

The 'Kid' Talks
Soft Heart Expensive
On Gimme Guys

By H. R. HARRIS.
"Times is sure hard for them pore panhaulers," observed the Canary Kid, his eyes speaking sympathy.

HIS NEW FATHER



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A Trip to The Photo Studio
By James J. Montague

I never was fanatical about dentists.
I am not at all addicted to the sort of doctors who demand that you strip and then spend half or three-quarters of an hour listening with a pocket telephone for bad news from your heart or lungs.

America Got Its Name Because St. Die Cathedral Canons Purchased a Printing Press and Published a Geography

By STERLING HEILIG.
Paris.—Did Americans narrowly escape being called "Albericians" or, worse yet, "Albertians"?
Yes.

cathedral canons of St. Die bought a printing press in 1507 (the first one in Lorraine) and decided to use it to bring out a geography.
Worse, the Italians themselves thought it the better name! As early as 1501, a travel account of his published in Italian at Vicenza, calling him "Alberico Vesputio" and saying that he had lumped all the new discoveries into one and called them by the name of "Novus Mundus."

called Amerigo or America, as if Amerigo-land.
A marginal indication here prints afflictingly "America" as first choice. Which would have made us "Amerigoians."

Spainiards Backward.
For 200 years, Spain never officially accepted "America," either for South or North America, but kept to the name used by Columbus—"the Indies."

America Finally "Stuck."
Here the word chosen for the marginal preference is frankly "America" and the name has never wobbled since. "Amerigo" would have been a sort of Greek form, derived from the Italian "Amerigo," Latin won the day, finally, with "America" because it is useless to smile disdainfully and say "we would not use those other silly names!"

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A Big, Soft Heart.
"Well, 'at stops Emil an' 'e runs in' th' Dago, 'a I'll later an' tells 'em all 'bout it."
"Aw gwan, yeh cheap skate," busts in th' panhauler. "Ere, 'e sez, draggin' out a fistful o' money frum 'is pocket an' countin' out 40 cen's, 'take back per handout an' go an' get yehself some poison. A man so mean as you ain' got no right t' be alive."

The Married Life of Helen and Warren

The hotel room with its lowered awnings seemed coolly dim and restful after the sun-scorched streets. Ringing for ice water, Helen dropped into a chair and unlaced her heat-weighted Oxford.

"No collar!" explosively. "Didn't I tell you to get what we needed?"
"I bought you pajamas and a tooth brush, but I never thought of a collar!"

shaded lights that made her old blue taffeta less conspicuous.
But for the next hour she forgot her clothes in the keen pleasure of reviewing the almost priceless old world treasures.

Rodner in response to Helen's enthusiasm. "And there's a secret compartment here." As he touched a spring a small panel came out, revealing a secret drawer beyond.

Through another room of Italian pieces, the walls were lined with oil paintings, and they took the elevator to the Rodners' bachelor quarters on the top floor.

never wanted anything so much, wistfully. "Of course I know it's absurd to think of it."

he answered the shrilling instrument on the star by the bed.
"Hello. Who?" Mr. Griffen.
Yes, we've been out all evening. . . . I'm going back tomorrow. . . . At nine-thirty? Very well.