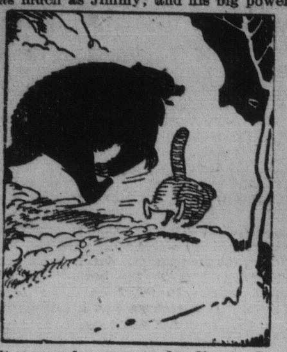
JIMMY COON STORIES

By DR. WARREN G. PARTRIDGE.

THE RACE.

Well, it was comical to see that great race between Jimmy Coon and Mr. Black Bear. Quilly Porcupine saw the start, and he grunted out with his funny squeaky voice, "Mr. Bear, why don't you take somebody of your own size for the race?"

And Mr. Bear gowled and glared at Quilly Porcupine, as if he would certainly eat him alive. You see it was a funny race, for Jimmy Coon looked like a wee bit of a runt beside the giant, Mr. Black Bear. Why, Mr. Bear would weigh more than ten times as much as Jimmy; and his big powerful legs had immense muscles, and would have sent Jimmy flying over a small tree, if Mr. Bear had once struck Jimmy with his awfully strong paw.



It was a funny race, for Jimmy Coon looked like a wee bit of a runt.

And Mr. Bear was so big and strong that he crashed down clumps of bushes and little trees, as he plunged ahead with immense leaps to outrun Jimmy Coon. And remember that Mr. Bear was so hungry that he could have eaten every thing in your Mother's pantry in about one minute. And you know he had had nothing to eat for over four months, during his Winter sleep.

So it did look as if Mr. Bear would win that wonderful race through the Great Forest. And all the Little Folk of the Wood heard the commotion, and all gathered to see tne run.

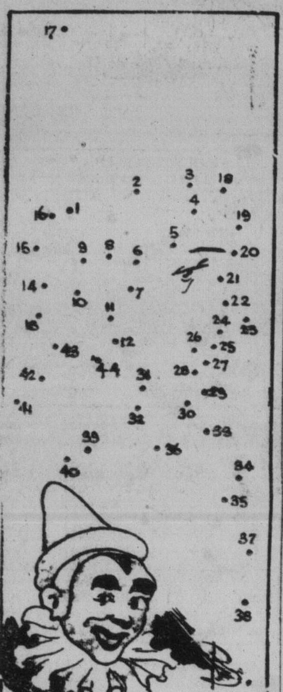
But Bobby Skunk and Quilly Porcupine were too lazy to run, and keep up with the racers, so they sat down, hoping that the runners would circle around and pass the places where they were taking a rest.

Now, Jimmy Coon had to use all his wits in this great race. And his wits would help him more than his splendid little legs and his good wind. You see, Jimmy led the way, because he knew the secret place where the big fat trout were. So Mr. Bear had to run the way that Jimmy pointed out! So Jimmy, at first, chose a little secret path that was smooth and covered with lovely wet and soft moss; and Mr. Bear outran Jimmy in these nice soft paths. So the rascally Jimmy worked a trick on Mr. Bear: Jimmy knew a ridge up on a hill, and this ridge was covered with sharp pointed little rocks. So Jimmy started for this rocky ridge and Mr. Bear came following after, with his great red tongue hanging way out, showing that Mr. Bear was almost winded.

And you know his feet were sore, but Mr. Bear has will-power and courage; and he grit his teeth, and went galloping after Jimmy Coon. You can see that Jimmy Coon was so light in weight that he just went over those sharp pointed little rocks with a hop-skip-and-a-jump.

And all the Little People watching the race, just yelled with delight as Jimmy Coon shot ahead. But the race was not yet ended. Oh, my, no. It was an awful tussel!

THE DOT PUZZLE.



Tracing dots to forty four
Shows my brother Theodore.

Draw from one to two and so on to the end.

OUR SHORT STORY

ACQUITTED.

"It's the funniest sensation—seeing a play for the second time," said the man in seat G-2 loudly. "To know everything they're going to say before they say it, y'know. Now, for instance—Lord Donnybrook's going to say, 'what? you mean to tell me my daughter also has a mole in the same place!'"

"What?" said Lord Donnybrook, on the stage, "you mean to tell me my daughter also has a mole in the same place!"

Dindrom Pellets in seat F-2, squirmed.

"If that double-distilled pest behind me keeps that up much longer, I'll—I'll—" he muttered, finishing his sentence with a dash.

"It's the queerest feeling, really," went on the man in G-2. "See that screen? Well Lady Eglatine has been behind that all along! She'll jump out in a moment and scream, 'Winfield! Hold! You know not what you do!'"

