

**NATION NEEDS HOME MAKERS**

By MRS. THOMAS ALVA EDISON.

**B**ECAUSE the art of home making has declined so much in recent years, due to the trend originating in woman suffrage and the World war, the country is facing a situation of widespread restlessness. Men no longer find satisfaction in their homes. Unless the women of America make a decided effort to return to the business of home making, the most vital institution of the country is threatened. America is essentially a nation of homes. The woman who doesn't want to make a home is undermining our nation.

An aversion to housekeeping exists on the ground that there is too much drudgery connected with it, but every business and everything in life is 98 per cent drudgery.

As a matter of fact, a good home maker must have executive ability and be a good purchasing agent, an economist, something of a chemist to supervise the diet of her family, and a gracious hostess. She also should be versed in music, art and literature to have a proper background and to be able to entertain herself, her husband and her friends.

A college education is invaluable for such a home maker. If the family finances make it necessary to choose between sending a boy and a girl to college, the girl should be the one elected. The boy can get his broadening contacts in business and elsewhere.

The college woman, however, must realize that home making is her highest goal and that it is a full-time proposition which is as much of a business as running an office. In flocking into outside business, women have lost their prestige in their own field without making up for it by accomplishment on a par with that of men in business.

**EVIL IN MODERN RESTLESSNESS**

By DR. CLARENCE A. BARBOUR, President Brown University.

Despite the many burdens that every human heart must bear alone, too few people carry their troubles patiently or kindly. Everybody has a life to live and a burden to bear and each ought to meet them face to face without fear.

How many married people are content to sit down at home in the evening? How many have to go somewhere—to play bridge, visit, or otherwise actively occupy themselves? They are not satisfied to read a book or quietly talk. "What 'movie' is playing tonight—where can we go this time?"

The human heart is a solitary place. We have an inner life which we must bear alone. It is a chamber which none can enter, and with all our outside cares and diversions we must look inward and face our own problems.

One of our greatest burdens is the consequences of sin. We are forgiven for the guilt of our sins, but the consequences are not taken away. There are a goodly number of people of whom it is true that their sin is finding them out.

On the other hand, what can we do to carry our burdens, how shall we endure them? Don't waste time trying to shake them off, because you can't do it. It is a paradox, but nevertheless true, that the way to bear our own burdens is to bear those of others. Self-forgetting service to others lightens our own cares.

**MODERN YOUTH MORE SERIOUS**

By PROF. ALFRED ADLER, Viennese Psychologist.

The hard-boiled parents of today, the men and women who a few years back were the flaming youth of America, are meeting retribution. Their children are growing up the best behaved, most conservative generation of a century. The little girl who poutingly says, "Oh, mother, don't smoke so much," and the small boy who reproves his mother with: "That's your second cocktail this afternoon," are all signs of the younger times.

The youth of today is more serious, more romantic. These growing boys and girls have a greater social conscience than their predecessors.

As a result, they detest the hardness, the cynicism and materialistic outlook of their parents. The pendulum has swung back again. Only this time it is Victorian romanticism which is on the side of youth.

**KEEP UP FIGHT ON CANCER**

By DR. GEORGE H. BIGELOW, Massachusetts Health Commissioner.

The death rate from cancer has apparently increased more than 50 per cent in Massachusetts during the last 20 years, the greatest increase in any state in the Union. Whatever we do for cancer may well influence what we do for a far larger problem of the other degenerative diseases. Unstinted time and thought has been given to the various aspects of the problem by the outstanding citizens of the state. This has resulted in definite hospitalization measures, so that next year at the Pondville hospital, for example, we expect to serve nearly 1,000 patients.

Each local cancer committee has an education sub-committee, a responsible group in each city, facing the diversified cancer problem. The statewide cancer program has been launched. We have found an irresistible public demand for service in this field, and we are striving desperately to anticipate and guide this demand.

**WOULD DO AWAY WITH SECTS**

By DOCTOR COFFIN, President Union Theological Seminary.

