

Browsing Among Books an Outdoor Sport in Boston.

Prepared by National Geographic Society, Washington, D. C.—WNU Service.

STUDY Boston from the high tower of the customhouse. It looks down on that cobweb maze of narrow, crooked streets which marks the "city limits" of bygone days, when cows grazed on the Common and clipper ships traded with China and Bombay.

In the shadow of modern structures squat many old-style shops and "countinghouses," already weather-beaten when John Hancock was governor. To Boston these are more than obsolete architecture; they are symbols of her busy, audacious youth when she built and sailed our first merchant fleet.

Modern Boston sprawls over more than 1,000 square miles and counts some 2,300,000 people in her metropolitan district. Much of that is in the pattern of other American cities. But the old Boston, so like parts of ancient London, is unique in the United States.

Come down from the tower now and see how certain of these streets are devoted to a particular enterprise. This one smells of hides and leather; along that one you see only the gilded signs of shoe manufacturers. One section smells of fish, another of wool, and here is a wharf fragrant with bananas.

Turn up the hill toward the venerable Transcript, with its columns of genealogy, and you smell newsprint, fresh ink, roasting coffee, and second-hand books stacked in the open air—any book from Gray's "Elegy" to "Anthony Adverse."

Even the odd wording of signboards harks back to earlier days. "Victualers License," "Spa," "Protection Department," not fire department and street-car signs in quaint, stilted English.

Old trades cling to old places. The Old Oyster House, live lobsters wriggling in its window tanks, stands just as it was a hundred years ago.

Aged Carver of Pipes.
Before a window at 30 Court street crowds watch a wrinkled artist carve pipes. At eighty-seven, wearing no glasses, he works as skillfully as when he began, seventy years ago. Monk, Viking, and Indian heads, skulls, lions, dogs—he makes them all.

Give him your picture and he will cut its likeness on a meerschaum bowl. For a Kentucky horseman he carved the image of that rider's favorite mount; he even carved the "Battle of Bunker Hill" with 50 brier figures on one big pipe!

Five workmen in pipe stores hereabouts have a total service of more than 200 years. "A man is on trial until he has been here 25 years" is a favorite joke in one shop.

Quietly another old sculptor works, making "ancient" idols, relics of the Stone Age, even a "petrified man" for a circus in Australia!

Turn back and walk through the cathedral-like First National bank and look at its compelling murals, with their dramatic themes of merchant adventures by land and sea; or study the fascinating exhibit of historic ships' models in the State Street Trust company.

Then talk with men whose families for generations have helped shape Boston's destiny, and you begin to sense what significant events, affecting all America, are packed in her 300 years of history.

Boston cash and engineering skill built several of the great railway systems of America. Chicago stockyards, to a large degree, were built by men from Boston. She founded the great copper-mining industry in our West; she was the early home of many corporations, famous now in the annals of finance, foreign trade, construction, and manufacturing.

It was Boston brains and money that started the great telegraph and telephone systems that now girdle the globe. Miraculously, almost, she turned the jungles of Central America and the Caribbean isles into vast banana plantations, and built up the greatest fruit industry the world knows.

From Boston went groups of thrifty, energetic men to share in the conquest of the West. To Kansas, especially, many colonists were sent by the Massachusetts Emigrant Aid company to circumvent the rise of another slave state under the Kansas-Nebraska act.

Lawrence, Kansas, is named for an old Boston family, and many a budding Midwest factory town drew its first artisans from that national training school for skilled mechanics which is New England.

Descendants of these pioneers

form part of the army of 2,000,000 visitors, more or less, who flock back to Boston each season and swarm out to the historic towns about it. They want to see the old places where their ancestors lived, and spots famous in the annals of early days: Bunker Hill monument; Faneuil hall; the site of the Boston Tea Party; Old North church; Paul Revere's house; the tomb of Mother Goose; the site of the Boston Massacre; the sacred codfish in the Statehouse; and near-by Plymouth Rock, Concord, and Lexington, and the Witch House at Salem.

Today Boston prints more books than when she was pre-eminently a "literary center." Manuscripts pour in to her editors. Novels, carloads of dictionaries, and schoolbooks in Spanish and English, Sanskrit and Eskimo, are shipped from here, often to markets as remote as Baghdad.

