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THE STATE'S OLDEST NEWSPAPER
(Established 1873)

YOUR DAILY GRIND

The older you get, the more you realize the extreme slowness with which we humans accomplish anything of importance. Life is a process of grinding the ax for two hours to do 10 minutes of actual wood chopping.

Mother is the champion slave of the limits of time. She works nearly a whole day, preparing a Sunday dinner that disappears down the throat in a few minutes. It takes an hour to scrub Bobbie and get him ready for exhibition. He seeks the nearest mud-puddle and undoes the job quicker than it takes to tell it.

"The daily grind" is tedious preparation for climaxes that are brief. In civilization we have to toil all day, in order to have a few hours of leisure. Two weeks' vacation, 50 weeks of work.

Voltaire knew what he was talking about when he wrote: "Time is of all things the longest and the shortest, the quickest and the slowest."

The great period of time necessary to accomplish anything was illustrated in England long ago, when coffee was introduced to that country as a beverage.

The first coffee sold in England was put on the market in 1652 by Pasqua Rosee, merchant, in St. Michael's Alley, Cornhill.

For 20 years a campaign of great violence was conducted against coffee. English public affairs lunatics were so convinced that coffee ruined the health and corrupted manners, morals and politics, that at times the authorities had to drift with the current and suppress its sale.

In "The Women's Petition Against Coffee," circulated in 1674, the belief was set forth that coffee drinkers would breed a race of "apes and pygmies."

English coffee merchants had to plug for 50 years to create their market. How many modern American business men would have that much patience?

Growing the crop takes a long time. The harvest is short. That is the way with nearly every human life.

Fate is a jester. Usually there isn't any harvest to speak of. Decidedly is this so in the case of the man who, desiring to enjoy great wealth, wears himself out in accumulating it and wakes up at the grave's edge to find that he has the gold, but is too old to enjoy it.

We are forever planning what we are going to do tomorrow or next Christmas or a year from now. Many of us live too much in a future that never comes. The future is mostly an illusion.

COSTLY

Walter F. Koken, representing barbers' supply companies, says he is swamped with telegrams from barbers protesting against high tariff duties on the tools they use.

The proposed duties range from 105 to 450 per cent. For instance, a $1 razor might pay a duty of $4.50. Some of the barbers claim such duties are prohibitive instead of protective.

When it costs us five times as much to make a thing as it can be bought for abroad, it might be a good idea to think about sticking to the things for which we are fitted by economics. A common sense "happy medium" has to be struck somewhere.

FOUND

Gold nuggets, worth as much as $40 apiece, are found on the Dr. Harrison farm near Canton, Ill.

Great excitement in the neighborhood. It proves to be a false alarm. The nuggets, geologists say, were carried down from the far north by glaciers during the ice age.

Diamonds, also brought by glaciers, occasionally are found in America. When the "mother lode," from which they came, is found in Canada one of these days, the Kimberley and Yukon rushes may repeat. Meantime, the farms of Illinois are of more actual value than all the gold and diamonds ever discovered.

TROUBLE

Horse doctors are growing scarcer, being driven out by autos, reports County Clerk Donegan, of New York City.

The garage mechanic is the modern veterinary. At times, each man has to be his own.

Having tinkered with an obstinate engine, you will agree that the auto is subject to more disease than the horse, also harder to cure. As a piece of mechanical near-perfection, man's ingenuity has never been able to create anything equal to Dobbin.

30

The men who failed to climb Mount Everest say that if the peak ever is reached it will be by men under 30 years old.

Attention, young men who are wasting their youth!

Thirty is not the deadline. But it is the changing of the tide, the beginning of old age. Few men notice that they have a stomach until they pass 30. Stomach is the body's keywheel.

Failure is inevitable unless the foundations of success are laid before the 30th birthday. Exceptions are few.

YOU

It costs 55 per cent more to live now than in 1914, says the foremost price expert, National Industrial Conference Board.

