OUR COMIC SECTION

Snoopie

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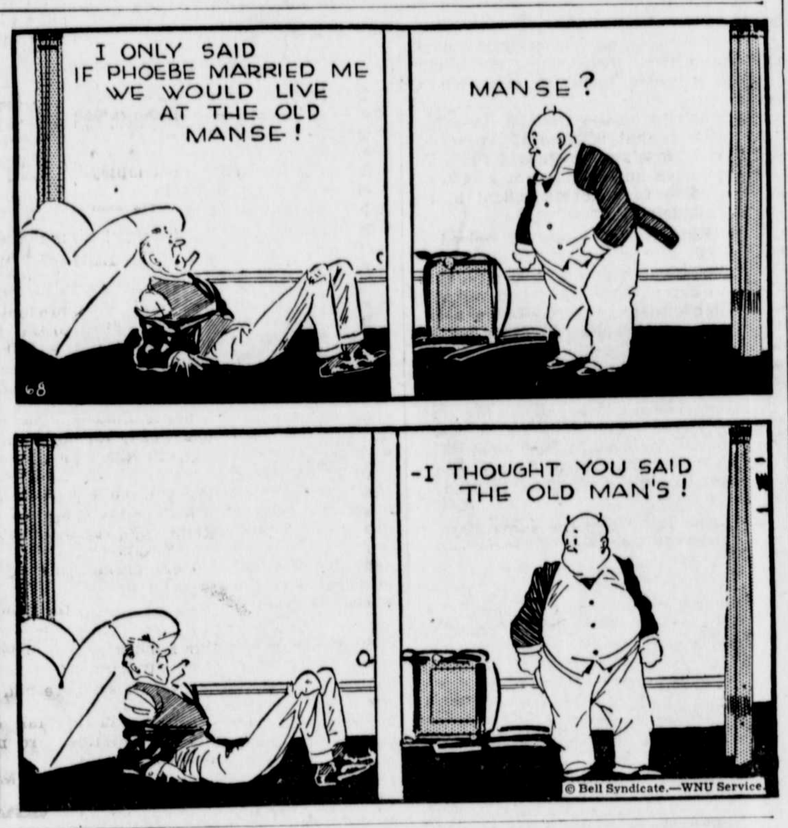
POP

By J. Millar Watt



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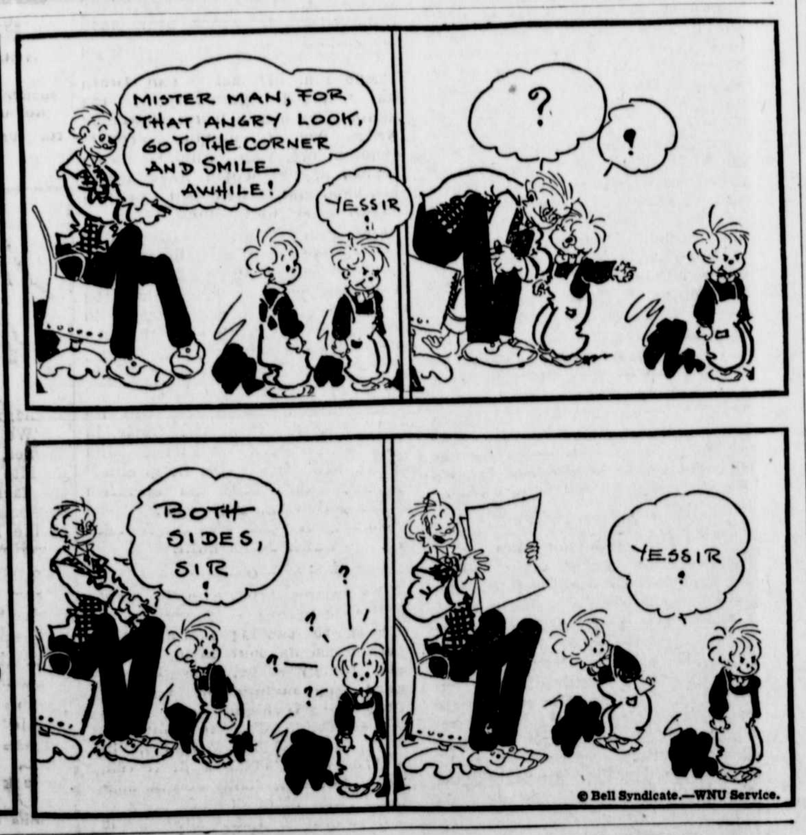
S'MATTER POP

