

SCHOOL STUDY SPORTS

THE JUNIOR BRITISH WHIG

BIGGEST LITTLE PAPER IN THE WORLD

HUMOR PLAY WORK

ONE REEL YARNS

THE SACRED COW



THE SACRED COW. THE story of the Sacred Cow and the Boy who didn't show any better. Now it's easy enough to tell about the Sacred Cow, for ever since she could remember she had lived in state in this temple yard, but there's much more to the story of the Boy who didn't know any better. His mother worked as cook in the Lounser family. The Boy had tumbled around the house and grown up with the Lounser puppies and the Lounser boys. And when one day his mother, who had never paid much attention to him anyway, went off and never came back, he stayed on. And when old Mr. Bolton Lounser got an appointment to represent his country in the court of a far eastern Prince, he took the Boy along. So that was how he happened on the Sacred Cow. He felt sorry for the Cow, standing all alone in the little square before the temple. He didn't know this was a Sacred Cow, guarded by the temple priest, and no one dared touch her, and he didn't know that he was looking at her from the Lounser stable. Then one day Mr. Lounser came to the Boy, looking very much worried. "One of the guards of the palace has reported to the Prince," he said, "that you were seen taking hay to the Sacred Cow last night."

Home Talent Plays

A MAY DAY PAGEANT

A plain stage with a green curtain at the back is all that is needed to stage a little May pageant using a number of characters. (Enter four girls in a row. They are wearing gossamer, and raincoats and carrying big umbrellas. They come to the center of the stage.) GIRLS: April's such a rainy month. You can't go anywhere. Unless you have a bumbushoot, although the skies are fair. For sure as you're away from home the skies will turn to gray. And bucketful of rain descend to spell another day. FIRST GIRL: April's such a rainy month. My hat is just a sight. SECOND GIRL: And all the ourt has left my hair— I simply look a fright. THIRD GIRL: Those slippers that I cherished so With mud are caked and brown. FOURTH GIRL: And every time a picnic's planned. The rain comes pouring down. (Enter April, a tall girl in a flowing gray gown. The four girls step backwards, as April comes to the front.) APRIL: April is the name I'm called; I'm not well liked, it's true, because you never stop to count the good things that I do. (April waves her hand, and four rain drops, girls in gray dresses and with silver paper caps, scamper in, hand in hand.) RAIN DROPS: We're the drops of April rain. That play such naughty tricks; We bring the misty, moisty air

TO-DAY'S PUZZLE

Fill the second blank in each sentence with a word using the same letters used in the word which fills the first blank: "Alice attended many — in the —." Answer to yesterday's: a-n-p-e. Real illness. Mother: "Don't you think we had better send for the doctor?" Father: "Oh no. Jimmy has felt ill before and got over it." Mother (anxiously): "But never on a holiday." I know two twins who are so much alike that they borrow money from themselves without knowing it.

HE WOULDN'T EAT A BIT



WHAT DO YOU THINK I AM, A HORSE? NOW CECIL, I MADE A SPECIAL TRIP TO THE STABLE FOR THIS. while the elders talked of uninteresting things. The telegraph wires thrummed, thrummed, thrummed above them; the rats were glaring hard lines; the goldenrod smelled dusty. Across the track was a pasture of dwarf clover and sparse lawn cut by earthy cow-paths; beyond its placid narrow green, the rough immensity of new stubble, jagged with wheat-stacks like huge pineapples. Erik talked of books; flamed like a recent convert to any faith. He exhibited as many titles and authors as possible, halting only to appeal. "Have you read his last book? Don't you think he's a terribly strong writer?" She was dizzy. But when he insisted, "You've been a librarian; tell me; do I read too much fiction?" she advised him loftily, rather discouragingly. He had, she indicated, never studied. He had skipped from one emotion to another. Especially—she hesitated, then flung it at him—

RADIO EXPLAINED

By E. H. LEWIS INSTRUCTOR NEW YORK Y.M.C.A. RADIO SCHOOL

TUNING ONE CIRCUIT TO ANOTHER.

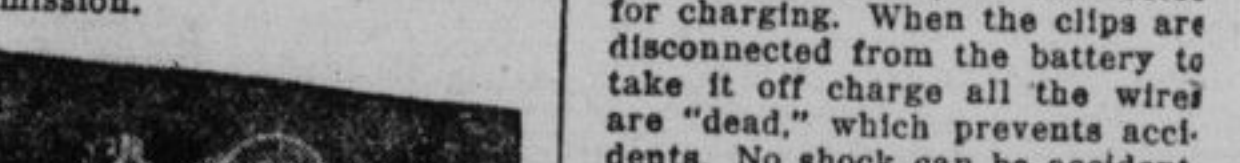
If there is an alternating current of a given frequency flowing in one circuit and another circuit containing capacity and inductance is placed nearby, there will be an alternating current created in the second circuit. As a matter of fact, this current in the secondary circuit will be composed of two currents of two frequencies. One frequency is that of the alternating current flowing in the primary circuit, while the other is the natural frequency of the secondary circuit. If these two frequencies do not coincide the secondary circuit is out of resonance or out of tune with the primary, and the two currents add and subtract to produce a current which is not as great as it might be. If, by adjusting the natural frequency of the secondary circuit to coincide with that of the primary current the two currents are put in tune, the secondary current will be a maximum. Maximum current flows in the secondary circuit when it is in resonance with the primary. This is because the two currents are of the same frequency in the secondary circuit and always add together. The above considerations hold particularly when the alternating current in the primary circuit gradually dies out or is "damped." If it does not die out, but is continuous in its alterna-

NEW APPARATUS AND DEVICES

By RALPH BROWN RADIO ENGINEER, CUTTING AND WASHINGTON RADIO CORP

A CONVENIENT AND RUGGED BATTERY CHARGER.