Just then Lady Eglentine, on the stage, hurtled out from behind the screen and screamed, "Winfield, etc."

Dindrom Pellets ran two stubly fingers along inside the front of his No. 17 collar.

"Patience is sometimes a virtue, but not tonight!" he sparkled.

"And now," said the man in G-2 triumphantly, "just watch the detective jump out of the waste-paper basket and—"

Leaping up, Dindrom Pellets seized a passing usher by the heels, swung him around three times and brought him down with terrific force on the man in G-2, who collapsed, a mere pulp. Dindrom Pellets was seized by half a dozen men, but when he rapidly explained the dead man's crime, they apologized, shook hands with him and conducted him back to his seat, and the play went on.

FINE SPIRIT.

First Woman — Is your husband patriotic?

Second Woman—I should say so. He hopes his digestion will be able to stand the war bread.

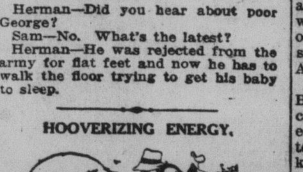
CRUEL.

Herman—Did you hear about poor George?

Sam—No. What's the latest?

Herman—He was rejected from the army for flat feet and now he has to walk the floor trying to get his baby to sleep.

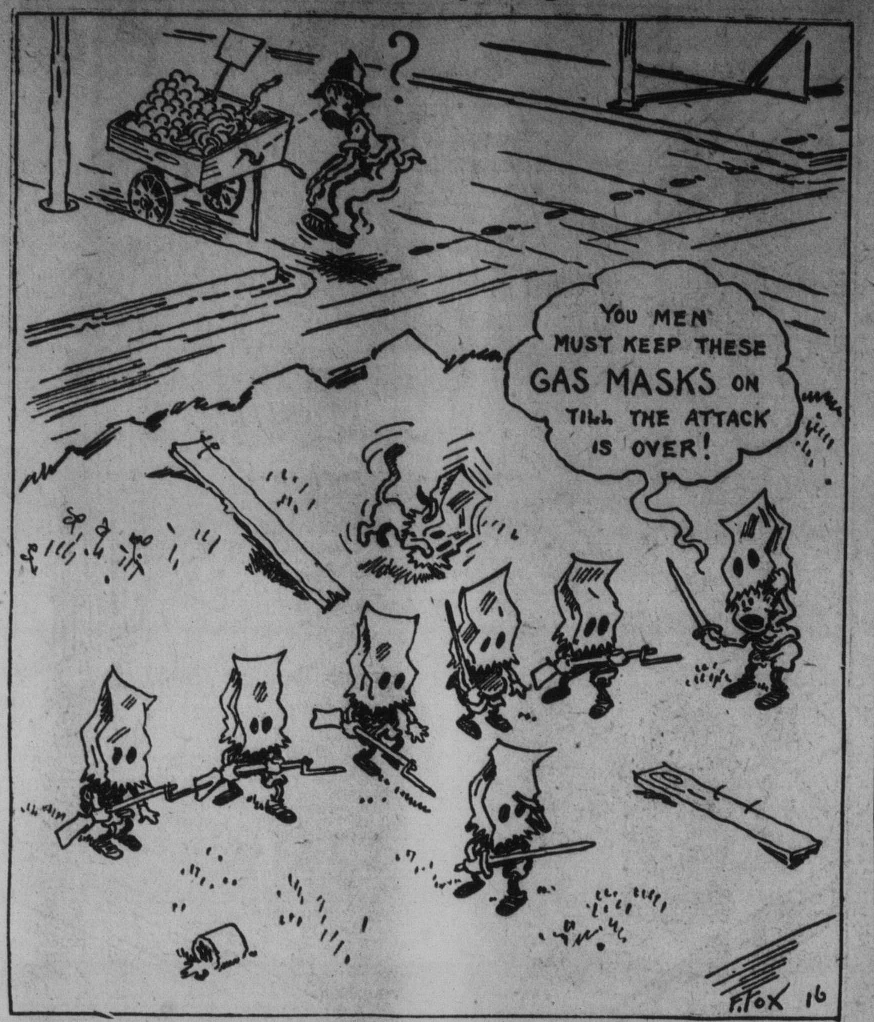
HOOVERIZING ENERGY.



Farmer—You don't need to carry a jug of water with you. There's a spring right near where you are hoeing.

Farm Hand—Yes, I know there is, but when I wake up and want a drink of water I don't want to have to walk ten rods to get it.

Accounting For the Mysterious Disappearance of Every One of the Banana Man's Paper Bags.


