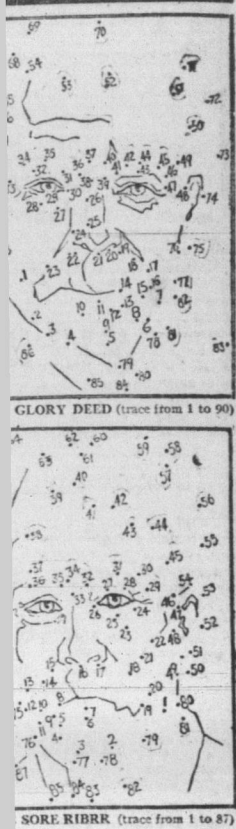


FOLKS

Are They?
Best Answers



GLORY DEED (trace from 1 to 9)
SORE RIBBER (trace from 1 to 8)
W NAMES OF GREAT MEN
LIVING TO-DAY:
Reading, Marshall Foch;
Bonar-Law, Herbert C. Hoover,
H. Roberts, H. C. Wells,
W. Wilson, Georges Clemenceau,
and Polanco, Stephen Pichon,
Lord George, Samuel Compton,
Robert Cecil, Sir Eric Geddes,
Lord Borden, Vittorio Orlando,
Alva Edison, Sir David Beatty,
General Allenby, General
Luis Balthaz, L. C. Ventello,
General Sir Arthur Currie.

powder

IENT Standard
re coarser and
an the flours you
g for years, and
strong, reliable

ure, strong, double,
wder.

ion occurs in the
hen cold water or
Allowing the
for 15 or 20 min-
better results, and
our baking in the
l continue to rise
light bakings.

Owder

uttermilk or water
baking powder.
Hamilton, Canada

Insurance Company

Kitchener.
100

DIRECTORS.

Fennell,
H. Lang,
Breithaupt,
Lautenschlager,
J. Janzen
Pattinson,
J. Lackner,
Van Krug,
L. Schmalz.

THE NEWS-RECORD

FOR THE YOUNG PEOPLE

The Sensible Rabbits

THE two little white rabbits were now several weeks old. They had come on Easter Day to the Putnam family, bringing with them such quantities of lovely eggs. Janet had adopted one and brother Paul the other. Janet named hers Twitch Nose because its nose twitched so. Paul named his Itch Ear because the first time he saw it it was a-scratching its ear with its long hind foot.

"Last year our Easter bunnies didn't live long," Janet said, "so this time we must be very careful."
"Fresh air and exercise is the best medicine," Mummy says," Paul replied. "We'll take very extra care of our rabbits this year."
The old rabbit house was cleaned out and spruce and span, nice leaves were spread out for the bunnies to nibble and Twitch Nose and Itch Ear were put into their new quarters. Every day when it wasn't rainy Janet and Paul took them for a ride in their basket, up the road to Aunt Beasy's house or down the road to Grandma's. One day as they were skipping down the road carrying their pots between them, Willie, the neighbor's boy, stopped them and asked: "What you got in that basket?"
"Rabbits," replied Paul.
"Where'd you get them?" Willie wanted to know.
"They came to us on Easter," replied Janet.
"What're you going to do with them?" Willie asked.
"We're just giving them an airing," Paul replied.
Willie asked if he might go along and he was told he might so the three of them went down the road to Grandma's.

Next to Grandma's house was a meadow where her old red cow munched and munched the clover all day long. Willie said: "If you want real healthy rabbits you oughter let 'em run a little and get exercised."
"That's right," said Paul, "Mummy says fresh air and exercise."
"But s'pose they run away?" said Janet.
"We'll watch 'em!" Willie cried. "We won't let 'em run away!"
So they went into the meadow and sat down.
"You watch on this side," said Paul, "and Janet watch that side and I'll watch from here and the bunnies can't run away."
Now they lifted the rabbits out of their basket. At first the little creatures sat still and looked around as if surprised to find such a very big green world spread before them. Twitch Nose stood on his hind feet and sniffed the air and then Itch Ear stood on his

hind legs and sniffed the air. Then they both nibbled a little clover.
"We'll have to go home now," said Janet, seizing her rabbit, "we're getting too venturesome!"
"Oh, we're watching," cried Willie. "He can't get away."
So Janet put her rabbit down and Twitch Nose sat up and sniffed the air again.
Now when Twitch Nose sat up what did he spy in the raspberry thicket close by but a pair of long brown ears which belonged to Mother White Tail, who was sitting at the door of her house taking the air? The sight reminded the little bunny of his own mummy, although she had been a tame white rabbit.
"I'm going to run!" thought Twitch Nose, and run he did!
His mummy made a grab for him, but Willie sprang up to help and so did Paul.
"Aha!" thought Itch Ear, "I saw that mother rabbit too!" And off he

