

THE TIMES-STAR FEATURE PAGE

Fables
On
Health

INSOMNIA, or sleeplessness, is largely a habit.

A person retires with the set belief that he will not be able to drop off to sleep.

And when this is the case, all well-known remedies, such as counting the black sheep, jumping over the fence, or counting up to 100, often fail to send one into slumberland.

One prominent writer says he always sleeps with his head to the east. If he sleeps in a strange room he takes out his pocket compass, finds east, and then turns his head around, if it is not already in the correct position.

Of course the fact that his head is toward the east has no material effect on his body. The psychology of the thing, the establishment of a belief that "now I can go to sleep, because I always have gone to sleep this way" does have an effect, however. It relieves worry, and makes

LITTLE JOE

LOTS OF FOLKS DON'T KEEP SPARE CHANGE IN TEACUPS BECAUSE THEY ARE USING THEM BOTH FOR TEA



the man confident. So he sleeps. Some people, after rolling and tossing for an hour or so, and after their minds are in a whirl, get up, dress, and walk around the block. They say they get results this way.

Hot baths, just before bed time, prove effective for some. For others, however, the hot bath only aggravates the sensitive nerves. Insomnia victims should remember that the worry in trying to go to sleep is often more injurious than the actual loss of sleep.

Adventures of the Twins

By OLIVE ROBERTS BARTON.
THE WEAVER BIRDS.

Doctor Bill had some very queer visitors at his hospital and the Twins were very busy helping him to make splints for broken legs and wings.

One day a whole flock of little birds came together.

"What is the matter?" asked the kind little bird doctor. "Are you on a sightseeing trip, or did you come to see a sick friend?"

"We came to get fixed up," spoke up one little bird. "We're hurt."

"Hurt!" exclaimed Doctor Bill in surprise. "All of you? Hurt? What happened?"

"The roof fell in," said the little bird simply.

"The roof fell in? What roof? Whose roof? Where do you live?"

"Our roof," answered the little bird. "I know it sounds funny, but we all live under one roof, about two hundred of us."

"Oh, do you live in a bird house or a zoo?" asked Doctor Bill.

"No, of course not," said the little bird. "We live right outside in a big tree, but we have one roof. Didn't you ever hear about us?"

Doctor Bill scratched his head. "No,

I didn't think so," he said. "What is your name? You look sort of like sparrows."

"We are called 'weaver-birds' and we live in Africa," said the little bird. "We live differently from most birds. We make nests for each of our families just like robins or sparrows do, but a lot of us build in the same tree."

"Then over the top of the tree we build a great thatched roof of grass. We all work together and it takes a long time, but when we get it finished, it looks grand. Just exactly like a cottage where people live! We slope it down the sides and leave it high in the middle, so that it keeps off both sun and rain. Indeed, it looks like a great umbrella."

"Well, I declare!" said Doctor Bill. "And is that the roof you are talking about?"

"Yes, that's it," nodded the little bird. "Or was it, I should say. You see, this year when we went back to our nests, there were some more weaver-birds with us. So by the time they got their nests finished the roof was not quite big enough to cover everybody."

"So we all got to work and made the roof bigger. It looked simply fine—the biggest roof in the whole neighborhood. After working so hard we all went to bed to get a good night's rest, when crash! bang! We thought the sky had fallen and brought the stars and moon with it."

"It was our lovely roof!" went on the weaver bird sadly. "It got too heavy and took a tumble. It also took all our nests with it. All our eggs got broken and some of our wings and legs, indeed, I think that it is a miracle we didn't break our necks. Can you fix us up, Doctor Bill?"

"Certainly," said Doctor Bill kindly. "Nancy, get the bandages. Nick, get the big jar of salve. And bring out some drinking water and a big dish of bird seed."

"This looks like the right place," said the weaver-bird. "What do you say, fellows?"

"Thank you!" chirped all the little weaver birds happily.

To Be Continued.

The Velvet Evening Gown



AS spring is heralded along the roadsides, the vogue for chiffon evening frocks in the favored pastel tints increases. Indeed, the flair for wearing the petal and point frock for dance and festive occasions has so taken hold of the feminine fancies that it is most unusual to see a gown of straight lines in the heavier fabrics and more vivid tones.

Marjorie Daw, in a season of lace and chiffons—and their second cousins, crepe silks—has achieved distinction in selecting an evening gown designed along formal—and straight lines—in a most noticeably flaming shade of red velvet.

Embroidery in contrasting color schemes has enhanced the loveliness of the gown, and also is in keeping with the mode. The floral decoration is here to stay for some time, or until a more beautiful and pleasing ornamentation may be found to succeed it, and that will be a difficult task, for the flower is a most interesting and lovely form of trimming.

The scarf which so often accompanies the gown is utilized as an effective accessory by Miss Daw, and adds a festive note in its floral decoration.

LOW WAISTLINE

Though many of the newest frocks are bellies, a low waistline is usually indicated by an inserted band or horizontal trimming.

COAT LONG AS DRESS

With the new ensembles, one notices that the coat is usually the length of the dress or only slightly shorter.

NEWEST LINGERIE

Some of the newest white lingerie frocks are given a new note by embroidery in colors.

DESTROY SEVERITY

Wings and panel draperies from the shoulders are a way of destroying the severity of a gown without complicating the lines.

