By E. G. Whitney

As human beings, all of us are inclined toward "self-pity" at one time or another. The next time you get the overwhelming desire to feel sorry for yourself possibly the following outline of a man's life will help to give you a "lift" even though a package of camels is not handy.

E. G. Whitney

Picture a crossroads store in the middle west. A sheriff's sign on the door meant the end of the first venture into business for a tall, slender 22-year old man and his partner. The gangling youth, feeling the poignant grief and disappointment of early manhood, realized for the first time that failure is easier to achieve than success. He had lost every penny of his savings which had taken him seven long years to accumulate.

Two more years of struggle and deprivation enabled the young man to enter into a second partnership. He must succeed this time as he felt he could not endure another period of hardship.

But he failed again. His partner drank up the profits and they were forced to sell. Desperate, the partners agreed to terms of sale that proved disastrous. The purchaser failed to make even one payment, instead disposing of all merchandise and then disappearing. Then the young man's partner died, forcing him to shoulder all debts.

He refused to go into bankruptcy. There followed another period of miserable penury to pay off the last dollar of his obligation. At the age of 39 he was a complete failure. A friend offered him a job as a surveyor but one of his creditors levied on the instruments and horse which he had borrowed money to purchase and he was unable to take the position.

Then life dealt him the most crushing blow of his career. His first and only enduring love died suddenly and his heart followed her to the grave. He went down to the verge of insanity. "At this time of my life I never dared carry a pocket knife," he wrote afterward.

Ten years later the sun broke through the clouds briefly. Through the help of friends he was elected to Congress for two short sessions but was defeated for reelection. Nine years elapsed. Again friends aided in placing him in direct line for nomination to the United States Senate but a last minute split forced him to step aside.

He made one more attempt to attain the senatorship but he was defeated in a landslide by a suave politician who made a fool of him in a series of open-air debates. In his own estimation he was down and out of politics at the age of 50. He had been unable to achieve one single personal victory after 30 years of constant effort.

Two years after this last and disastrous defeat a glorious destiny compensated this man for his years of heartache and disappointment. ABRAHAM LINCOLN was elected PRESIDENT.

By Marjorie Elaine Porter

What does your family talk about at the dinner table?

Do you ever sit back and listen?

Or better still, do you check up on yourself as to the topics you choose?

In many families, the amusing incident, the breezy story, or the interesting experience—is reserved for the special occasion when guests are present.

Miss Porter

Generally, for our own and intimate circle we trot out the pet grievance, the daily difficulty, the chief complaint, for dinner conversation. Father nominates the dinner hour to read the riot act about family expenditures. Mother brings out all the problems she has been trying all day since morning. The children try to get in a cheerful word, but with scant success.

The family is seated, and the conversation runs something like this:

Mother: "John, what took you so long to get home? The dinner's spoiled. I don't know how it's going to taste. Probably terrible. Tommie, stop playing. Barbara will you eat and stop making faces at Jean? Take your elbows off the table, Jean, before you spill your milk. What makes you so grouchy, John, anything wrong at the office today."

Father: "Well I haven't been playing golf all day."

Mother: "Who said you were playing golf? There's no reason to be sarcastic. Can't I ask a civil question any more? Do you know what I've been doing all day—"

Father: "Yes—I know! Now I'll tell you what I've been doing all day—trying to figure out how to pay the bills you run up on me. Do you think I'm made of money?"

Mother: "What do you think—? The collector came again from your tailor, I run myself ragged hunting bargains, but you have your clothes made to order—"

Barbara: "Daddy, I got 100 today in spelling."

Mother: "Don't interrupt, Barbara. John, I don't know how it happened but moths have gotten into the lounge. We'll have to have it done over. I've just got to have something to drop down on during the day. My back has been terrible lately. I don't know how I'm going to stand it. Something's gone wrong with the washer too. It blew a fuse today. I'm glad I thought of that because I want you to fix it after dinner,—"

Father: "Well, I've got other things to do after dinner. Have it fixed tomorrow. Why don't you pay more attention to the children? Look out there, Jean! Now she has spilled her milk, and it'll spot the rug."

* * *

And so on to the end of the meal.

For the sake of better digestion, to say nothing of greater pleasure, table talk should be agreeable and enjoyable. Let family differences be discussed at other times. But if you want home to mean more than a bunk and a lunch counter, bar arguments and complaints at the dinner table.

Dinner can be such a pleasant time—try it and see.