By C. M. Payne



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STOP AND GO

"Why are summer days so much longer than those of winter?"
"Heat expansion, I guess."

Too Precious

A minister was called out late one night to visit a man who was very ill. After he had done what he could for the man, who was at death's door, he asked the relatives why he was fetched.

"I don't think I know you," said the minister. "Haven't you a minister of your own?"

"Yes," was the reply, "but we couldn't risk him with typhoid."—Stray Stories Magazine.

HOME WORK

"I suppose you're master in your home, Tom?"
"Well—er—paymaster, let's say."

PASSING JUDGMENT

. . . on others can often get us into "hot water" when we do not know all the circumstances.

By WINIFRED WILLARD

MAN, orange and bunch of boys on the lower East Side of New York. The man tossed the orange to see the boys scramble for it. One chap, about 10, fought like a young tiger, tooth and nail, eyes flashing, face grim, fists hitting furiously—all for an orange. The man who had tossed it told his wife at home: "I saw the meanest boy in the world this morning. Didn't care for anybody or anything except to hog an orange himself."

Business took that man later the same day to a pitifully poor room. On a cot in the corner a little girl's cheeks flamed with fever and her body was wasted with suffering. The door flew open. In bolted that little chap, the "meanest boy in the world." Breathless with running, he tiptoed up to his sister's bed and whispered excitedly, "Here's an orange I brung ye, Sis; fought for it 'cause I thought ye'd like it." How her eyes sparkled! Tiny hands reached eagerly for it. Parched little lips craved the refreshment it offered.

The man went home, sat long slumped in his chair. Then he called his wife and with shame and regret struggling in his voice blurted out: "You've married the meanest man that ever lived. That little shaver I told you about, the one I said was the meanest boy in the world, fought for my orange to take to his sick sister and I'm lookin' for somebody to kick me round the block!" He didn't know the whole story before he sat in judgment; that's all.

Flimsy Evidence

A big bishop spoke rather caustically and disparagingly about a woman in public life who traveled the nation and who had an exceptional salary. "Why doesn't she wear better clothes?" he asked, "same old things season in and out; that hat certainly's been on the road winter and summer two solid years." It had. She knew it better than the bishop. But he just didn't know that her money was spent instead for nurses and comforts for her sick father whom she adored. What did a new hat matter if father needed what the cost of a hat could provide? Just judging on flimsy evidence!

For months two people dodged each other. Each knew the other was haughty, unapproachable, cold and undesirable. Finally they met. Didn't want to; tried to avoid it and couldn't. Almost at once barriers began to fall. From the dislike of misunderstanding, they got proper appraisals of each other; to their surprised satisfaction, each began to enjoy, then to admire the other. For the first time they saw behind the scenes and found only what was good. Nearly always so!

Case of the Railroad Man

It seemed strange that the man who lived in Washington breakfasted ungodly early, walked four long blocks, took a street car across city, then rode the tiresome train every day to his Baltimore office. We could all have told him how much shorter, simpler and more sensible for him to step into the bus in front of his house and out at his office; most anybody would know enough to do it this easier, quicker way. Then we learned that he is of the railroad staff and it is his professional responsibility to take the train. Buses weren't his line. Trains were! We sat in judgment without knowing what we were talking about.

So easy to turn our imaginations loose on any pretext or person; so easy to see what isn't there; to misunderstand and misinterpret; to see the little lad fighting for an orange for his sick sister as "meanest boy in the world"; so easy to be critical instead of kind; to tangle human threads that need straightening, not snarling, and thus to spoil many a lovely pattern of life.

