

Out Our Way

By Williams



WHY MOTHERS GET GRAY HIS FIRST PAY DAY. AND THE MONEY NEEDED FOR OTHER THINGS. J.R. WILLIAMS REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. © 1928, BY REA SERVICE, INC.

A Bostonian Discovers Virginia

Last week we told something of our happy experiences during a six-day visit to Virginia. After a day and a half in and about Charlottesville we went to Williamsburg, which was the second capital of the state for over 80 years preceding 1780. The day spent there revealed to us the importance of the place from so many aspects that it deserves separate attention at another time.

Leaving the second capital of Virginia, about halfway between the Rivers York and James, a five-mile ride southward brought us to the location of the first capital, Jamestown. Here the site of the first English colony in America, established in 1607, is now a private estate. Nothing stands that was erected in its early days save the brick tower of the old church and the tombs and the grounds which surround it.

Little that is cheerful is found in Jamestown's story for its first dozen years. Its finest human interest centers around the character of Capt. John Smith, who at the age of 28 stands out as the one worthy leader. Here on the ground where he dwelt, kept peace with powerful Powhatan, ruled the colonists firmly but kindly, brought prosperity as he led, scheming and weak would-be leaders, we realize as never before his high character and many talents.

As we look on a landscape that has changed little in the three centuries that have passed since she was at home here, Pocahontas, the youthful daughter of Powhatan, is more than a legend. She becomes a vivid and lovable personality when we learn of her long continued deeds of friendly generosity. There were many other kindly acts beside the often quoted story of bringing to the starving English the corn which they were too ignorant and indolent to grow for themselves.

The society for Preserving Virginia antiquities has done much to save what was left on the site of the first settlement. They have restored a main portion of the old church, the tower of which still remained; protected the river bank so that no further erosion is likely to occur; gathered and displayed in a nearby building hundreds of relics discovered in the course of their excavation.

Some Colonial Mansions
Quite a different aspect of Virginian life was met the following

Tip for the Trolleys

(New Orleans Times-Picayune.)
Why haven't the street car builders taken a tip from the automobile industry and introduced on trolley cars the rotary-handled lift for the windows? In the motor car the feeblest of feminine fingers can easily turn the handle to raise and lower the plate glass, but in the average street car the strongest man is not always equal to such an effort, and in case of a sudden rain, and of the termination of same, the problem of raising and lowering the car window is one of real difficulty not always to be overcome. Especially at a time of sudden showers.

The window question is of consequence, primarily to the car patrons, but also to the street car conductors who, with the best intentions in the world, cannot keep the windows up and down to meet the varying need.
And while on this subject we will make the same suggestion to builders of Pullman cars. As matters stand it usually is possible to secure the desired raising and lowering of the train windows by ringing for the porter; but even he most often has to bring forth some improvised lever and fulcrum that he places beneath the thumbhold of the window before he is able to force the frame to move. A convenient turning handle would obviate all this difficulty and would be of infinite convenience to passengers sensitive to temperature changes. The need is so obvious that it seems inexcusable.

THE MUD SPLASHERS

From Terre Haute Tribune
Have you ever been splashed with muddy water by some reckless and discourteous motor car driver? If you have you will rejoice that one of these gentry has been brought to book in Boston and fined \$10 and costs for reckless driving. The offender in this case was a driver of a truck, who sent his big machine through a pool of muddy water, splattering a number of people waiting for a street car.

This offense, however, is not confined to Boston; it can be duplicated in every place where discourtesy and

day as we drove northeast from Richmond to visit some of the famed estates along the Rappahannock. These are typical Virginian homes of wealth and of social and political leadership that still remain, chiefly in the Tidewater district. Most of them were built in the 50 years preceding 1775. They are the most ambitious residences of the period in America, and in the opinion of many their architectural merit it has not been equaled since. Mt. Airy, Sabine hall, Stratford hall were the three that we saw.

It is not easy to make words suggest the many-sided satisfaction that we found in these calls. Surrounding each of these houses were once, and in some cases are now, thousands of acres in tillage, pasture or woodland. Each one was almost a community in itself, where all crafts necessary to its comfort were active and resident. Leisure, culture, vigorous independence, were common traits of these proprietors, dwelling several miles distant from one another.

