

The Children's Corner

Edited by DOROTHY EDMONDS

PALES

By ORRA LAYTON



My name is Peter Van, And I'm a most unusual cat. For when my master makes me pass, I try to do just that.

It may be lots of fun for him, But not so much for me. A kiss from Ted upon my head, And I'm good as good can be.

I hope you'll like our picture, For we've both tried very hard. So our artist friend can put us Upon his nice white card.

And please just to remember, Whenever this you see, That Ted and I together Are the best pals that could be.







THE OLD DAME

An old dame walked through the long woods after some fagots to make herself a nice warm fire. She gathered and gathered until she had so huge a bundle that she could hardly totter.

"Ah, how nice it would be if I had some help," said she. So she tottered to the edge of the wood where stood a little village. Going to the first house she knocked at the door and said, "Is there some one here who could help a poor, old dame?"

A tall man came to the door and looking at the poor, old dame he said, "Why certainly. I think I have an old pair of shoes that you could wear," and the tall man went inside and returned with a pair of old shoes which he gave to the poor old dame.

Now the old dame didn't really want the old shoes just then, but she put them on gratefully and proceeded on her way to the next house. Knocking at the door, she again said, "Is there

some one here to help a poor, old dame?" A stout woman came to the door and seeing the poor old dame tottering under the burden of fagots, said, "Why yes, I have an old coat I think you could wear." And going inside she returned with the coat.

Now the old dame didn't really want the coat just then, but she put it on gratefully and tottered to the next house. A slight rap on the door brought a quick response from a little girl.

"Is there some one here to help a poor, old dame?" she asked.

The little girl saw how poor and old the dame was, so she answered, "Of course, I have an old hat that would just fit you," and she skipped into the house after it.

Now the old dame didn't really want the hat just then, but she put it on gratefully and crept slowly up to the fourth house. A single tap on the door brought the bright face of a fine, young boy.

"Is there some one here to help a poor old dame?" she feebly murmured. The fine young boy looked at the poor old dame with her old shoes, her old coat, her old hat and the huge bundle of fagots weighing her down and he ran out quickly and said, "I will gladly help you, Old Dame." Putting his strong, young shoulder under the bundle of fagots, together they lifted it all the way through the woods. Then home flew the young boy, his heart as well as his heels as light as a feather.

The poor old dame lighted her fagots, made a nice warm fire, and was very thankful.

—Mary Laurence Turnbull Tufts.

PAUF AND PAWN

Two soldier men named Pauf and Pawn Both painted blue, stood on the lawn. They were survivors of the fray (Their friends had rusted all away).



Said Pauf, "I'll be the captain, sir, And you can be my messenger."

But Pawn said, "Humph!" and ever "Ho!" Which most emphatically meant, "no."

"I have survived as much as you—I'll make as good a captain too!" There followed then a grim trade

An impolite one, I'm afraid.

Old veteran Pauf grew rude and rash And tweaked his comrade's tin moustache!

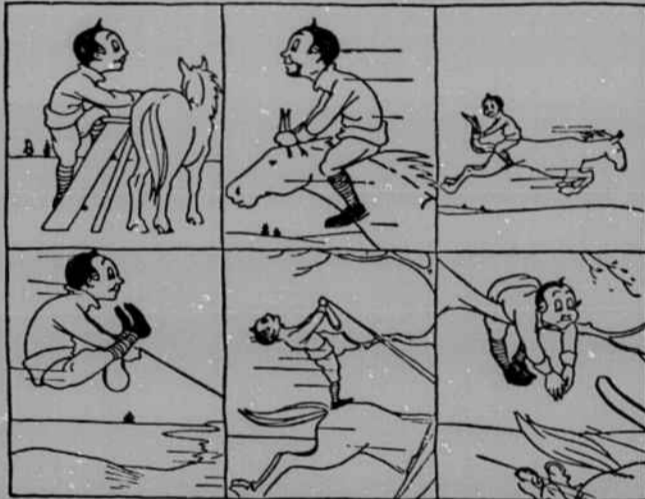
Cried Pawn, "Be-ware! You will regret!" And tugged at Pauf's old epaulet.

And then Pauf shouted, "See here, you'll receive my challenge to a duel! I am at your disposal, sir. Come, let's engage without demur."

They had no duel, did Pauf and Pawn. Their swords were only painted on!



BILL WILEY GOES HORSE BACK RIDING



(What five grave errors is he making?)

Cadets Ride Self-Propelled Gun Mount



West Point cadets of the graduating class taking a ride on a self-propelled gun mount during their annual visit of instruction to the artillery proving grounds at Aberdeen, Md.

About Our Master Motives

By M. K. THOMSON, Ph. D.

GENE TUNNEY'S master motive while he was the world's heavy-weight champion was to keep himself in good physical condition in order to defend his title successfully. He no doubt had to give up many good times for the sake of his major interest. The same holds for anyone who aspires to reach the top in any line of activity.

The lover, the patriot, the faddist, the crank, the reformer and all who have one great objective to which all others are subjected are moved by a master motive and are further illustrations of this remarkable urge.

A master motive is one that grips you so firmly that you subordinate all other wishes and desires to it.

Master motives may be of short duration or may last a lifetime. Those that are of short duration appear in the form of a crisis. No matter what great objective a man may have he is temporarily sidetracked by another master motive in an emergency such as a fire or an automobile accident or some other emergency that requires immediate attention and demands all his strength and resources. After the crisis is past a man may fall back to his long-term master motive, such as winning a girl or making a million dollars or getting elected to office.

