

# MOTHER PROBLEMS

By Mrs. Dorothy Coffeen

## Inclinations Toward Selfishness

ARE we not all familiar with that unpleasant individual whose whole vocabulary seems to center around the three monotonous words—my—mine? We meet him every day. He or she is in every group, and whether the conversation is around that time-worn subject "My appendix" or "My business," or merely "The tooth I had pulled," there is little room for anyone else's interests. This pronounced ego had birth, no doubt, when as a child its owner gave voice repeatedly to the phrases, "It's mine! Give it to me! I want that!"

Selfishness is one of the qualities which is hardest to destroy once it becomes a habit of mind. The selfish point of view is the narrowing point of view. It is self-destructive in that it turns an individual inward to his own life rather than outward to the lives of others. It is the acknowledged obstacle to almost all individual or national progress, and it is also one of the most unpleasant qualities with which to come in contact.

A simple example came to our attention the other day when a little girl brought up in the lap of luxury having everything that heart could wish for, was thrown in contact with the small boy of a servant in her house. The little boy had been told that he shouldn't play with her unless invited to, and the little girl had been told that she should not play with the boy. I watched her in her back yard playing by herself, and I watched the little boy on the back porch looking hungrily on. All of a sudden she looked up and caught his eye. She disobeyed orders and invited him to join her. The little girl let him handle her playthings for a minute and then the habit of selfishness which had begun to grow got the better of her. "You can't have my toys," she said. "These are all mine and I am going to keep them. You can watch me if you like, but don't you touch my things!" Can't you just see that child a few years from now? But, fortunately, she received a little lesson right then and there that was to set her thinking. The little boy had been brought up differently. He had one little forlorn looking ball for a plaything. This he showed her. "My mother says its more fun to share things than to keep them all to yourself." The little girl had never heard that before. I could see that the thought took root, but alas! Her parents would probably destroy its effect before it could conquer the other trait of selfishness. We parents must take care. The attitudes we create in children are the ones they are going to hold in later years.

## Rainy Day Helps

WHEN a rainy day descends upon us and there are small children in the house who cannot go to school and who still cry, "Mother, what shall we do now?" what would we not give for some fascinating "treasure chests" to which we could turn in these helpless moments. Well, we may have them and they may be very helpful to the children at the same time. The treasure chests need cost us nothing and they may be inexhaustible.

Save a wooden grocery box or any other one of substantial qualities. Drop into it from time to time things like clean milk bottle tops, long dull nails, empty spoons, bits of bright-colored cloth, pieces of string, tin-foil, easily handled cardboard boxes, smooth blocks of wood, pieces of wire or, in a word, any kind of harmless material that comes our way. Enlist the children's efforts in saving these things for the treasure chest and then when a rainy day comes around open the cover and give the children the privilege of using the material inside in any way they wish to. They will find enough to do with it to last them many hours, and whatever they do with it, because it is so crude to start with, will of necessity be of a creative nature, entirely their own accomplishment.

Another sort of treasure box for very little children may be kept, containing odd bits of paper of different colors and sizes, pieces of string of different lengths, buttons too large to be swallowed and of varying sizes. These things may be sorted according to their colors and characteristics and the sorting process will go on over and over again with perfect fascination.

Perhaps the greatest of all treasure chests for children is the one formed from mother nature's own lap which is filled with all kinds of usable and fascinating material. To mention a few only: horse chestnuts, reeds, shells, (heavy ones for mauling and building, thin ones for piercing and stringing) acorns and their cups, burdock burrs for older children, potatoes with toothpicks, pine cones, and countless more which the children will delight to collect for the chest. Paints, paper, scissors, paste and crayons for supplementary material with any of our chests and a firm resolve to let the children alone in executing the play result, and we have built up for ourselves a never-ending source of creative, constructive play that will not only give the children aid in their development but ourselves many hours of saved energy and distress in finding them occupation.

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# The SANDMAN STORY

## THE PERFECT HOSTESS

MRS. Cucumber Green, whose real name was Margaret, but whose pretended name was Mrs. Cucumber Green, was planning for her party with Allie Baa.

Allie Baa was her favorite child. She was an adorable rag doll. No one could help but love Allie Baa.

Allie Baa could be depended upon, too. Oh, yes, she always saw to things in such a careful way.

So, one day, when Mrs. Cucumber Green said to Allie:

"Now, Allie, I want my party to be a great success and you, you know, will make it a success by being a very good hostess," she knew that was all that had to be said.

Allie was a perfect hostess. She would make everything pass off so well. Oh, Allie was perfect in every way!

Allie always understood so perfectly. When Mrs. Cucumber Green



Allie Always Understood So Perfectly.

had a fall and hurt herself, Allie would snuggle up into her arms and drive away the hurt with her dear, loving affection.

