

# Life's Little Comedies ~ Down the Midway ~



A GENTLEMAN TRYING TO NEGOTIATE THE MIDWAY WITH A FRAGILE SOUVENIR OF THE GLASS BLOWERS' ART.



"WHAT'S HE SAY?"



MRS. GIMPSBY DROPS AROUND TO GIVE THE FAT WOMAN 'TH' ONCE OVER."



A TWENTY-FIVE CENT PEEP INTO THE FUTURE



AUNT DEDA JUST KNEW HE WOULDN'T BE ABLE TO GUESS WITHIN TEN POUNDS OF HER CORRECT WEIGHT.



"COME ON HENRY - DON'T BE FOOLISH!"

## Keep Cool and Don't Worry Increases Blood Pressure

Blood Pressure Higher in Schools Where Severe Discipline Is Enforced Than Those Where Routine Is More Easy Going—Exercise Quickens Heart and Dilates Blood Vessels

DURING recent years people have become familiar with the method used by physicians in determining the blood pressure. Such estimations are not difficult, and almost every physician possesses the necessary apparatus for finding out what the patient's blood pressure may be at any given time. It has, of course, been necessary in arriving at the facts to take into consideration the results of blood pressure estimations on large numbers of people so as to determine what are essentially normal figures. The blood pressure as now determined is given in several figures, including the so-called systolic and diastolic pressures. The systolic pressure represents the activity of the heart; and the diastolic pressure, the amount of pressure produced by resistance in the smaller vessels near the surface of the body. The difference between the high systolic pressure and the low diastolic pressure is called the pulse pressure.

In an ordinary adult of middle age, the systolic pressure ranges from 110 to about 135 millimeters

diastolic pressure at a lower level by reducing the resistance in the small blood vessels near the surface, and thereby giving the heart less work to do. British investigators found that the average blood pressure was much higher in schools where strict discipline was maintained than in those in which the routine was more easy-going.

There has been some doubt as to what effects emotions might have on blood pressure. The general belief is that the blood pressure is likely to fall during sleep and to begin to rise when the person awakens. Exercise quickens the heart and dilates the blood vessels near the surface, and thus raises the systolic pressure. If close attention is required so as to place the muscles in tension, the rise may be even higher. A warm shower bath will raise slightly the arterial tension, whereas a cold water shower will lower the systolic pressure. If one is worried, his pressure may rise; and in the same way pain and fear may cause a rise in blood pressure under some conditions, or a lowering of the pressure in others. It is thus clear that a blood pressure reading at any given time will depend for its interpretation on many other factors which the physician will have to have in mind not only as to physical state of the patient, but also as to his emotions.

### This Week's Great Thought

"We must put our foot—both feet—down on bobbed hair."

## Back to the City to Find God

Nature Can Uplift and Heal, But It Cannot Warm the Heart—God Discloses Himself Most Fully in Human Sympathies

By SALEM G. BLAND, D.D.

A MULTITUDE of folk have been coming back these days from lakeside and mountain and woods to city streets and tiny backyards. I wonder if many feel as I used to feel.

In my earlier youth spent in towns and small cities of Ontario few folk took summer vacations in the country—none that I knew. Later from fifteen to twenty, when I was living in the cities of Quebec and Montreal even a minister's family conformed to the prevailing custom. So for some years I lived for a month or six weeks in woody quiet places on the lower St. Lawrence. Life at some of these resorts, now crowded and "civilized" was deliciously simple and primitive. Vice and crime was almost unknown. There were no automobiles, no motor boats, no golf links, few dances. We rowed and bathed and fished, picked berries, took long walks and rides in hay carts and buckboards, inhaled the aromatic fragrance of spruce and balsam of Gilead, and that most delectable, pungent and distinctive odor of the lower St. Lawrence—that was called the smell of the sea, but which, I imagine, was the odor of decaying seaweed, of all odors, perhaps, the richest in memories to those who have lived on the St. Lawrence below the Island of Orleans.

### After Vacation

THERE are many things about my youth for which I am grateful. One of them is these summers (to use the old phrase) "at the salt water," the most picturesque, romantic and bracing, I think, of all summer resorts in eastern America.

But the return to the city, especially to what was even then a considerable city, Montreal—the close, narrow, treeless, grassless, dusty, often untidy streets, the bustle, the noises, the smells, especially the Sunday streets crowded with amusement seekers, after the peace and loveliness of the Sundays among the lonely hills or by the clean austere rocks on the shore—the first days of the return, until one gets used again to the city, were days of dreariness and homesickness. One felt as if driven out of Eden and from the presence of the Lord. I used to say to myself and feel exalted and virtuous in saying it.