Typical Characteristics
Their immense crops were shipped coastwise or across the ocean from their own docks, for every such plantation was on a great river. Fine horses whose fame carried some of them to England were bred at one place, Mount Airy of the Taylors. The successive masters of this estate were close friends and supporters of the colony and of the young republic.

Such a place may be approached by a drive of half a mile from the main highway, so bringing us to the public entrance. From this we may enter a great hall, center of family life and itself as large as a small house. The garden doorway is opposite the one through which we came in, and opens onto acres of well kept green, beyond which the plantation lands may slope gently for a mile or more to the river.
This property may have always remained in the family who were the first owners. The house may hold much of the furniture with which it was first equipped. Portraits of its founders and notable descendants may hang on the walls, while its present inmates graciously receive us and allow us to absorb what we may of the rare atmosphere of this unique aristocracy.

able that the improvement has not been made on either the street car or the railway train equipment.

IT IS A HOUSE OF EMBLEMS.

Famous New Orleans Mansion Dates Back 130 Years or More.
From the New York Times.
The fancy of many a person passing through famous St. Peter street, in New Orleans's picturesque Vieux Carre has been caught by a particular mansion there. It is known as the "House of Emblems" on account of the designs of the wrought iron balconies that extend across the face of the building at the base of the French windows on three stories.

New interest has lately attached itself to this ancient residence as the result of its sale, whereby, instead of the neglect or dereliction that has befallen so many of its neighbors, it is assured a future of honor. Having passed into the hands of "Le Petit Salon," organized for the purpose of preserving historical places of the Vieux Carre, 620 St. Peter street will serve henceforth as a clubhouse for the society.

No place in the quarter is more redolent of an aristocratic and romantic past. It was built more than 130 years ago and has been occupied by generations of prominent and distinguished families.

The house possesses many architectural treasures. The handsome entrance door is hand carved from oak. Graceful, winding stairs in the French manner give access to reckless sit at the wheel. Many clothes have been ruined and tempers ruffled through a shower bath of dirty water raised by some speeding and indifferent driver. Some of the splashes have been inclined to regard the spraying as a joke. They can not understand why the splashes should be angry. It is only a joke and should be accepted as such, even if one's clothing is spoiled.

Of course, some near-sighted people can not see the joke, but these are only soreheads.

But now the joke is on these jokers. The Boston court has shown these poor unappreciative victims

the upper floors, where lofty rooms are found with Parian marble mantels and little dressing rooms opening on the bedchambers. The hand-wrought iron grill work is the outstanding feature—the high fence of the "entre sol" and the three long, narrow, galleries above. The story is well authenticated that this was a product of the shop of the famous pirates, Jean and Pierre Lafitte, who worked as blacksmiths on St. Philip street before they became leaders of the smuggling, buccaneering corsairs.

The emblems are said to be used in a way peculiar to this house, and for each design there was a particular reason. The first gallery, according to the story, was made to please a proud gentleman of French blood, who wished to be surrounded with reminders of old France. What could suit his taste better than the royal fleur-de-lis? Thus this emblem found its way to the balcony. The pattern of the second "stage" is said to have been the choice of a grand dame whose boudoir was on this floor. Cupid's bows and arrows were the picked, but apparently the designer went somewhat astray, for he used bowknots instead of bows.

WHAT KILLED IDA

(Franklin Star.)
When Ida, a famous ostrich of the London zoo, passed away some time ago, to the grief of all who knew her, there was much speculation as to the cause of her untimely death. To try to determine the matter, a postmortem examination was held, according to the Associated Press, which reports that the following assortment of material was found in her ample gizzard:

"Two women's handkerchiefs, a man's handkerchief, three gloves, three feet of cord, an empty film spool, a four-inch nail, an eight-inch lead pencil, four half pennies, two farthings of a French coin, part of a celluloid comb, part of a rolled gold necklace, a collar button, a bicycle tire valve, a brass winding key for an alarm clock, a dozen bits of wire, metal staples, screws, small nails and copper rivets, glove fastener and a piece of wood four inches long."

The dispatch did not disclose just what the verdict was but a mere layman might venture the thought that Ida had suffered from something akin to indigestion.

