

MEMBERS OF PRESIDENT HOOVER'S CABINET



1—Henry L. Stimson, secretary of state. 2—Andrew W. Mellon, secretary of the treasury. 3—William D. Mitchell, attorney general. 4—Arthur M. Hyde, secretary of agriculture. 5—James W. Good, secretary of war. 6—Robert P. Lamont, secretary of commerce. 7—Charles Francis Adams, secretary of the navy. 8—James J. Davis, secretary of labor. 9—Ray Lyman Wilbur, secretary of the interior. 10—Walter F. Brown, postmaster general.

WHY WE ARE CHEERFUL

By M. K. Thomson, Ph. D.

THE normal healthy person is usually cheerful. Cheerfulness is the rule rather than the exception. The optimistic attitude is like a gauge. It indicates that all is well. The opposite attitude shows that there is something wrong. We are cheerful because it is pleasant to be that way and we usually prefer the pleasant feelings and emotions to their opposites. Cheerfulness has in it the note of hope and expectancy. This is a decided asset in the struggle of life. Our chances of getting what we want and of over-

coming difficulties and dangers are increased by maintaining a cheerful frame of mind. It is because of this fact that we often pretend to be cheerful and optimistic when we are far from it. It helps us to keep up a good courage which is so essential to success. We are also cheerful because we have discovered that it has a more favorable effect on others. No one wants to be associated with a grinch. "Laugh and the world laughs with you; weep and you weep alone." The world places a high premium on joy, laughter and cheerfulness. Those who make others laugh are extremely popular. They are welcome everywhere. Cheerfulness is desirable not only as a means of getting what we want, but it is also desirable in its own right as an end in itself. Pleasure and happiness which cannot exist without a cheerful disposition are a part of life and a very important part. We live for these experiences. When we have them we seek to retain them. When we haven't them we move earth and heaven to attain them.

"BY JINGO!"

By Jean Newton

"BY JINGO" dates back several hundred years, being a contribution made to our language by Basque mountaineers who in the Thirteenth century were brought over to England by Edward the First to aid him in the subjection of Wales. The Basque provinces lie along northern Spain and southern France and their speech is said to be the sole survival of the ancient Iberian tongue. In the language of these hillmen "Jingo," from which we have "by jingo," expressed the supreme deity. Appropriated originally by the English soldiery the corruption took hold in popular speech and the phrase "by jingo" has survived to this day. (Copyright.)



WHAT DR. CALDWELL LEARNED IN 47 YEARS PRACTICE

A physician watched the results of constipation for 47 years, and believed that no matter how careful people are of their health, diet and exercise, constipation will occur from time to time. Of next importance, then, is how to treat it when it comes. Dr. Caldwell always was in favor of getting as close to nature as possible, hence his remedy for constipation, known as Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, is a mild vegetable compound. It can not harm the system and is not habit forming. Syrup Pepsin is pleasant-tasting, and youngsters love it. Dr. Caldwell did not approve of drastic physics and purges. He did not believe they were good for anybody's system. In a practice of 47 years he never saw any reason for their use when Syrup Pepsin will empty the bowels just as promptly. Do not let a day go by without a bowel movement. Do not sit and hope, but go to the nearest drugist and get one of the generous bottles of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, or write "Syrup Pepsin," Dept. BB, Monticello, Illinois, for free trial bottle.

For Galled Horses Hanford's Balsam of Myrrh

Advertisement for Hotel Rutledge, Lexington Ave. at 30th St. A desirable, home-like, dignified residence, offering the gentleman exceptional hotel conveniences and closeness to all metropolitan activities for permanent or temporary address. Prices extraordinary. Single room with running water, \$10 up weekly. Sunny room with private bath, \$14 up weekly. Ashland 8966

Kill Devil Hill Shifts Though the tablet to the first successful flight of an airplane recently unveiled at Kitty Hawk, N. C., is supposed to mark the scene of the Wright brothers notable exploit, Kill Devil hill from which they launched their plane on that memorable day twenty-five years ago has shifted a mile northward from its position at that time. The strong sea winds which play over the sand dunes of that region are responsible. However, the site is near enough for the purpose of honoring the cradle of aviation.—Pathfinder Magazine.

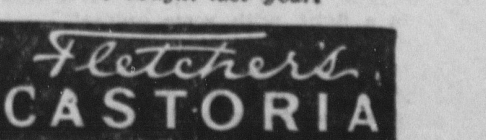
Camera Making One hundred and twenty-two manufacturing plants were engaged in 1927 in turning out \$90,827,737 in cameras, camera parts, accessories and supplies in the United States. This was an increase of 15 per cent over 1925.

