

# She thinks about:

The Cultural Expansion  
SANTA MONICA, CALIF.—  
What a war it has been for

They were savages, ruthless and very ignorant. But now they know about the armored tank and the screaming shell and the admirable flame thrower which cooks the flesh on the living bones. They were isolated. Dat die long distance gun, she also kin find you wherever you's at; all she wants is your home address. They had barbaric pride—'twas the breath in their black nostrils—but poison gas would be the cure for that foolishness. Like foxes, they ran in the Irvin S. Cobb earth. The scout plane comes and makes scrap of their bodies. Like lions, the naked spearman advances; the machine gun levels the ranks down flat. Like moles, the fugitives burrow under the mud walls. So, with his high explosives, the white man blasts them out.

Verily, there is no excusing any race, however remote, however backward, for failure to share in the cultural beauties of this modern civilization.

## Joe Robinson's Elegance

SENATOR Joe Robinson, somewhere in Arkansas, Dear Sen.—I hear some of the boys are agin you for re-election because you've been guilty of spats in the first degree. If your homelinks predicate fitness for office on ruggedness of feet, Primo Carnera is their man. But if they want brains at the other end to balance the load, I insist you've got the credentials.

I know how you've suffered. You put on spats, and, just about the time you quit being self-conscious, the weather turns warm on you.

Still, a more tolerant day is dawning. Why, the first time I wore spats in Paducah I needed police protection. It was a good thing for me I wasn't a Yankee.

So cheer up, Sen. At least they didn't prove a monacle on you. Yours sympathetically, Cobb.

## A Week of Peace

TO THE sentimentalists amongst us, the peril of the moment is that we may run out of these something-or-other weeks. You know, weeks dedicated to hay fever or sanitary plumbing or ankle-length uniform suits or anemic Armenians. You see, we only have 52 weeks to start with.

The surest way to spoil a good thing is to overdo it. That also goes for salad dressings, four-plus pants, rice pudding and the young thing who puts so much make-up on her eye lashes she looks as though she were peeping out through two buttonholes in an old plush vest. Any party could gain a lot of votes by inserting a plank in its platform calling for just one plain, old-fashioned week starting without excitement on a Monday and ending very quietly the following Sunday.

## Tugwell and Native Sons

UNTIL he's hauled off and made that speech recently, Professor Tugwell was leading the brain trust with the title of Chief Lobe. He may still be that, but just the same, if I were Tugwell, I believe I'd follow the advice which the fire department prints on the theater programs: "Look about you now and choose the nearest exit."

Speaking of vanishing species, whatever became of the pedestrian classes in America—you know, people who went places by the quaint old-fashioned process called walking? Today the population seems exclusively to be made up of two major groups—those with cars who are riding and those with thumbs who crave to do so.

And, speaking of traveling, I've discovered what, in the modern sense of the term, is a true California native son. A native son is a fellow who has been here long enough to sell his trailer.

## Two Promising Actors

MY BUDDING ambition to turn actor has had a boost. A young fellow, who, I predict, will yet get somewhere in this business if he keeps on trying, was over here; and, after dinner, this party, whose name is Charles Chaplin, gave an imitation of a buzzard fighting alongside a sick horse. Such judges as Claudette Colbert and Edna May Oliver agreed that, as a buzzard, he would fool any living creature, except possibly another buzzard.

But talk about acting, now. By special request I played the principal supporting role, that of the horse, and the sheer artistry of the performance gave delight to one and all. So now I'm convinced my future is assured, if only we can get somebody to write a show with a part in it for a sick horse.

IRVIN S. COBB.  
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## Lemon Is Rich in Vitamin Yield

Fruit Once Considered Injurious to Children.

By EDITH M. BARBER.

WHEN I was a little girl we were still old-fashioned enough to ask for pennies—not nickels or dimes—to spend as we liked. It was always difficult to decide whether they should be spent for long rubbery licorice sticks or for peppermint stick candy. If we were fortunate enough to have more than one copper cent donated to us at one time, we were quite likely to decide on the latter and persuade the grocer to let us have with the rest of our funds enough lemons to go around. We would then retire to the top of a woodshed in a neighboring back yard and blissfully suck the lemon through a peppermint stick inserted in the top.

Our secretiveness was due to the fact that at that time lemons were not considered good for children. It probably was fortunate that we indulged in this pastime only occasionally as undiluted lemon juice taken regularly might have affected adversely even our stomachs. Today we have, of course, a new appreciation of all those famous vitamins which the lemon has always harbored.

