

Random Thoughts

By NAHUM DANIEL BRASCHER

Says he:

"There, little sweetheart. don't you cry,
 We'll be in Chicago by and by."

Says she:

"Thank you, darling. don't think me vain,
 But goodness, we musn't miss THAT train!"

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The "sweet girl graduate" is often some one's "sugar."

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"Beyond the Alps lies Italy." Yeah, but what's beyond the campus?

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Faith, Hope and Love are triplets of eternal destiny.

Aches and Pains. Listening to a baccalaureate sermon recently, delivered to a graduating class of nurses, the speaker stated that. "The question is this, 'What will be your guiding influence?'" And answered, "Either a headache or a heartache. There will be many things to give you a headache, but until you get a heartache you will not achieve your best." Aches and pains, then, are barometers.

The Fair's First Million. The Chicago World's Fair's first million has been registered on the ninth day and we are now well on the way to the second million. This, unquestionably, indicates that the great exposition will be more popular this 1934 than last year. And it IS beautiful and colorful and educational and inspirational. To miss it, even though you were here last year, is to miss the opportunity of a lifetime. You can't do that and be happy.

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Chicago Welcomes You. If hospitality is more genuine any where else in this broad land, or any land, than in our Chicago, let me know about it. Here, the hand of welcome is always extended with the warm heart of good fellowship. Here, in our Chicago, you pack up your troubles and throw them in the lake for forgetfulness. Here, in beautiful Chicago, where boulevards and parks and lovely homes combine with the spirit of hospitality and happiness making life within the portals "one grand sweet song." So, hither and yon, come and visit us and stay a long time, absorb this magic spirit and carry it back home to help make the world a better place in which to live. We are expecting you.

There was formed here this week World's Fair and National Auditions hostesses committee, composed of the fondest and fairest in Chicago. This committee will be the official welcoming body for the duration of the fair and will attain its highest function in welcoming the thousands of visitors in Chicago at the great pageant, Soldiers field, Saturday, Aug. 25, and the days of that week.

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"Tell Me Not in Mournful Numbers." The other day I took time out to reflect a bit on fellowship, companionship, comradeship and a few of the other famous ships, including courtship. I sought to determine for my personal satisfaction just what there is in human beings that keeps them interested, one in the other. I recognized the old saying, "Birds of a feather flock together," and yet, I have observed many combinations of human birds, so to speak affectionately, who did not, in every instance, impress me with the belief that they exactly have the same feathers.

Men and men, women and women, men and women—with their auxiliary combinations of children in the same

divisions. The more I think, the longer the story. But this one thing I know, the ties that bind permanently must be spiritual and not physical. The spiritual transcends everything physical. That's why "love is blind." How glorious is the man or the woman whose admiration, one for the other, is measured by the qualities of soul. There may be sickness, infirmities, misfortune in one way and the other, but when the soul is the measure of strength all other conditions pale into insignificance.

How unfortunate is the materialist, the commercial minded, the gold-digger and the mere sensualist. "This is the life." may be the slogan of such, but in reality they have never truly learned where life begins. Life begins with the spirit—the soul, and of such, for such, there is no ending of fellowship, of the haven of companionship. Fortunate, indeed, if you have discovered this eternal secret of happiness.

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A Gentleman Comes to Town. Came to Chicago this past week-end the Hon. Wendell Phillips Dabney of Cincinnati, Ohio, gentleman, scholar, philosopher, editor, statesman, epicure, master guitar player, author and successful wisecracker, as well as nutcracker. He was in fine fettle this trip and comes to Chicago long and often. "I love to visit Chicago often just to absorb its atmosphere and beauty and progress, its activities and hospitality," said the veteran of many wars, figuratively speaking, of course.

Hail and hearty, 69 years young, proud of it and still going strong. A group of us sat around Sir Dabney in the Hotel Grand listening to him talk and being entertained in conjunction by his ever nimble fingers on the guitar. Dabney bulges with reminiscences, but not the drab and dry kind that takes the kick out of living. He always has a point and it clicks with wit and philosophy.

This time we lived over more than 25 years of friendly acquaintance and cordial associations here, Cincinnati, Cleveland and other points of the compass. One of the high lights was an occasion when J. Walter Wills of Cleveland threw a formal stag for Dabney, Dr. Alain Locke of Washington, D. C.; Arthur Schomberg of New York and this humble scribe. That was historic. Other occasions included Dabney as host at a lunch or huge supper in his office, beautiful home or club. As host Dabney is an ace—all four of 'em.