The achievements of science have been major contributing factors in the decline of Christianity. If Christendom is to be reborn denominationalism and nationalism must disappear from the Christian church. Denominationalism is detrimental primarily because it now represents social distinctions rather than differences in belief.

In a manufacturing town the owners and executives are to be found in a church of one denomination, the skilled workers in another and the ordinary laborers in another.

To meet conditions in the modern world the church must create an appreciation of God; must reconcile science and God's relation to the universe, and must refuse to be identified with political or commercial orders.

**CAMERA EYE HAD THE NECESSARY EVIDENCE**

By STEWART ROBERTSON

(By D. J. Walsh.)

**N**INETY minutes before the opening game of the world's series, two ominous looking limousines, painted battleship gray, slithered to a halt near an entrance to the baseball park. From each clambered four covertly watching passengers who ranged themselves closely around the door of the leading car as a jaunty figure descended into their midst.

The emergence from his bullet-proof fortress to the hard, clear light of an October afternoon caused no apparent tremor in this genial personage as he slanted a flaring scarlet whoopee hat over his bluish-black curls and surveyed his guards with a satisfied grin. "Leave us go, boys," he husked. "I'm hardly able to sleep all week, waitin' to see a championship." The little phalanx laughed knowingly with the proper shade of approval for their superior's delicate wit, and moved slowly toward the gates, winking at sundry policemen en route.

"Camera Eye" Flanagan, posted midway down a ramp, saw the newcomers approaching and as they drew level his glance swiftly catalogued the group, coming to rest on the central figure. "Lo, Rocco," he said briefly, and waited.

"Ah, there, flatfoot," greeted Black Rocco with the arrogance becoming a racketeer beyond the stigma of a tap on the shoulder. "Kinda surprised to see me, hey?"

"A little," admitted Camera Eye. "Thought you'd be too smart to come out in the open where Limpy might take a crack at you. Say, I didn't know you were strong for baseball."

"I'm nuts about it," grinned the other from behind his wall of sentries. "Limpy? Why, he's blew the town. Just yella, that's all."

"Some hat you got there, Rocco," said the detective slowly. "Say, I heard Limpy was cutting in on your profits a while back."

"Oh, yeah?" sneered the gangster. "Well, if you listen good you'll hear some people sayin' them Athletics is goin' to take the Cubs. That kind of dope don't burn so easy. That's why I bought this headpiece—to celebrate, see? Good old Chi! No outsiders can get away with nothin' we want."

Camera Eye watched the party head for their box, and then went back to his business of searching faces. After all, he mused, a fan was a fan, and leaders in many other prominent, if less notorious, industries would be in the ball park about now. The department should be notified. . . . Another surge of rabid enthusiasts occupied his attention.

Down in his box Black Rocco turned up his coat collar against the chill wind that swept in from the west, and smiled sourly. What a gag, this sportsman stuff! Here he was, sitting a few yards away from some of the Lake Shore drive swells. Wouldn't they squawk if they knew they were that close to the West Side Wensel!

His thick lower lip protruded viciously as the term crossed his mind. The newspapers had hung that on him, besides running a flock of editorials demanding his conviction. If they'd only called him King of Gangland, or The Leopard, like he'd seen in stories, it wouldn't have made a guy sore. As it was, Mr. Rocco was off newspapers.

The arrival of a mayor received scant notice. A mere governor created not a ripple. Then of a sudden the crowd was on its feet, shouting raucous welcome as the vanguard of substitutes appeared for practice. Four of the eight men turned to watch their chief.

"Now," said Rocco. He rose carelessly with them, strolling down to a rostrum beneath the stands. In a shadowy corner the scarlet hat was transferred to a man about his own build in exchange for one of nondescript black felt. "I certainly wish I could stay with you stuffs," he said enviously, "but this thing's a matter of pride, see?"