God and the Neighbors

From E. W. Howe's Monthly.
Some of the old prophets advise that we love God; others say that to love our fellow men is enough.
Both ask too much. I have found nothing in my own nature, or in the nature of others, causing me to love the mysterious being away off in the skies. I may fear him, but cannot love him, and have not known anyone to. God and the king are our masters; they rule us, and we cannot love them—we only fear and conspire against them.

Not can we love our neighbors as ourselves. There is more mean criticism of humanity from humans than of anything else. All of us grow about the great mass called the people, and charge lack of fairness, intelligence, decency. The Good Book itself makes most desperate charges against the people.
We have a few friends and acquaintances we half trust, but against the great mass we lock our doors, organize bonding companies, invent cash registers, employ policemen, send soap, teachers, books.

I do not love my neighbors, and do not expect them to love me; I know from long experience that they watch me as I watch them, and apply blame or praise as it is deserved.

All the old prophets had a good deal of sense, and knew human nature, but none of them displayed common sense in writing about it.

How they can have the last laugh. Heretofore, they have suffered, perhaps not in silence, but impotently. They didn't think that there was any way in which they could secure redress. So they used a few strong words, cleaned their clothes as best they could, and let it go at that. But now things are changed. The law is on the side of the victim.

PATRIOTS ALL

From the Buffalo Times.
The color scheme when Mabel wed, Revealed her folks as patriots true. The groom looked red the bride looked white And her dad (who paid the bills) looked blue

Card Players Neatly Got Away From Bores

Sir Alfred Butt, M. P.—who, by the way, has the reputation of being one of the best card players in England—tells of an ingenious method devised by two players at a certain London club for dealing with the class of bore who persists in looking on at a game and making remarks about it.

After standing the nuisance for some time, one of the players asked one of the spectators to play for him until he returned. The spectator took the cards, whereupon the first player left the room.

Pretty soon the second player followed the example of the first. The two substitutes played for some time, when one of them asked the waiter where the two original players were. "They are playing cards in the next room," was the waiter's reply.—Montreal Herald.

Animals From Arctic Brought Into Italy

Italy has imported ten reindeer from Norway and their new home is Mont Blanc (highest of the Alps), where it is intended to acclimate them. This is done not to enrich different regions with curious animals, but for important economic reasons. Italy has many square miles of unproductive Alpine land, 4,000 or 5,000 feet above sea level, unadapted to cattle raising. If these reindeer flourish on the Italian Alps vast waste land is at their disposal and a heavy production of venison, milk, leather and antlers will be had.

Still another attempt to acclimate Arctic animals was made when six couples of silver foxes were transferred from Canada to Mont Blanc. The purpose, of course, is to acquire their furs, which are now sold on the Italian market for thousands of dollars.

Buries Two in Coffin

George Hannin, an undertaker of Glasgow, Scotland, has pleaded guilty to having at different times buried two bodies in one coffin in order to cheat the relatives of the price of one box. Most of the bodies were those of children and it was revealed that he would hold one body in his cellar until another was to be buried, altering the date of the death certificates. When he hid the bodies of twins while waiting for a third possible child authorities became suspicious.

Girl Caddies Liked

German golf clubs are finding that girls make better caddies than boys. At the Wannsee golf course, near Berlin, the girl caddies are smartly dressed, polite, enthusiastic, attentive and grateful for their tips and fees. What is more, it is said that they never try to be funny at the expense of the golfer's poor shots.

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Muff for Hot Day

During the hot spell in England, London society girls started a new fad known as "the feed muff." The feed muff is a light-weight silk muff containing an aluminum cylinder holding a mixture of salt and ice. Thus no matter how hot the day is, the owner of an feed muff is always able to extend a cool, crisp handshake.

Stone Age

First Caveman—What's the postman grumbling about now?
Second Caveman—He says he doesn't mind carrying love letters that weigh three or four tons, but since they've started the parcel post system his back is nearly broke.
1,500 times in these files.

The one redeeming feature of a pawnshop is the ticket.

Correct Again

Teacher—A quadruped is a four footed animal. Willie, name four quadrupeds.
Willie—Our Prince and Rover and Brown's Gyp and Tige.

Sure Sign

Doctor—Well, how are you today?
Patient—I think I'm somewhat improved. My inheritors are looking glum and dissatisfied today.

Surmise

"Why is Doris going to school?"
"To get a complexion."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Hardly

"Is she very dressy?"
"N-no—very undressy."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

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