

BAKING CAKES HER PROBLEM

Auburn, Cal. —(UP)— Except once over a distant neighbor's radio, California's champion mother, never has heard of the present economic stringency.

Wife of a woodcutter and farmer, Mrs. A. J. Kistie goes about her household duties in her modest little home 30 miles from here, and the day never passes when she doesn't bake a cake.

"Cake still is an important item in the daily diet of the children who still are living with us," she said. "I never have let anything but illness prevent the baking of a cake every day since we were married."

Her longest journey from home was a trip to Sacramento, 60 miles away. The pleasant little mother of 19 children admits she once longed to see San Francisco, but has reconciled herself to the fact she perhaps never will.

Her greatest envy, she confesses, is her daughter, Mrs. Stephen Rule, of Nevada City. Mrs. Rule has twins.

Mrs. Kistie has had no twins and believes "it would have been fun to have a pair around the house to play with the other children."

Three years ago the entire family was entered in the State Fair competition to determine California's largest family. There were four girls and 14 boys then. Another boy has arrived since.

Eat-All-You-Want Idea Failed for Boys

Marblehead, Mass. —(UP)— The dollar dinner, eat-all-you-want idea didn't work so well at the Eastern Yacht club, so far as two small boys were concerned.

The boys, John McBeath, 11, and John Simonds, 14, sons of members, turned themselves loose at a dollar apiece and consumed the following:

Two cups cold tomato soup, two tall glasses of iced coffee, six orders of relish, four rolls, one cinnamon roll, one potato salad, two capons, two slices of meat loaf, two slices of turkey, one slice of chicken, one slice of ham, one order of cole-slaw, two lobsters a la Newburgh, one brownie, two slices of cake, and two wedges of blueberry pie with ice cream.

Wanderer Finds Brother While Hunting Job

Cleveland —(UP)— Henry Morris, 23, was a wayfarer and "broke." He arrived in Cleveland on a freight train, hungry.

He sought work unsuccessfully. Finally, he entered the offices of the Circular Distributing Co. and asked for a bill-passer's job. The manager glancing briefly at the applicant's ragged appearance shook his head and Morris started out the door.

The manager looked a second time at the youth, then gasped: "I know you. You're my brother. Where have you been for the last seven years?"

The two brothers, Henry and Lester, were united. Now Henry has a steady job.

Depression Fails to Halt French Music Lovers

Paris —(UP)— Despite hard times and depression, people still love music and are willing to spend money for tickets.

Official statistics show that Paris gave 2,400 concerts this season over 1,105 for New York. The French total was 82 less than for the same period last year. Of this total, 948 were operas and operettas, 405 symphony orchestras, 144 piano recitals, 74 song recitals, 37 violin concerts, 20 for the harp, violoncello and organ, 63 chamber music, 26 choral and 683 joint recitals, dance and miscellaneous music.

WAIT TILL G. O. P. TELLS IT With every bit of storage room filled up with hogs that met their doom.

At two or three cents on the pound, Our packers looked one day and found

The price of hogs was much too low—
And cried, "What shame that this is so!"

'Twas late in June, and farmers then

Had many porker in the pen;
And so the packers said, they'd
"We'll boost the price that we would pay

For hogs, if there were hogs to buy—
And send our storage stuff sky high."

And so they put the plan in play,
And every paper every day
Reported how, with prices up,
The farmer's battered, leaky cup

Was filled to overflowing now,
Through Mr. Boar and Mrs. Sow.

And now the G. O. P. will rave,
How once again it came to save
The farmer from starvation's fate,
And killed the wolf right at his gate—

And this, my dears, despite the fact,
'Twas packers' greed put on the act.

—Sam Page.

Twins Set New Record For School Attendance

Vassar, Mich. —(UP)— Dorothy and Walter Boesnecker celebrated their 19th birthday anniversary, June 8, by graduating from high school here together.

The twins, children of a teacher in the high school, started to school when they were seven. In 12 years, neither has been tardy. Dorothy has not missed a day of class work.

Walter, however, missed 12 days in the 12 years.

DEVICES TEST RADIO ACTIVITY

Pasadena, Cal. —(UP)— An amazing array of devices have been evolved at the California Institute of Technology here to test the radio-activity of the earth.