By Carol Dwelley

So your name will be on the program! You may be going to sing or play for a club; or perhaps you'll review a book . . . or tell 'em how you went around the world on a shoestring . . . or about your operation. Anyway, you've accepted the invitation of the program or entertainment committee and, unless you're different from almost everyone else, you're going through the customary phases. . . .

Miss Dwelley

First there's the exultant mood, when your thoughts are tinged with an entirely natural hue of self-esteem. "Grandmother always said that ever a lady should know how to do one thing well, to entertain her friends . . . it's nice to know that people think you're good . . . What do I care if only three people are in the audience? At least the organization's well known. . . . Won't Mrs. Pryde have a fit? Ever since she took those lessons on the zither she's been dying to show off . . . Wonder what I'd better wear?"

Right there is where you made your first mistake, madame. As soon as one question is raised, a whole bunch of them flock, unbidden, to disturb your frame of mind. You'll pore frantically over the budget, wondering if you can't manage a permanent somehow, before THE DAY. And then you decide that it won't do anyway without one of those new shallow-crown hats. Of course you could wear the one your sister-in-law gave you, but will it match your maroon crepe well enough? You decide that it won't and turn, in despair, to the problem of rehearsal.

THE SPEECH (or whatever it is) is all arranged, fortunately, for by this time you're too flustered to summon anything but a nurse, let alone the Muse. So all you have to do is stumble through your daily routine with glazed eyes and a halting mumble of lines—and try to convince your family and friends that you're not losing your mind.

At last the fatal day arrives. By this time you are numb. You have just spirit enough left to muster the ghastly leer that must do you for a smile until it's all over. You know that you'll look tacky and that they'll be sorry they ever asked you to appear. You wonder if you couldn't possibly feign a broken leg. Some faint inherited spark from your pioneer ancestors rushes you repudiate this thought though and, with shaking hands, you set off—15 minutes early.

You are greeted by the pink, frantic lady who introduces herself as Mrs. Whuhuh. You take your seat on the speaker's platform, wishing it were the electric chair. You have great trouble with your purse, which persists in sliding from your damp, cold hands. Suddenly you wonder what you'll do with the darned purse when it's your turn. You are sure that your hat is the cause of all the mirth in the third row.

The chairman introduces you. The polite spatter of applause is not (you think to yourself) loud enough to drown the knocking of your knees. You draw a long breath; jerk your paralyzed jaws apart . . . and everything goes blank.

It must be all over. People are applauding, enthusiastically. The meeting dissolves in floods of tea and good-fellowship. The pink lady, no longer frantic, tells you that she nearly died laughing when you told about how the captain was seasick, and asks if you go every season? You remember that you hadn't intended to include that bit about the captain . . . Nobody seems offended though . . . You really hate to leave . . . Even a lady should know how to do one thing well, to entertain her friends . . .

Here's News! State Receives A Refund

Newspapers of Michigan rated the front page Friday, Oct. 8, when they presented the State government with a check for $2,629.57.

Almost in the "man-bites-dog" class of news was the announcement at a special luncheon here that the Michigan Press Association, representing 258 weekly newspapers and 27 daily newspapers, had returned to the state treasury more than 26 per cent of its original advertising appropriation of $10,000.

Editors from nearly 40 states visited Michigan last July, taking a four-day trip from Detroit to Mackinac Island. A Pontiac automobile was awarded to the editor who wrote the best newspaper story about Michigan.

In the presence of state officials including Governor Frank Murphy, a huge scrapbook of newspaper articles about Michigan was exhibited and a 35-minute motion picture of the editors' tour was shown. The check was presented to Secretary of State Leon D. Case, a member of the administrative board, by Philip T. Rich, editor of the Midland Daily News who was chairman of the publishers' convention bureau in charge of the four-day tour.

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Young Hen Turkeys lb. 45c (From Alma, Mich.)

SWIFT'S PREMIUM

Skinless Frankfurts lb. 25c

READY BAKED — GEORGIA

Peanut Ham lb. 42c

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Butt End lb. 32c

Shank Half lb. 29c

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DINING CAR — BRANDED Mince Meat – 36 oz. jar . . . . . 3 for $1.00

LIBBY'S Tomato Juice . . . . . doz. cans 85c

KNOX Jell – Assorted flavors 3 1-lb. cans $1.00

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LIBBY'S Pineapple Juice . . . . . No. 5 can 29c

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