?
YOU MEN MUST KEEP THESE GAS MASKS ON TILL THE ATTACK IS OVER!
F. FOX 16

WHY MISS BAIRD DIVORCED GERMAN MILITARY BRUTE

The Appalling Degradation of German Women and the Cruel Humiliations and Brutalities Suffered By German Wives Exposed By the Experiences of One American Girl Who Became a Prussian Officer's Bride.

From time to time reports have leaked through from Germany indicating that the humiliations and brutalities to which the German woman has long had to accustom herself at the hands of the German male have been intensified by the war to a degree of degration inconceivable in any civilized race and not to be paralleled even by the lowest savages. These reports have gained full confirmation, and the appalling degeneration of Germany has been more fully revealed by the return of one disillusioned American girl who married one of the Teutonic military brutes—Ruby H. Baird of St. Louis.

Early in 1914 Miss Baird, daughter of one of her city's oldest and richest families, married Capt. Hans W. Baumann, a reserve officer of the German army, who, under the cloak of business was, without doubt, like scores of other skulking rascals of the kaiser, serving his fatherland by betraying America.

For a few monthse they were happy. Baumann, constrained by his American environment, was forced to smother his natural impulses and conform to the American habit of courtesy and kindness to women. When the war broke out he was summoned home by the German government, and he left, enjoining his wife to follow him as soon as he reached his country.

True to her sense of wifely duty, she obeyed. At the first opportunity she sailed for Italy and, after landing at Genoa, made her way through Italy and Switzerland, and finally joined her husband in Berlin.

There she found not only her husband so profoundly changed that he seemed a stranger, but her own position as different as that of one transported to another sphere.

Berlin Was Amazed.

Instead of the considerate ,kindly and respectful husband of the American days, she found the true German military "herr"—arrogant, overbearing, cruel and cynically shameless. Instead of the chivalrous treatment the American woman expects and receives, she was showered with insults, humiliations and barbarities, not only from Baumann, but from his friends, associates and superiors. She had become a German wife—part slave, part drudge, part convenience; both for blows and caresses as brutal as the blows.

She stood it as long as she could, and then began suit for divorce. Her affidavit was not alone a complaint against Baumann—it was an indictment of the whole ruling military class of Germany as far as their treatment of their wives is concerned. Her action was received with incredulous amazement. In official circles it was worse than blasphemy! For a time the St. Louis girl was in actual danger—the government gravely debating whether instead of her "day in court" she ought to be tried for treason.

But at last certain influences secured for her a hearing, and the divorce was granted. Under care of Mrs. Adolphus Busch, widow of the multimillionaire brewer of St. Louis and a friend of her family, she was allowed to leave Germany. A few days ago she landed, but under strict instructions from the Department of Justice not to talk either of conditions in Germany or of her divorce and the events leading to it.

Enough has been learned from other sources, however, to cast light upon her experience, and upon the pitiful and sordid enslavement of the German wife.

In Prussia always, and in Germany since the days of the Prussian domination, the woman has been considered infinitely beneath the man.

It was the kaiser himself who defined her sphere as that of "Church, Children and Kitchen"—"Kidche, Kinder and Kueche." It is a wife's duty to revero, worship and obey her husband in everything. She has no inviduality except his; no desire save his. No matter what he orders her to do she must do it unquestioningly and thankfully—for from one so high and sacred every command, no matter how humiliating the action ordered may be, has the sacredness of its source, and therefore can be nothing but ennobling. So even blows or beatings are to be taken gladly—or without protest; for is it not blasphemous to protest against the chastening of the Lord, and is not the German husband the lord of his wife? So runs their philosophy.

But this attitude was made worse by the German militarism. If a man was so superior to a woman, he became when an officer a very god. To further the schemes of the military rulers and to prepare the people for the crime they are now perpetrating, they were carefully taught that the "uniform could do no wrong." It did not matter what the officer in the uniform did—once in it any action of his, no matter how despicable, shameful or wicked, became, if not exactly glorious, at least something neither to be resented nor criticized. For to criticize or resent was to insult the uniform and, with this symbol, the whole army and sacred edifice of militarism.

Insults to Women.

It was and is a current saying in Germany that "a man does not become a human being until he becomes an officer." If they felt thus, what was a woman—who is of necessity neither a man nor an officer?

With these ideas their creed it is not to be wondered that the German wife or not wife found herself in the position she is in. The same simple directness with which the German uses poison gas, fire, woman and baby killing, submarines and airplanes to clear his path in war, he showed before the war in clearing his path on the street.

