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DR. MILES' NERVINE Liquid

Unusual Intelligence

By RUBY DOUGLAS

(© by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.) (WNU Service)

"WANTED—A young woman of unusual intelligence to sell books in a tavern book stall."

Barbara Marquis read the advertisement over and over, her temperature rising with each reading. She had been lying on the reed chaise longue in her own room reading a weekly literary journal that she always enjoyed. Suddenly she arose and went to the mirror on the wall.

"I wonder if I might call myself of 'unusual intelligence'?" she asked herself, studying her own face critically.

Barbara had always wanted to handle books in some capacity. They had had a fascination for her ever since the days when she used to go into her father's untidy study and sit on the floor to look at the books he never had time to put away nor space to shelve. She wrote a little, but not books. Her forte lay in short articles, bits that could be finished while she was in one mood. If she had attempted to write a novel, everyone would have said it was not written by the same person all the way through.

And now, into her very lap, had dropped the idea. She picked up the paper again and decided that it was Fate whispering in her ear.

"I shall apply tonight," she declared. "I always have more personality after noon. I believe I must be noctural. And the tavern is sure to be candle lit—my favorite atmosphere."

She had a small runabout that she had named "Asthma," and as the diminutive car wheezed its way to the front of the tavern, whose proprietors sought a young woman of "unusual intelligence," Barbara began to feel a trifle nervous about her venture. However, it was too late to turn back, and she parked Asthma underneath a linden tree and entered.

Business evidently was not flourishing. A few moldy-looking persons sat in stalls here and there eating and smoking and chatting, or trying to read in the flickering candle light. But Barbara liked the place the moment she put her foot over the threshold, and it mattered not to her that business was dull.

A prepossessing man of middle age approached her. He looked as if he might have been an actor—once.

"I came to see if perhaps I might qualify for the position you advertise in the Literary Review," Barbara began.

"Oh—a—yes, Won't you sit down?" Together they sought one of the dark wooden tables in a stall and each sat on a bench. The man moved the brass candlestick so that the light would show him the young applicant's face.

"You think you could sell books?" asked the man.

Barbara liked his rich, mellow voice. It was a cultured voice. "I feel sure that I should love to sell them—here," she said simply.

"Why, here?" queried the man.

"I like the atmosphere."

"It isn't exciting. There is no jazz, no obvious merriment," he insisted.

"I understand. It seems to be a place patterned after the old English taverns of Pickwickian days," the girl said. "It is just the sort of place I think we in this country are beginning to need. I—I think if you can hold out, financially—she had guessed that it might be a problem—"until the better sort of people here on the North Shore begin to know about you, you will have a great success. Even in winter, with a big crackling log fire in that great stone fireplace and tables and comfortable chairs all about and an atmosphere of leisure, I believe both the tavern and the book department would pay. All these shelves should be well filled and books should be intelligently shown."

"What kind fairy sent you to me today?" asked the man.

Barbara laughed. "Perhaps the ghost of my dad, who loved books from every angle."

"You can help me buy the books as well as sell them." The man was growing enthusiastic. "Will you—would you come for a small competence—to begin with?"

"I'd love to. I'm not completely dependent, but I want to do something congenial."

Later, over a cup of coffee brought to them by a quiet-looking young woman, who looked as if she, too, had stepped out of Dickensonian days, Barbara and the struggling proprietor of the tavern book stall had struck a bargain.

"I feel sure it has been a day that will always be marked high on my calendar," said Barbara, as she cranked Asthma.

"I'm hoping you won't be disappointed. But I, too, feel that it has been a golden day."

Barbara began her work the following week, and the more she delved into the business of making a success of the book stall and the tavern, the more she realized what was coming over her. She was becoming hopelessly in love with the quiet man with whom she associated, and—well, it was all very wonderful.

"I have put August 4 on my calendar as the most important day of my life," said John Morley. "Do you want to guess why?"