Dr. Robert D. Evans seeks to determine with them the amount of radium in rocks in order to discover how much of this activity must be discounted in studying the action of the cosmic ray, discovered by Dr. Robert A. Millikin, head of Caltech.

Included in Dr. Evans' equipment is a furnace that will make granite boil like water, scales that will weigh one million-millionth of a grain, or one thousand-millionth of a pound of radium, and an apparatus so delicate as to chase atoms of radium through a definite channel in order that scientists may count them.

Dr. Evans pulverizes a granite boulder, heats it to a temperature of 3,700 degrees Fahrenheit, and the rock boils like water. The temperature is measured by an electric device affected by light rays from the lava.

The heat forces out of the gasses formed the negative electron. When the electrons are permitted to unite with the gasses, they pass into delicate scales, where the radium atoms knock negative electrons from the atoms of air which are within the tube-like scales.

By watching the electrometer, the scientist knows from its reading how many atoms are passing through.

She's in the Pink



High up on the roof of one of New York's skyscraper hotels, Fay Marble, noted international stage and screen star, executes the world's highest kick with legs famed for their beauty and which carry a small fortune in insurance. Fay didn't say what she was kicking about, but in common with the rest of humanity maybe it was the heat.

First Airplane Flight Nearly Ends in Disaster

Mansfield, England —(UP)— Having waited 102 years before going up in an airplane, A Mrs. Stansall had a narrow escape from disaster on her first flight here recently.

Shortly after her 102 birthday, Mrs. Stansall wrote to Sir Alan Cobham, who was holding an aviation exhibition in Mansfield, asking him to take her aloft. What was more, she asked to loop-the-loop.

A flight was arranged for a party of 17, including the Mayor and Mayoress of the city, but on landing the plane lost two wheels, and, with a wing dragging the ground, narrowly averted disaster.

Alighting from the plane, the old lady primly rearranged her hat and declared that the flight had been "grand."

Dispells Mystery of Old Days in Mormon Colony

Fort Worth, Tex. —(UP)— Mystery cast around the Mormon life of yesteryears was entirely the brainchild of fiction writers, Rudger Clawson, Salt Lake City, once an associate of Brigham Young, told members of his faith here.

Clawson, who was born in Salt Lake City in 1857, ten years after its founding by the famous Mormon leader, is president of the Council of Twelve of the Mormon church. He experienced the bitter struggle between Mormonism and the United States Government over the practice of polygamy.

The stories, some of them now famous books, telling of kidnappings, robberies and merciless treatment of women by church elders are purely fiction, he said. He described Brigham Young as the greatest organizer, financier and preacher of the modern age.

Burnt Bones Whiten Sugar for Table Use

Washington —(UP)— Burnt bones make table sugar white.

The Department of Labor reveals that in 21 sugar refineries 75 persons are employed in handling the skeletons of animals — hogs, sheep and cows — that they may be charred and used in filtering sugar, thereby whitening it.

The animal bones come from large U. S. slaughter houses and occasionally from the Argentine pampas. They are stripped, scraped, shredded, boiled, and charred for their use in the whitening process.

Role of Cat Mother Changes Hen Into Potpie

Manning, Cal. —(UP)— A lone, some, chick-less hen was Mrs. J. Ostler's Rhode Island Red, Agnes. She had no chicks of her own so she decided to adopt a litter of kittens.

Followed a royal battle between the mother cat and Agnes. Biddy won.

Hour after hour the mother cat sat dejectedly near her offspring.