If you have a record of what you made in 1914, compare it with what you are making now. If the gain is less than 55 per cent, you have lost ground financially. All on the law of averages, of course. Natural increase of earning power as a result of experience, also good or bad luck, may disturb the workings of the law of averages—in individual cases.

RUM

Two liquor yeggs who stole 30 cases of whisky from the home of Charles Greer are sentenced to seven years in the penitentiary by Magistrate O'Brien, of Port Arthur, Ontario.

In Canada, that means seven years—to a day. People who go to jail up there usually "stay put," no monkey-business.

How many murders would some of our American bootleggers commit to get 30 cases of Scotch?

EDITORIAL REVIEW

Comments reproduced in this column may or may not express the opinion of The Tribune. They are presented here in order that our readers may have both sides of important issues which are being discussed in the press of the day.

WHY DEMOCRATS SMILE

The national republican committee at Washington is to be asked to keep its hands off North Dakota and to allow the independent republicans—or regulars—to wash their own dirty linen in the coming November election. In other words we are supposed to elect a democratic senator instead of the league republican. This of course is highly pleasing to the democrats of the state and nation because every democrat elected to the United States senate at this fall election brings the democratic party nearer the goal of getting back into power. The democrats are already building up hopes of securing enough seats in the senate to wrest control of that body and if they win a seat in North Dakota from a political fluke that will make it so much easier. This is a great old world we are living in and it is no wonder every democrat you meet wears a mighty broad smile—if they can elect a democrat in North Dakota this fall.—Valley City Times Record.

THE MENACE OF THE RIDICULOUS

If trades unionism wants to counteract one of the worst "menaces" it has to face it should form a special committee known as the Committee for Prevention of Things That Make Strikes Ridiculous.

For instance, the strike of twenty-four bathing beach guards at Ocean City, who boldly "walked out" (of the water, we suppose) and staid out with determination for three or four whole days, at the end of which time they were shamed into "going back" by the fact that some female bathing beauties had taken over their jobs and said the pay was worth it.

And it doesn't do the general strike idea any good for the public to learn that the harem attendants, or whatever they call them, in the harems of Turkey, have also "walked out" because their amorous masters are finding themselves too broke to lead even a double life, let alone run a female hotel.

Something should be done about it. Otherwise it won't be long before the clerks in the shooting galleries and the firemen in the waffle wagons will be deciding to "lay down their tools" over something.—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

UNDER CUPID'S FLAG

Capt. Randall of the good ship President Fillmore deserves well from Mr. Lasker of the shipping board. Chairman Lasker is an advertising man in the shipping business. Randall is a shipping man with an eye for good advertising.

Capt. Randall observed what most folks know, that an ocean liner is conducive to romance, that a sheltered nook on deck is verily a happy hunting ground for a certain little god.

All the world loves Dan Cupid. Capt. Randall went even further and paid high honors to Dan, manufacturing an appropriate flag to be displayed when Dan isited the ship. Only presidents, reigning monarchs and owners of ships "rate" such consideration.

In the course of a round trip to Bremen, Capt. Randall raised Cupid's flag ten times and announced ten engagements in what amounted to a serial love story. Then, when he returned to New York, the ship news reporter got hold of the story.

The advertising value is obvious. Watch the would-be-wedded pick the President Fillmore for European travel. It ought also to do a good business for newly-weds who would find Capt. Randall a kindly host to happy victims of his co-commander, Dan Cupid.—New York World.

LEWIS MAY PICK MADISON

"I am not coming to Madison to write a picture of Madison people. I am coming because I like the looks of the city and I am tired of living in hotels."

Sinclair Lewis stepped out of a motor car, on "Main Street" Madison, Wis., and started to stroll through the capitol park and feed the squirrels, just like other visitors and picknickers. The noted author of "Main Street," whose book has sold close to 300,000 copies, said he intends to go to Madison to make his home for a while—eight months at least. Mr. Lewis will return soon to select his home.

Mr. Lewis has gone to Sauk Center, Minn., to spend a few days with his father, who is a physician. He will then go to St. Cloud to visit a brother, also a physician.