Even in my childhood, for some unknown reason we were given lemonade when we had colds, but it was always hot! Today lemon juice mixed with orange and sometimes pineapple juice, usually iced, is the first and sometimes the only treatment given by the doctor when we are struck down by our old enemy the common cold.

Perhaps no flavoring is more used or is more delicious than that of lemon juice for the popular pie and for other desserts. And what is fish without its garnish of lemon? Fish sauces demand its flavoring, and we usually add a dash of the juice to fruit or tomato-juice cocktails. A slice of lemon in a cup of consommé or in a plate of black bean soup gives the final touch.

**Norwegian Fish Sauce.**  
2 egg yolks, beaten  
1 cup hot white sauce  
1 tablespoon lemon juice  
2 tablespoons butter  
Add hot white sauce to beaten egg yolks. Add lemon juice drop by drop. Add butter cut in pieces. Beat one minute and serve at once.

**Lemon Tart.**  
2 lemons  
2 cups sugar

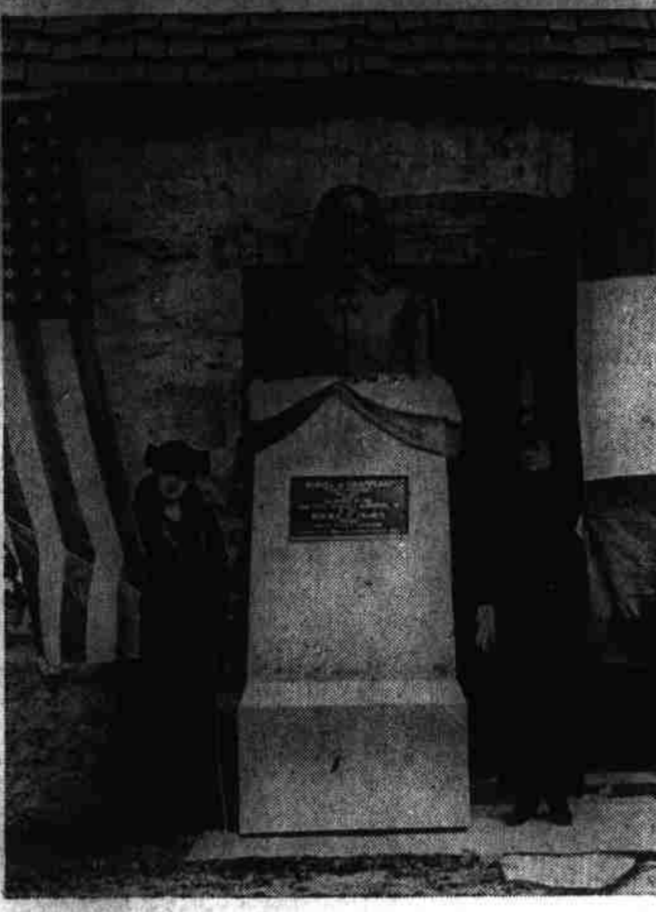
1 cup sponge cake crumbs  
2 eggs  
Pastry  
Mix the juice and grated rind of the lemon, sugar, eggs and cake crumbs. Beat until smooth. Put into patty tins lined with pastry and bake in a hot oven (450 degrees Fahrenheit) about seven minutes, until crust is light brown.

**Corn Muffins.**  
½ cup corn meal  
1 cup flour  
3 teaspoons baking powder  
1 tablespoon sugar  
¼ teaspoon salt  
¾ cup milk  
1 egg  
1 tablespoon melted butter  
Mix dry ingredients; add milk gradually, egg well beaten and melted butter; bake in greased muffin pans in a hot oven (400 degrees Fahrenheit) about twenty minutes.

**Prune Pudding.**  
½ pound prunes  
4 cups water  
1 stick cinnamon  
4 tablespoons sugar  
3 tablespoons flour  
1 teaspoon grated orange rind  
Wash prunes and soak in water overnight. Cook in same water with cinnamon, remove stones. Heat juice, add to sugar and flour which have been well mixed. Stir until thick. Add prunes, orange rind and pour into pudding dish.

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## Tribute to Great French Explorer



The part played by Samuel de Champlain, noted French explorer, in the early history of Fort Niagara, was recognized at the annual French day ceremonies at the ancient fortress when a bust of Champlain, the gift of the French government, was dedicated before high American and French officials. The bust is shown here as it was unveiled by Miss Edla S. Gibson, a Daughter of American Revolution official, at the left, and Mrs. Paul J. Speyer, wife of the French consul at Buffalo, N. Y.

