

MEET THE WEATHER HALF WAY

It's no use, dear friends, to swear at the hot weather. That only makes you hotter. Also it's no use to fan yourself, and go around the corner for a cold drink. Come, let's figure it out together.

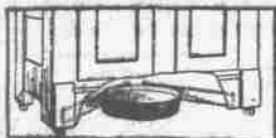
Aren't you uncomfortably hot chiefly for this reason—that you try too hard to fight against the heat? Just yield to the heat, acquiesce in it, take it as a matter of course, and see how much more comfortable you'll be.

It's natural for summer to be hot, and it's natural for man to sweat. Also it's good for him. It soaks the physical poisons out of him, just like the hot baths at a health resort where he'd pay good money to be parboiled. That leaves quiet nerves and a clear eye—if only a man doesn't work himself into a frenzy over the silly notion that he's suffering.

The mental attitude's the main thing. Just meet the hot weather only half way. If you can persuade yourself that you wish it was still warmer, all the better. Pretty soon you'll be enjoying the heat, and thanking Providence for the good old summer time.

This isn't sarcasm, but hard fact. At any rate, since everything else has failed, why not try it?

SAVES LOTS OF TROUBLE.



Here's an idea that will keep icebox water from dripping all over the floor:

Nail two boards to the floor to form a right angle under the refrigerator, the bases of the angle being the two front corner of the refrigerator. The boards need not be long enough to meet, although the opening should not be very wide. Then when it is necessary to put the pan under put it on the floor, push it with the foot until it strikes either of the boards and then push it a little more until it hits the other one. It will then be directly under the drip pipe.

Years Well Spent.

One of Chicago's manufacturers does not think so highly of the value of a college career. He was taking a fellow magnate to task the other day.

"Well, I hear your son is through college."

"Yes, he's through."

"Put in four years, I s'pose?"

"Four years."

"And did he learn anything whatever that was useful during those four years?"

"Oh, yes. He learned to operate an automobile so well that we have put him in charge of one of our big electric trucks."

Sydney Kidman, the "Queensland cattle king" of Australia, owns 50,000 square miles of land—about as large as the state of New York.