

The Fable of the Yesser and the War Eagle

By GEORGE ADE

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ONCE there was the kind of Ministering Angel who believed that to make the World happy and scatter Rays of Sunshine and plant Flowers in the City Streets and encourage smiling Faces, the Bright plan was to avoid Arguments and agree with Everybody in the Interests of Good Cheer and Harmony. When an Upfitter and Benefactor starts out to Yes the World, right in the Face of the Fact that nearly all Adults are wrong about Everything, he has to have a lot of Honey in his System to stay on the Job.

We will speak of this optimistic Beamer as Mr. Ferver. It will be better not to tip off the real Handie, as he may be some one you know very well, possibly a Cousin.

Now, Mr. Ferver was a Nice Man who had a Theory of Life which is backed up by 1,000 Slogans such as are printed in Old English Type on square Cards and set up on Desks. As a He-Pollyanna he was a walking Ad for all the Books dealing with Sweetness and Light.

Whenever he got real warm he per-spiled Maple Sirups. If he saw an Individual who seemed to be transporting a hidden Sorrow, he wanted to go right up and kiss Him, Her or It.

The very Type of Good Soul who is a Blessing to his Day and Generation, if you merely examine his Plans and Specifications, but nevertheless and notwithstanding probably destined to be a Joke to some Folks and a Nervous Shock to Others and send some Good Woman to the Foolish House.

A Clear Title Beats a Clear Conscience.

As usually happens, right across the Avenue from this Human Chocolate Drop there lived a Pirate Chief who was hard-boiled, sun-cured and tougher than a Ten-Penny Spike.

Once more we will conceal the Identity of one of our Characters and merely refer to this Egg as Mr. Grumm. Always it is better to suppress the real Monicker. In this Case the Siberian Bloodhound of whom we are speaking might be even nearer than a Cousin. He might be You yourself.

There was one Reason why Mr. Grumm was talked about so much, and that was because he was always sued, or suing Some One, or hiring two or three Shark Lawyers to juggle a Contract so that Mr. Grumm would get about two-thirds of it. Many of our most hated and prosperous Operators have had the same idea in regard to Articles of Agreement. Somebody is going to get hooked, so why not the party of the Second Part?

On account of this being a Family paper that will have to go through the Mails, it will be impossible to set down the Words used by Mr. Grumm, the Gladiator, in expressing his Opinion of Mr. Ferver, the Pacifist.

The latter often rubbed his Hands and registered happiness because he never had been snarled up in any Legal Controversy. Which is simply another Way of stating that he had been stung, hornswoggled, double-crossed, bluffed, eunched, swept up and carried out.

Once these two Neighbors were involved in a Deal which took in certain Payments and Rates of Interest and long-term Leases. The Dove followed his usual Policy of accepting any kind of Compromise rather than go to the Mat with his Fellow-Man. After it was all over, Mr. Ferver had a Clear Conscience and Mr. Grumm had a Clear Title, and the remarkable Part of it was that neither of them had any Trouble in sleeping soundly every Night.

Helping Cupid Fire Love Darts.

You take a sympathetic Soul who has a Heart which fairly drips with Heavenly Love and inevitably he will become a Weeping Post and a Bureau of Public Comfort.

Those who were up against it went to Mr. Ferver for Consolation and later sought out Mr. Grumm to have a heated Run-In and then sign a Mortgage on the Dotted Line. They would go on the Outside and curse the hardened Shylock, at the same time freely admitting that his Words of Wisdom had not been sugar-coated.

Mr. Grumm was to the Human Race what Calomel is to the Practice of Medicine.

As might have been suspected, Mr. Ferver specialized in Affairs of the Heart. He was one of the Many who believed that the most useful Service to be rendered a Young Person is to nag and encourage Him or Her into taking the stupendous Risk. It doesn't seem to make much difference Who gets married to Whom or why or what have you, so long as the usual number of Victims are induced to sacrifice themselves and keep the Institution of Matrimony in good Working Order.

If young Arthur, with the unsuccessful Mustache and a rudimentary Intelligence and about \$80 in the Bank, went to Mr. Ferver and asked him how about getting married to Doris, with the skinny Legs and the high Bob, then the Promoter would immediately give an Imitation of Cupid and his Dart.

"Yes, yes!" he would chortle, "by all means! Yes, indeed! What a wonderful Idea! What a sweet and interesting little Thing she is! Isn't she? And you, Arthur, are the One Man for her. Don't stand there and deny it."

One would be almost tempted to make the Observation that, from the very beginning of Time, you Two were Intended for Each Other."

