THE DIGNITY OF WORK

By LEONARD A. BARRETT

In the month of June thousands of young people graduating from college will be ready to enter upon their life's work. It certainly is an inspiring sight to see all these young people, having been thoroughly prepared for their professional careers, receive their well earned diplomas. A very interesting picture. There is another picture, however, which is not so inspiring. In our large cities today there are thousands of engineers, lawyers, dentists, physicians and other trained men not only idle but suffering acute poverty, without much hope for the restoration of prosperity in their chosen professions for some time to come. Many of these persons are high-class men and hold degrees from universities of the highest rank.

No person, however, can conscientiously undervalue the importance of the professions. Not only do they require from five to seven years in intense preparation but also work of the hardest kind in carrying them on. Some person has remarked that the life of a doctor is a slavish life if you have something to do and equally exasperating if you have nothing to do. This statement might be true of any of the other professions. They all require work of the hardest kind if success is to be the reward of earnest and self-sacrificing effort.

But there is another kind of work which is not generally regarded as of the professional type; and upon which some educators not only look with disfavor but as something to be avoided. We read learned articles on topics such as, "The value of leisure," "Passing of the day of toil," "Live by your wits," "Rise above toil," etc. In other words there seems to be an effort to direct the mind of youth away from manual work as contrasted with the professional career. It is the opinion of many thoughtful persons that the professions are already overcrowded and that there must be a larger return of youth to the trades and the soil. All economic stability originated from the soil and perhaps it is to the soil that the majority must return 'ere we have a stabilized permanent prosperity.

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WHAT HAS HAPPENED

Chick Rollins and his wife, Connie, are entertainers down in Panama in Connie's father's cafe. One night John Bradley, president of the American Broadcasting Company, is present. Connie meets him and Bradley states that if she is ever in the States to see him about an audition. Connie's ambitions for Chick, and manages to get him the audition. He fails, but Connie starts to write a comedy strip for him, and he goes over with a bang; becomes the overnight sensation of America. Bradley signs both Connie and Chick to a contract and the program is sold as a commercial, with Connie writing the scripts and Chick enacting them.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

Now Chick was in the big money. And he made certain that everyone knew it. He took a huge penthouse apartment and his parties became the talk of the town. One girl, beautiful and of society's smart younger set, was present at one party, Muriel Bennett. Blonde and dazzling, it did not take her long to annex Chick for the evening, while Connie played the hostess and catered to the newspapermen who would give Chick valuable publicity.

Bradley came in just as Chick was doing a tap dance for his guests. Connie found him after a fifteen-minute search. Their talk was of Chick.

"To be honest with you, I'm a little worried about Chick," said Bradley.

"Why?" Connie asked.

"Well, I'm wondering if the whole thing isn't going to his head."

"I don't think so," said Connie, loyally. "Of course, he's had such a sudden success that it's bound to make him a little dizzy for a while. Let him have his fling."

"When is he going to stop flinging? This is the third housewarming this week."

It was early morning when the party ended. Connie had long been in bed, for the function was

"Oh, Chick!" Connie was perturbed at the other end of the phone. "I'd planned on it."

"Yeah, I know," answered Chick, "but these men have got to catch a train—and it may mean a big contract...no, it isn't Bradley. He doesn't know anything about it. I'll tell you when I see you. So long."

He hung up and Muriel walked over to him. She kissed him.

"Thank you."

Connie sat at the phone, thinking. Coming to a decision, she tried Information, but could not glean Muriel's address from the operator. She thought a moment again, then called Muriel's home. Muriel answered, and Connie pretended that she represented the florist's and that there was a package for her, but that the address had been torn off—would she please give it to her. Muriel, unsuspecting, did, and Connie hung up.

Fifteen minutes later, the maid informed Muriel and Chick that a "Mrs. Rollins was outside."

Chick jumped to his feet. "Who?" He turned to Muriel. "I got to get out of here. Isn't there a back way, or something?"

Muriel's eyes were hard. "Are you afraid of her?"

"No. But she'd be sure to think wrong—you know, me being here—"

"But there isn't anything wrong."

"No. Of course there isn't, but—"

"And I'm really not used to having a guest leave by the fire-escape." She turned to the maid. "Ask Mrs. Rollins in."

Chick moved discreetly away from Muriel. "How am I," he asked, "going to explain about the men I was with?"

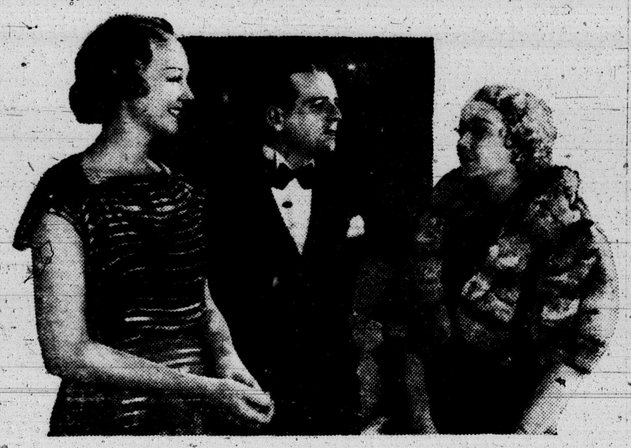
"I wouldn't try if I were you."