When Mrs. Cucumber Green was greatly excited over different beautiful things that kept happening, Allie was ready to be jumped up and down with glee.

When Mrs. Cucumber Green was sick in bed with a cold, Allie would play with her when she wanted to play. But when she felt tired and wanted to go to sleep Allie would lie so quietly in her arms, not making a single sound, but just helping her "pretend" to have a rest.

Mrs. Cucumber Green's mother had made Allie a beautiful pair of new slippers and a little sweater and a scarf and a little cap. These Allie would wear to the party.

Oh, there was a great deal to be

done that morning in Number Four, Green Lane, to get ready for the party!

The children were going to arrive at three o'clock, and they were going to bring all their dolls.

"Now, Allie," Mrs. Cucumber Green said, "I want you to see that they all have a good time and get plenty to eat."

Allie understood perfectly.

At last they were all ready and Mrs. Cucumber Green's mother helped dress her as she had helped dress her children.

Such a party it was! They played "house," which was quite the nicest game of all, and then had a supper of cocoa and bread and butter and a birthday cake with four candles upon it!

The dolls all behaved beautifully and were a pride to every mother.

It was surprising, too, what good table manners they had. Not one of them licked her fingers, but each waited for her mother to wipe her mouth daintily and nicely.

Nor did they cry for more candy or cake, nor did they grab from each other, nor did they act as though they thought one was getting more cake than another.

In fact they seemed to want their mothers to eat a great deal and have a good time. For when one of the little visitors put a piece of cake to the mouth of her small child and said:

"Will you have a little more, my darling?" the darling didn't take a single bite, but said in a squeaky voice—just as her mother wished her to say:

"No, mother dear, I thank you. It is better for you. Too much might make a doll girl sick. But you're a grown-up mother, and you can have all you want."

And when Mrs. Cucumber Green said to Allie:

"Do you think I should eat a second piece of cake at my own birthday party?" Allie answered:

"Oh, I think you should, mother dear. It will show them that you think what you're giving them is so good, and they will surely like it."

Could children be nicer? None of their mothers thought it was possible.

And when the time came for putting on the dolls' wraps they didn't cry or whine, but smiled in just the same sweet way as their hats and coats were put on, and they all said, just as they had been told, in voices very much like their mothers':

"We've had a lovely party, Mrs. Cucumber Green, and we thank you ever so much."

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## THE WHY of SUPERSTITIONS

By H. IRVING KING

### LADYBUGS

WHEN you were a child did you never take one of those little insects known as the ladybug in your hand and say:

Ladybug, ladybug, fly away home; Your house is on fire and your children will burn!

Of course you did if you are a real Yankee, country bred, and never suspected that you were invoking the Norse gods and goddesses of old. Another way of conjuring with the ladybug is to place it in the open palm and, saying, "Fly east, fly west, fly to the one I love the best," blow upon it, then it will fly off in search of your destined love. German girls set the ladybug on the point of the finger and ask it when they will be married—in one year? In two years? etc. The ladybug takes flight at the proper count. In the great grain-raising sections of the Northwest Swedish farmers may be seen counting the spots on the ladybug's wing-covers to forecast the crops.

All this is because in the old Norse mythology the ladybug was consecrated to the goddess Freyja, the wife of Odin. With her brother, Frey, she presided over love and the growing crops. It was probably the bright markings of the wing-covers of the ladybug—which caused it to be associated with Freyja in her capacity as goddess of love. The goddess' home was in the sun, whence also was believed to come the ladybug; and an echo of this belief is seen in the advice in our childhood's rhyme to "Fly away home; your house is on fire."

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## SMILES

GABBY GERTIE



"Many a man is bald because his wife is good at picking locks."

## Dear Editor:

THINKING over the most interesting people I have met lately, I call to mind an antique dealer who lives with his relics in a shack without screen doors.

Wifeless, he lives alone except for three dogs and a horse—company enough for any man. No beds to make, no dusting to do, no one to tidy up around him. And on his dining-room floor is a rare oriental rug, worth, he says, several thousand dollars.

Some folks would think it wicked for any man to let his dogs race over such a rug. It's muddy and will undoubtedly get abused. He may never find a buyer for it. He could launder this up, sell it, and buy linoleum, but he loves that rug and is happy with it.

I admire his philosophy of life. Isn't it great to own something you love and to feel no need to turn it into money! After all, what good are possessions if we don't enjoy them?—Fred Barton.