A master motive is really the concentration of all our wishes and desires into one major drive that we

value most, the thing we want above all others and hence are willing to sacrifice everything to secure.

We have master motives to fulfill a major ambition, to steady our purpose, to be more efficient, to make our sacrifices with a good conscience and willingly, and, above all, to get what is nearest our heart, the thing with which we have identified our true self and upon which we have staked our happiness.

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THE CUBAN RUMMY

By Hugh Hutton.

(Author of Nutty Natural History.)

THE spiritually-minded tourist in Havana, if he were able to have seen the old cathedral, may have noticed the carved figures of these little creatures grouped above the portico. They were formerly very plentiful, and were mentioned by Columbus in his letters to Isabella, the Spanish queen. The rummy, he related in his quaint Genoese dialect, had caused a great deal of trouble with communications by perching by the hundreds on the new telephone wires and breaking them



down. It is now believed that it was the soft-shelled egg of the rummy that Columbus stood on end.

The writer waited fourteen hours in a frozen swamp to get this picture of an alighting rummy, which shows clearly its pistachio-nut head and slender body. The wings are split almond shells, and peanut feet with clove legs hold him up pretty well. The nose is a popcorn.

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Avoid Eye Strain

Discourage the youngster who wants to read "just a little while" in bed in order to become sleepy. Reading in bed overtaxes eyes that have already done a day's work.

DEAR EDITOR:

By Fred Barton.

THEY'RE trying to kill off our imaginations. First the tabloids brought pictures to people who couldn't read words. And now the talkies are spelling things out to people who don't even understand what they see.

The next step will be to work on the few remaining senses so that even a moron can get the point. During a movie of a snowstorm, the theater ought to be brought down to zero.

The next step will be to employ scents. When the heroine is powdering her nose, they ought to broadcast odours through the theater. When Cinderella cooks cabbage for the king—help, help!

If we don't look out we're going to become dull, lazy thinkers.

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But the Robot Has No Soul

By JEAN NEWTON

A BRITISH inventor has achieved a mechanical man. He calls him a Robot—Mr. Richard Robot.

The mechanical man can stand up and talk and obey commands and, with some limitations, carry on a conversation.

Showing off for his inventor, when told to "Wake up!" he opens his electric light bulb eyes, stands up, bows when told to do so, saying "Good morning," and when asked "How did President Garfield die?" hisses, "He was assassinated!"

He cannot yet walk, but that is a mere detail. What his inventor is working on now, we learn, is to make

him really SEE. This he expects to do—and a little science won't hurt us—by an application of the principles of the ultra red ray working with a selenium cell.

We've heard a lot about Robots—mechanical men, in fact not long ago we had a play about them. And now, apparently they have become a reality, and are going to become more and more familiar. At a recent meeting the New York Electrical society gave a series of exhibits of how automats can do away with man power. how Robots can do the work of men.

If the Robot can be made to see, he can be made to walk. Is it then

beyond the power of the imagination that he shall eat, digest food, even grow? No. Contemplating the tremendous heights that science has already scaled, one would hesitate to deny that there are any attributes of man with which men of science may not some day endow a being of their own construction. With one exception. They may give him everything to make the semblance of a man. They may manufacture, even, a certain chart of life. But what man cannot create is what in the final analysis really constitutes man—and woman. And that is a soul.

Without that soul, what good are we anyway? Ninety-eight cents worth, the chemists say. So it ought to be easy enough to reproduce us.

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VALUABLE PARK LAND OFFERED TO NEW YORK



A plaster model of the proposed park and art museum which John D. Rockefeller, Jr., has offered as a gift to the city of New York. The land is valued at about \$7,000,000 and the development of the park and cost of building the museum are expected to bring the total outlay up to about \$13,000,000.

Some Interesting Pimiento Dishes

By NELLIE MAXWELL

THE zestful little Spanish pepper adds much to the flavor and appearance of various dishes. Here are some suggestions for using it:

Squaw Corn.

Cook six slices of bacon until delicately browned. Remove the bacon from the pan and pour off half of the bacon fat. Beat two eggs until light, add one teaspoonful of salt, two cupfuls of fresh corn from the cob or a can of corn, one-eighth teaspoonful of pepper and one canned pimiento (chopped). Turn into the bacon fat and stir constantly over a low heat until the mixture thickens. The fresh corn if used should be cooked slightly in the fat before adding the eggs.

Pimiento Pinwheel Biscuit.

Prepare the following biscuit mixture: Two cupfuls of flour, one teaspoonful of salt, four teaspoonfuls of

baking powder, four tablespoonfuls of fat, one-half cupful of milk, one cupful of grated cheese and three well-drained pimientos. Sift the dry ingredients and rub in the fat, when well blended add the milk and roll out one-half inch thick. Spread with the cheese and the pimiento finely chopped. Roll up the dough and cut into half-inch slices. Bake 15 minutes in a hot oven.

Cabbage Salad.

Prepare a lemon gelatin, let stand until cool. Shred a small cabbage, add seasoning of salt, red pepper and a bit of lemon. When the gelatin begins to thicken stir in the seasoned cabbage with a cupful or less of finely diced pineapple and one finely shredded pimiento. Mold and serve well chilled on lettuce with a highy seasoned mayonnaise dressing.

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