"The trail of the serpent is over it all." I fancy that feeling must be widespread. It is a very ancient saying:

"God made the country; man, the city," to which, by the way, Tennyson added: "And the devil, the country town." And Balzac closes one of his stories with the words of one who is trying to explain the fascination of the desert: "In the desert man is nowhere and God is everywhere." "The Garden of Allah," the Arabs call it. Every one knows that the men who live in lonely places, sailors, fishermen, lighthouse keepers, trappers, prospectors, are religious men. How many atheists, I wonder, could be found north of the Canadian National transcontinental from Labrador to Prince Rupert?

Yet in the teeth of these ancient doctrines I maintain that one can find God more truly and fully in the city than in the wilderness.

There is a revelation of God in the wilderness, in those austere solitudes which our most characteristic group of painters, the group Seven, the Algonquin School, delineate with such deep understanding and love.

### God Makes City, Too

THERE is a revelation of God in that tremendous crag, "Where the Eagles Build," in that unforgettable portrayal of "The Solomonic Land," of the wild and rugged grandeur and loveliness of that northern region which some day we shall recognize as one of Canada's greatest assets.

When a friend of mine walked out at low tide till he stood underneath the great rock that towers out of the gulf like a Titanic battleship off Perce Harbor, he told me he felt like going on his knees.

Darwin confesses with perhaps a tinge of regret that his heart was stirred to a sense of worship when in his early manhood he walked in the cathedral twilight of the mighty South American forests.

And who can be unresponsive to the yearning of the Irish poet?

"I will arise and go now, and go to Innisfree,  
And a small cabin build there, of clay  
and wattles made;  
Nine bars there will I have there,  
And live alone in the bee-loud glade.  
And I shall have some peace there,  
For peace comes dropping slow,  
Dropping from the veils of the morning  
to where the crickets sing;  
There midnight's all a glimmer,  
And noon a purple glow,  
And evening full of the linnet's wings.

Yet despite all this and the high authorities, Wordsworth and Ruskin and Whitman and Jeffries and Thoreau and Hebrew prophet and psalmist, I still maintain that there is a higher and a fuller revelation of God in the city than in the country.

Nature can uplift, can calm and soothe and heal. Nature cannot warm the heart. It is out in the wilderness men learn love and patience and tenderness. The wilderness may make men strong; it does not make them pitiful. And it is in the human sympathies that God most fully discloses Himself. The distinctive revelation of God through Jesus Christ, that is He is love, "and anyone that loveth is born of God and knoweth God. He that loveth not knoweth not God." There is a higher revelation of God in any factory, in any office, in any kitchen than can be given by Himalayan snows, solemn sunrise, or "summer isles of Eden lying in dark purple spheres of sea."

### Humanity and Trees

YES, in the city where men jostle and some are trampled on and others may rise on them and some are starved that others may grow rich; in the city where the evil passions of men are lashed to their fiercest, and where human misery touches the lowest; in the city where hearts grow hardest and the ties of a common humanity are most completely disregarded; in the city with its strife, clamor, confusion, and din; in the city just because the worst of human life is revealed is also the fullest revelation of God. It is there in the goodness that shows itself indestructible, the sympathies that steadily grow stronger, triumphing over selfishness and strife, in the countless kindly and helpful words and deeds that beautify the roughest and dreariest path.

"Poems are made," said Joyce Kilmer, "by fools like me."  
"But only God can make a tree," and we know the truth he meant, but after all, God made a finer thing in that poem than in any tree—the splendor of the dauntless human spirit that even in this disorderly and savage world persists in finding beauty and joy and the assured triumph of love.

"Wisdom," saith the wise man, "uttereth her voice in the streets; She crieth in the chief place of concourse, in the openings of the gates; in the city she uttereth her words."  
"And he whose heart is full of grace,  
To brother, sister round about,  
Sees more in any human face,  
Beclouded with all wrong and doubt,  
Than shines in nature's holiest place  
Where mountains dwell and streams run out."

## Edith the Girl Who Exaggerates Sees Through a Magnifying Glass

She Just Can't Help Making Everything Much More Amazing Than It Really Is

EDITH was born with a magnifying glass in her hand. It is impossible for her to see people or things as they naturally are. A pretty girl is the most ravishingly beautiful girl she has ever seen in her whole life. She extols her to the skies. An ugly girl is the most horrible repulsive looking creature without one redeeming feature. There is no half-way with Edith. The pendulum swings from one extreme to the other and it is always in extremes that she talks.

When she has a slight cold she is sure she is going to die. She is terribly sick! She knows no one ever had a cold like hers. She expands and magnifies every symptom. And she suddenly veers from the depths of depression to the heights of exuberance when the world is grand, gorgeous and lovely.