Barbara shook her head.

"I'll tell you when the fire has burned down to embers, and you must let me take you home—tonight."

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Says Maya Civilization Choked Itself to Death

A new explanation of why the great Maya civilization of Central America, undoubtedly the highest of prehistoric America, suddenly faded and vanished without any obvious reason was suggested to the Washington Academy of Sciences by Dr. C. Wythe Cooke of the United States geological survey, the Literary Digest reports. Says Dr. E. E. Free, in his Week's Science (New York):

"The Maya civilization choked itself to death, Doctor Cooke believes, with mud washed from its own hillside corn patches. The former Maya country is marked today, Doctor Cooke reports, by many small, flat plains of sticky clay soil, almost impassable in wet weather. Each of these plains, he believes, once was a small lake, these lakes being connected by streams or by short portages forming a system of water highways as the lakes of North America once did for the canoes of the Indians. The Maya cities, he believes, were built near these lake highways, and maintained by this easy form of transportation. On nearby hillsides, the theory continues, the Maya farmers grew the corn, which was their chief food. In so doing they cut or burned the natural hillside vegetation. The result was that every violent rainstorm washed a part of the hillside soil down into the lakes. Slowly the lakes filled up and the hillsides grew bare. The filling of the lakes blocked the waterways, while erosion of the hillside soils ruined the farms and lowered the nation's supply of food. Finally, Doctor Cooke believes, the entire Maya nation was forced by poverty and famine to migrate to new homes in Yucatan, which is what the historical and other records show that they did."

Witch-Hazel Not Alone Useful as Divining Rod

The witch-hazel derives its name from the magic powers attributed to the slender branches of this small tree or shrub. Many believe that a small branch of the witch-hazel if held lightly while being carried along over the ground will turn toward the earth at a spot where water or gold may be found by digging. It is this divining rod characteristic which has brought it fame.

The witch-hazel, however, has some real value to mankind, for from its bark comes a medicant used in liniments for external application. The bark and leaves, which are similar to the leaves of the ordinary hazel, are a source of tannen, which is used in preparation of leather.

The tree is usually found in damp forests where its scrubby growth is stimulated. It is a two-year tree so far as bringing its flowers into bearing, for the clusters of yellow flowers which appear in the fall do not develop into seed until the following spring.

Crown Is Not Old

At every opening of the British parliament the king's crown is brought from the tower of London to the throne room in St. James' palace for the occasion, says the Montreal Family Herald. For this journey it has an escort of yeomen of the guard, and when it is next conveyed to the robing room at Westminster, it is escorted by the household cavalry. It is generally supposed that the imperial state crown of England is one which has been handed down a long line of kings. In fact it was made in 1838, principally of jewels taken from old crowns. It contains a large ruby and a large sapphire, 16 smaller sapphires and four smaller rubies, 11 emeralds, more than 1,000 brilliant and rose diamonds, 147 table diamonds, four drop-shaped pearls and 273 pearls.

Resourceful Prophet

The identity of the present "Old Moore" of almanack fame is carefully hidden, but "I am informed," writes Peter Simple, in the Morning Post, "that the tombstone of the original 'Old Moore' is to be seen on the side of the south porch of St. Mary's parish church, Bexley, Kent." The story goes that "Old Moore" was a resident of that village who made a practice of foretelling some important event for each month of the following year. On one occasion he was in difficulty to prophesy anything for the following July, so he wrote that snow would fall that month—which it did—after that, his reputation as a seer was made.

The Oldest Habitation

More of the early history of man has been learned in the past 75 years than in all the centuries preceding, and all parts of the world are now being searched by anthropologists for traces of early man.

The oldest house in the world is a cave near Castile, Spain, according to Dr. F. W. Blackmar, of the University of Kansas. Remains of 13 different races that lived in this cave as far back as 100,000 years ago have been found.

A Big at the Digger

Mercenary May, the many times divorced film star, was entering the marital state once again. She decided to mention the fact to her director.