"We have three generations of physicians," Mr. Lewis said, when his attention was called to the physician's life which he immoralized in "Main Street." "My grandfather was a physician and my father and brother are physicians."

Mr. Lewis is just back from Europe, after spending more than a year in England and Italy. He has been working on a new book, "Babbit," which will be published in September. It was finished about a week ago.

"Now, I intend to take a little rest," Mr. Lewis said. "I am going to spend a few days with the home folks, returning to Madison to meet my wife and 5-year-old son and see if we can find a house to live in this fall and then I am off to Wyoming to get on a ranch to stay until September. After working 18 months on one book a man is entitled to a vacation."

In the little country newspaper office at Sauk Center, Minn., Mr. Lewis obtained his first writing experience. He was janitor, typesetter, reporter, and helped to deliver the papers. For four years after he had graduated from Yale in 1907, he established a record for losing his newspaper jobs as a reporter. Then he got a job as an associate editor in New York and eventually started writing short stories—many of which never sold. He is 37 years old.

"Main Street" was the eighth book he wrote. He likes to go around the country, rent a house and live in a city for about eight months.

"I like to enjoy life," Mr. Lewis declared. "I just like to settle down where people are neighborly and where the scenery is beautiful."—Milwaukee Journal.

OUR BUMPER CROPS

Do you know that North Dakota will produce this year more spring wheat than any state in the union?

Do you know that North Dakota will produce this year more rye than any other two states?

Do you know that North Dakota will produce this year half the flax grown in the United States?

Harvesting is now well under way in North Dakota, and nothing but hail is to be feared during the next few days. The crops are "made" and they promise to be bumper ones. The first threshing returns are available, and they are fully up to expectations. The rye harvest is at its height and wheat and other grains are being cut in all parts of the state. By the end of this week the wheat harvest will be at its height.

And not only have the crops come through without serious damage from rust and fulfilled the glowing prospects of a month ago, but the few returns available so far show that virtually all grains are overrunning in weight and the quality of the yields will be in keeping with the quantity.

North Dakota has real cause for thanksgiving this year. Probably no state in the union will be more fortunate in the matter of crops. No state will equal this is the per capita of new wealth produced from the soil. In a world torn with war, revolution, famine and pestilence, America stands out as the most favored nation. And in the United States no state should be more prosperous than our own during the coming 12 months.

It should not be the cause for gloating or boasting, but it should stir profound gratitude in the heart of every citizen, and it should make the average man ashamed of discontent. This year at least we should have the most evenly distributed prosperity and the greatest freedom from actual want of any district on the globe. Surely such a state is worth claiming as a home. Surely such a state should inspire the greatest loyalty and the highest grade of citizenship.—Fargo Forum.

OPPORTUNITY FOR EQUALIZATION BOARD

The State Board of Equalization consisting of the governor, the insurance commissioner, the state treasurer, the attorney general and the commissioner of agriculture and labor will hold a most important meeting in the month of August. The board is in control of the Independents this year, the first time since the League took over the administration of the state's affairs.

This opportunity will no doubt be seized upon by the Board of Equalization to carry out as far as possible, the wishes of the tax payers of the state, in regard to a reduction of taxes through the process of equalizing values of various kinds of property. Already hearings have been announced for certain railroad companies, telegraph and telephone companies and on August 15 and 16 the board will meet to consider questions and classifications of real and personal property, owned by the residents of the state and by private individuals.

It is claimed that a measure of relief can be had by a reduction of assessments 20, 30 or 40 per cent.

In 1919 real property in the state was assessed at three times its former valuation and the league state board added about 40 percent, making the average assessment nearly 5 times that of any former year. That rate of assessment was continued in 1920 and 1921. The tax levies were boosted the same as the assessments and the other tax paying boards added their boost to the tax levied on valuations. The idea of the League experts in taxation matters was to squeeze, get all they could while the getting was good.

The people of the state elected to change this program and the new board of equalization will no doubt be guided by the sentiment in the recall, and will profit by the experience of the former administration. Of course, certain present conditions where debts have been incurred, and contracts made, will have to be considered, but the board has a chance to show its intentions for the welfare of the tax burdened people of the state.—Jamestown Alert.