Are You Ready



When your Children Cry for It

Baby has little upsets at times. All your care cannot prevent them. But you can be prepared. Then you can do what any experienced nurse would do—what most physicians would tell you to do—give a few drops of plain Castoria. No sooner done than Baby is soothed; relief is just a matter of moments. Yet you have eased your child without use of a single doubtful drug; Castoria is vegetable. So it's safe to use as often as an infant has any little pain you cannot pat away. And it's always ready for the crueler pangs of colic, or constipation or diarrhea; effective, too, for older children. Twenty-five million bottles were bought last year.



Sandman Story About Wart Hog

"I KNOW I'm the ugliest creature living," said the Wart Hog to Billie Brownie who had gone to the zoo to see his friend the wart hog. The wart hog's name, as you remember, is Clarence.

"Well," said Billie Brownie, "it saves you the trouble of fussing about yourself all the time."

"Now I heard of a little girl and a grown-up lady," Billie Brownie continued. "The grown-up lady scolded the little girl for being very vain because she looked in the glass so much. But the little girl saw the lady often looking in the glass, too! Yes, the little girl had had these warts handed down to her from her mother. Both were very vain, though it is true both were very good looking."

"They knew there was something to see that was pretty if they looked in the glass, yet their expressions didn't amount to much so vain and conceited they were!"

"Now you are never bothered that way."

"Never," said the Wart Hog, "it is true. I don't need a mirror. I don't want a mirror. In fact, I dislike a mirror."

"I'm aware of my own ugliness, and that is a good thing. Of course, I do not see how I could help but be aware of it."

"It's plain on the face of it and I mean that as a joke as well as the truth," added the Wart Hog. "I think it is often well to announce when a joke is a joke. Then one is sure to get a polite laugh or a smile at least, and one's own feelings aren't hurt, and the other creature doesn't feel as though he had made a mistake by not knowing whether to laugh or not."

"Yes, it's a good friendly thing to tell another when one makes a joke, or make what one thinks is a joke."

"Now I think it is quite nice for the Wart Hog to say 'it's plain on the face of it,' for that is an expression and yet there is much truth when one speaks of its being plain on the face of the Wart Hog."

"Of course this isn't uproarious funny, but it is a nice little line deserving

ing of a friendly smile from those who hear it."

Billie Brownie smiled.

"Ah," said the Wart Hog, "that was nice. Well, no one can deny my ugliness."

"Well," said Billie Brownie, "it saves you the trouble of fussing about yourself all the time."

"Now I heard of a little girl and a grown-up lady," Billie Brownie continued. "The grown-up lady scolded the little girl for being very vain because she looked in the glass so much. But the little girl saw the lady often looking in the glass, too! Yes, the little girl had had these warts handed down to her from her mother. Both were very vain, though it is true both were very good looking."

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ness if they do doubt (and I wouldn't blame them) whether I've a sense of

humor or not. My warts are so plentifully ugly and my horns go this way and that way—though they never go far away from my head, I'll admit. "My tail is so shapeless and its hairs are so few and ridiculous and I have such a queer old expression to my face. "It is all very true. I am excessively, exceedingly, extremely ugly! "No one, it has been said, can feel sad over not being beautiful, for when they see me they are beautiful by comparison. "Now, Red River-Hog is good looking. I think it is a waste of looks, for no one expects a hog to be a thing of beauty, and Red River Hog is always giving people such shocks by showing that he is good to look upon. "But for all my ugliness and my absurdities, I'm a traveled hog. "I do brag about this every once in awhile. But I'm sure you can't blame me. If I'm ugly and willing to admit it at least, I can boast a little about my traveling and I like to do so every so often. "My home was in East Africa. That was, of course, before I came here. "On my way here I stopped off with my owner in Venice. Yes, friend, I've

Some Good Things to Eat

By NELLIE MAXWELL

WHY use the vicious acid vinegars that are sold in the markets so freely when lemon juice is always to be obtained; an acid that is wholesome to the stomach and may be used in mayonnaise or french dressing and served with no fear of bad results? Here is a new one you may wish to try:

Orange Vinegar. Strain the juice of six large oranges, place in a glass jar, add one dissolved cake of compressed yeast, cover with a cheese cloth and let stand in a warm place for about a month, or until sour enough to suit the taste.

Raw Vegetable Salad. Dissolve one package of lemon gelatin in a pint of boiling water, add two tablespoonfuls of lemon juice, one-half teaspoonful of salt, a dash or two of cayenne and chill. Take one-half cupful each of diced beets, raw carrots, raw cabbage and celery. When the gelatin is slightly thickened add the vegetables and put into individual molds. Chill until firm. Serve on lettuce with mayonnaise dressing.