"Turry back," granted the man, "an' you'll see the last few innin's. Them's the most important, anyhow." He leered wisely.

Rocco swiftly threaded his way to an unfrequented bleacher exit, hailed a suspiciously alert taxi and was driven a few blocks across town to where Bittersweet Place ends its short career on the lake front. From there a speedboat carried him out to a blue and orange seaplane, and in five minutes its pilot had it winging north.

The scalloped shore line streamed below him. Watkegan, Kenosha, Racine—and then the plane dipped smoothly to the surface of Milwaukee harbor. Another speedboat detached itself from the green walk of Juneau park, and Rocco stepped aboard, his dark face alight with eagerness. "Just an hour since we left Chi," he said gayly. "You're sure he's there?"

A street car brought him to the corner of Eleventh street and he walked quickly down it to a frame house between Wells and Cedar. A moment later he had eased his way into the stuffy vestibule.

A few dragging footsteps heralded an approach. "Lo, Limpy," said the intruder, as a man appeared in the doorway. "No, don't try that; grab air, you skunk! Cut into my territory an' hi-jack my alky, will you?"

"I didn't know it was yours," gasped Limpy, his eyes riveted on the dull black automatic in the gloved hand. "I quit when I found out who I was up against. For God's sake, don't put me on the spot, Rocco. Don't—"

The automatic spat noiselessly once, twice. Rocco leaned down to inspect his handiwork, then moved to the telephone, where he gave a series of groans in response to the operator's "number, please." Leaving the receiver dangling, he let himself out of the back door and walked briskly down the slope of Wells street. "I wonder what's the score," he mumbled.

He found the answer at the bottom of the hill. A mob of men and boys were jammed patiently before an unlit scoreboard erected in front of the office of an evening newspaper.

He reached the ball field in time to witness the ninth-inning Philadelphia triumph, and then waited with his henchmen until the crowd had thinned before being escorted to the rolling fortress. On the way out he took care to pass Camera Eye Flanagan.

"Still safe?" said the detective, eyeing him narrowly. "How is it you look so warm after being out in this wind? Your pals are cold, but not you. I notice, it must be that hat."

"Maybe," grinned Black Rocco. "Speak up," said the chief of detectives sharply. "What do you know about this Limpy Doran murder?"

"Zero," returned Black Rocco. "Limpy was killed in Milwaukee yesterday afternoon," pursued the chief. "We know he'd been bothering you, and we know your reputation. We brought you down here because we've something on you. Now, then, where were you yesterday afternoon?"

"At the world series," answered Rocco tensely. "Want to make me prove it?"

"You'll have to," advised the chief, "because Detective Flanagan has—"

"Camera Eye," exulted the gangster. "Why, he's the very one who can wise you up about me. I seen him out at the park, an' spoke to him, even. Call the son-of-a-gun in."

The chief pressed a buzzer, and the detective stepped into the room, nodding casually to the visitor. "Where's the red hat?" he inquired.

"I'm mournin' for Limpy," grinned Rocco. Camera Eye regarded him keenly. "I'm not going to sweat you," he drawled. "A fellow like you has too good a grip on himself to get excited. Am I right?"

"You said somethin', flatfoot. I got brains."

"Exactly. Too many brains to go yellin' around like a certain party in a red hat did at yesterday's ball game."

Rocco's eyes flickered warily. "Oh, yeah?" he said noncommittally.

"That is, up to the ninth inning, and then he quieted down," said Camera Eye. "I was on duty away back in the stands, but I thought that red hat was being pretty lively for you—if it was you."

"Sure, it was me. You seen me comin' out, didn't you?"

"I saw you the last time, yes," Camera Eye said down on the edge of the desk and leaned over to look into the gangster's face. "You were in Milwaukee yesterday, Rocco. I don't know yet how you got there, but we'll check that up later. You killed Limpy at half past three, and probably planted that telephone alibi, but the Milwaukee newspaper—"

"Newspapers? What do they know about me. You're crazy, I tell you. Can't you believe them camera eyes you're supposed to have?"

