...ROTHY EDMONDS

The Little Brother Francis of Assisi

Far away in the country of Italy, nestled cozily among the sharp peaks of the Umbrian mountains, is the tiny city of Assisi. It was in this city of Assisi, more than seven hundred years ago, that the Little Brother lived.

His father was a very rich merchant. Francis was his only son and he had many dreams of his growing to manhood and becoming as rich a man as he himself and a yet more powerful one. Francis was dressed in the finest of clothes and had everything for which a boy could wish. He was known as a child of joy, singing from morning till night songs that his mother taught him.

Often, had you lived in Assisi then, you might have seen him at the head of a group of other boys, singing and dancing and parading through the tiny, narrow streets. It was not strange then, that when he grew to be about sixteen and soldiers of enemy countries invaded the streets of Assisi, Francis took his place among the defenders and neither was it strange that one day he was taken prisoner and with others cast into a dark dungeon.

For a whole year he was forced to stay in prison but during all that time, though it was a cold, cheerless place, Francis kept his happy nature and used it to cheer the other prisoners.

At last the year drifted by and Francis was once more free, free to dance and sing with his companions. But alas! His year in the jail had made its mark. Something had happened to him. As he stood on a hilltop looking over his Assisi, his heart did not sing as usual. He seemed to see the city in a new light. In those days there were many, many poor people, many people sick and miserable. Francis had always loved everything beautiful, and misery or unhappiness were to him ugly things from which he would turn away. But now as he stood looking over his city, somehow or other, he could think of little else but the hundreds of miserable people who needed help.

His mother, Madonna Pica, as she was called, found him one day removing from the table all the fruits and good things to eat and packing them together as if he were going on a journey. She watched him and was surprised to see him take them into the street and distribute them here and there to those who were hungry. Madonna Pica was pleased, for she was a very good, kind woman and indeed helped him to pass them around. But his father, Peter Bernadone, was very angry, for he was a selfish man and few in those days thought of beggars as any but people to be left alone.

"I will beat him into forgetting these foolish notions," Peter Bernadone said. And he did! But the more his father struggled against him the more Francis kept by himself and did kindnesses unknown to him. He was afraid of his father and ashamed for being afraid, but he could not seem to help it.

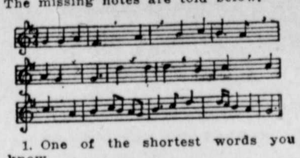
One day he said, "I will not be afraid of my father any longer," and he walked through the streets with his head held high, almost in rags. People in the streets saw him and knowing who he was, that he was a rich man's son, could not understand him and so jeered at him, calling him names, and shouting, "See the little Frenchy! See him—he has gone crazy!" Thus they shouted at him all the way to his home and his father, seeing his son dressed in such a way and hearing the jeers of the crowds, became more angry than ever. He was cruel, beating Francis and locking him in a dungeon. This time, however, Francis was unafraid. He had grown from a boy into a man and he resolved to leave the life his father wished for him entirely, and to devote all his time to making the suffering of the world less.

And so did he become a knight in the service of all mankind, a little brother to all the world.

(Copyright.)

A Musical Blank Puzzle

Here is a song that you all know, The missing notes are told below.



1. One of the shortest words you know.
2. First letter of something you cool yourself with.
3. What farmers say to oxen when they want them to go.
4. The first letter of what you eat.
5. The last letter of what you sleep on.
6. An ocean.
7. What you do when you use your eyes.
8. The first letter of what the lambs say.
9. The sixth letter of the alphabet.

South Se...

By H. LOUIS RAYBOLD

GEORGE ABBOTT was a very much engaged young man. His fiancee, pretty Sarah Makepeace, had her own loving ways of occupying his evenings and his office hours were frequently punctuated by telephone calls arranging to met him for lunch or downtown after work on this errand and that. And because George really loved her and knew in advance what a capable, thrifty little wife she was some day going to be to him, he never thought of protesting that her apron strings were a bit tiring.

Never, that is, until that memorable night when they read aloud to one another a fascinating story of the ever alluring South seas.

When George had kissed Sarah good night three times, he turned slowly homewards. Thoughtfully, too. For the first time it struck him that there were distant lands to be seen, distant seas to be voyaged, distant peoples to be met—that is, by those who were free and had the price.

He neither was free to go, nor had the money, as far as that went. Both he and Sarah, who gave music lessons in between being engaged to him, were saving every possible cent towards a nest egg on which to marry.

When George reached his room, he found slipped under his door a white envelope addressed to himself in handwriting only faintly familiar. Curiously, he opened it, and read the letter that was enclosed.

"My dear nephew"—so read the letter—

"I'm not dead yet nor thinking of dying. But I'm playing the dead aunt to my heirs. That is, I'm giving away now what you'd probably get later, each one of you. Please spend it to gratify some secret wish."

Attached to the inner sheet by a wire clip was a folded check for $2,000.

It is significant that George did not at once telephone the good news. In a way, it made their marriage an immediate possibility and surely one would expect that any engaged young man's secret desire would lie in that direction.

On the contrary, several days went by and still George said nothing to Sarah of the windfall. If he appeared distrait the very next time he saw her, she gave no outward sign of noticing the fact.

To tell the truth, George was an enigma to himself. Here for months he had been longing to marry Sarah and now, at the instance of a silly yarn dealing largely with beating surf and honey-colored moons and dusky maidens, he was yearning to take a little trip all by himself and postpone settling down for a year or two. His unexpected legacy seemed to render legitimate this desire, yet how could he explain to Sarah?

The obvious thing to do would be to get married and then, if he must blow the money in such a way, make the journey in Sarah's company. He loved Sarah, he was insanely jealous if Sarah looked sidewise at anyone else, and yet—how he wanted this last mad fling of irresponsible youth all by himself!