A THOUGHT

Write the vision and make it plain on tables, that he may run that readeth it. For the vision is yet for the appointed time, but at the end it shall speak and not lie; though it tarry, wait for it; because it will surely come and not tarry.—Habakkuk 2:2-3.

There is not any benefit so glorious in itself but it may be exceedingly sweetened by the manner of conferring it.—Seneca.

National Automobile Chamber of Commerce is offering $6,500 in prizes in a new safety essay contest for teachers and children.

Tom Sims Says

If a man's face is his fortune, some of us are nearly broke.

Every shocking flapper is followed by a gang of shock absorbers.

It is discovered Lloyd George wrote a poem. Serves him right.

An optimist has dreams of the future and a pessimist has nightmares.

"Always look up," says John Wanamaker, who is 84, and doesn't care what the women wear.

They took off some mail trains and maybe our bills won't come.

With 14 women candidates, the next House of Representatives may have more than one speaker.

Insomnia never troubles a man when he has to work at night.

Another auto driver looking at the scenery instead of the road is now a part of both.

Only thing more helpless than a pretty girl is a pretty boy.

If they dig this tunnel under the English channel the American trying to swim it can walk it.

We know one who has a shotgun in her hope chest.

Another bill Germany can't afford to pay is Kaiser Bill.

In Constantinople the harem guards are striking. What's the fare to Constantinople?

Russia and Germany are planning, but two heads are not better than one if they both ache.

They once put money in old stockings, now they put it in new ones.

Funny things happen. Man named Clarence on a Philadelphia team is knocking out home runs.

If beer and light wines do come back, you can say prohibition died with lits bootleggers on.

"When in Washington do as Wasnington did" is better than "When in the capital do as the capitalists do."

The man who blows his own horn is usually out of tune.

The upkeep is the downfall when the outgo exceeds the income.

It takes a bathing suit to get in the social swim.

ADVENTURE OF THE TWINS

By Olive Barton Roberts

Gaddy Gobble-Turkey was asleep under a fence.

All day long he'd wandered up and down wheat fields and oat fields and all sorts of fields, stuffing out his sides and his tummy until he looked like a large brown watermelon with two legs and a head.

So now in the cool shade of the wood-pile and right under a fence, he was dreaming. And like all folks who eat too much just before they go to sleep, he was having nightmare.

He dreamed he had turned into a guinea-fowl with little white dots all over him.

Gaddy didn't like guinea-fowl. He hated them.

"Every time I try to go to sleep they start to screech like someone getting a tooth pulled!" he complained to the other barnyarders. And everybody agreed with him.

Well, Gaddy went on dreaming and dreaming, or rather nightmaring and nightmaring.

Farmer Smith was white-washing the fence nearby.

By and by he came to the place where Gaddy Gobble-Turkey was asleep, but he didn't see him.

Splash, sprinkle, splash went the white-wash, right through the fence and on Gaddy's brown feathers.

After awhile Gaddy woke up.

"Oh, what an awful dream I've had!" he said.

Suddenly he saw his back, looking like a piece of brown dotted swiss.

"Oh! Oh!" he shrieked, streaking off to Dr. Snuffles' house. "My dream came true. Help!"

But Dr. Snuffles, the fairyman doctor, saw the trouble at once.

"Nancy and Nick, take this young gentleman to the creek and wash him," was all he said.

But what do you think? He charged Gaddy a dollar!

(To Be Continued)

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TODAY'S WORD

Today's word is RECALCITRANT. It's pronounced re-kal-si-trant, with accent on the second syllable.

It means—kicking back, kicking against anything, rejecting vehemently, obstinately noncompliant, showing repugnance or opposition, refractory.

It comes from a combination of the Latin prefix 're," signifying, among other things, back or backward, and the Latin word "calcitrare," to kick; hence, to kick back.

It's used like this—"The recalcitrants, on both sides, have blocked all plans thus far, looking toward settlement of the rail and mine strikes."