If a woman got in his way, or did not move aside quickly enough to suit him, a slap in the face or a vicious thrust with the hand sent her out into the gutter. Such blows by swaggering officers on the streets of Berlin and other cities were too common even to attract notice.

No civilian's wife, daughter or sweetheart was safe from them, even when escorted by their men. It was "the right of the uniform"—not so very different from the shameful old German 'right of the first night"—that any officer might demand presentation to girls and women and order off their escort to wait his pleasure. To resist meant for the German civilian arrest and persecution. To the foreigner it meant almost as great unpleasantness.

Such an occurrence formed shortly before the war a situation that for a time threatened serious diplomatic complications. A certain American was dining at the Adlon in Berlin with a cultured and beautiful countrywoman of his. Near by was a table around which were several Prussian lieutenants. The bold looks and comments of these were rapidly angering the American.

At last one of the lieutenants arose came to the American's table and with an ironical bow announced to him: "I am the Baron von Something-or-other of his majesty's imperial hussars." The American coldly bowed. The officer repeated his announcement. The American looked at him. "Fool," said the officer, "I wish to be presented to your woman. After that—get out."

The American floored him and the American was arrested. After much trouble he was released. Upon release he was faced with a dozen challenges for duels, with the promise that if he lived, other dozens would follow until his "insult to his majesty's army was avenged." Life was made so unpleasant and dangerous that at last he was forced to leave Germany.

Capt. Baumann's arrogance was noticeably increased when he was promoted to be a captain of the Prussian guard, instead of an ordinary officer of the reserve. He now wore on his uniform the coveted red facings which marked him as attached to the staff.

It is known that humiliations even worse than those described were endured by Mrs. Ruby Baird Baumann from her Prussian husband.

Matured by sorrow, Ruby Baird is happy to be in her American home once more.

POVERTY AND DISEASE

BY H. ADDINGTON BRUCE,

Author of "The Riddle of Personality," "Psychology and Parenthood," Etc.

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In a recent issue of Good Health magazine Professor Irving Fisher of Yale is credited with the statement:

"So far as I can discover, the most important single cause of poverty is disease."

I have no intention of challenging this statement. But to it I would immediately add:

"The most important single cause of disease, so far as I can discover, is poverty."

The fact of the matter is that poverty and disease work together to constitute what physicians term a vicious circle.

If we would fight poverty successfully we must fight disease. If we would fight disease successfully we must fight poverty.

This last we are prone to forget.

We enthusiastically launch health campaigns. We heartily applaud the efforts of doctors, teachers, writers, and editors to familize people with the principles of right living.

But do we appreciate as we should the importance of trying to establish social conditions that will enable all the people to put into practice for their own benefit, and the benefit of their children, the teachings of the gospel of personal hygiene?

At the present time a campaign is under way to lessen the infant mortality in the United States. This campaign is being conducted by the children's bureau of the Department of Labor, and I doubt not will have excellent results.

But also I am certain that its success will be far less striking than it would be if the terrible obstacle of poverty did not confront the campaigners. And in saying this I am sure I shall find the authorities of the children's bureau in full agreement with me.

Indeed, their own facts and figures bear me out.

In a typical New England industrial city workers for the children's bureau made a careful survey of the infant mortality for a year. Among the families visited they found a general infant mortality rate of 165 per 1,000.

Also they found that the rate varied extraordinarily according to the financial standing of the parents. I quote directly from the investigators' report:

'The infant mortality rate shows a marked and almost regular decline as the father's earnings become larger.

"In the group of babies where the father's earnings are less than $450 per annum the infant mortality rate is 242.9; while in the next group, where the fathers earn from $450 to $549, the rate is 173.6.

It rises very slightly in the next class, $550 to $640, namely, to 174.5, and thereafter drops steadily with each advance in economic status.

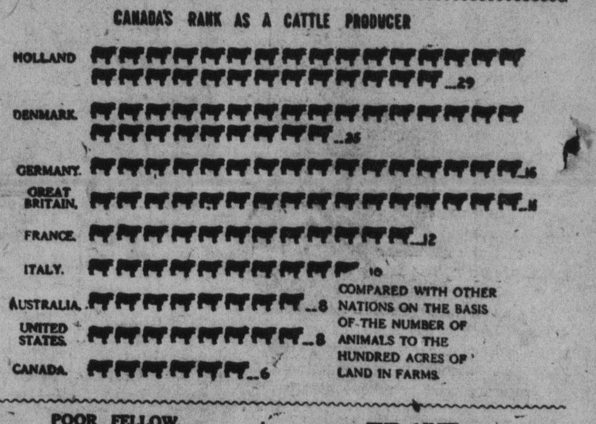
'The rate, however, does not fall below 100 until the father's earnings reach $1,050 or more. Babies whose fathers earn $1,250 and over per annum have a death rate of only 58.3."