## The Household

By Lydia Le Baron Walker

AUTUMN is one of the seasons when colds flourish. Many of these can be eliminated by attention to little things. So it is wise to take precautions. Colds, if light, are merely annoying but when severe may result in weeks of illness, sometimes accompanied with danger, and again resulting in a prolonged term of feeling miserable and run down.

Outdoor and Indoor Life. One of the dangers of taking cold is found in the change from a life in the open during vacations, and the confinement within four walls when work is resumed in the autumn. The body has become inured to the exigencies of outdoor elements. It has to readjust to indoor conditions. Therefore when it is possible, keep out of doors. It is one safeguard. Sleeping warm, and protected and having windows open to admit the pure outer air is another precaution.

And whether indoors or out see that the body is kept sufficiently

## The Old Family Doctor

By LEONARD A. BARRETT

Some one has defined a specialist as one who knows more and more about less and less. There may be more truth in that definition. Not for a moment would we disparage the value of the specialist. There is no doubt but that specialization leads to efficiency. A visit to a modern hospital convinces us of the value of specialization. If your trouble is in the throat, ear, eye, etc., you are immediately sent to a specially trained man in that particular ailment. For every disease there seems to have been trained a specialist who claims to know more about a particular disease than anybody else and whose ability to administer a cure is proportionally superior. Be that as it may, we offer no criticism. It may be in the interest of efficiency. We do feel, however, that the specialist is in danger of claiming a monopoly on the skill necessary to cure a particular ailment, and that this advanced training—so called—has a tendency to put into the shadows the services of the all-around physician. The truth is that in many cases the non-specialist has the greater advantage in that he is able to diagnose the trouble from an all-around point of view and not from the narrow confines of a specialist.

In this article the writer desires to make a plea for the peace and service of the old family doctor. From our medical schools every year thousands of young men are graduated. They feel that the only

place to settle is in the big city, hoping for a while to earn a living while they have the opportunity to specialize. All too few of these young men, and women, too, are willing to go into smaller communities and become the family doctor. They think it looks too old fashioned with little or no possibility of advancement. The truth is, however, that during the depression the doctor in the small town fared better than his colleague in the big city. One of the pathetic experiences witnessed in the last few years in our large centers of population was the exceedingly large number of vacant offices once occupied by doctors.

The place of the old family doctor is unique and should not be sacrificed. Perhaps he is the most trusted man in the community. He enjoys the confidences of the people and knows them more intimately than the city physician. He also enjoys remunerations which no amount of money could buy. Whether state medicine, with a staff of specialists, will ever be put into operation remains to be seen, but may it never displace the old family doctor. Long may he live and serve his community. His services are indispensable.

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## The Military Note

Brass ball buttons, forming a symmetrical fastening and studding a black leather belt, add the military note to a chic dress of black sheer woolen. The "braided" is corded black satin. Gold kid laces the black antelope gloves.

**Largest Real Estate Deal**  
The largest real estate transaction in history was the Louisiana Purchase, in 1803, when the United States bought from France the middle third of this country—a piece of land five times larger than France itself. Moreover, its low price probably constituted a record, for, although it is the richest agricultural region in the world, it cost us only four cents an acre.—Collier's Weekly.

## Burn Money in Honor of the Dead in Indo-China

The world depression has not dimmed in the slightest degree the prosperity of the little village of Langbuol, in French Indo-China, the inhabitants of which continue to turn out paper money by the ton to be burned at funerals so the deceased will have plenty of money in the next world.

Dard Hunter, one of the leading authorities in this country on the art of papermaking, would not however, recommend the same panacea for the United States prosperity, he said on his return after a four months' journey to the Far East.

Mr. Hunter, whose contributions to the art of papermaking have won him the title of "the modern Gutenberg" and the gold medal of the American Institute of Graphic Arts, went to Langbuol because he had heard that its inhabitants were operating the oldest paper mill in the world. He reported that the Langbuol villagers were carrying on the craft of papermaking which their ancestors first began on the same site about 700 years ago.

"Their papermaking methods are very primitive and crude," Mr. Hunter explained. "Apparently, they have not changed in any marked degree since the invention of paper away back in 150 A. D. The product turned out by the villagers of Langbuol is pretty terrible stuff. However, they are satisfied with it and don't seem to be able to turn out enough of the spirit money, for which there is a great demand all through Indo-China."