Then Connie came in. Chick, after swallowing nervously, found his voice.

"Hello, Connie."

"I was hoping I wouldn't find you here."

Words, of course, ensued. Word



Connie ignored him. "Of course, you've noticed how timid and shy he is."
(Posed by Claire Dodd, Wallace Ford and Helen Twelvetrees.)

swinging along with its own momentum, and she wasn't needed. Chick came to Connie's room at a quarter past five. Connie lectured, of course, for this sort of life would soon ruin Chick.

"Don't worry," Chick snapped. "Success ain't going to ruin a creative artist like me."

"Where'd you get that?"

"What?"

"That creative artist. The blonde tell you that?"

Chick shrugged. "I guess she knows what she's talking about."

"Yes," said Connie, drily, "I guess she does—put out the light, will you, Chick, and get some sleep?"

Not long after, Chick Rollins Clubs were in every town. Up, up, up went the star of Chick Rollins. There seemed to be no limitation. But then one day, one of the Broadway columns came out with this item:

"What radio star is giving his wife and work the go-by in favor of a Park Avenue blonde?"

Another said:

"One of the most highly-paid microphonies is providing plenty of laughs for a Social Registerite—only he doesn't know what a joke he is to her."

Then, the star began to decline, for Chick could not do his program right when he was drunk—which he was most of the time. Bradley lectured, Connie lectured—to no avail. Through it all, Chick's swelled head carried him a-sailing. He paid no heed.

Chick and Muriel Bennett were dancing in her apartment. Chick glanced at his watch.

"Say, it's almost dinner time."

Muriel snuggled closer to him. "You're having dinner with me—here."

"Well, I'd like to—but I got a date."

"Break it," urged Muriel.

"It's with Connie."

"You can always have dinner with your wife."

"Yeah, but I've kept her waiting a lot lately. And she made it a kind of a special date today."

Muriel grew cold. "Oh, never mind, if it's so important."

Chick was embarrassed. "You understand, don't you?"

"Certainly. I understand you want to go."

"Well—maybe I can fix it."

He reached for the phone and dialed Connie's number.

"Hello, Connie—listen, I won't have dinner with you tonight. I got to see some men—"

"About some dogs?" Muriel asked in an undertone.

after word built into a vitriolic scene. It reached a climax when Connie blurted out:

"How can you be such a sap? She's only got you around to laugh at. And all her friends are laughing at you. You're just a pet monkey on a chain. Can't you see it?"

Chick was stung to the quick. "Now, wait a minute. I don't care what you say about me, but you're not being fair to Miss Bennett."

"Please don't defend me," said Muriel.

"I'm not interested in Miss Bennett. I'm only fool enough to be interested in you—are you coming with me, or are you going to stay here?"

Chick hesitated in embarrassment. "Well—"

Muriel spoke first. "I really think you'd better go. I didn't imagine that an innocent visit would cause so much trouble."

Chick was angered. "Why should I go?" He turned to Connie. "I'm not a baby. You ain't got any right to order me around like that."

"I'm not ordering you," Connie snapped. "I'm giving you a choice."

"It's the same thing. You're trying to make a sucker out of me in front of people. Well, you can't do it. I'm staying here."

"Do you know what that means?"

Chick leered. "It means I'm staying here."

Connie turned to Muriel slowly. "Well—congratulations."

"Thank you."

"I'm sure you'll like him. You'll find him a very agreeable person. Of course, he hasn't an ounce of character." Connie spoke quietly.

"Well, after all, one can't have everything," Muriel agreed.

"Say, wait a minute—" Chick tried to interrupt.

Connie ignored him. "And, of course, you've noticed how timid and shy he is."

"Oh, positively shrinking."

"And that habit," went on Connie, "he has of always belittling himself."

"I suppose you think you're being pretty smart," snapped Chick.

"About time I changed, isn't it? I've been pretty dumb for a long time. Well, he's all yours, Miss Bennett."

"So kind of you. A loan, I presume." Muriel's tone held a superior tone.

Connie started out, but called back over her shoulder, "For as long as you like."

TO BE CONTINUED

BENEFITS OF SUNSHINE

With the advent of summer, prudent housewives bring their murky, yellowed household linens out for exposure once more to the bleaching, whitening influence of the sunshine.

Scientific study has proved that the direct rays of the sun's light exert a beneficial effect on fabrics that can be obtained in no other manner. Drying away from the influences of open air and sunlight lacks the value to be had from summertime, outdoor drying.