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## Janet Gaynor



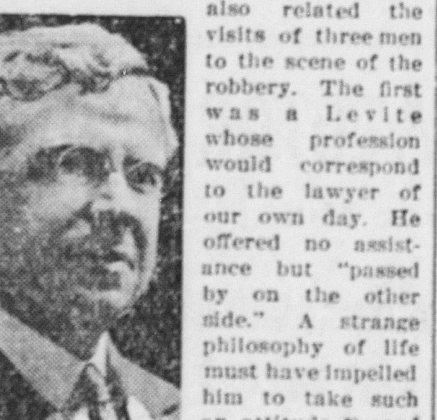
Handsome Janet Gaynor, the movie star, was born in Philadelphia. Her early school days were spent in Chicago. Later her family moved to Hollywood where she played extra parts and rose to comedy leads and Westerns. She became famous in the part of "Diane" in "Seventh Heaven." Later she played leads in a number of productions and has revealed new talents as a singer in "Sunny Side Up."

## For Meditation

By LEONARD A. BARRETT

### FROM JERUSALEM TO JERICHO

IN THE Biblical story of the Good Samaritan there is described an incident which occurred on one of the most dangerous roads known to the ancient world. Bandits lived among the hills. Their only source of livelihood was robbing the tourist. On this road a man journeying from Jerusalem to Jericho fell among thieves who shamefully abused him, robbing him of all his possessions and then left him half dead. In the story there is also related the visits of three men to the scene of the robbery. The first was a Levite whose profession would correspond to the lawyer of our own day. He offered no assistance but "passed by on the other side." A strange philosophy of life must have impelled him to take such an attitude toward the victim of the robbery. It was like this: what that



L. A. Barrett.

poor beggar has belongs to him; I will not take it because I do not need it; let him keep it. A philosophy not uncommon in our own age which might be characterized in the words: "every man for himself and the devil take the hindmost"; a sort of isolation in which every man assumes responsibility only for himself. This interpretation of life values has always led to ruin.

Another man came down that same road and he, too, "passed by on the other side." He looked at the man who had fallen by the wayside, but offered no assistance. He is called the Priest in the story. He, too, had a philosophy of life which was something like this: what I possess belongs to me; I am not compelled to share it with another—an attitude not altogether uncommon today. If my neighbor's house is burning I may not be compelled to inform him so far as the legal demands are concerned; but, a higher law, the moral imperative, certainly commands me not only to notify him but help him put out the fire. The law of the land may not compel me to offer assistance to the one injured in an automobile accident which I may happen to witness, but the moral law certainly urges me to do so. Only by rendering obedience to the demands of the higher moral imperatives can we possess peace of conscience and happiness.

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## How It Started

By JEAN NEWTON

### WHY IT IS CALLED "PNEUMONIA"

HERE is a word which, if we were called upon unexpectedly to spell it might embarrass some of us, yet with whose meaning many people perhaps have been unfortunately too familiar.

"Pneumonia" is a good example of a word which, like many other medical terms which are now common currency, harks back for its origin to the Greek of classic antiquity.

Technically speaking, pneumonia is the affection or sickness which results from an inflammation of the lung. And it is so-called after the Greek "pneumo," which means "lung."

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## Current Wit and Humor



### LITERAL STUFF

"Sorry to say my sister has had rather a bad accident. She's been bitten by an adder."

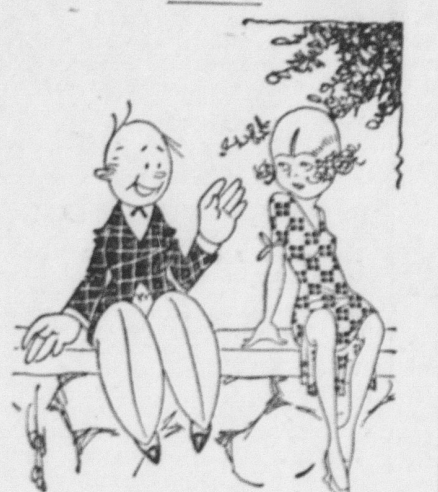
"Good gracious! An adder? Where was this?"

"Well, perhaps not exactly an adder, but she got her fingers mixed up in the machinery of the cash register."

"Dear, dear! Is she getting better?"

"Well, the latest report is 'no change.'"

### FAIR PRICE



He—A penny for your thoughts. She—Well, that's a fair price. I think you're a cheap skate.

### Little Girl Scout

"I'm dying to kiss you," cried the youth. To a young and winsome maid. But he did not die, she saw to that. For she understood his aid.

### Think to Stop

The after-dinner speaker had been talking for a long time, and the diners were praying for him to wind up. "Gentlemen," he said at length, "did you ever stop to think? I ask you again, did you ever stop to think?" A weary listener could hear it no longer. "Did you ever think to stop?" he inquired.

