Ask Me Another
A General Quiz

1. What are the ten most beautiful words selected by Wilfred J. Funk?
2. Is the President of the United States vested with the authority to call out the National Guard?
3. In what direction must one travel around the world to gain a day?
4. What is the legend of the Kilkenny cats?
6. In politics which is considered more radical, the "left" or the "right"?
7. According to the method used in the United States, and also ac-
8. Are mass marriages in Germany new?

Answers

1. They are: Dawn, hush, lullaby, murmuring, tranquil, mist, luminous, chimes, golden and melody.
2. No. The only one who has authority is the governor of a state.
3. If you traveled westward around the world you would gain a day, yet if you made the same trip eastward you would lose a day.
4. They fought until nothing was left but the ends of their tails.
5. The population of China is estimated at 474,787,000.
6. The "left."
7. In the United States, a billion is a thousand millions—1,000,000,000; in England, a billion is a million millions—1,000,000,000,000.
8. Mass marriages in Germany are nothing new. In 324 B. C. 10,000 Macedonian soldiers were married to Persian women in one ceremony by order of Alexander the Great.

ME STAY HOME FROM WORK? NO SIR!

NOT WHEN GENUINE BAYER ASPIRIN EASES HEADACHE IN A FEW MINUTES



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Good Work

There's many a good bit o' work done with a sad heart.—George Eliot.

Beware Coughs from common colds That Hang On

No matter how many medicines you have tried for your cough, chest cold, or bronchial irritation, you can get relief now with Creomulsion. Serious trouble may be brewing and you cannot afford to take a chance with any remedy less potent than Creomulsion, which goes right to the seat of the trouble and aids nature to soothe and heal the inflamed mucous membranes and to loosen and expel the germ-laden phlegm.

Even if other remedies have failed, don't be discouraged, try Creomulsion. Your druggist is authorized to refund your money if you are not thoroughly satisfied with the benefits obtained from the very first bottle. Creomulsion is one word—not two, and it has no hyphen in it. Ask for it plainly, see that the name on the bottle is Creomulsion, and you'll get the genuine product and the relief you want. (Adv.)

THE CHEERFUL CHERUB



His Story for Thanksgiving Became a "Newspaper Classic"

In 1890 Will C. Ferril Received an Order for a Special Article from Irving Bacheller, Editor of a Pioneer Syndicate, and Hastily Wrote "No Grandmothers There"; Since Then It Has Been "Reprinted by Request" in Thousands of Newspapers All Over the Country.

© Western Newspaper Union.

By ELMO SCOTT WATSON

AN INSEPARABLE part of the traditions which have clustered around our holidays is the literature associated with them. New Year's day, Easter Sunday, the Fourth of July, Christmas day—each of them has inspired many poems and stories which never seem to grow old and which are repeated when those holidays come round each year. What is true of them is equally true of Thanksgiving.

This is the story of a famous Thanksgiving story. Although it was written in great haste, it had some quality that was vastly appealing to its readers. So it has become what is known as a "Newspaper Classic," one of those journalistic compositions which are so often "reprinted by request."

Back in 1890 Irving Bacheller, destined to become one of American's best-beloved novelists, was operating a press syndicate which



Thanksgiving and No Grandmother

supplied reading matter to several metropolitan newspapers for simultaneous publication. This material included serials, short stories, news letters from New York and Washington and special articles.

One of the contributors to Bacheller's syndicate was a young Denver newspaper man named Will C. Ferril. Early in November of that year, Bacheller wrote to Ferril and asked him for a special Thanksgiving article with a "western slant."

Thanksgiving was not far distant and there was little time for writing the article, sending it on to New York, having it printed and distributing it to newspapers using Bacheller's service. But Ferril set to work at once and the following article, headlined "No Grandmothers There" was the result:

"Can you imagine in these closing days of the year with Thanksgiving close upon us a whole land without grandmothers? That seems almost incredible in the long-settled communities of the East and South, for no family reunion is complete without at least one venerable figure, so familiar and so dear in that household from the days of childhood's earliest recollections. Yet between the Rocky Mountains and the Pacific coast there are hundreds of homes where children are growing up without a glimpse of their own or any other child's grandmothers. They know nothing of the dear, old face, the soft, gray hair, the quaint figure of that patient little woman who, day after day, sits in the quiet corner of the old home knitting, knitting, and still knitting, while her thoughts are wandering far away into the long ago of her childhood. They know nothing of her gentle chidings, nor can they appreciate the quiet and kindly amusement in the household at grandmother's expense, when, after searching the house for her "specs" she is reminded, in response to her anxious inquiry, that they are under the frills of her cap. Then, there are the quaint old songs of long ago that even the fathers and mothers of the present day know not, but which grandmother, with a quaver in her voice, will hum and sing when she thinks no one is near to hear. What fun it used to be, when she thought no one was near to slip up behind her chair, and, all unobserved, catch in the sweet snatches of the golden melodies. When a boy, it was my delight to thus hide myself behind the chair of my great-grandmother from Virginia, and listen to her humming some old southern air. One day she espied me, and in a chiding voice said, looking over her glasses: 'Don't tease your grandmother like that.' I really believe she would have blushed, at being caught trying to sing, if the face had not been so old and wrinkled. She was undoubtedly seemingly ruffled, but I coaxed her into telling me



WILL C. FERRIL

some stories about the War of 1812, and we were soon friends again. The children of the Far West never hear the old-time New England and southern cradle songs, for the mothers of the present day hardly know even their fragments. Nursery rhymes, nowadays, change, as do the fashions.

"And think of a Thanksgiving without grandmothers. Why, in the land of grandmothers, it is she who on that day has first claim upon all our gallantry and chivalry. A white-haired belle, on that day at least, with gray-haired sons and daughters, and troops of happy children around to do her honor and bring to her comfort and cheer. Thousands of western boys and girls know nothing of this. A grandmother is to them almost as much of a myth as the heroine of a fairy story. A little boy in the Rocky mountains on being told some events about his grandmother in the far East actually asked what kind of a being a grandmother was. It is true there are some grandmothers in the far West, but they are imported from the East and South. For most of them the West is too far away. No doubt their hearts often reach out tenderly toward their grandchildren in and beyond the Rocky mountains.

"As to native-born grandmothers, they are very hard to find west of the Rocky mountains.



The Great Feature of Thanksgiving in the East.

With the exception of the early settlements in the Oregon country, the Mormons in Utah, and the occasional home of the earlier trapper in the mountains, or ranchman in California, the civilization is too young for native-born grandmothers.

"It was only forty years ago that the great rush was made to the gold fields of California, and not until ten years later did the tide of immigration start for Pikes Peak. Possibly, California may produce a few very youthful grandmothers, about, say, forty years of age; but you could scarcely find a native-born grandmother of even that early age in Colorado. Nevertheless the state has a population of nearly two millions. Nebraska, too, has hardly a grandmother to the manor born. Those two states were a waste of prairie and plain thirty-six years ago, the home of the buffalo and the Indian, where the face of a white man was hardly known. In the older 'new West,' consisting of Minnesota, Iowa, Missouri, Arkansas, Louisiana and Texas, they have grandmothers of their own.

"But you can look upon all that vast region west of the states bordering immediately on the west side of the Mississippi river, and Texas, as having scarcely a native-born American grandmother among millions of people. That region includes more than one-half of the land over which the flag of the republic will float on Thanksgiving day yet a native grandmother can scarcely be found. If the far West can do so much in building an empire without grandmothers, what will it not do when it has grandmothers of its own, and their kindly influence for good is everywhere felt. No better mothers can be found in the whole country than the mothers of the West. Many of them have reared model families in the face of almost overwhelming obstacles. We have only to look forward a few years to see them peaceful, kindly, loving and honored grandmothers. Then, indeed, will the far West be at last in full possession of the greatest blessings of civilization that has thus far been denied to her.

"Thanksgiving without grandmothers is dreary indeed; but the western grandchildren forget them not. The grandmothers in the East, in far-away New England and in the southern land, may rest assured that the hearts of their western grandchildren go out to them as tenderly as if they had known them and been rocked by them in the cradle. It is a kind of desert spot in children's lives not to have seen a grandmother and felt her tender caresses.