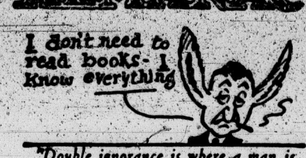
"Wind and sun are the final two important factors in the correct cleansing of clothes," says a home economics expert, who adds: "Correct sorting of articles and cleansing of the various lots at the right temperature for each in the family washing machine are the necessary first steps.

"Direct sunshine fades non-fast fabrics, but is beneficial except for that. Uncolored table linens, bedding and other white goods are fresher and sweeter through open-air drying. Colored fabrics get all the same benefits, the need being only to shelter them from sharp, direct rays of the sun."

GABBY GERTIE

"When a worm turns, it's generally into silk hose, providing it's a silk worm."

ALMANAC



"Double ignorance is where a man is ignorant of his ignorance"

JUNE

18—Napoleon takes a real licking at Waterloo, 1815.

19—Caterpillar plague hits Burke, N. Y., 1891.

20—Remarkable meteor seen over New England, 1860.

21—Wm. Penn, founder of Pennsylvania, reaches U. S., 1683.

22—H. Rider Haggard, noted novel author, born 1856.

23—Hazing is abolished at Annapolis academy, 1873.

24—John Cabot discovers N. American continent, 1497.

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POTPOURRI

Bananas an Herb

The common thought that bananas grow on trees is erroneous. Although in the tropics the plant bearing this fruit attains tree-like proportions, it is really an herb. Scientifically speaking, an herb is not a tree. Each banana is first a flower, a cluster of flowers eventually developing into a bunch of bananas.

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Father Sage Says:

In every one's experience he has seen boyhood acquaintances rise to fame and fortune; and still his fondest affection usually lingers with the chum who was a failure in the world's estimate.

Navy's Best Athlete

Midshipman Hugh O. ("Fid") Murray of Newnan, Ga., was awarded the Naval Academy Athletic association sword as the "best athlete of the year." He was captain and end of the football team and a varsity lacrosse man.

Home Bureau News

HOME MAKERS ANNUAL MEETING JUNE 29

The McHenry County Home Bureau annual meeting will be held at the Greenwood church on Friday, June 29, and will start promptly at 10 o'clock standard time. This is the sixteenth annual meeting. The past year shows a larger increase in interest and membership and enthusiasm than in any year for the past several years. Home Bureau is a professional organization for the home maker. It is a part of the extension service of the United States Department of Agriculture at the University of Illinois, and its membership is open to any woman who cares to take advantage of it. Each year the annual meeting is held at which time the county officers are elected; units report their individual activities for the past year; county officers report what they have done during the past year; and plans are made for the coming year. The afternoon program will consist of a formal program under the direction of the committee and Mrs. Arthur Beard as chairman. Mrs. Dan Desmond, county president, will preside.

LEGION PICNIC AT ROCKFORD

More than 1,000 Legionnaires and guests are expected to attend the big stag picnic planned by Walter R. Craig post of Rockford, for June 16, at the Hidden Inn, located on the Blackhawk trail near Rockford.

A full program of athletic events including four baseball games, a unique dock-paddle contest and other stunts will be featured in the afternoon. From 4:30 to 8:30 p. m., a barbecue dinner will be served with vaudeville and band music by Rockford's chaimpionship 40 and 8 band will be after dinner features.

All friends of the Legion as well as members are welcome to attend the outing which is being planned by the committee which had charge of the big state convention last year.

Legionnaires from all parts of Northern Illinois and Southern Wisconsin are expected to attend the big jamboree.

Oldest Big Building

The oldest big building in the world is the Step Pyramid in Egypt, which is estimated to be 6,000 years old.

Xenon's Discovery

The chemical element xenon was discovered in 1898 by Ramsey and Travers and named after the Greek word for "stranger."

Ant That Is Fighter

Australia's bulldog ant likes to fight so much that even when it is cut in two, a battle begins between the head and tail.

This is the New Mower the Crowds Admired at A Century of Progress Last Year

Come in and go over the entire mower. You'll agree that you have never seen anything like it.

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WE are anxious to have all of our friends see the New McCormick-Deering No. 7 Enclosed-Gear Mower. We think it is one of the finest pieces of farm equipment we have ever sold!

Everybody who has seen it says they never had any idea that a mower could be built as this one is.

For example: The entire operating mechanism, including drive gears, differential, and countershafts, is assembled compactly in an oil-tight gear housing and runs in a bath of oil. There are four high-grade roller bearings. Operation is so smooth and noiseless that you can scarcely hear the light hum of the sickle!

Special oil seals at the ends of the main axle and flywheel shaft, and the oil-tight gear box prevent leakage and protect all working parts against the entrance of dirt and other abrasive materials. Floating action of cutter bar provides ample play without disturbing knife registration.

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For instance, the Super Series Frigidaire '34 has automatic defrosting; it has Lifetime Porcelain inside *and* out; it has the new Sliding Utility Basket for eggs and small articles; and the Frigidaire Servashelf that's so convenient when rearranging things in the refrigerator.

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