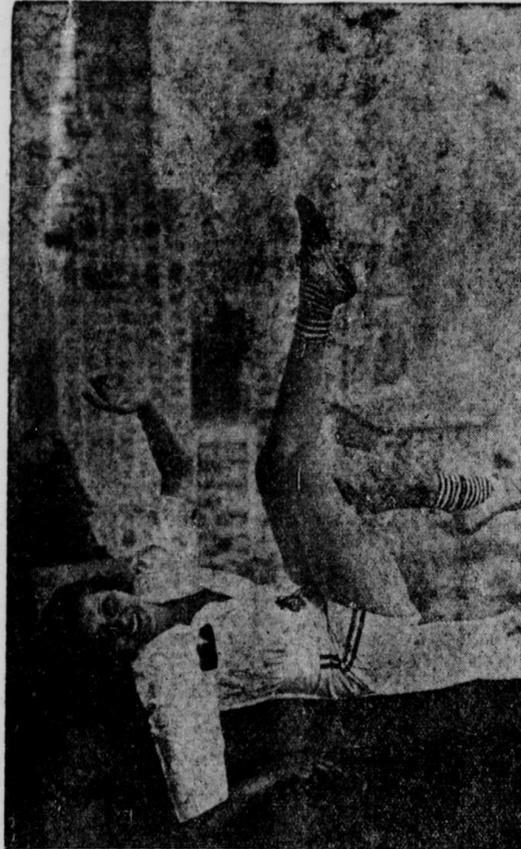
Maine Changes Diet For Its Lake Trout

Augusta, Me. —(UP)— To improve the flavor of the trout caught in Maine's lakes and streams, state authorities have put the fish on a milk diet.

The liver diet formerly fed the trout in state hatcheries gave them an unpleasant flavor, which persisted even though the fish had long flings at liberty before being landed.

So a milk food was produced, consisting of ordinary cow's milk

Kicking at the Clouds



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For Pool or Beach



For a cooling dip in the pool, Antia Fage, charming screen actress, favors this chic striped suit. It is a one-piece model, designed for real swimming rather than beach lounging. The suit is strapped over the shoulders and set off with a matching bag.

for each time she approached she was ferociously attacked by the hen. Only with the help of Mrs. Ostler was she permitted to feed her young.

But after two weeks of trying to teach the hen she could not mother the kittens, Mrs. Ostler changed Agnes into pot pie.

Dobbin Brings Higher Price Than for Years

Mercer, Pa. —(UP)— It may be the machine era but Mercer county farmers are going to be hard to convince.

Despite the widespread use of trucks, tractors and automobiles, "Old Dobbin" commands a higher price than he has for years, dealers report.

With farm and dairy products bringing the lowest prices in 50 years, Auctioneer J. S. Wilson said the market for draft horses was the best he has known.

mixed with certain chemicals compounds, the result being a grain-like preparation.

George J. Stobie, state fish and game commissioner, said some trout hatched at Gray were fed on the milk diet and grew 12 to 14 inches in 12 months.

The Right Time.

From Hummel, Hamburg.

"I have only 10 minutes and I hardly know where to begin," said the speaker.

"Begin at the ninth minute," shouted a bored man in the back of the audience.

The Great Need—Faith in Men

By M. E. Tracy in New York World-Telegram.

Bring on your athletes; let them run, jump and throw things; give the winners plenty of honor, but no cash, and declare a truce while the contest lasts. It will promote health by stimulating interest in bodily exercise, and peace by creating a spirit of friendly competition.

So argued the Greeks 2,500 years ago, and with all our boasted superiority, we can think of nothing to add. We are glad to pick up the program that made Olympia a symbol of hope for 12 centuries; glad to admit that it may help the modern world to dote less on war.

Who says that civilization is bound up with a few creature comforts, or that wisdom came into being with mechanical power?

We have airplanes that can go five miles a minute, but still get a kick out of seeing men go a mile in little less than five minutes. Human power still appeals to us, no matter how weak it may be compared with mechanical power. The thought of producing stronger, healthier human beings, even in a physical sense, is still uppermost in our minds. That is why we like sport, why our educational system tolerates so much of it, why we have resurrected the Olympiad.

The old boys felt much as we do, in spite of their ignorance about machinery. They, too, had faith in men, rather than in the creation of men.

We are just harking back to fundamentals which we had forgotten in our excitement over some new playthings.

After all, the great problem in life is not what men can do by means of some device, or system, but what they ought to do by and for each other. It all goes back to the gradual refinement of human character. Anything that helps that is worth while, and most such things are very old in principle.

Henry Ford says that we would get along if we obeyed 10 or a dozen old rules. The trouble is we don't obey them. We haven't time to study them in a sense of practical application. We are too busy learning thousands of new rules, which are not rules at all but merely learning recipes.

We have made wonderful progress in the development of tools, instruments and engines, but the World war shows how little we understood them and what hopeless slaves of them we had become.