"I was beginning to doubt them," admitted the detective, "until I came across another one that helped me out." He unfolded a piece of newspaper and held it carefully beyond the grasp of Black Rocco. "See this? It's a picture taken at 3:40 p. m. of the crowd watching the scoreboard at the newspaper office. See that white circle drawn around one fellow who's near the front? That's you, Rocco, with that ugly lip of yours stuck out far enough to satisfy any jury that ever lived."

"You can't railroad me," defied the gangster. "A newspaper photo! Why, that guy in the circle might be anybody."

"But it isn't," said Camera Eye softly. "The newspaper cinched things by making an enlargement so they could identify you."

"What is this?" whined Black Rocco, the superstition of his breed creeping over him. "Since when has newspapers been coppers? An' how could they know I done it when—"

"Grab him!" snapped the chief. "Got all that, stenographer? Good." "Newspapers are smart, and sometimes they're lucky," said Camera Eye, as he handcuffed his prisoner. "See the caption under the picture? 'If the gentleman whose head appears within the white ring will present himself at the treasurer's office, he will be presented with a ticket for tomorrow's world's series game. This is one more method by which the newspaper seeks to hold the faith and admiration of its readers.' You see, Rocco, if you hadn't been a fan—Oh, all right all right. Cut out that language, and I'll send for your lawyer."

**HOLY KISSES OF PREACHER COST HIM HIS PULPIT**

Says He Meant No Harm, But Resigns, and Goes to Sanitarium.

New Haven, Conn.—Kisses have proved the undoing of the Rev. William Pierce Johnston, pastor of the First Congregational Church of West Haven and former assistant pastor of the church in Washington which President Coolidge and his family attended.

The kisses, bestowed upon various fair members of the Rev. Mr. Johnston's flock, were, according to him, carrying into literal effect the admonition of St. Paul in the epistle to the Thessalonians: "Greet all the brethren with a holy kiss."

**More Burning Than Holy.** But some of the recipients found the kisses more burning than holy and the pastor not only is out of a job but he has sought refuge in a Baltimore sanitarium from the storm which broke when a demure little lass proved more courageous than some of her elders and told publicly that the minister had tried to make love to her.

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Just "Fatherly Kiss."

his osculatory caresses upon them, too. Some said they resented it, others were noncommittal and a few boldly declared that they got no thrill from the kisses and so regarded them as purely platonic.

Meanwhile the pillars of the church, bewildered as to the course to pursue, sought the advice of Dean Luther A. Weight of the Yale Divinity School and the Rev. Dr. Oscar E. Maurer of West Haven Center Church.

Following their advice, Dr. Johnston's resignation was demanded.

**Just "Fatherly Kisses."** "Yes, he confessed to me that he had tried to kiss Miss Maude Greene," Dr. Maurer said. "He said the kiss was fatherly and that would be difficult to disprove. The request that he resign was based upon the fact that he has lost the confidence of a portion at least of his congregation and that his usefulness as a minister is therefore greatly impaired."

Crowds thronged the church and the sidewalks and laws in front of it as the resignation was read. Dr. Johnston has been very popular. Good looking, democratic, mingling freely with the younger set, conducting his own Sunday School class for young ladies, he had built up the congregation rapidly. And then came the sudden exposure.

**Saves for 80 Years; Loses All to Fake Kin** Paris.—Mme. Nanette de Livry doesn't see so well any more. She hadn't beheld her only grandson for five years, when a dashing young lad of fifteen or thereabouts rapped at the door of her solitary abode and rushed into her arms with a cry of "Hello, grandma!"

"I'll buy you something nice at the baker's for breakfast," she beamed. Half an hour later she was back. The "grandson" had gone. So, a search revealed, had 15,000 francs worth of bonds and 9,000 francs in cash—the savings of 80 frugal years.