Great Place for Book Printing.
Her Golden Age of letters, when Emerson, Hawthorne, Longfellow, Whittier, Holmes and Lowell used to frequent the Old Corner Book Store, passed with the rise of New York as a market for manuscripts. But curious visitors still seek out Emerson's old home at Concord; they prowl through the country house of Louisa M. Alcott—admission 25 cents—and drop a tear for "Little Women." For another 25 cents they see the "House of Seven Gables" at Salem.

In American letters Dana's "Two Years Before the Mast," Melville's "Moby Dick" or "Typee," and the brilliant historical work of Prescott, Parkman, Fiske, and Bancroft must long endure, as will other names, from Edward Everett Hale, author of "The Man Without a Country," and Julia Ward Howe, who wrote "The Battle Hymn of the Republic," to Thoreau and John Boyle O'Reilly.

From Boston still come important magazines for both adults and youths. But it is the stupendous output of textbooks which astonishes.

You can imagine the volume when you stop to think that between 25 and 30 million American children alone are enrolled in schools; that they must have some 70,000,000 books when schools open each September, and that Boston is one of the chief textbook-producing centers in the world.

World Center for Textbooks.
"There are many schoolbooks," said an official of a publishing company, "whose sales make that of a popular novel look diminutive. They are handled not in dozens of boxes, but in carloads of 40,000 pounds each.

"While some of our novels, 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' and 'Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm,' for example, have sold more than half a million each, our little school pamphlets such as 'Evangeline' and 'The Courtship of Miles Standish' have sold at the rate of a million a year.

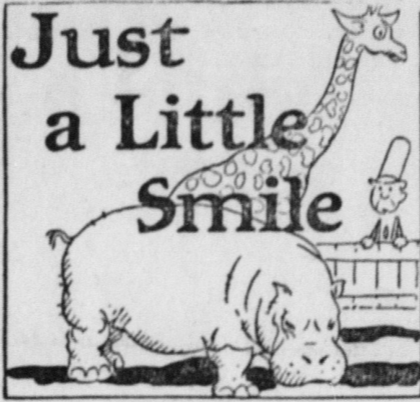
"The task of getting sufficient schoolbooks ready to meet the sudden demand every September, when orders come in at the last minute by wire, means that publishers usually begin printing these books as long as ten months ahead."

"Books made in Boston are sent everywhere that English is used in schools," said another publisher. "More than that; in translation, they go to scores of foreign lands. Recently orders came from Bagdad for thousands of our Craig's 'Pathways in Science,' Arabic translations of Breasted's 'Ancient Times' and a number of our other books are used in the schools of Iraq. Not long ago we granted the government of Iraq permission to translate Caldwell and Curtis' 'Introduction to Science' into Arabic.

"You know that the British Isles are a citadel of the classics. We feel gratified, therefore, that our series, 'Latin for Today' is now in wide use in Scotland and England. These volumes are the authorized books in New Zealand and at least one of the states of Australia, besides being much used in South Africa.

"Latin America is today using carloads of Boston textbooks. They are Spanish readers, geographies, arithmetics, hygiene books, algebras, geometries, and others.

"In Ottawa I saw a wall map with tiny flags that marked the sites of Indian schools; many were up within the Arctic Circle. All these schools use our books. This summer we had to hurry one new book through for publication early in August so we might get it to the schools before ice closed the route to the Far North."



EXPERIENCED

The pickpocket had been acting most suspiciously in the race crowd, and he found himself in court.

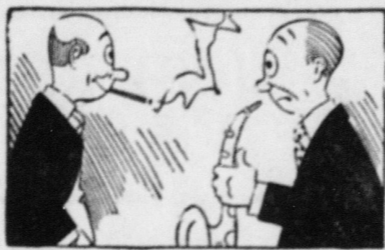
There was some doubt, however, as to whether he had actually robbed anyone, and the magistrate decided to let him off lightly.

"You will be fined one pound," he announced.

"But your worship," protested the prisoner, "I only have seventeen-and-a-tenner on me."

"Very well," replied the magistrate dryly, "just mingle with the crowd in court and get the other half-crown." — London Answers Magazine.

A REAL WEAPON



"I play the sax just to kill time."

"Well, in your hands it sure is an instrument of death."

HUMANITARIAN

"Why don't you go home?" asked Farmer Cornstossel.