She is a type.

She is The Girl Who Exaggerates.

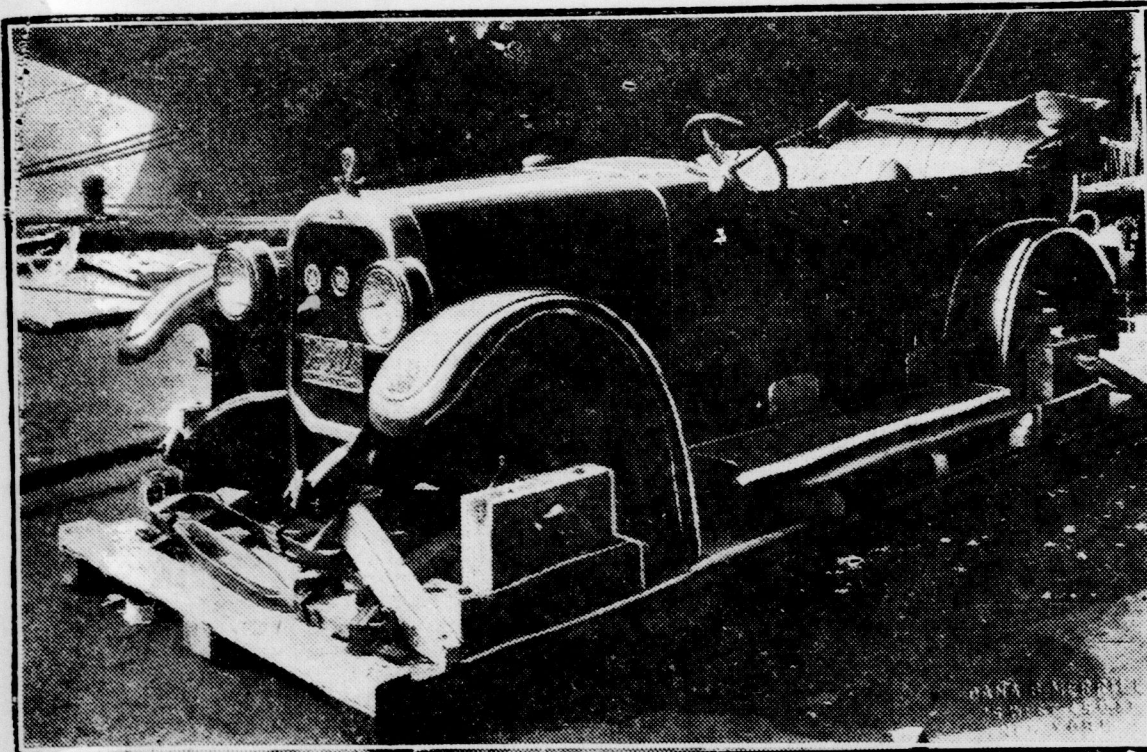
"I saw the most a-w-f-u-l street car accident to-day. I am sure everybody must have been killed. The noise of the smashing glass and the splintering of wood could be heard for miles and miles! It was perfectly terrible!" gasps Edith. As a matter of fact, it was discovered that no one was badly injured and only a few persons were shaken up. Two cars bumped into each other with little damage even to the cars. But to Edith every accident is the worst that could possibly happen.

Where Edith is there is sure to be a lot of excitement. She keeps things lively. She is one of the most popular girls in town. It doesn't make any difference how old or how young her audience is—she can entertain all ages. Her friends realize that everything she says has to be taken with a grain of salt but that doesn't make any difference to them. She has such a graphic, in-dignant and magnifies every symptom. And she suddenly veers from the depths of depression to the heights of exuberance when the world is grand, gorgeous and lovely.

It is delightful to hear her tell of a shopping tour. She sees the most marvelous things that no one else sees. Her friends entranced by her flights of imagination and extravagant word pictures, have urged her to write fiction.

She is a type.

She is The Girl Who Exaggerates.



How a Canadian Tourist Drives His Own Car to Europe

MANY tourists from Canada and the U. S. A. now tour Europe in their own cars. Shown here is an American-made car, purchased by a Canadian in Vancouver, in which he toured across the continent from Vancouver, B.C. to New York City, and in which he is now touring in England. The photograph, taken on the Cunard line pier, shows the secure manner in which the car was crated just before it was lifted into the hold of the steamship Aquitania, on which it accompanied its owner to Southampton to be used on a tour of Europe. The car was completely encased in a box lined with waterproof paper.



Milkman: "I'm beginning to wonder if these people are away or something."