain spirits who used them as houses, as it were. Yet the two ideas are so mixed up as to be at times difficult of distinction. The tree spirits generally not only had a tree for their home but even when not occupying it had their lives so closely attached to their particular tree that any injury to it was an injury to them and if the tree died they died. Witness the Greek and Roman dryads and Kamadryads.

Such trees are spoken of as "habitation trees," and a favorite habitation tree was the juniper. In old Swedish folklore a man was about to cut down a juniper tree when he heard a voice say: "Friend, do not hew me." He gave a blow with his ax when, to his horror, blood gushed from the root of the tree. It will be seen at once that the juniper is not an ordinary tree. This idea of spiritism as connected with the juniper is carried even into the world of dreams and any "dream book" will tell you that for married people to dream of juniper berries denotes the birth of a male child.

In Germany some believe a juniper branch will drive away witches and evil spirits. In this country it keeps away bears and wolves; and, also, "water can always be found at the root of a juniper." In Newfoundland the belief in the efficacy of juniper is so abiding that branches are stuck about deposits of venison to guard them from wild beasts. The fact that the juniper of all Newfoundlanders is really the American larch does not at all affect the situation—the charm is just as potent.

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Coincidence in Names

Mrs. Elizabeth Minot went to Augusta, Maine, to make her home in Spring street, going a distance of 300 miles. When she arrived she found that her neighbor was Miss Elizabeth Minot. The women are not related and until Mrs. Minot arrived in Augusta, neither knew the other existed.

Part Owner

Landlord (in court)—I want an ejectment order against my tenant, who has paid no rent for a year and ten months.

Magistrate (smiling)—He is not your tenant. He is your guest.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

About the Barnyard Creatures

"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.

"Bow, Wow, Wow," Said the Dog.

"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."

And to prove that the worm was right Mr. Rooster picked it up from the ground and handed it most politely to Mrs. White Hen who swallowed it and cackled her thanks.

The song sparrow sang his little song and finally Porky Pig could stand it no longer.

"What are you all doing?" he asked.

"Just saying a friendly word to each other," they said.

"Who has got the food?" asked Brother Bacon.

"No one has any food, now," said Mr. Duck. "The time for breakfast has not as yet arrived."

"How gorgeously and grandly and magnificently and beautifully you talk quack, quack," said Mrs. Duck.

"You flatter me, quack, quack," said Mr. Duck.

"Not at all, it is the truth," said Mrs. Duck.

"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 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.

"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 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 creatures are funny," said Sammy Sausage.

"Of course they are to you," said Mr. Rooster. "All you creatures think of is food. You think that any other conversations or talks are utterly foolish."

"To be sure we do," said the pigs. "We're sensible, greedy pigs, and the love and affection in our pig hearts is all turned in the direction of food—and direction where there is food!"

But at that moment appeared the animals' breakfast and the whole barnyard partook of the meal!

(Copyright.)

GIRL STOWAWAY SHARED WORK OF CREW

Overshadowing a race of 14,000 miles from Australia to England between two large sailing vessels was the finding, three days out from Port Lincoln of Jane Day, twenty-two-year-old brunette, as a stowaway in the hold of the four-masted barque Herzogin Cecilie. She had been prompted to make the trip by her love of adventure and of the sea. After being found the girl shared the work of the crew, and is shown above at the wheel of the Herzogin Cecilie.

Foods We All Like

By NELLIE MAXWELL

How sad it is to sit and pine
The long half hour before we dine!
Upon our watches oft to look,
Then wonder at the clock and cook.

—

IN THE warm weather lighter meats and foods are enjoyed. This is the time to use more vegetables and fruits.

—

Chicken Loaf With Peas.

Dissolve one tablespoonful of gelatin in one-fourth cupful of chicken stock and strain. When the mixture begins to set, beat until foamy, add three-fourths of a cupful of cream beaten stiff and one and one-half cupfuls of cold chicken cut into dice. Season with pepper and salt and put into cake tin with a funnel center. Set aside to chill. Prepare canned or fresh peas, season with butter, salt and pepper. Turn out the mold of chicken on a platter covered with lettuce leaves. Fill the cavity with the peas which have been chilled. Serve with the following dressing: Two eggs, three tablespoonfuls of sugar, one teaspoonful of mustard, four tablespoonfuls of vinegar, one-half teaspoonful of salt, a pinch of pepper. Cook over a slow fire, stirring constantly. When thick, remove from the fire and add two tablespoonfuls of cream.

—

Chop Suey With Liver.

Take calf's liver cut into small cubes, fry in butter until well browned, add a little water or any soup broth, and cook slowly for an hour, then add a cupful of sliced onion and a cupful of celery, cook for 20 minutes, season well with paprika and a teaspoonful of Chinese sauce. Serve with a border of hot, seasoned boiled rice.

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WOMAN WAS ALL RUN-DOWN

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Evansville, Ind.—"I am writing to tell you how grateful I am that there is such a medicine as yours for sale in our stores. I could hardly drag around. I was all run-down. I have taken 12 bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound so far and am going to take it until I am well. My friends notice the change in my appearance and my husband said today that I am looking so much better and he wants me to continue taking it. I hope to help all women who are run-down and suffer from nervousness by recommending your medicines."—MRS. VICTOR N. SCHLENSKER, 44 Hazel Avenue, Evansville, Indiana.

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