"I am afraid to," answered S. Simlin. "The wife is waiting for me with a stove lifter and a rollin' pin."

"We Americans are too lenient. In some parts of Europe they send a woman into the field harnessed to a horse!"

Si looked pensively into the distance and then exclaimed:

"What a way to treat a horse!"

MADE A RECORD

A man returned empty-handed from a trout-fishing expedition, and his wife said to him in some surprise: "Didn't you catch any trout at all, George?"

"Oh, yes," said he. "I caught 25 fine large trout but they were stolen from me in the train."

"Well, never mind," said his wife. "You've brought home a brand-new fishing story, anyhow." — Stray Stories Magazine.

VOWELS

Married Doughter—I do wish you'd learn not to drop your aspirates, father. You never hear Claude doing it.

Self-Made Man—Pity 'e isn't as careful with 'is vowels—'es got I. O. U's lying about all over the place.—London Opinion.

NEAR THE THRONE

Lady—O, so you've been in touch with royalty, have you?

Tramp—Yes, ma'am. I was once stung by a queen bee.—Stray Stories Magazine.

ENLIGHTENING

Lily—So yo' done mortgaged our li'l home.

Mose—Jes tem'rarily, honey, 'til de mortgage am foreclosed.

ACTOR

Then there was the sad case of the actor who fell off a ship passing a lighthouse. He drowned swimming circles to keep in the spotlight.—Judge.

THE TEST



Mr. R.—Money isn't everything in this life.

Mrs. R.—Try to convince the meat-men of that, will you?

STUDY IN SERIOUSNESS

"That ponderous person takes himself very seriously."

"No," replied Miss Cayenne. "He doesn't take himself seriously. He is merely trying to persuade others to do so."

SAFE

"Better protect your overcoat from the moths."

"I don't think moths will bother it."

"Oh! How about boll-weevils?"—Chemistry and You.

NEARLY!

Teacher (showing picture of zebra)—What is this called, Mary?

Five year old Mary thinks very hard, but remains silent.

Teacher (helpfully)—Z-z-z—

Mary (brilliantly)—Zorse?—Pearson's Weekly.

ORNAMENT AND USE

"You have two callers whom you seem inclined to encourage."

"Yes," said Miss Cayenne. "One dances well to the radio and the other knows how to repair it."

What **Irvin S. Cobb** Thinks about

A Yes-Man's Paradise.

SANTA MONICA, CALIF.—If, as, and when the President puts over his scheme for reconstructing the Supreme court nearer to his heart's desire, the question arises—in fact, has already arisen—as to where he's going to find members who will keep step with the New Deal's march of triumph.

Might this earnest well-wisher make a suggestion? Let the President look Hollywood over before making his selections, for this is yes-man's land. Some of the studios out here are so crowded with yes-men that big yes-men have to tote little yes-men in their arms.

There's only one or two drawbacks to this plan, as I see it. It's going to be hard to wean the local appointees from wearing polo shirts along with those long silken robes. And they'll insist in a preview for each decision.

DOMESTIC PETS.

A BROOKLYN judge has decided that for a couple to keep eighty-two various animal pets in one apartment is too many—maybe not for the couple, but for the neighbors—yes!

That reminds me that once, in a hotel in the Middle West—not such a large hotel either—I found fully that many pets in my bed. They weren't assorted enough; they all belonged to one standard variety. I shall not name the hotel, but it was the worst hotel in the world, as of that year. If bad hotels go where bad folks do, it's now the worst hotel in Hades.

But the point I'm getting at is that, though eighty-two animals may make a surplus in a city flat, they couldn't possibly upset a home so much as one overstuffed husband who's puny and has had to go on a strict diet such as would be suitable for a canary—if the canary wasn't very hungry.

LITERARY LERGEDAMN.

CULTURAL circles along sun-kissed coast of California are still all excited over the achievement of a local literary figure who, after years of concentrated effort, turned out a 500,000-word novel without once using a word containing the letter "E." If the fashion spreads to the point where the capital "I" also should be stricken out, it's going to leave a lot of actors and statesmen practically mute.

But that's not what I started out to say when I began this squib. What I started out to say was that I know of much longer novels which have been produced without a single idea in them. Sold pretty well, too, some of 'em did.

HOLDING WORLD'S FAIRS.