**Mules Die, But Wreck Machine Hitting Them** French Camp, Calif.—An automobile crash took two lives here, but J. M. Kretzer, whose car did all the damage, was scarcely hurt. The lives lost were those of two mules. Kretzer's car crashed into a herd being driven along the road between here and Manteca. Kretzer's automobile was a total loss.

**Woodpeckers Halt Radio** Washington.—Radio station WNBQ, of Washington, was off the air two days following the snapping of a 100-foot radio mast three feet thick after a family of woodpeckers drilled a hole through the big cedar pole.

**Horse Bites Live Wire, Dies** Knoxville, Tenn.—One of the favorite mounts at the Sterchi Park Riding academy was killed when it grasped an electric cord in its mouth.

**Vets Recall Memories of Ban on "Blackjack"**

Veterans who knew General Pershing when he first was called "Black Jack," back in the days of the Philippine Insurrection, answered to roll call in the Baltimore War memorial recently and organized the Maryland branch of the Eighth Army Corps association.

While all of those present did not serve under the man who was to become the commander of the American troops in the World war, they recall General Pershing's famous order prohibiting the playing of the game of blackjack in his troop of the Fifth cavalry.

They told how news of the order, which was posted on the company bulletin board, spread throughout the island army and was laughed at by such men as Harbord, Sumnerall, Liggett and others who a few years later were to become famous in their own right.—Baltimore Sun.

**Beetle in More Churches** Stow, known as the "Motor Church of Lincoln" in England, is to be restored, owing to the ravages of the death watch beetle among the ancient timbers and roofs. Boston's famous "stump," which rises to within five feet of the height of Lincoln cathedral, is another of England's famous churches that must be repaired because of the insect's activities. When the repairs at Stow are completed, a chemical that is believed to kill the death watch beetle is to be applied.

**Hopeless** A certain motion-picture star was receiving the condolences of friends after his third picture in succession had "flopped." The reason, poor stories, was patently apparent. The star was inclined to take the matter philosophically. He shrugged his shoulders and said with mock gravity: "Spare your life, my friends. Everything in life eventually adjusts itself, except a bow tie."

**Controls Watershed Forest** Seattle has acquired control of approximately 90,000 acres of land for safeguarding its municipal watershed, says the American Tree association. Although the principal object is watershed protection, the area has been placed under the supervision of a trained forester with a view to continuous timber production.

**Added Fame to Old Device** The Lorraine cross was adopted as a shoulder-sleeve insignia of the Seventy-ninth division of the A. E. F. during the World war. The cross is described as the device which was originally the symbol of triumph of the house of Anjou of France, through Charles the Bold, duke of Normandy, in the fifteenth century.

**Britain's Smallest Woman** Miss Mary Hegarty, a Donegal poultrykeeper, who is two feet eight inches in height, claims to be the smallest woman in the British Isles. She lives in a thatched cabin on the seashore overlooking Tory island, of which her father, Patrick Hegarty, was uncrowned king.

**Grouch Never Popular** The grouch is a pain in the neck even to himself. When you are an enemy to every one, it is natural that every one should be an enemy to you. But when you are friendly to everybody, you'll find them that way toward you, too.—Grit.

**The Pastor Says:** It may be that young people do not attend church as much as they ought, but recently I was present at a baptismal service where there was quite a sprinkling of children.—John Andrew Holmes.

**One Idea of Greatness** After hearing Daniel Webster speak, David Crockett said to him: "I had heard that you were a very great man, but I don't think so, I heard your speech and understood every word you said."

He whom fortune has never deceived, rarely considers the uncertainty of human events.—Livy.

Hedgehogs can roll themselves up so that their spines stick out in every direction.

Being inconsistent is one of woman's ways of startling a man.

There is a remedy for every ill—but not for every remedy.

Texas Christian university has bought for \$100 six old Bibles, one of which was printed in 1501.

Sacramento, Calif., has voted a \$150,000 bond issue for a municipal airport.