A world of saving wisdom abides in the old philosophy that reveals "there's so much good in the worst of us and so much bad in the best of us that it scarcely behooves any of us to say things against the rest of us." Just another way of suggesting that it's better all around to "judge not." It keeps things from boomeranging on us!

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Palms in Coat of Arms

The palm is in the coat of arms of South Carolina. Legends have it that the Virgin Mary commanded the palm to bend its leaves over Christ during the trip into Egypt. Palms were known to have supplied tribes not only with food, but also oil, fuel and shelter. One of the superstitions pertaining to palms, notes a writer in the Rural New-Yorker, is that if one would make a cross of leaves he would be free from injury during a heavy storm. People in some sections of the country believe that it will drive mice away from granaries; that if leaves are eaten it will cure fever, or that if a palm leaf is put behind the picture of Virgin Mary on Easter morning it will drive away all animals without bones.

WHO'S NEWS THIS WEEK

By LEMUEL F. PARTON

NEW YORK.—Miss Louise A. Boyd, wandering far from sunny San Rafael in California, pushes farther up the East Greenland coast than any American ever went before. She was a comely woman of 30, skilled in the rubric of serving tea and all the niceties of Victorian etiquette before she shoved into the ice pack and began pot-shooting polar bears—nine in one day. She might have felt like the late William James who, free from a long stretch at a Wisconsin chautauqua, asked passersby if they could direct him to a nice Armenian massacre.

Venturesome Louise Boyd Modest Soul

For the last 12 years she has been equipping stout little Norwegian sealers for her Arctic expeditions. She has trained herself in scientific observations and her findings are published under scientific auspices. She holds decorations from two foreign governments and the American Geographical society has published two of her books. She surveyed a stretch of the Greenland coast, previously uncharted, and for this the Danish government named the area Miss Boyd Land. She has ventured farther north than any other white woman.

She dislikes publicity and has little of the histrionic sense common to explorers. So far as the reporters are concerned, she might just as well make an expedition to Flatbush. At great labor and expense it has been ascertained, however, that she takes a nice wardrobe north with her and that she always powders her nose before going on deck. She probably was trapped into these indiscreet admissions as she has made it clear that all this is nobody's business.

Weaving through ice packs on an Atlantic voyage gave her her big idea. One of her chief interests on her northern voyages is photography. She is the daughter of John Boyd, wealthy Californian. The old manse at San Rafael, which this writer has seen on occasion, is a citadel of decorum, from which, it would seem, none would ever wander, so far and so dangerously.

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THOSE who liked Thomas Mann's "The Coming of Democracy," will find in Dr. Cyrus Adler, who celebrated his seventy-fifth birthday just the other day, a living statement of Herr Mann's theme. A scholar and humanist, he has given his life to an exemplification of democracy as an ethical and cultural aspiration and not a political formula—which is Thomas Mann's impassioned thesis. This writer thought of that when he read the book, and spotted up Doctor Adler's birthday in the future book for attention here.

Dr. C. Adler Embodiment of Mann's Theme

He is the only president of two colleges, Dropsie college of Philadelphia and the Jewish Theological Seminary of New York. A fellow of Johns Hopkins university, where he obtained his doctorate, he taught at the University of Baltimore. He has been a stanch defender of science and the humanities against bigotry and insularity through the more than half-century of his teaching, writing and speaking.

At his retreat at Woods Hole, Mass., he is still creative, alert and vigorous. He is saluted here as the proprietor of one of our most important birthdays.

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DR. GEORGE D. BIRKHOFF, professor of mathematics at Harvard, seems to be the first to note the competition in the academic world from the influx of superintellectual refugees from Europe. As the doctor sees it, mathematicians won't be worth a dime a dozen if these highly gifted men keep on coming. However, his observations indicate no narrow insularity on his part. He is all for the enrichment of our intellectual life, but notes that somebody may have to ride on the running board with all this overcrowding.