May Be Wrong, but He's Interesting.

The line of Talk is merely Propaganda for Installment Houses, Rent Collectors and Baby Specialists.

Those who harkened to the Ravings of Mr. Ferver would often get up in the Night, many Months later, to curse him and rue the Day on which he had kidded them into it. This never ruffled him. He was blissful in the Knowledge that he had helped to lay the Foundations of a Home and link two Mortals together and act as Advance Agent for an assortment of Children.

The mere Facts that the Home was not paid for, that the Couple got along like a couple of Panthers and that all of the Outcome were cross-eyed and adenoidal cut no Percentage. Mr. Ferver believed that it was better to marry Any One than remain Single and stand out as a Blot on Civilization.

Candidates who went to the Coffin-Trimmer to get a few Pointers never received any such Goo. He said that no Young Man should marry until he was able to support a Girl in the manner to which she had been accustomed, and he never had heard of such a Case.

He said that when a Lad of Limited Means fell desperately in love with some Modern Specimen of the Expensive Sex, the only sensible Thing for him to do was to take his Pinch of Change to the nearest Drug Store and purchase a Dose of Arsenic. Such a procedure would save him Thousands of Dollars and would insure him Peace and Quiet for Years to come, whereas any rash Experiments would probably make a Bum of him before he was 30 years old.

It is said that he DID favor a Wedding once because he hated all of the Parents of both Contracting Parties. The Alliance turned out to be a great Success, simply proving what Mr. Grumm had always contended, that 90 per cent of the Race is absolutely unreliable, and no one has been able to sort out and segregate and label the 10 per cent which should be permitted to live.

It will be evident that if the Counsel handed out by Mr. Grumm were to prevail and be acted upon there would be no People left on Earth by 1950. Such a Prospect would be more than pleasing to him, but it is not in line with the Program advised by Statesmen, Political Economists and Humanitarians.

So the Conclusion must be made that Mr. Grumm is wrong and, therefore Mr. Ferver must be right. In spite of which Mr. Grumm is much more interesting to talk to.

MORAL: To expect the Good to be Good Company would be asking too much.

"Utopia" Dream of Man Throughout the Ages

The vision of a golden age has attended man from the very earliest times, probably from the dawn of recorded history and long before. At no time in the life of the race have conditions been as man would like to have them—as he thought they once were, or believed they might be made. Discontent and dissatisfaction there have ever been, nor would it be difficult to defend them in the forum of reason. If men could not live in them, they could at least imagine Utopias, as did Plato, Sir Thomas More, William Morris and many others.

There have been some who sought, and believed they had found their golden age in a remote past when, it was assumed, life was simpler, and man uncorrupted. These were, as we used to say, the times of "man's innocence," the days of "the noble savage." Such people were, of course, mistaken—but they at least had a vision of peace, order, beauty and justice which cheered them though it was only a dream, a very beautiful one. Even Paradise, as the record recites, and Omar reminds us, had its snake, and was quite impermanent. Nevertheless the backward look, in the search for happiness, is natural, and not wholly unreasonable. To old age youth as remembered seems glorious, and perhaps it was, though it no doubt had its drawbacks—and trials, no less painful for being trivial. For the poets the youth of the world has always had an inescapable charm. To them it seemed fresh and unspoiled, as, according to Archbishop Temple, to the early Greeks. But in all such cases it is not youth as it actually was that charms, but youth as remembered, and imaginatively glorified.

Adopting African Babies

The McBirney orphanage at Elat, Africa, recently reported 69 orphan babies under their care. There are also 60 childless families waiting for babies to adopt. They cannot just say "give me a baby"; they must present a written application telling of their wish and Christian experience.

Unless they are church members they cannot have a child. Their church session or one of the missionaries must also recommend the couple. The foster mother must also spend two months at the orphanage caring for the child she wishes, under the supervision of matron and nurses.

She is also visited as frequently as possible after the child leaves to see that all is going well. As far as possible the babies are returned to their own tribe and have been sent to the homes of masons, carpenters, chauffeurs, teachers and evangelists—the latter predominating. Never are the babies forgotten in prayer when the nurses meet for morning worship.—Montreal Herald.

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Rustle of Taffeta in Fashion Realm

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



WHAT'S this we hear? 'Tis the rustle and swish of taffeta in the air. The whispering fru fru of this sprightly silk will be heard on the avenues and boulevards in smart restaurants at tea-time and during the formal dinner hour, and when the evening lights go on, its glamorous beauty will add romance to the festive scene. From the signs which flash across the style horizon, the coming is that to be one of the biggest taffeta seasons we have known for a long time.

