Outdoor Restaurants

One of the most interesting sights to be seen on the streets of Chinese cities is an outdoor restaurant. On a wooden bench the restaurateur places a small charcoal stove, a wooden bowl full of noodles and bean curds, chopsticks, a frying pan full of bean sprouts, and little dishes holding spices, red pepper, bean oil and syrup. Then he waits for customers. For a fraction of a cent the passer-by may obtain a quick lunch. The noodles or bean curds may be dipped in as many of the dishes of spice or syrup as the patron likes.

Voice of Experience

Experience tells us that each man most keenly and unerringly detects in others the vice with which he is most familiar himself.—F. W. Robertson.

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what Irvin S. Cobb thinks about:

Saluting the President

SANTA MONICA, CALIF.—Top of the morning to you, Mr. President Elect! Many happy returns! But you've already seen the happy returns, haven't you?

We've been behind you right along. At times, some of us may have been so far behind you we couldn't seem to see you, at all. But why bring that up now?

Irvin S. Cobb

As for those who voted the opposition ticket—well, Americans may be greedy to win, but they're sporty losers. Besides, it'll soon be hard to find anybody who was against you. Among the multitude, the patriot who actually opposed you — except maybe in a whimsical spirit — will be as lonesome as an honest bone in the average beauty-contest promoter's body.

• • •

Hurrying to Get Nowhere

WHEN I see a motormaniac burning up the road and feel confident that, ninety-nine times out of a hundred, there's no earthly need for his hurry, I think of a Japanese gentleman who visited a typical New York go-getter.

They started downtown. The guide hurried his guest aboard a subway local, yanked him off at Times Square, jammed him on a packed express, pulled him out of the express further down and violently inserted him into another overflowing local. When they emerged at a way-station, the Japanese was badly bruised, rumpled and trampled.

He limped to his host's office, where they sat down with practically nothing to do except relax. So he asked why they'd changed cars so often when the original train would have brought them along.

"Oh," said the New Yorker, "doing that, we save six minutes."

The oriental sucked in his breath politely and did some pondering. "And what," he murmured then, —"what were you going to do with the six minutes?"

• • •

Cobb's Pet Annoyances

SOMEBODY writes in, demanding to know what my pet loathings are. Well, let's see:

Is it the fellow who, having heard every blamed word you said, waits until you're all through and then says, "What?"

Or the barber who, having finished the job, grabs up a towel and dabbies you with ninety hundred and seventy-four separate and distinct dabs?

Or the orator who says "one last word" and buries that last word under about five thousand other words?

Or the solicitor who begins by asking for just a minute and hangs on until you begin to figure the present Christian era must be approaching its close?

• • •

Stage and Stock Market

IT'S curious that two of the most fascinating and envied professions —financiering and acting—do not necessarily call for intelligence. Not that there aren't brilliant persons a-plenty engaged in both lines.

But the mimetic quality, the knack of rendering other people's lines, perhaps without ever understanding them, may be but a sublimated emotional instinct, just as sometimes the ability to make great gobs of money has nothing to do with brains, or rather brains have nothing to do with it. A certain man can smell out a hidden dollar exactly as a rat terrier sniffs behind the wainscoting the rat which another dog would pass unnoticed.

IRVIN S. COBB.

WNU Service.

Why we have Thanksgiving Turkey

THREE times a year, at Thanksgiving, Christmas and New Year's, the people of the United States advance upon a certain huge golden bronze fowl, cut its throat, strip it of its plumage and convert it into a savory dish which fairly makes the old table groan under the extra burden. Since we have raised this bird into a national significance which parallels to an almost equal degree that of the eagle, symbol of the government itself, it has a special interest to all Americans. Although many folks may still be "as poor as Job's turkey," says a writer in Pathfinder Magazine, they somehow manage and contrive to have turkey for Thanksgiving, whether they can or cannot afford it.

In years gone by those families who could not afford turkey turned to chicken, duck, beef, rabbit, or even pork and were glad to get it.

But now let's get back to the question of why we have or try to have or would like to have or imagine we would like to have turkey for Thanksgiving dinner. The answer of course is that the turkey is strictly an American bird and serving it at feasts of thanksgiving is an old and ancient American

The Turkey Is Regarded as an American Bird.

custom. Some authorities will tell you that we eat turkey on Thanksgiving day because after the first harvest in the fall of 1621 the Pilgrim Fathers at Plymouth set aside a period for feasting and offering thanks. To provide food for this feast hunters were sent out by Governor Bradford and they returned with a large supply of game. Hospitality was extended to the Indians, 91 of whom attended the festival which lasted for three days. Conspicuous among the game on the tables were numerous wild turkeys, then common in the woods of Massachusetts. From this circumstance, they say, arose the popular association of these birds with thanksgiving days.