Here lies the body of Barnabas Jones,
Who bought a car for a hundred bones,
It dropped apart on the second mile,
And Barney was slaughtered beneath the pile.

—Chambersburg Bulletin.

OIL FOR TROUBLED WATERS

The TATTOOED ARM

by Isabel Ostrander

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(Continued from our last issue.)

"Wells is an old fool!" Andrew continued. "I say, there is nothing any of us can do for Roger; he'll sleep like a baby tonight and be all right in the morning. I'm going out and I shan't be back until late but I'll take my key and I won't disturb you if you'll tell Carter not to put the chain on the door'

He strode heavily from the room and in another moment Miss Drake and Hobart followed

"It's work for nothing to set the table for them; they don't hardly touch a thing!" Carter mourned, as he and Miles cleared away the final debris of the meal. "I'm sure I don't know what's come to this house, nor where it's going to end!"

"What's there to be scared of?" Miles asked stoutly "I've seen nothing barring that fainting spell of Mr Roger's today. Is he often took like that?"

Carter shook his head.

"Only once before and that was just a day or two after—after the constable brought Mr. Hobart home when he'd been walking in his sleep.—That's what you heard, ain't it, William?" He asked the question with almost pathetic eagerness.

"No," William replied bluntly. "If you want the truth I heard he was either drunk or crazy!"

"Not a thing had he touched that night, for I had the only set of keys to the wine cellar!" Carter asserted solemnly. "I've yet to see Mr. Hobart in liquor but I can't say as much for Mr. Andrew! Mr. Andrew was a trial to the rest of the family when he came back, though he's toned down considerable, especially in his language. It was shocking to hear, William!"

"I shouldn't be surprised," Miles observed. "Did he bring those fits back with him too, from Australia?"

"You mean what happened last Monday?" Carter lowered his voice.

"If you want to know my opinion from what I could get out of Edward I think Mr. Andrew was shamming, though the Lord only knows why!"

Miles glanced sharply at the old man but his tone was casual as he remarked:

"He was playing a trick on Edward, maybe, but there was no fake about Mr Roger's faint today."

"No, and as for Mr. Hobart, I'm glad he's given up the stock market before—before he lost everything, though sometimes I've wished that the money never came in the first place! It was that that made all three of them act queer long ago, and though I almost forgot about it in the years between, perhaps they've been wrong in the head ever since."

"How do you mean they acted queer when they came into their money?" asked Miles.

"I remember when the news came and thought they were excited; it struck me then that not one of them seemed really happy about it or even surprised. Mr. Hobart seemed to think only of getting back at other folks for all the years of hardship they'd been through; getting rich by making other folks poor! It gave me the shivvers to hear him. You would have thought that there was a death in the house!" continued Carter. "They didn't talk to each other any more'n they had to, didn't scarcely look at each other and it seemed as though there was almost hatred between them! Mr. Andrew had ugly fits of temper that he'd never showed before and other times Mr. Roger would break down and go all to pieces right out of a clear sky; only Mr. Hobart kept a level head on his shoulders and all at once I noticed that the hair at each side of his forehead was turning gray—and him only 23! But quiet years came after, and comfortable ones and I forgot until this trouble now brought it all back to me'"

CHAPTER XIV.

Like two housebreakers, Sergeant Miles and Scottie stole up the back stairs that night and halted before the door at the end of the hall.

As he drew the skeleton keys from his pocket Miles indicated the traces of wax which still adhered to the lock, then whispered: Andrew! He wanted to get in here mighty bad, didn't he?"

Scottie nodded, not trusting himself to speak, and his companion oiled the lock and key-hole carefully before setting to work. He made no noise but the minutes dragged out interminably while the other watched and listened tensely for a possible interruption. The key clicked faintly in the lock and the door swung slowly inward.

"Wait till I close the door," Miles commanded; then as a tiny light gleamed out. "Good! There's a bolt on the inside and we can't be surprised. Andrew may come home at any time and I have a hunch that he'll try to finish then what he started this afternoon."