Man's only hope of salvation, even in its narrowest sense, is to remain master of his faculties and of all means by which those faculties are expressed. The only way he can do that is to keep clearly in mind that he is in the greatest need of improvement, and that if he fails to grow in knowledge and wisdom all other improvements will be of no avail.

The great danger of this machine age is that it diverts man's attention from himself, that it causes him to have too much faith in purely artificial methods.

Those who find fault with sport and the part it has come to play in life are careless thinkers. It represents a subconscious reaction to modern man's outstanding weakness. He is becoming too rational for his own good, too pitilessly intelligent.

The affliction is not new. The Greeks and Romans both suffered from it, and experimented with remedies. The Greeks succeeded far better with their mild sports than the Romans with their gladiatorial games. Both, however, went down before races that were stronger, not because of what they knew but because of what they were.

YOUR CHILDREN

By Olive Roberts Barton

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CHILD BIRTH AT HOME REQUIRES CAREFUL PREPARATION

I think it desirable for expectant mothers to have their babies in hospitals.

It would be more than foolish not to realize that equipment today for childbirth has reached a stage that no home can ever approach for surety of health and life.

But there are conditions existing today that make it impossible in some cases to expect hospitalization. In some of the smaller towns and even in the large cities on account of lack of funds, hospitals have had to close and many of those operating have had to reduce expenses and therefore their work of mercy.

Less Charity Today

It must be remembered that no case is free. Although a patient may not pay, somebody pays. Those who have kept up these "free" wards and operating and delivery rooms have had incomes reduced terribly. By reduced dividends and heavy taxation of incomes their benevolence in many cases have ceased.

Another view of the situation is this. Many of those who formerly could pay their way cannot pay now. It is a tragic problem for the woman who faces motherhood and knows that she may not expect the sanctuary of a house of healing.

I had all my babies at home. And only once did I have a trained nurse. This, of course, was some time ago, before the country became hospital-conscious. I had no prejudice, as so many had at that time, against hospitals. I simply could not afford one. And I belonged to those people who were expected to pay.

So what did I do?

Careful Preparations

I began months ahead of the event to prepare. I made my own hospital. I went to a doctor, and also a friend, a nurse, and got minute directions for making an-

tiseptic pads, gauze and mattress protectors. I made every stitch of baby clothes but shirts. I sterilized (baked) every sheet and gown and bit of muslin that came into contact with either myself or the baby.

The room was stripped, scrubbed and sunned, and not a germ was left in it. The wall paper was cleaned and then wiped again with a cloth.

This same thing can be done by a careful woman, competent to handle dangerous germicides herself. I even made my own bichloride gauze, and kept it in damp rolls in jars. But I should advise buying that at the drugstore now.

Still a Good Plan

My nurse was a competent woman and my doctor always had my confidence.

By spreading my preparations over months, the money came easier, or at least was not so greatly missed.

It can be done by a novice today just as it was then, but only under the guidance of one who knows.

Not a chance must be taken, for life depends on it. But it can be done and may help and comfort the coming mother who can see no other way out, to know that it can be done.

Garden Hose Brought Forth Queer Beetle

Phoenix, Ariz. —(UP)— Mrs. Earl K. Cone knows what its like to see things.

Mrs. Cone was in her garden and noticed a hole which she supposed to be tarantula's nest. She got the garden hose and trained a stream of water into the hole, to drown the supposed tarantula. When she popped a beetle and what a beetle!

A long horn curved out of its head. It was two inches long. It seemed to wear a beard.

With a scream Mrs. Cone disappeared into the house.

She learned later that it was quite harmless. It was a Central American insect, known as the Elephant beetle.

Not His Luck.

From Fliegende Blatter.

"Your name is Kuwatsch, is it? Are you, by any chance, the Kuwatsch who absconded with \$250,000 and was never caught?"

"Unfortunately, no."

been a regular and deeply interested student each summer since. He has had a successful career a superintendent of Hayward county schools, a teacher, preacher, and legislator.

The Big Loser.

From the Humorist.

A minister discovered two of his flock playing cards on Sunday—and for money.

"Rastus," he said, "don't you know it's wrong to play cards on the Sabbath?"

"Yes, parson," replied the sinner, ruefully, "an' believe me, Ah's payin' for mah sins."