**A Sour Stomach**

In the same time it takes a dose of soda to bring a little temporary relief of gas and sour stomach, Phillips Milk of Magnesia has acidity completely checked, and the digestive organs all tranquilized. Once you have tried this form of relief you will cease to worry about your diet and experience a new freedom in eating.

This pleasant preparation is just as good for children, too. Use it whenever coated tongue or fetid breath signals need of a sweetener. Physicians will tell you that every spoonful of Phillips Milk of Magnesia neutralizes many times its volume in acid. Get the genuine, the name Phillips is important. Imitations do not act the same!

**PHILLIPS Milk of Magnesia**

**Use for Old Stockings** Hundreds of American women tourists visiting Kyoto, Japan, from tourist ships in Korea are buying back their discarded silk stockings in the form of gorgeous brocades. Brocade manufacturers recently found they could buy worn silk stockings in the United States, ship them to Japan, unravel and recondition the thread and get good silk at a cost of 22 cents a pound instead of 80 cents a pound for thread from new silk.

**Marriage a Great Teacher** "Co-education is a great aid to marriage," says the head of an American university. And on the other hand marriage is a great aid to co-education.—Toronto Star.

**He'll Tell the World** "No one knows the anguish of the golfer who makes a bad stroke," says a writer. Nobody that is outside of hearing distance.—Everybody's Weekly.

**Spinal, Not Tracheal** Presumably the colds in the head will take care of the colds in the head. But cold in the feet will continue to be cured by backache treatments.—Ann Arbor Daily News.

**An Autocrat** "Public opinion counts for a great deal," said the earnest citizen. "Not in a baseball game," answered the umpire.

Nuts from trees having historic associations are to be collected and planted by Boy Scouts over a five-year period.

**Carry Your Medicine In Your Handbag** 35 doses 70 tablets

**Our Vegetable Compound is also sold in chocolate coated tablets, just as effective as the liquid form.**

Endorsed by half a million women, this medicine is particularly valuable during the three trying periods of maternity, maternity and middle age.

98 out of 100 report benefit

**Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound**

**PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM** Removes Dandruff—Stops Hair Falling—Imparts Color and Beauty to Gray and Faded Hair. 6c and 12c at Druggists. Haeox Chem. Wks., Patchogue, N. Y.

**FLORESTON SHAMPOO**—Ideal for use in connection with Parker's Hair Balsam. Makes hair soft and fluffy, 50 cents by mail or at druggists. Haeox Chemical Works, Patchogue, N. Y.

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**A New Shaving Cream That Soothes as It Softens!**

You are familiar with Cuticura and its cleaning, antiseptic properties. Now comes Cuticura Shaving Cream, containing those medicinal properties. It produces a rich, creamy lather that goes right to the hair-follicles—softening the beard immediately. It remains moist throughout the shave. BUY A TUBE TODAY!

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**T**HERE are times when a baby is too fretful or feverish to sleep. There are some that cannot pat away. But comfort in Castoria!

Cholera, and other infantile pure vegetable preparation coated tongues tell you; whenever there's any sickness. Castoria has a children love to take it, genuine—with Chas. H. signature on wrapper.

**etchers STORIA**

**the Remembered** Port-Main is full of re-lights.—Goethe, reads a stamp which postal authorities have adopted to advertise. The quotation is great writer's "Dichtung

**a Heart Breaker** peculiarity is that no poor man ever breaks a sinus Gazette.

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scarcely an ache or pain Aspirin won't relieve can't remove the cause, relieve the pain! Headaches. Neuritis and Yes, and rheumatism. in directions for many uses. Genuine Aspirin is the heart. Look for

**BAUER**

**ish Intelligence** intelligence quotient or "I. Q." determined by multiple age by 100 and divid-

**ow When Well Off** Place him where he treatment payments, no

**id But True** realize how many have until you die or at a summer resort.

**ily Broken** are like a china cup in of a careless waiter.—Union.

**dist Episcopal church** temperance