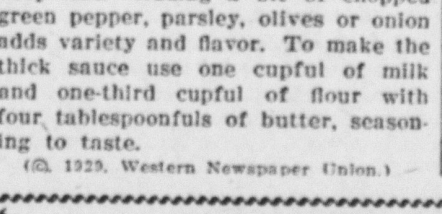
Bridge Croquettes. Take two cupfuls of any well seasoned, chopped, cooked meat, mix with one cupful of very thick white sauce. Mold into any desired form, dip into egg and crumbs and fry in deep fat. Adding a bit of chopped green pepper, parsley, olives or onion adds variety and flavor. To make the thick sauce use one cupful of milk and one-third cupful of flour with four tablespoonfuls of butter, seasoning to taste.

IF NOT a sparrow perish But he cares, Then how men ought to cherish Birds of theirs! I do not mean the swallow Or the wren, But all the joys that follow After men.

There is the bird of laughter, Bird of love, The birds that follow after Birds above, There is the robin singing In the tree, There is the song upspringing In you and me.

If it is wrong to sadden Birds that sing, What of the thoughts that gladden Everything? Who meets a smile with sneering, Love with hate, Some day shall stand with fearing At God's gate.

ALOUSIUS, THE TREE CLIMBING FISH



Is he frog, fish or lizard? It's Aloysius, one of the famous tree-climbing fish of the Ivory coast of Africa. He came to Washington in a tin can, the captive of Alfred Eisinger, chief radio operator on an ocean vessel. Eisinger turned Aloysius over to Dr. William M. Mann, superintendent of the National Capital zoo, who said the scientific name of the creature is "perlophalmus." This peculiar fish is the first of his kind ever brought to America.

SAWS

By Viola Brothers Shore

FOR THE GOOSE— MEN don't need encouragement. If they're comin' your way it's hard to stop 'em. And if they're slippin' the other way, it's even harder.

However, sometimes when a man seems to be standin' perfectly still, it's a great temptation to grab the bull by the horns and start somethin' with him.

You could live off a package of boiled spaghetti and nobody'd guess nothin' was wrong as long as you kept your mouth shut and your nails manicured.

What a different world it would be if men was only as quick on the trigger repayin' a kindness as an injury.

Your like for some of a woman's traits might grow less with marriage. But never your dislike.

The giant that's hoistin' the piano makes less than the little guy that knows how it oughta be done.

The richest man in the world can't wear two shoes on the same foot at the same time.

The World Is Full of Miracles

By F. A. WALKER

A READER writes the following: "I note that in giving us something to think about, you frequently refer to the Bible. I am an earnest student of the scriptures, but there is one part of them that I cannot understand and that is the miracles. I wish you would write an article about them."

The reality of the miracles has always been the first thing attacked by those who were unbelievers in the Christian religion.

Voltaire, although before he died he erected a church which bore the inscription: "Deo erexit Voltaire." ("Voltaire erected this to God"), was an unbeliever and of the miracles, he said: "A miracle is a suspension of the laws of nature; such a thing never did and never can take place."

Let us suppose that in the interior of Africa there lived a man who never having seen ice knew nothing of its character or properties.

Another native who had traveled to a cold climate saw men and even horses upheld by the surface of a river.

Would not the first man receive the story of what his companion had seen with utter unbelief?

Would he not say, "What you tell me cannot be true because they would sink as soon as they stepped on the water? To remain on the surface would be a suspension of the laws of nature and so cannot be true."

The Bishop of Ripon, in a sermon preached during the war and listened to by at least one American soldier, said: "A miracle is not contrary to nature, but contrary to our conception of nature."

Two thousand years before the Christian era Sanscrit history tells of the miracles of Menu and later of Christa, and the religious literature of India, by far the most voluminous of all religious writings, gives thousands of incidents of "supernatural" happenings.

For nearly three centuries after the death of Christ the historians of that period have written down the accounts of miracles. Tacitus and Suetonius recite them and even the raising of the dead is recorded as having resulted from the application of religious truths.

If this be so—if miracles result from the application of truth—then they are as possible in the Twentieth century as in the first.

Certain it is that there has never been a great religion from the time of Brahma and his "Institutes" down to the present which has not had its record of marvels—which is a better translation of the Greek original than "miracle." And profane as well as sacred writings have lent their support to the recordings.

But why let the question of the authenticity of the healing of the lepers or the curing of the blind or even the resurrection of the dead interfere with the acceptance of the idea of an all-knowing, all-powerful and all-loving Creator?

Are not the springing grass, the bursting flower, the beauty of nature and the wonders of the human body and intelligence each a marvel, a miracle, past all explanation and human comprehension?

Every sunrise and every star-lit sky is a wonder a thousand times greater than all the miracles ever written down.

"The world," said Martin Luther, "is full of miracles." Few of them we understand, all of them we accept. Why quarrel or question that all things are possible to the Creator? (Copyright.)