"It looks as though he'd made a pretty thorough job of it if destruction was his object," Scottie commented dryly as the rapier-like thrust of light played about the dense blackness of the room. "May the de'il take us if we're not in a museum!"

They were in a huge, low-ceilinged room which had evidently been long unused for human occupancy. On the left trunks and packing cases of all shapes and sizes were heaped pell-mell with broken hasps. From their depths a heterogeneous mass of relics and manuscripts had been scattered in all directions.

Haughty, though fragmentary idols and humble cooking pots, fearsome weapons, bits of crumbled carving, and among them all roll after roll of ancient parchment together with notebooks of a more modern day.

Scottie approached a long, metal-lined box and after one glance within promptly retreated.

"It's a mummy!" Miles gazed briefly down at the small, tightly swathed form and then turned indifferently away. "If Andrew found what he was looking for this afternoon, we are wasting our time, but I don't think he was successful. Those notebooks must contain the result of years of study and classification and see how the pages are torn out and scattered about!"

"Then it was writing that Andrew was after, and modern writing at that, for he's only thrown the parchments aside!" Scottie gathered up a handful of the loose sheets and examined them critically.

"But what was he looking for? That's what we've got to find out. What would Roger have written and carried all around the world with him that his brother would want badly enough to steal? Mr. Wells told me that the three brothers were devotedly attached to each other, but I have seen small evidence of affection on Andrew's part for any of them."

"Do you see all these odd caskets of metal and carved bone?" Scottie was playing his torch over the ancient relics which littered the floor. "Perhaps we can find one or two that hasn't been broken open."

It was long past midnight when they desisted at last and Miles remarked with a shrug:

"I guess we'd better give it up, old man. If there was anything here bearing on our problem Andrew must have made off with it, after all."

Scottie suppressed a sneeze heroically as the dust which still floated in the air assailed his nostrils, and replied in a strangled voice:

"The mould of the ages is eating into my lungs and there's a musty, spicy reek from that mummy—"

The mummy! Miles struck his hands together softly. "It's the one place we never thought of, Scottie! We're not beaten yet!"

He darted over to the long coffin-like case and his companion followed somewhat reluctantly.

"The—the person doesn't appear to have been disturbed since the Pyramids were built," he ventured. "What are you about, lad? You're never going to undress it!"

"It's Peruvian, not Egyptian; don't you see the inscription?" responded Miles in a quick, excited whisper. "Moreover, the wrappings about the head and breast have been unwound within a very few years at most and then replaced!"

Miles inserted his hand with infinite care beneath the displaced fabric which covered the shrunken, flint-like breast and drew forth a slender roll of parchment. Scottie hastily returned his unwelcome burden to its original position and strode around the case to stare over his friend's shoulder at the discovery

"It's in figure writing!" he exclaimed disgustedly as the roll unwound "You'd never be able to read it and it would do you no good if you did! I've no doubt it's a prayer. Put it back, Owen, it's defying Providence—"

"Defying your grandmother!" Miles interrupted. "This message is in Egyptian hieroglyphics, Scottie. I know that much!—Egyptian picture writing in the wrappings of a Peruvian mummy!—Get me a piece of that parchment from the floor, will you?"

Scottie complied and held both his torch and that of his companion while the latter compared the texture of the scrolls. At length he drew a quick breath and faced the older man with shining eyes.

"I can't read a word of it as you say, but by the Lord Harry I think we've got it! There are professors in town who can decipher it for us and be depended upon to hold their tongues afterward, and we'll see that it reaches one of them tomorrow!"

"But it can't be what Andrew was looking for!" Scottie expostulated. "He certainly cannot translate heiro—what you said!"

"Nor would he have known that it was what he wanted if he had found it!" retorted Miles. "Can't you see, old man? That was the intention of the person who placed it there. It is something that had to be preserved and yet must be undecipherable to anyone not a student of Egyptiology."

Miles stowed papyrus and parchment carefully in his pocket

Switching off their torches they stole from the room, but as Miles relocked the door behind them his companion seized his arm.