Prof. Birkhoff Warns of Influx Of Intellectuals

When Einstein began batting his hot relativity grounders this way, Doctor Birkhoff was one of the few men in America who could field them. He is a prolific writer in the overlapping zone of mathematics and philosophy, one of the most heavily garlanded men in the scholastic world, a distinguished Catholic layman holding high papal honors for scholarship. He is a native of Michigan, educated at the University of Chicago and Harvard.

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HOUSEHOLD QUESTIONS

Brighten the Window Sill.—Small paper doilies placed under porcelain plant pots keeps the window sills clean and helps to prevent marks on the paint.

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Frosting Windows.—An inexpensive way of frosting the cellar windows to insure more privacy is to dissolve one-half pound of epsom salts in two pints of water and paint over the inside of the window with this liquid.

• • •

When Washing Silk Stockings.—Slip on a pair of rubber gloves when washing stockings. There will then be no danger of catching the silk and causing a ladder.

• • •

Lengthen Life of Towels.—Machine a piece of tape along each side of your roller towels before you use them.

• • •

Washing Woodenware.—Wooden kitchen utensils should be washed in warm water to which just a small quantity of soap or soap flakes has been added. Dry thoroughly as soon as they are washed. If allowed to soak or left to stand about while wet the wood will become discolored.

• • •

Testing a Pillow.—One test of a good pillow is to press it in the center; the more quickly and fully the pillow comes back to its original shape and size, the better are the feathers.

• • •

Hand Powder.—Hot hands can be refreshed with a powder made of two parts talcum powder mixed with one part borax.

New Farm Program

Radio promotion of Goodyear products for farm use began September 26 over a huge Blue network of 48 broadcasting stations of the National Broadcasting company. Fifteen-minute daily sectional programs will be broadcast each Monday to Friday, inclusive, from 1:15 to 1:30 p. m. eastern standard time, 12:15 to 12:30 p. m. central standard time and 11:15 to 11:30 a. m. mountain standard time to farmers living between the Atlantic ocean and the Rocky mountains, and from Texas to Canada.

The new Goodyear broadcasts will supplement the National Farm and Home Hour, which for ten years has given American farmers up-to-the-minute news and expert counsel on rural problems. The new broadcast immediately follows the Farm and Home Hour program.

Information of vital local importance, including weather forecasts, shipping advice, commodity prices, sectional crop conditions and other such items will be featured in these regional broadcasts. Complete regional offices, competently staffed, and equipped to gather and make available the necessary regional news and information, will be set up and maintained. These will be in charge of farm experts who also will direct the program and see that they are keyed to local needs.—Adv.

CONSTIPATED?
Don't Let Gas, Nerve Pressure Keep You Miserable

When you are constipated two things happen. FIRST: Accumulated wastes swell up the bowels and press on nerves in the digestive tract. This nerve pressure causes headaches, a dull, lazy feeling, bilious spells, loss of appetite, and dizziness. SECOND: Partly digested food starts to decay forming GAS, bringing on sour stomach, acid indigestion, and heartburn, bloating you up until you sometimes gasp for breath. Then you can't eat. You can't sleep. Your stomach is sour. You feel tired out, grouchy, and miserable. Adlerika gives you the DOUBLE ACTION you need. This efficient carminative cathartic relieves that awful GAS almost at once. It usually clears the bowels in less than two hours. No waiting for overnight relief.
Sold at all drug stores

Truth Shows

Do the truth ye know, and you shall learn the truth you need to know.—G. Macdonald.

"Black Leaf 40" KILLS LICE
OUR "Cap-Brush" Applicator makes "BLACK LEAF 40" GO MUCH FARTHER
JUST A DASH IN FEATHERS.. OR SPREAD ON ROOSTS

HELP YOUR KIDNEYS
For 25c Coin or Stamps I will mail you a recipe to prepare a simple tea at home from a vegetable rich in iron and potash at a cost of less than one cent per day that is giving relief to a multitude of sufferers.
John Alden Standish, Monrovia, Calif.

ADVERTISING
Is as essential to business as is rain to growing crops. It is the keystone in the arch of successful merchandising. Let us show you how to apply it to your business.
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