### Cheap and Expensive Weapons

Visitor (being shown the kitchen)—Why, Emily, why do you use only enameled ware?

Emily—Well, you see, Dick and I get into disputes at times and then it's so expensive to use porcelain.

### Cautious Critics

"Don't you think that Miss Spriggs plays the piano beautifully?"

"Well," answered the musician, who is both conscientious and polite, "let us rather say that Miss Spriggs is beautiful when she plays the piano."

### FUR BEARING ANIMAL



Zoology Prof.—Can you mention a fur-bearing animal? Freshman—Yes, sir—a sophomore wearing his coon-skin coat.

### Night Baseball

Father, dear father, come home with me now. The clock in the steeple strikes one. Now, daughter, you quit; this guy's due to hit— And what if I missed a home run!

### At Intervals

"What, Brown, you've bought your little boy an old piano? Can he play, then?" "Yes, indeed, and often it really sounds like music"—Dorfbarber (Berlin).

### Tain't Worth It

"You'll get a raise in salary every year, provided, of course, that your work is satisfactory."

"Ah! I thought there was a catch somewhere."—Arcanum Bulletin.

### Might Break Back

First Convict—Well, now that I've got this hole dug through the wall, I'm going home to my wife.

Second Convict—Better take your tools with you, in case you wanta break back in!

### Tells the Score Ahead

Smart Aleck—I can tell you the score of the game before it starts. I. L. Bitt—What is it? Smart Aleck—Nothing to nothing—before it starts.



## There May be Poison in YOUR Bowels!

STEP out tomorrow morning with the fresh buoyancy and briskness that comes from a clean intestinal tract. Syrup Pepsin—a doctor's prescription for the bowels—will help you do this. This compound of fresh laxative herbs, pure pepsin and other pure ingredients will clean you out thoroughly—without griping, sickening or discomfort.

Poisons absorbed into the system form scouring waste in the bowels, cause that dull, headachy, sluggish, bilious condition; coat the tongue; foul the breath; sap energy, strength and nerve-force. A little of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin will clear up trouble like that gently, harmlessly, in a hurry. The difference it will make in your feelings over night will prove its merit to you.

Dr. Caldwell studied bowel troubles for forty-seven years. This long experience enabled him to make his prescription just what men, women, old people and children need to make their bowels help themselves. Its natural, mild, thorough action and its pleasant taste commend it to everyone. That's why "Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin," as it is called, is the most popular laxative drug stores sell.

## DR. W. B. CALDWELL'S SYRUP PEPSIN A Doctor's Family Laxative

"Let Us Help You See Right"



While they last we are selling the greatest value ever offered in SPECTACLES. The cost of these glasses and examination elsewhere would be from \$10.00 to \$20.00, we are selling them for ONLY \$1.98. Every pair is absolutely and strictly GUARANTEED. With the backing of 16 years of Optical experience let us help you see better for ONLY \$1.98. Without obligation send name, age and address to

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## Had Learned Something From Married Friends

A California license clerk was commenting on the working out of the so-called "Anti-gin Marriage Law" which provides for a delay between the stated intent to a marry and the actual ceremony itself.

"It has proven a good law," he said, "and halted a great many of those 'marry-in-haste-repent-at-leisure' unions. I always have in mind the wise little girl, who, when an ardent lover asked her to marry him, replied:

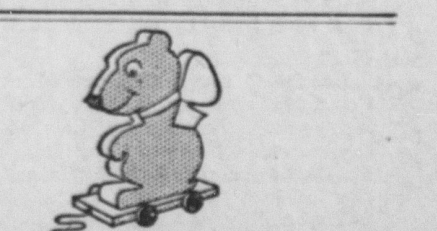
"I probably will, but just the same, I want a week in which to think it over, after we're married," he protested.

"Yes," she agreed, "that's what most of the married women tell me."

## Great Poetic Era

The eighth century A. D. is known as the golden age of Chinese poetry. It was during this time that Li Po, Tu Fu and Po Chu-i wrote their exquisite lyrics.

There are already too many legal holidays—another manifestation of the prevalent overlegislation.



## CHILDREN CRY FOR IT—

CHILDREN hate to take medicine as a rule, but every child loves the taste of Castoria. And this pure vegetable preparation is just as good as it tastes; just as bland and just as harmless as the recipe reads.

When Baby's cry warns of colic, a few drops of Castoria has him soothed, asleep again in a jiffy. Nothing is more valuable in diarrhea. When coated tongue or bad breath tell of constipation, invoke its gentle aid to cleanse and regulate a child's bowels. In colds or children's diseases, you should use it to keep the system from clogging.

Castoria is sold in every drug store; the genuine always bears Chas. H. Fletcher's signature.