"Of course, you will understand that this time I'm marrying for love and nothing else," she volunteered.

The director smiled knowingly.

"How romantic!" he said. "So at last you have decided to go off the gold standard."

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Balanced Farming Would Help Farmers, Says Chicago Banker

Melvin A. Traylor Would Make Modern Farm More Self-Contained

Speaks From Own Experience

Speaking before the International Chamber of Commerce at Washington, Melvin A. Traylor, President of the First National Bank of Chicago, said in part:


Melvin Traylor

Like all of us, in every line of activity, the farmer was deceived by high values in the time of his prosperity. In a well-intentioned, but what now seems at least an unfortunate venture, the Government provided abundant credit facilities for the farmer's use. These facilities were supplemented by other large and liberal lending agencies which, likewise, were misled by land values. The result was that millions of farmers assumed obligations out of all proportion to any possible normal farm income.

All of us interested in farm activity and farm finance must assume our share of responsibility for this situation. We are learning our lesson and will have to take our medicine with the farmer himself. For this mistake, time and hard work seem to be the only remedy. Certainly, more credit will not solve the problem.

Agricultural Industry Relief

I wish I possessed some prophetic vision that I might suggest an easy way by which the agricultural industry could be relieved of its distress and started on a course of well-being and profit. God has not given me that power, but I think there is at least a partial remedy which the farmer himself can apply. That remedy will start him on the only course which, experience and observation convince me, any of us can hopefully anticipate: the making of a comfortable livelihood.

When we find that on approximately 20 per cent of the farms in the United States there is not a milch cow nor a chicken, and that on more than 30 per cent there is not a hog, and on approximately 90 per cent not a sheep; when we know, further, that on many farms in our large agricultural states, no gardens are kept and almost every article of food is purchased at the store, we are forced to the conclusion that the farmer, by and large, is not farming as he should. I know that there are certain sections where some, or all, of these means of increasing farm income cannot be applied, but, so far as possible, every farmer should produce his own milk and dairy products, his own meat, and his own poultry, raise his own garden truck, and can the fruit and vegetables he requires for winter use.

Pigs and Chickens Help

Until he obtains from his farm every item for personal consumption which it is humanly possible for him to produce, he has not done his job properly. Pigs and chickens and cows are worth more to the individual farmer than all the government relief programs that may possibly be conceived.

Once the farmer lives at home, then I believe that whatever kind of money crop he may produce, whether it be large or small, the price high or low, his major difficulty will be solved and his margin of income for the necessities and luxuries he so much deserves will be greatly increased.

There is no romance about farming. If it is successfully done, I know it means hard work day in and day out. But so does any other business successfully performed. I know the privations of farm life. They are much less now than they were thirty years ago. I should like to see every farm home equipped with the modern conveniences of urban life. I sould like to see every farmer with an automobile, a radio, and all other modern inventions which have contributed so much to social welfare.

No one is more entitled to these advantages than the farmer; but the farmer, like everyone else, should have them only when he can pay for them. The income for such purposes will be largely determined by the extent to which the farmer exhausts every possible means of supplying his necessities from the farm itself.

hTe way out for the farmer is not an easy one. Neither is the course smooth for industry, finance or government, and the problem in one sphere is little less difficult than in any other.

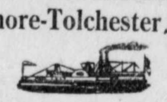
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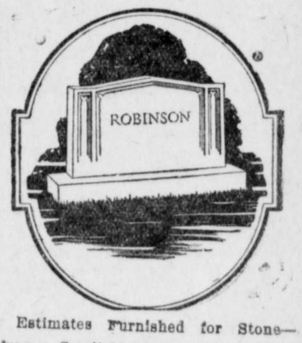
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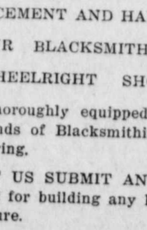

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