Born in Prairie Schooner

"The birthplace of some of those earlier grandchildren was, in the pioneer days of the far West, in the old freight wagons and prairie schooners. On the Oregon, California and Pikes Peak trails, many a baby was born in an old canvas-covered wagon, and all honor to the mothers of the nation, who centuries ago braved the dangers of the almost unknown seas to establish American homes from the New England coast to the Georgia shore. Then over the Alleghenies they came, and then across the Mississippi river. But American women stopped not there. They, too, braved the wilderness of plain and desert, and the storm and dangers of unknown mountain passes. The children whose first sight of the world was from a canvas wagon train, and who are now grown to manhood and womanhood, cannot look back to a mansion or a vine-clad cottage as their birthplace. There is no such sacred home for them to meet in for the happy reunion on Thanksgiving. But they are proud of their birthplace on the fleeting trails of western empire, at a time when brave men were blazing a pathway for new commonwealths to the Pacific, and still more heroic wives went with them. Sometimes their story was a sad one. A grave was dug; a coffin was made from a few pine boards torn from the wagon bed. Her sisters—for at such times all women are sisters—made what preparations they could; mother and child were buried in the same grave, and the caravan moved on. Neither minister nor priest was there; the board, with the name rudely carved thereon, has rotted away, and the drifting sands have long since obliterated what else could have marked the spot.

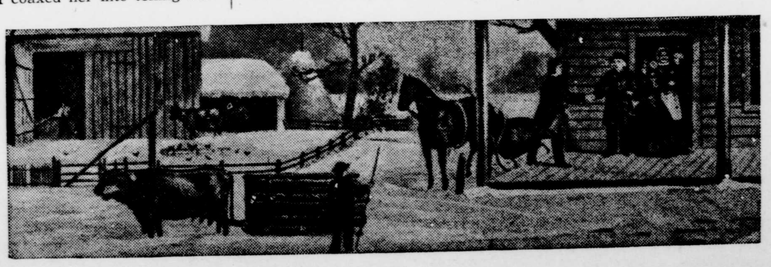
"No wonder, then, children born amid such surroundings have grown up into strong, self-reliant and courageous men and women. Their hearts go out in this Thanksgiving season to the grandmothers of the East and South, to whom they claim kinship. Who among the children of the far West would not love to see one dear and venerable face in the old homestead on Thanksgiving day?"

As so often happens with an article which becomes a "newspaper classic," this Thanksgiving story was not immediately hailed as an outstanding piece of journalistic writing. But during the next few years editors, who had seen it, clipped it and laid it away for future use, began reprinting it around Thanksgiving time. Others, who had not done so, began receiving "please reprint" requests from their readers. So the fame of the article spread.



Thanksgiving on the Plains.

In some cases it was reprinted under the title of "A Land Without Grandmothers" and it is perhaps better known by that name than by its original title.



Perhaps one reason for the popularity of this article was the ring of authenticity in its interpretation of the "mothers of the West." For its author is a descendant of a long line of pioneers who for several generations have followed the frontier westward.

His great-great-grandparents, John and Margaret (Baughman) Ferril, were natives of Virginia who went to Kentucky over the Wilderness road in the days of Daniel Boone. While in camp at the famous Crab Orchard on that road, this party of immigrants, which was under the leadership of Capt. Jacob Baughman, brother of Margaret Ferril, was attacked by Indians. Captain Baughman, John Ferril and several others were killed but a son, John Ferril, then a lad of about fifteen, with his mother and two sisters escaped and reached their destination in the "Dark and Bloody Ground" safely.

Missouri Pioneers

When the younger John Ferril grew up he married the daughter of another pioneer family, Keziah Cook. In 1808 John Ferril and his wife, continuing the family tradition of moving westward, crossed the Mississippi river into the present state of Missouri, then known as Upper Louisiana. During the War of 1812, when the pioneers were in danger of Indian attack, they were among the Boone's Lick settlers who "forted" in the palisaded structure known as Fort Cooper.

John Ferril's son, William Ferril, married Elizabeth Clemens and they also "moved West," this time to Independence, Mo., which in 1822 was taking the place of the earlier town of Franklin as the eastern terminus of the Santa Fe trail. Here William Ferril, who was a minister, preached to a picturesque crew of frontiersmen, fur traders, Indians and teamsters who were engaged in the Santa Fe trade and he often held services under the trees which stood on the present site of Kansas City, Mo.

The next generation, represented by Rev. Thomas J. Ferril and his wife, Minerva (Hornsby) Ferril, were also westward-faring



pioneers—this time to Lawrence, Kan., where they settled in 1854. There Thomas J. Ferril, who was a Methodist preacher, became one of the founders of Baker university and, as an ardent Free Soil advocate, he was marked for death by Quantrill and his Missourians when they made their raid on Lawrence in 1863. However, he was away at a Methodist camp meeting at the time and thus escaped the fate of other citizens of that town.