And this is only one investigation of several which give similar findings! The greater the poverty the higher the infant death rate, is the rule.

Among adults the same holds true. Our slums are notoriously our hotbeds of disease and preventable deaths.

This fact we must reckon with.

Let us continue as energetically as ever to promote knowledge of the ways of health. But let us also, more energetically than ever, attack the problem of poverty. Our successful solution of that problem is truly vital to our national well-being.



POOR FELLOW.

"Just as some people learn the ropes they quit.

"Yes—a man who is hanged, for instance."

QUITE TRUE.

Bell—I understand she spent a lot of money on her voice.

Stell—Yes, she did, and believe me, she would make a good cash girl in a department store.

THE LIMIT.

Hiram—That sure was a bold robber down the city way.

Zeke—How so?

Hiram—The Bugle says he went right into the courtroom and took the witness stand.

YUM! YUM!

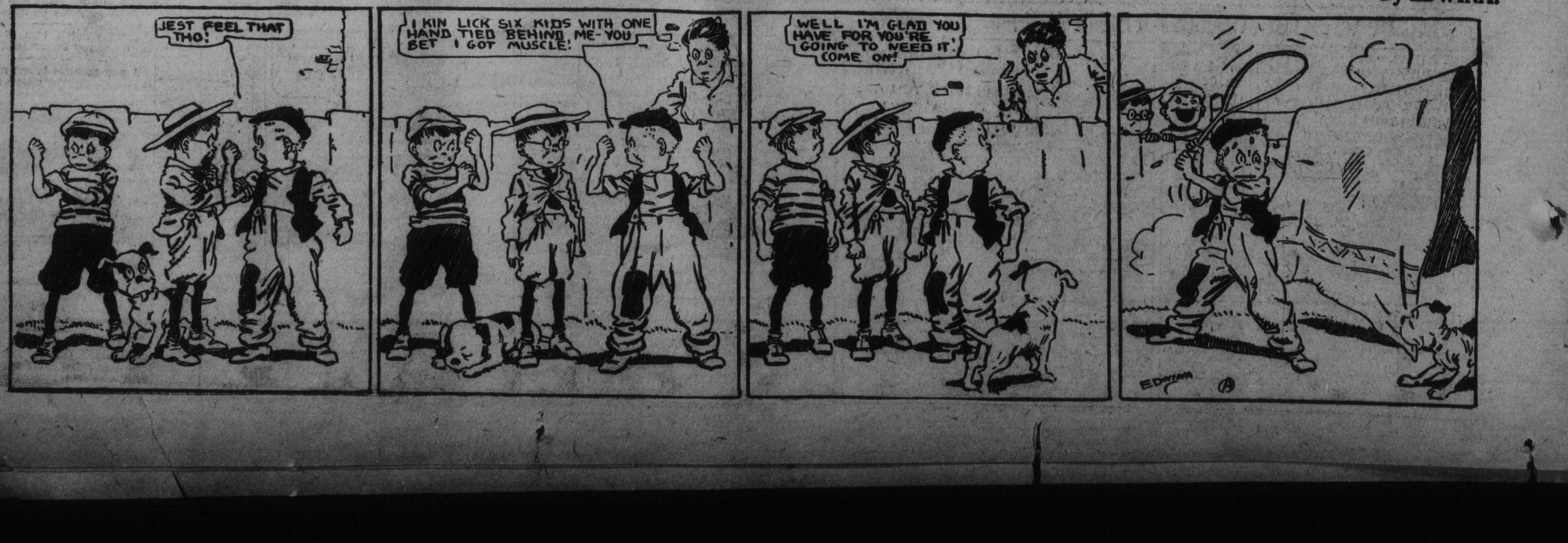
First Suburbanite—What became of your neighbor's chickens?

Second Suburbanite—Oh, I interned them in a chicken pie. They wouldn't keep out of my garden.

"CAP" STUBBS.

MA GIVES "CAP'S" TALENTS A CHANCE !

—By EDWINA.


JEST FEEL THAT THO!
I KIN LICK SIX KIDS WITH ONE HAND TIED BEHIND ME—YOU BET I GOT MUSCLE!
WELL I'M GLAD YOU HAVE FOR YOU'RE GOING TO NEED IT. COME ON!
EDWINA