For evening, for afternoon, for general daytime wear, describes briefly in their order the three gowns here pictured. The tiny sketch in the oval is merely a suggestion as to how party frocks for the young girl are being "prettyfied" with frills and furbelows. Among the many chapters which taffeta will be writing in the book of fashion this spring and summer, there will be none more fascinating than that which has to do with frilly fluted and ruffled gowns which designers are now preparing for the younger set. These will flaunt crisp bows single and en suite. Not that all party frocks will be made ornately, for quite a few jeune fille frocks will be styled with utmost simplicity even to the point of severity, depending upon "lines" for their success.

As to the other gowns pictured, a big bow tied at the waist at the back. © 1932, Western Newspaper Union.

MATCH FOOTWEAR

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



Fashion is more exacting than ever when it comes to selecting accessories with a view to matching or relating them to each other. This season, more than ever, footwear is made to enter into relation with scarfs, belts, gloves, hats and the blouse. The costume pictured answers to the call of the mode for color harmony among accessory details in that the blouse, the scarf and the shoes are all in an identical pale beige tone. A touch of red is added to the scarf and the dress itself is in navy blue. The handsome beige kid sandals are of newest design stressing, as they do, the very latest cutout or perforated effect such as will be made a major theme in footwear design for spring and summer.

STIRS MEMORY OF OLD SCHOOL DAYS

Glimpsing through the State Register for 1898 the other day we came across an item which recorded the adoption of the McGuffey Readers in the Springfield public schools. As we recall it, these famous readers were retained in the schools here until the late nineties and possibly a few years later. In any event, they are held in affectionate memory by whole generations of former school children, although the younger element today knows almost nothing about them, due to the vast changes which have occurred in the system of elementary education in the last quarter century.

Now, we read, Dr. William Holmes McGuffey, the noted American educator who was the author of this famous series, is to have a monument at Miami university, where a number of the books were prepared. Lorado Taft has been chosen as the sculptor of the proposed bust of Doctor McGuffey, the design for which includes a group of typical school children of the earlier period, reading from a book, at the foot of the supporting column. It is said that a subscription campaign for this statue has been in progress for some time.

The first McGuffey Readers made their appearance in 1836, a series of six being published a few years later. They were revised five times, the last revision being copyrighted in 1901. Up until a few years ago they were still being sold in certain sections of the country, but the main period of their popular use extended from the time of Martin Van Buren down to the Theodore Roosevelt administration. In that 60-year period they attained sales in this country exceeded only by the Bible. One estimate was that 150,000,000 had been sold since they became standard readers in the school.

McGuffey's Readers went far beyond the teaching of children to read. They inculcated in pleasant fashion a wide variety of lessons in character building—relating to piety, obedience, truthfulness, industry, kindness, integrity, and general ex-

cellence of deportment. Through the medium of stories, illustrated with woodcuts, the virtues of right thoughts and right living were filtered into the minds of the younger hopefuls, with a lasting influence for good.

In the later readers, for older pupils, the moralizing was less evident. The object was to provide good reading matter and to elevate reading as an art.—Illinois State Register.

Such Is Human Nature
Fifty per cent of your affection dies at your friend's first rebuke.

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Bronchial troubles may lead to something serious. You can stop them now with Creomulsion, an emulsified creosote that is pleasant to take. Creomulsion is a new medical discovery with two-fold action; it soothes and heals the inflamed membranes and inhibits germ growth.

Of all known drugs, creosote is recognized by high medical authorities as one of the greatest healing agencies for persistent coughs and colds and other forms of throat troubles. Creomulsion contains, in addition to creosote, other healing elements which soothe and heal the infected membranes and stop the irritation and inflammation, while the creosote goes on to the stomach, is absorbed into the blood, attacks the seat of the trouble and checks the growth of the germs.

Creomulsion is guaranteed satisfactory in the treatment of persistent coughs and colds, bronchial asthma, bronchitis and other forms of respiratory diseases, and is excellent for building up the system after colds or flu. Money refunded if any cough or cold, no matter of how long standing, is not relieved after taking according to directions. Ask your druggist. (Adv.)

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A MAN is as old—or as young—as his organs.

At fifty, you can be *in your prime*.

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There's a simple little thing anyone can do to keep the vital organs stimulated, and feel fit all the time. People don't realize how sluggish they've grown until they've tried it. The stimulant that will stir your system to new life is Dr. Caldwell's syrup pepsi. It will make a most amazing difference *in many ways*.

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