

What Advantage in Being a Snob?

By JEAN NEWTON

A WELL-KNOWN educator, talking to the graduating class of one of our foremost universities, gave them, most probably in jest, some advice for getting on in life that is interesting chiefly for the foolish discussion it has brought forth all over the country.

"Be snobs, young men," said he. And for the gist of his program for a young man to get ahead in the world, he told them to stand aloof, to throw a bluff, to cultivate the right people, to make a play for the boss' daughter instead of his stenographer.

And people have been commenting and discussing and interviewed on the question of whether it is really better to be a snob and get ahead or not to be a snob and not get ahead! "What happiness," is one naive re-

mark, "in marrying the boss' daughter if you don't love her?"

The assumption seems to be that it's sure to work—this being a snob. You're sure to get what you want—the boss' daughter can't fail to fall into your arms! The only question seems to be—will you be happy accepting all this good fortune just for being a snob?

And that's all bunk, of course. I suppose it has happened that someone has risen by hanging on to someone higher up—but it doesn't happen often. All other things being equal, good connections are usually a valuable asset. In their way they may be as valuable to a young man who has something really worthwhile to give, as that other asset, the necessity to make his own way. But good connections are rarely acquired by concentrating on them. They are rather a part of the recognition that comes to people who are trying to do something worth while, who are in work for the love of it rather than for where it is going to get them, witness the phenomenon of Lindbergh.

Don't assume this to be a preachment against being practical, far from it. One must be practical. But the most impractical thing in the world is to try to get ahead by concentrating on that, by being a snob. The point is that in the first place it is bound to keep you from giving of your best to the work that should get you ahead

—and then people always see through it. If you look back you will come upon a recollection, as we all do, of someone who tried to cultivate "the right people," who always had an eye open for those who would be of use to him, for "getting in right"—someone who tried to get ahead by being a snob. And you will have a recollection of someone avoided and despised, someone doubtless who is still marking time on the same old treadmill of trying to "get in right."

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TO THE EDITOR

By Fred Barton.

I HAVE developed a delightful absentmindedness. I put on the brown suit and found 35 cents in the pockets. Then I donned my white flannels and found \$1.

If this keeps on I'll soon have money enough to retire on.

But absentmindedness has its faults. I mis-sent a letter to Buffalo, Ohio—yes, there is such a place. Also there's a Boston, Ohio, and a Vienna, Ohio. But probably all three together wouldn't make one Loyal Oak or Parma Center or Western Star.

When it comes to the size of towns, names don't mean much.

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A Mountain Top Point of View

By LEONARD A. BARRETT

THIS article is written on one of the highest elevations in the Allegheny mountains. From this point of view three states and seven counties are visible. The vast expanse of territory is a veritable dreamland of trees and shadows of vastness and silence.

In the presence of such beauty nature seems to teach valuable lessons.

She seems to say, "Come along with me and I will show you real power and beauty. Enter into the silence with me and I will point the way to calmness and self-control. In the music of my cathedral songs of birds and rustle of tree tops—there are no discordant notes. My music is a grand march of progress ever onward and upward which is attuned to major chords."



L. A. Barrett.

From a mountain top point of view the perplexities of every day life, which we have left behind for a while, seem very unimportant. Return to them we must; but when we do so, it is with a broader and wiser insight, because we have been permitted to see these perplexities from a

point of view of calm detachment. The beauty of an oil painting is enhanced when viewed at a distance. A too near point of view spoils the picture for us. A lily lifted too near the sun will wither to white ashes, but when allowed to grow in earth's gardens sufficiently removed from the sun, its heat and light contribute to its beauty.

Get away from your work and go into the mountains. It is one of the best investments one can make. It pays big dividends in terms of those life values which enable a man to master his work and not be mastered by it.

Fatigue is nature's warning signal that we need a vacation. Rest is nature's method of storing up energy and reserve force. Therefore, get ye to the mountains!

Rest is not quitting the busy career. Rest is fitting one's self to his sphere.

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SUPERSTITION ABOUT TWIN CALVES

By H. I. King.

A RATHER common superstition in this country—that is, among farmers—is that twin calves bring bad luck. "You will never be rich," "the end of possession" are some of the significations of the omen. This is a survival from the cult of the Roman goddess Diana, who was the Greek goddess Artemis. Now Artemis—or Diana, as we prefer to be Greek or Roman—was the protectress of domestic animals and one of the identities of Artemis was Ilithyia. As Ilithyia she presided over birth. Diana was generally a beneficent goddess; but she was not always so.

The ancients endued their gods and goddesses with very human qualities and Diana, the Virgin Huntress, was represented as a rather "touchy" spinster, very much of a prude and talking vengeance upon those who offended her prudery. As witness the manner in which she treated that unfortunate nymph, Callisto, and that Peeping Tom of an Actaeon. Now Diana was born a twin herself and, considering that she presided over domestic cattle and over birth, regarded the birth of twin calves as having a personal touch offensive to her sense of decorum. It was that same delicate sensibility which caused the early Victorian spinster to take offense when some crude person mentioned the "legs" of the piano. An offense of that sort Diana always punishes.