About 400 men, women and children live in Langbuol, which is a thatched-roof settlement along a mud trail on the edge of the jungle fifteen miles north of Hanoi. All the inhabitants work on some phase of papermaking. But the best craftsmanship and the chief energies of the villagers are devoted to the production of spirit money.

There are two principal varieties of this money. One kind consists of ordinary perforated paper; this is used at the funerals of ordinary citizens, who, it is believed, will have no great need of large funds in heaven. A special brand of spirit money, artfully decorated with lavish illustrations of gods, is burned at the funeral of the "aristocrats" of Indo-China. The "aristocratic" brand of spirit money is in high denominations. It burns with a heavy, acrid smoke, which floats lazily toward the blue skies, but eventually manages to reach the departed aristocrat in heaven, according to the firm belief of the Indo-Chinese priests.

The paper mills of Langbuol are probably the most remote and inaccessible in the world, Mr. Hunter said. In spite of this, Langbuol is the chief source of paper for all Indo-China. The daily output averages about 100 reams of 500 sheets

each—almost all of which consists of spirit money.

Bamboo fibers, plentiful in the near-by jungles, are the source of Langbuol's paper. The bamboo is cut and then boiled in lime. Then it is washed in a stream meandering through the village and beaten by hand until it becomes pulp. The pulp is placed next in a wooden vat containing water. When a screen of bamboo reeds is dipped in this vat the bamboo fibers cling to the screen. These fibers are removed and made into the famous Langbuol paper.

Two cases filled with Langbuol spirit money were among Mr. Hunter's luggage. Some of this money will be used to illustrate a book—his fifteenth—which Mr. Hunter will write on the origin and history of papermaking. The rest will go to the Smithsonian Institution and other museums.

## Useful Laundry Bag an Inexpensive Gift

By GRANDMOTHER CLARK



If you want to make up an inexpensive useful gift, here is a laundry bag that will answer very nicely. This bag, when made up, measures 15 by 20 inches. The embroidery design is stamped on muslin material ready to be embroidered and sewed up. You will find a wire clothes hanger about the house somewhere to sew into the bag. This stamped piece No. 1003 will be mailed to you for 15 cents. Hanger and crochet cotton are not included.

Address—Home Craft Co., Dept. A—Nineteenth and St. Louis Ave., St. Louis, Mo. Enclose a stamped, addressed envelope for reply when writing for any information.

## Still Coughing?

No matter how many medicines you have tried for your cough, chest cold or bronchial irritation, you can get relief now with Creomulsion. Serious trouble may be brewing and you cannot afford to take a chance with anything less than Creomulsion, which goes right to the seat of the trouble to aid nature to soothe and heal the inflamed membranes as the germ-laden phlegm is loosened and expelled. Even if other remedies have failed, don't be discouraged, your druggist is authorized to guarantee Creomulsion and to refund your money if you are not satisfied with results from the very first bottle. Get Creomulsion right now. (Adv.)

**Groping Mind**  
Nothing so favors the chances of evil as a hazy and puzzled mind, that cannot see its way, and knows not precisely whereabouts it is.—Martineau.

## How Cardui Helps Women to Build Up

Cardui stimulates the appetite and improves digestion, helping women to get more strength from the food they eat. As nourishment is improved, strength is built up, certain functional pains go away and women praise Cardui for helping them back to good health. . . Mrs. C. E. Ratliff, of Hinton, W. Va., writes: "After the birth of my last baby, I did not seem to get my strength back. I took Cardui again and was soon sound and well. I have given it to my daughters and recommend it to other ladies." . . . Thousands of women testify Cardui benefited them. If it does not benefit YOU, consult a physician.

**PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM**  
Removes Dandruff, Stops Hair Falling, Imparts Color and Beauty to Gray and Faded Hair. 60c and 75c at Druggists.  
FLORESTON SHAMPOO—Ideal for use in connection with Parker's Hair Balsam. Makes the hair soft and fluffy. 50 cents by mail or at druggists, Hilsco Chemical Works, Patchogue, N. Y.

## AMAZE A MINUTE

SCIENTIFACTS BY ARNOLD



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## Lovely Skin! Reward of constant care

With Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment. Let these gentle emollients be your beauty aids. At night bathe freely with hot water and Cuticura Soap. If any signs of pimples, blotches, red, rough skin appear, anoint with Cuticura Ointment. Daily care will help to keep the skin clear and attractive.

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