When a vacuum tube radio receiver is used it is usually necessary to provide a storage battery for lighting the tube filaments. This storage battery requires recharging ever so often, depending upon the number of hours it is used per day. It may, of course, be sent to a battery charging station for this purpose, but unless an extra battery is on hand the receiver is temporarily out of commission.



The illustration shows a rugged battery charger especially suited for charging the battery at home. In the illustration a cover which fits over the parts to the left of the meter is not shown. Probably, one of the most important considerations is that this outfit is approved by the Fire Underwriters. There is but one moving part—the armature shown just to the left of the two magnets. When the battery is being charged this armature moves back and forth and the alternating current in the lighting circuit is changed to a pulsating direct current. Direct

Will readers interested in these radio articles kindly communicate with the editor by mail?

must not guess at pronunciations; he must endure the nuisance of stopping to reach for the dictionary. "I'm talking like a cranky teacher," she sighed. "Not And I will study! Read the damned dictionary right through." He crossed his legs and bent over, clutching his ankle with both hands. "I know what you mean. I've been rushing from picture to picture, like a kid let loose in an art gallery for the first time. You see, it's so awful recent that I've found there was a world—well, a world where beautiful things counted. I was on the farm till I was nineteen. Dad is a good farmer, but nothing else. Do you know why he first sent me off to learn tailoring? I wanted to study drawing, and he had a cousin that'd made a lot of money tailoring out in Dakota, and he said tailoring was a lot like drawing, so he sent me down to a punk hole called Curlew, to work in a tailor shop. Up to that time I'd only had three months' schooling a year—walked to school two miles, through snow up to my knees—and Dad never would stand for my having a single book except schoolbooks. "I never read a novel till I got 'Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall' out of the library at Curlew. I thought it was the loveliest thing in the world! Next I read 'Barriers Burned Away' and then Pope's translation of Homer. Some combination, all right! When I went to Minneapolis, just two years ago, I guess I'd read pretty much everything in that Curlew library, but I'd never heard of Rossetti or John Sargent or Balzac or Brahms. But—Yump, I'll study. Look here! Shall I get out of this tailoring, this pressing and repinning?" "I don't see why a surgeon should spend very much time cobbling shoes."

"But what if I find I can't really draw and design? After fussing around in New York or Chicago, I'd feel like a fool if I had to go back to work in a gents' furnishing store!" "Please say 'haberdashery'." "Haberdashery? All right, I'll remember." He shrugged and spread his fingers wide. She was humbled by his humility; she put away in her mind, to take out and worry over later, a speculation as to whether it was not she who was naive. She urged, "What if you do have to go back? Most of us do! We can't all be artists—myself, for instance. We have to darn socks, and yet we're not content to think of nothing but socks and darning-cotton. I'd demand all I could get—when I finally settled down to designing frocks and building temples or pressing pants. What if you do drop back? You'll have had the adventure. Don't be too meek toward life! Go! You're young, you're unmarried. Try everything. Don't listen to Nat Hicks and Sam Clark and be a 'steady young man'—in order to help them make money. You're still a blessed innocent. Go and play till the Good People capture you!" (To be Continued.)

WAS TROUBLED WITH HER STOMACH FOR FIVE YEARS.

Mrs. Samuel Ward, Millersdale, Sask., writes:—"I feel that I must write to you before another day passes as I am so happy and so grateful to your splendid medicine, Burdock Blood Bitters, for after an illness of five years I am better. I had stomach trouble so bad, I could not bear the smell or taste of food of any kind, and got so thin and weak I could not work. I had four doctors attend me, but they did me no good. I was in no pain, but felt so ill, at times, I thought I would die, in fact, all my friends were sure I could not live many weeks. This time last year I saw where a man was relieved of stomach trouble by Burdock Blood Bitters, so my husband got me two bottles, but I had no faith in it after all the different medicines I had taken, however, he insisted, and after the first two days I must say I began to feel better, and after the first bottle I felt so much better I went out a little every day, but could not go alone I was so weak, but I soon got so I could walk and eat, and I have not quite 'out.' I am nearly seventy years of age and I feel better than I have for years and can now do all my housework. You may make use of this letter if you wish, as it may be the means of making others as well and as happy as I am."

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MAIN STREET The Story of Carol Kennicott By SINCLAIR LEWIS

CHAPTER XXIX Valborg. "Oh, dear me, he's got a button unbuttoned," worried Erik, kneeling. Carol frowned, then noted the strength with which he swung the baby in the air. "May I walk along a piece with you?" "I'm tired. Let's rest on those ties. Then I must be trotting back." They sat on a heap of discarded railroad ties, oak logs spotted with cinnamon-colored dry-rot and marked with metallic brown streaks where iron plates had rested. Hugh learned that the pile was the hiding-place of Injuns; he went goggling for them

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