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GABBY GERTIE



"The mistress still believes she's right even when the maid's left."

IT "RINGS TRUE"

By Jean Newton.

WE SPEAK of a story or an account of something "ringing true" when we mean it bears every semblance of truth and sincerity. Usually it doesn't "ring" at all. The story may come to us without even the sound of the human voice. We may read of it and yet use the expression "it rings true." The words however are a survival of a time when it was by literal "ringing" that certain truth or falsity was established.

The expression "it rings true" had its origin in the days when a large quantity of counterfeit money was being unloaded in the country and it was a common sight to see people drop a coin they had received in change to the counter in order to hear the ring by which they could distinguish the genuine from the imitation. The term

Society Girls Paddle Canoe Across Catalina Channel



These ten society debs from Camp Toyon on Catalina Island were photographed just before they had completed the extraordinary feat of paddling their war canoe across the treacherous waters of Catalina channel. Losing their way in darkness and getting two miles off their course, they required 5 hours and 45 minutes to make the 26 miles to the mainland at Los Angeles harbor.

took hold and came into popular usage in the figurative sense in which it is familiar today.

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Nonconformity

Who so would be a man must be a nonconformist. He who would gather immortal palms must not be hindered by the name of goodness, but must explore if it be goodness. Nothing is at last sacred but the integrity of your own mind. Absolve you to yourself, and you shall have the suffrage of the world.—Emerson.

MOST BEAUTIFUL AMERICAN MOTHER AND SON



Mrs. Richard O'Connor, twenty-two, of Dover, N. J., and her five-year-old son, James Richard, who were selected by unanimous vote as being the most beautiful American mother and son. Judges in this contest, which was nationwide, were John Barrymore, F. Scott Fitzgerald and Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr.

Billie Brownie Sandman Story

BILLIE BROWNIE was much excited.

He was going to call upon a bird-creature he had never seen before. Of course he always enjoyed calling on his old friends. He liked to hear more of their news.

Sometimes he liked to have them tell him the same things about themselves for then he could tell others who hadn't heard all the news, and he could freshen up his own memory about their ways.

But it was an event to call on a new creature he had never seen at all.

He put on his best brown suit and his best brown stocking cap with the brown tassel at the end, and started on his journey.

The new creature upon whom he was to call was the Kiwi.

He didn't quite know how to pronounce the creature's name but he did his best, in his own guesswork fashion and knew that would do.

"One comfort always is," Billie Brownie said to himself, "that animals won't glare at you if you don't pronounce their family names correctly."

He followed the directions Mother Nature had given him. And then he came before the Kiwi.

"I'm Billie Brownie," he said, introducing himself. "Mother Nature has given me the power to understand her children and the way they speak."

"You will find, too, that you can understand me. Mother Nature attended to that, for, as she said, a one-sided conversation wouldn't be of much use."

"I do understand you," said the Kiwi.

"It's a fine day," said Billie Brownie, for the Kiwi didn't seem to be doing any talking, though he looked friendly enough. He didn't look particularly lively though.

"Is it?" said the Kiwi. "I hadn't noticed."

"Yes," said Billie Brownie, "or at least, I think it is. Some might say it was a bit too windy, or others might

say it was a bit too sharp, but to my way of thinking it is very pleasant."

"What is your way of thinking?" asked the Kiwi suddenly.

"Well, well," said Billie Brownie. "It's just a Brownie's way of thinking."

"Oh," said the Kiwi, "then it doesn't mean that only along one certain road or way you can think? You are able to think anywhere?"

"Dear me, yes, I should hope so," said Billie Brownie.

"I wonder," he went on after another

curious and interesting animals live—and I'm like a mixture of a small Australian ostrich and a white leghorn hen, as I said, and as you can see.

"I have down instead of feathers. The eggs I lay are not so large as those of a hen.

"I can't fly at all worth mentioning. In fact, I'm just an odd creature.

"But I'm odd enough not to mind being odd.

"If you are odd and are sorry you are odd, it is a great pity and is apt to cause you unhappiness.

"But if you're odd and don't mind, then no harm is done, and everyone is more or less satisfied.

"You came to see me because I was odd, possibly?"

"Possibly," said Billie Brownie, "as long as you don't mind the use of that word.

"But truly I came to see you more because you were a new creature I'd never seen before, and I wanted to tell my friends about you."

"Ah," said the Kiwi, "so the friends of Billie Brownie will know about me! That's not so bad, not so bad," the Kiwi ended, looking at Billie Brownie in rather a foolish way.

(Copyright.)



"Gracious, No," said Billie Brownie.

er pause, "if you wouldn't tell me something about yourself?"

"I don't mind doing that," said the Kiwi.

"You can see what I look like with your own eyes—for I notice you have your own or at least I suppose they are your own. You didn't borrow them, did you?"

"Gracious, no," said Billie Brownie.

"Then," said the Kiwi, "you can notice with your own eyes that I look something like a small ostrich and something like a white leghorn hen.

"In fact, I'm somewhere between the two in the animal world. I'm from Australia—a country in which many



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