Will C. Ferril, his son (the author of the Thanksgiving story), was a very small boy at that time. His mother had died a short time previously and he had been placed in charge of the Widow Jones who lived on the Wakarusa river not far from Lawrence. Mr. Ferril remembers vividly the morning of the raid—how a dark cloud, which later proved to be smoke from the burning town, began to darken the sun, how several horsemen galloped past, shouting "Quantrill is burning Lawrence and killing all the men!"; how the Widow Jones and her daughter emptied their house of all its furniture to save it in case the raiders should burn their house; how he was sent to guard the Jones' horses in the timber in a bend of the river.

Saw Ruins of Lawrence

"I felt very uneasy for a time and wondered if Quantrill would kill me if he found me hiding the horses," Mr. Ferril recalls. "But I soon became calm, thinking that I was too small a boy to incur his hatred." He also has a vivid recollection of his visit to Lawrence the next day, seeing the blackened walls of the burned buildings and hearing the people mourning for their dead.

In addition to these members of the Ferril family already mentioned, the author of "A Land Without Grandmothers" had other kinsmen who were intimately associated with historic events in the West. Two of his great-uncles, Jonathan Ferril and Thomas Clemens, Jr., and his uncle, John D. Ferril, later of Humboldt, Calif., were captains of emigrant trains to California in the gold rush days.

Thus his family has been linked with the frontier from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from the Wilderness Trail of 1779 to the Santa Fe Trail and Oregon Trail of 1849.

• • •

Mr. Ferril is connected with another "newspaper classic" also. It is the famous "Eulogy on the Dog" by Senator Vest, uttered during a damage suit over the killing of a dog named "Old Drum." Both of the principals in the case were uncles of Mr. Ferril—the defendant was Leonidas Hornsby, brother of his mother, Minerva Hornsby Ferril, and the plaintiff, and owner of "Old Drum", was Charles Burden who had married Minerva Hornsby Ferril's sister.

Fashion's Triple-Threat



HERE'S something new in the way of triple-threats, Milady: This trio of smart contestants in the thrilling game of Sew-Your-Own! With all three in your wardrobe you'll know stadium style, classroom coquetry, and sorority chic (and when you know these well, Milady, you've come a long way). Best of all, you won't spend a king's ransom nor a "long stretch" in their making, thanks to the economy and simplicity of these modern Sew-Your-Owns!

Sorority Chic.

Sorority chic begins and ends in the boudoirs on the third floor. This highly tasteful smock (above left) is a sorority requirement of the first order. You may choose either the short length to work in or the long length to be lazy in. Both are worth their weight in gold but percale, gingham or silk print will substitute nicely.

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What if your knowledge of bugs or battles, or what have you, is limited? You can count on a certain coquettish smile and a certain smooth-lined frock (above center) to take you through any inquisition. It will put the stamp of approval on your appearance indelibly. Try your version in dull crepe or sheer wool.

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The Patterns.

Pattern 1997 is designed in sizes 14 to 20; 32 to 44 bust. Size 16 requires 3⅝ yards of 35-inch material. In full length 3½ yards (short sleeves).

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There is a sense of satisfaction, a pride in surveying such a work—a work which is rounded, full, exact, complete in all its parts—which the superficial man, who leaves his work in a slovenly, slipshod, half-finished condition, can never know.

It is this conscientious completeness which turns work into art. The smallest thing, be it well done, becomes artistic.—William Matthews.

Smiles

Hit and Run

Pat—What is the idea of 54 B. C. on the mummy?

Mike—Oh, that's the number of the car that knocked him down.

Even a pretty girl may have a sour disposition, says a psychologist. A peach with a lemon flavor?

Modern Miss

"Well, Mary," said the mistress to her new maid, "I hope that you will prove to be an efficient servant."

"If you please, madam," came the reply, "I should prefer to be called a paid guest."



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This is the vitamin that raises the resistance of the mucous membranes of the nose and throat to cold and cough infections.

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LIFE'S LIKE THAT — *By Fred Neher*



"The coach's idea is that they'll all tackle me and one of you go through with the ball."