IT'S customary, before launching a world's fair or an exposition or whatever they may call it, to hang the excuse for same on some great event in history and then promptly forget all about the thing that the show is supposed to commemorate in the excitement of flocking to see Sally Rand unveiled as the real main attraction.

For instance, the big celebration in New York in 1939 ostensibly will mark George Washington's inauguration as President 150 years before, and it may be, just as a matter of form, that Washington will be mentioned in the opening ceremonies. But the real interest will center in whether Billy Rose or Earl Carroll or the Minsky brothers succeed in thinking up some new form of peach-peeling art to entertain the customers, or have to fall back once more on such reliable standbys as fan dancers and strip-teasers.

CORONATION SOUVENIRS.

SINCE previous engagements prevented me from going over to the coronation, I trust some friend will bring me back a specimen of that new variety of pygmy fish which some patriotic and enterprising Englishman has imported from Africa as an appropriate living souvenir of the occasion. It's a fish having a red tail, a white stomach, and a blue back, thus effectively combining the colors of the Union Jack. And it's selling like hot cakes, the dispatches say.

Now if only this engaging little creature could be trained to stand on its tail when the band plays "God Save the King" what an addition it would make for any household in the British domain! (Note—Households in the south of Ireland excepted.)

IRVIN S. COBB.
©—WNU Service.

50,000 Cattle Lost in Day
Kansas ranchers lost 50,000 cattle in the famous New Year day blizzard of 1886. Dead cattle were piled so thick along the railroad tracks they had to be cleared off before trains could go through.

AROUND the HOUSE Items of Interest to the Housewife

Butterscotch—Two cups brown sugar, four tablespoons molasses, four tablespoons water, two tablespoons butter, three tablespoons vinegar. Mix ingredients in saucepan. Stir until it boils and cook until brittle when tested in cold water. Pour in greased pan. Cut into squares before cool.

Jelly Sauce—One glass jelly (crab-apple, red currant, grape, etc), quarter cup hot water, one tablespoon butter, one tablespoon flour. Add hot water to jelly and let melt on stove. Heat butter in saucepan, add flour and gradually hot jelly liquid. Cook until smooth and serve hot over almost any pudding.

Boiling Old Potatoes—Old potatoes sometimes turn black during boiling. To prevent this add a squeeze of lemon juice to the water in which they are boiled.

Hanging Pictures—Is your picture hanging on a nail which keeps breaking the plaster and so falling out? Before you put the nail in next time, fill the hole with glue, the plaster will not crumble.

Melting Chocolate—Chocolate is easy to burn, and for that reason should never be melted directly over a fire. Melt it in the oven or over a pan of hot water.

Left-Over Liver—Liver that is left over can be converted into an excellent sandwich filling if it is rubbed through a sieve, well seasoned, and moistened with a little lemon juice and melted butter.

Stuffed Orange Salad—Allow one orange for each person to be served. Cut through the skin three-quarters of the way down in inch strips, being careful not to break the strips apart. Remove orange pulp and cut in neat dice. Combine with pineapple and grapefruit dice and fill orange shell with mixture. Drop a spoonful of heavy mayonnaise on top.

Keep your body free of accumulated waste, take Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. 60 Pellets 30 cents. Adv.

Silent Hatred
The greatest hatred, like the greatest virtue and the worst dogs, is silent. — Jean Paul Richter.

of each salad and garnish with a maraschino cherry. Another good mixture for stuffing the orange shells is a combination of orange sections, dates stuffed with cream cheese and nut meats. Mask with mayonnaise.

To Remove Threads—When basting sewing material, try placing the knots of the thread on the right side. They will be easier to pull out when the garment is finished.

Washing Table Silver—Much of the work of polishing table silver can be saved if the silver is placed in hot soapuds immediately after being used and dried with a soft clean cloth.

Cleaning Wood-Work—To clean badly soiled wood, use a mixture consisting of one quart of hot water, three tablespoons of boiled linseed oil and one tablespoon of turpentine. Warm this and use while warm.
WNU Service.

Stradivari Violins
Stradivari violins cost from \$10,000 to \$40,000 today because, although 50,000 are reputed to exist, there are not more than 400 whose authenticity is supported by irrefutable documents. Furthermore, no new "Strads" have been discovered in the past 75 years.—Collier's Weekly.

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