"Do you hear that?" Scottie's husky whisper breathed in his ear. "Someone's up, and there's a wee streak of light coming from that room at the front. Whose is it?"

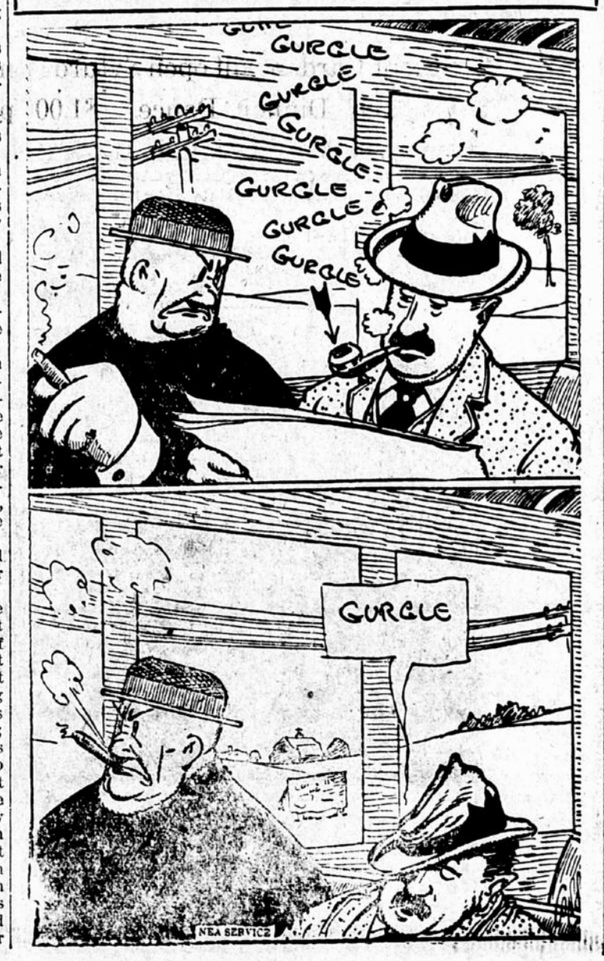
"Hobart's," whispered Miles in reply. "Flatten yourself against the wall and walk as lighty as you can; we're going to look into this!"

Foot by foot they crept along the hall until they neared Hobart's door, and then halted as though transfixed, for the voice of Miss Drake, trembling and charged with long pent-up emotion, came to the listeners' ears.

"It is no use! If we were the only ones concerned I would have kept this from you but it shall not be visited upon the next generation! I know the truth, Hobart! I have always known!"

(Continued in our next issue.)

EVERETT TRUE BY CONDO



UNUSUAL FOLK

By NEA Service

Milwaukee, Wis., July 28.—"Ballad King," with hundreds of songs to his credit, and yet he cannot read or write a line of music. That is Charles K. Harris, composer of "After the Ball," "Break the News to Mother," "Always in the Way," "I'm Wearing My Heart Away for You," "Hello, Central, Give Me Heaven," and many other ballads which have swept the nation. Though he knows nothing of the technical side of music, many tunes float through Harris' mind. Harris hums them aloud to a musician, who transfers them to paper.

When Harris first started writing songs, he had a hard time disposing of them. Then he conceived "After the Ball" and his name and fame were made.

He believes the pathetic, true-to-life songs are the ones that will endure. Jazz, which he describes as "nothing more than the manifestations of wild, turbulent spirits that were pent up during the late World War," cannot last long, he says.

THE "MOTHER OF MEDICINE"

Isis, the Queen and afterwards the Goddess, was called the "Mother of Medicine." In ancient Egypt, centuries before Christ, women were skilled in medicine. They knew the great value of medicinal plants.

Hippocrates, the "Father of Medicine," many centuries later, knew less of the merit of vegetable drugs than did the women of ancient times.

Lydia E. Pinkham, nearly fifty years ago, gave to women her Vegetable Compound, now known everywhere as Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. This is a woman's medicine for woman's ailments, prepared from medicinal plants.