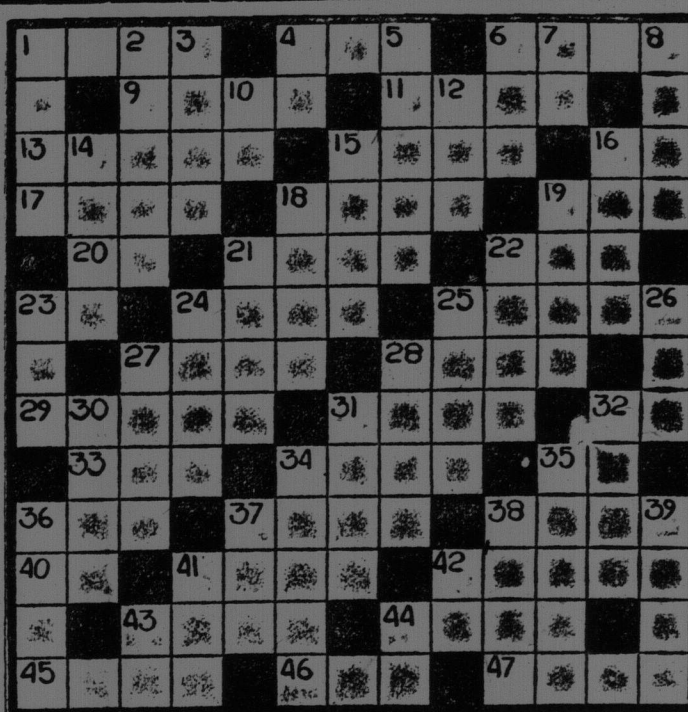
COAT TO MATCH

The dress with long, straight sleeves frequently has a sleeveless coat to match, on long, straight lines.

Saturday's Puzzle

AFFILIATE
P E L E C T N
O H L A Y E T
L E A V F R R
O R C H E S T R A
G O T N I O N
I N V I A R C
Z H A N D S E
E L O N G A T E D

Cross-Word Puzzle



- HORIZONTAL.
- 1—A wild animal.
 - 4—A sphere.
 - 6—A receptacle for any commodity (pl.).
 - 9—A fruit.
 - 11—A place for roasting food.
 - 13—To grow mature.
 - 15—Joyous.
 - 17—A little girl's plaything.
 - 19—Frozen water.
 - 20—You and I.
 - 21—Is adapted.
 - 22—A branch of learning.
 - 23—A parent.
 - 24—Act of washing.
 - 25—Got up.
 - 26—A pronoun.
 - 27—To make thread.
 - 28—Forests.
 - 31—An undesirable plant in a garden.
 - 32—To perform.
 - 33—Part of the verb "to be."
 - 34—A kind of passage-way.
 - 35—Another form of "it."
- VERTICAL.
- 1—A professional poet and singer.
 - 2—A fruit.
 - 3—To stagger.
 - 4—A co-ordinating conjunction.
 - 5—Complementary parts of nuts.
 - 6—A resting place.
 - 7—Within.
 - 8—Sensible.
 - 10—One.
 - 12—A large tank for liquids.
 - 14—A Western State.
 - 16—Mentioned in the Bible; 2 Samuel 1:20.
 - 18—A preposition.
 - 19—A metal stances.
 - 21—Only or greasy substances.
 - 22—Dry.
 - 23—The foot of an animal.
 - 24—To foreshadow something.
 - 25—Imitated.
 - 26—The complete self.
 - 27—To afflict with ennui.
 - 28—A teachable amphibian.
 - 30—Instruments used to propel boats.
 - 31—Something that is spoken or written.
 - 32—To think.
 - 33—Wet.
 - 34—What a horse is fed.
 - 35—To study carefully.
 - 36—A woody plant.
 - 38—Officer of a college.
 - 41—Energy (slang).
 - 42—To move.
 - 43—A note in the diatonic scale.
 - 44—You and I.
- This puzzle took 15 minutes to solve. How long did it take you?

THE OLD HOME TOWN

By STANLEY



MILBURN'S Laxa-Liver Pills

told me of having taken them, so I decided to try them, and I can truthfully say that they certainly did me a lot of good.

I cannot recommend them too highly to all those who suffer as I did.

You can procure Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills at all druggists or dealers; put up for the last 30 years, by The F. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS

WHERE SIZE DOESN'T COUNT

By BLOSSER



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES

EXPENSIVE DATING, WE'D SAY

By MARTIN



SALESMAN SAM

By SWAN



FEARLESS FIDO SEZ—
"FLIT" over and hear our
"FLY-TOX" by "IZAL" on
the radio.

AN' THAT'S THAT FOR TODAY.

Now is the time to Clean up and
Stop the Fly Pest.

We have all the goods necessary.

- *Flit 48c
- *Cyclone Insecticide 35c
- *Izal 35c
- *Fly Tox 48c
- Fly Coils 4 for 10c
- Tanglefoot, just received.
- Chloride Lime .. 10c, 15c, 20c
- Creolin 15c, 25c

DRISCOLLS
"From Your Own
Home Town."
202 UNION ST.

**Don't Bake--Here
Is Butter-Nut**

Some good Wives love to bake, but they would like it a lot better if they had to bake only when they find the time and inclination. That's one bother about Bread baking—you never rest. Hardly is one batch done when another must be under way.

Butter-Nut Bread gets you out of your kitchen prison. And it is rich, rich, rich in foodiness and flavor.

Butter-Nut Bread