Suddenly he made up his mind to get it over with. He opened his mouth, shut it, cleared his throat and was about to speak when Sarah, laying down her work, leaned forward and regarded him.

"George," she said solemnly, "I've something to tell you. It's hard to say, but—well, I've changed my mind about getting married. I feel—well, before I settle down. I'd like to go ...George, ...ttom of things were ...ing out.

"Yes," nodded Sarah, and into her eyes came a faraway ecstatic expression. "Sometimes I dream of distant lands where the off-shore surf beats on the coral reefs, where honey-colored moons rise out of a velvet ocean, and strong, bronzed men in spotless suits, white helmets and Victoria crosses on their chests—"

"Sarah!" by this time George had risen. Then, with an effort to swallow his indignation, "Just how would you do all this?" he asked.

"Well," said Sarah, "I've nearly a thousand dollars I was saving towards the house and—"

"And you'd use that!"

"Perhaps when I come back," said Sarah gently, "I'll not mind marrying you. But first—oh, I want one last mad fling!" Rising, she threw her slender arms towards the ceiling.

Then she found herself seized and her arms falling, fell on George's shoulders.

"Sarah," he was saying sternly. "Enough of this nonsense! I've just been left $2,000 by an aunt who isn't dead yet and we are going to be married at once. Tell me you do love me!"

So Sarah told him she did love him. What she did not tell him was that any girl knows when her lover has something on his mind and intuition plus some guess work will soon help her discover what it is.

Three weeks later, George's aunt received a letter.

"Dear Aunt:

"Your welcome gift made possible a trip to Niagara falls, a lovely little blue runabout, and first payment on a five-room bungalow."

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(WNU Service.)

Animals and Serpents Objects of Veneration

It is a fact that cows, on account of their supposedly sacred character, are allowed to roam at will in parts of India, but the animals are venerated or respected rather than actually worshiped. Real worship of cattle, however, has existed at other periods of the world's history. It was common among the ancient Egyptians who possessed the cult of the bull Apis. When one representative of Apis died, a new bull was sought and specially educated in sacred matters for four months. Celebration of its birthday was held annually, with sacrifices of white oxen, and it was unlawful for women to go near it. Apis was supposed to have oracular powers, and after death, was mummified. Another animal that has received great respect has been the white elephant, which is believed, in Siam, to carry a dead man's soul. It cannot be purchased, and feasts are held for it and a funeral when it dies. But perhaps the most feared and respected of all is the serpent. At Whydah, in Africa, there is a serpent temple, and these reptiles in many parts of Africa are regarded as incarnations of dead relatives.

To Live Life Over Again

If one could only live one's life over again with the experience that one has gradually acquired! You will say that to yourself, and you will think of everything that you might have done that you did not do and, even more, of everything that you did do that you would not do again. It will seem that you lived blindly and that now light has come to you. But if the omnipotent Lord offered to allow you to live your life over again from childhood with your present personality, I believe that you would reply: "My God, do not take so much trouble to give me all that worry again."—Frederic Paulhan in Nonnelle Revue Francaise, Paris.

...Idea Evolved by Puzzled Boston Cop

At last the absent-minded professor has been topped and by a smart man from New Jersey, or at least, that was the designation on the license plates of the car he stopped alongside of a harassed Boston traffic cop.

"I know it sounds silly," admitted the New Jerseyite, "but I'm stopping at a hotel here in Boston and I've forgotten what the name of it is, and how to get there."

The officer puzzled for a moment and then began to rattle off the names of what hotels he could remember, until finally he mentioned the Copley Plaza.

"That's the one!" exclaimed the Jersey man, "and now will you please tell me how to get there?"

Vainly the officer tried to explain the maze of crooked streets the man must pass through to reach the desired destination, but finally, realizing from the blank look on the man's face that his task was hopeless, said:

"The post office is in the next block. I guess your best bet is to go there, cover yourself with postage stamps and let them deliver you."

Artist's Praise of Tripe

Like many another famous artist, Auguste Rodin gave considerable thought to the amenities of the table, and laid it down that the two finest dishes ever conceived were roast rabbit and boiled tripe, writes a columnist in the Manchester (England) Guardian. He carried his gastronomic taste into his criticism of art, and used his two favorite dishes as standards of perfection. His strongest charge against a colleague's work was that it "had no rabbit."

Of tripe he grew almost lyrical. "Does it not look like the stones of an old cathedral?" he once demanded of a guest. "This tripe, with its warm tones, its crinkles, its crevices, makes me think of the cathedral of Beauvais."

Coconuts From Sea

The white man's first knowledge of the coconuts came from the sea. Early explorers, long before the discovery of America, reported finding coconuts in the ocean hundreds of miles from the nearest land. Later, on South Sea islands, they found the stately palms that dropped the coconuts into the water.

In many tropical countries the coconut palm is the "family cow" of the natives, furnishing healthful meat and drink.

Although spelled similarly, coconut and cocoa are entirely different. The coconut is the fruit of the coconut palm; cocoa beans come from the pods of the cacao, or chocolate tree.

Pint Was Once a "Paint"

It is only of comparatively recent times that a foot or a yard or a quart or some other measure has become standard. People of today think of them only in constant terms, yet it was not always thus. The "foot" of today was once that of the king's or some officer appointed by him. The "yard" comes from an old word meaning a rod or a stick. The "pound" meant originally a pendant. These may first have been carried around the king's girdle or that of his officer. The "gallon" was a large bowl. The "quart" means a fourth part of something, and the "pint" is really "paint" and is probably a reference to a painted mark made on the larger bowl or tankard.

"END" CHAIR

Teacher: Give an example of period furniture.

Starohope: Well, I should say an electric chair, beacuse it ends a sentence.

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