This of course is the true origin of the custom so far as white man has been concerned with it. But the origin of turkey feasts goes back much further. The millions of families who plan on enjoying hearty Thanksgiving turkey dinners this year will in reality be observing a custom that prevailed ages before the Pilgrims first gathered around their festive board in New England. Smithsonian institution records now bridge the years that veil the aboriginal civilizations and show that the Indians of the Southwest domesticated turkeys and fattened them for their ceremonial feasts. While the Pilgrim Fathers, grateful for good harvests and a year of prosperity in the New World decided on a day of thanksgiving to be celebrated at a banquet of roast turkey, really gave posterity the spirit of thanksgiving, the practice of such feasts had been established long before by the cliff dwellers who actually got their birds from a pen as we do today and not from a thicket as the Pilgrims did.

According to Smithsonian records the turkey of the aboriginal Indians more nearly approximated the Thanksgiving turkey of today than the scrawny wild fowl felled by the blunderbuss of the Pilgrim huntsman. Most of our domesticated varieties of turkeys today are really descended from the Mexican wild turkey that ranged over Arizona, western New Mexico and southern Colorado — virtually the dooryard of earliest American civilization. The Pilgrim turkey was merely the wild variety of the same bird which

When the Festive Bird Goes Into the Oven.

roamed the eastern part of the United States.

Just as the turkey was exclusively an American bird in the time of the aboriginal Indians, so it is today. No fowl from any foreign country approximates it. In fact, wherever turkeys are raised today, and they have been introduced to many foreign countries, the ancestral stock came from America. And so far as is known turkeys are never imported to this country. Contrary to popular opinion the turkey did not get its name from Turkey (the country of that name). The first turkeys taken from the New World (America) and sold in Spain were handled largely by Hebrew merchants. Since the turkey was frequently confused with the peacock it was quite natural that the Hebrew trades should apply to it their name for the peacock, or "tukki." More or less common use of this name followed, which easily became in English our present name "turkey."

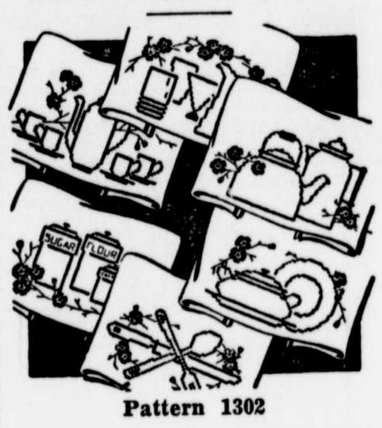
Ghost of William Tell Walks in a Swiss Town

The ghost of William Tell walks in Altdorf, a town of approximately 4,200 inhabitants near the southern end of Lake Lucerne, in Switzerland, notes a correspondent in the Detroit Free Press. It is surrounded by lofty, snow - capped mountains. On the slope behind the town the Bannwald (banned forest), mentioned in Schiller's play, serves as a protection against avalanches.

Altdorf is famous as the place in which the great marksman, having incurred the ire of the tyrannical Austrian bailiff Gessler, was commanded to demonstrate his skill by shooting an apple from the head of his young son. In the open square a colossal bronze statue of Tell commemorates his intrepid deed.

Questioned about a second arrow in his quiver, Tell is said to have remarked that it was intended for the bailiff's heart had the first arrow harmed his son. He was promptly seized and was to have been taken by boat across Lake Lucerene to a prison in Kussnacht. Tell escaped on the way.

Simple Cross Stitch Towels Quickly Done


Pattern 1302

You'll enjoy doing these—they go so fast! You'll enjoy owning them—they're so effective! The simple cross stitch dishes contrast so well with the dainty flowers. Any bride-to-be would be delighted with a set of these—they'd certainly make an effective Fair donation. Lose no time, for you'll want to make a number of sets. Pattern 1302 contains a transfer pattern of six motifs averaging 4½ by 8 inches; illustration of all stitches needed; color suggestions; material requirements.

Send 15 cents in stamps or coins (coins preferred) for this pattern to The Sewing Circle Needlecraft Dept., 82 Eighth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Write plainly pattern number, your name and address.

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