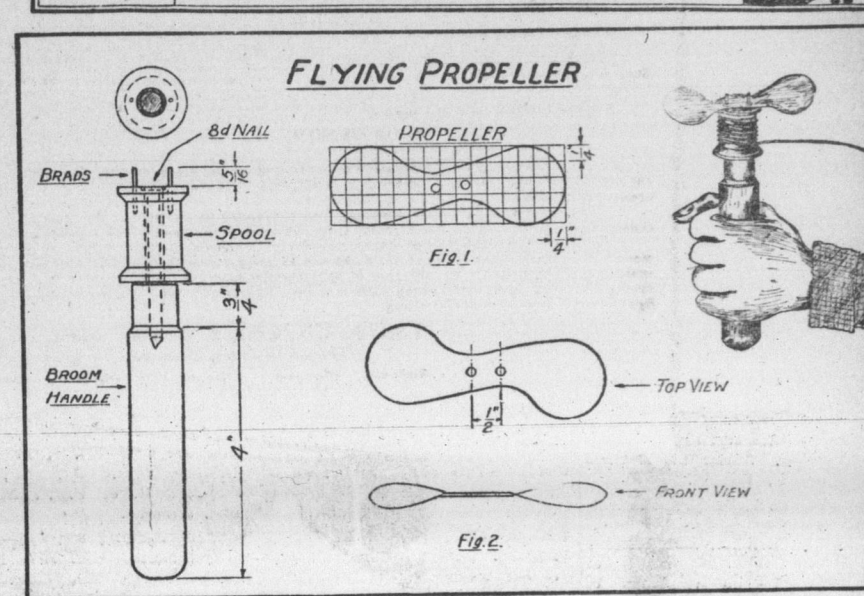


Every Day Janet And Paul Took Them For A Ride.

"Oh Mammy, is it a fox?" they cried.
"Only the cow stepped into the door, I guess," replied Mother White Tail, "but we'd better move to the other side of the thicket. Come, little ones." Off they raced all underground, on and on and on through the winding halls till they came to another room.
"Now sit down and get your breath, my dears," said Mother White Tail. "Sit a scare!"
"What's a fox?" asked Twitch Nose. "You don't know what a fox is?" cried the mother rabbit. "Why you poor little innocent thing! Foxes are great ugly beasts that eat bunnies. You must watch out for them and for dogs and weasels and hawks and owls—they all eat bunnies!"
"Dear, dear!" cried the little rabbits.
Willie and Paul worked away a long time but they never did reach the bottom of that rabbit hole and no wonder! Mother White Tail had dug it full of criss-cross passages that would away through the woods.
The flying propeller was one of the toys the boys liked to make and play with, and they found a ready sale for

TOYS AND USEFUL ARTICLES THAT A BOY CAN MAKE.

BY FRANK I. SOLAR
INSTRUCTOR, DEPT. OF MANUAL TRAINING, PUBLIC SCHOOLS OF DETROIT



all that they could make. A boy can make a number of these toys in a short time, this is the main reason for making the boys desirous of working on the toy.
The materials needed for making the toy are a piece of broom handle, an empty spool, an eight penny nail, two one inch No. 16 wire brads, a piece of tin 1 1/4" x 3 3/4", and a piece of good strong string.
Cut the broom handle according to the dimensions on the drawing and with a knife and sandpaper work to form, rounding one end nicely and cutting a shoulder on the other.
Bore a hole in the end of the piece of broom handle on which the shoulder was cut, large enough to receive the 8d nail. Next drive the two brads in one end of the spool 1/2" apart. File the heads off the brads and round the ends. Now place the spool on the nail and drive the nail into the hole bored in the handle. Do not drive the nail too far in the handle, the spool must work freely on the nail.
Layout the propeller pattern on a piece of paper to get the size. After

THE JUNIOR COOK

TASTY SPINACH

In spring time it is well to use more vegetables and less meat than at other time of the year. Spinach is one of the best vegetables.
Materials:
1/2 peck spinach,
4 thin slices of bacon or equal amount of salt pork,
1 hard boiled egg,
Salt.
Wash spinach carefully.
Cut off coarse root end.
Cut bacon (or pork) into small pieces.
Fry bacon in bottom of kettle till grease is out but bacon is not brown.

Four one-half cup water over bacon and grease.
Drop spinach lightly into kettle, cover at once and cook till tender. The fire should be very moderate so that the cooking will take about 35 minutes. Hard cooking spoils the flavor and requires more water which spoils the food value of the spinach.
The water should have about boiled away so that the spinach can be served at once without draining.
Add one-half teaspoon salt just before serving.
Garnish with slices of hard boiled egg if desired.

Wilson As A Writer

HE, carefully, explicit, able style of President Wilson's diplomatic papers is not the result of accident or mere chance. His masterful prose of today is due to the hard lick he put in as a student in college and at his home.
His father, brainy and canny as any Scot, did not mince words in reminding Woodrow of his deficiencies in expression.
"Don't shoot at your meaning with birdshot and hit the whole country side," he would advise his son. "Shoot with a rifle at the thing you have to say."
Until 1903, when his father died, Woodrow had the benefit of his wise counsel. He was severe in his standards of scholarship, but it is from such teachers that real assistance comes.
Great writers have various methods of composition. President Wilson, as an author of many textbooks on history, demonstrated his orderliness; he

A DAY FOR MOTHER

MOTHER'S DAY is a National holiday, made so by the issuing in 1914 of a Mothers' Day Proclamation by President Wilson. That busy man had much to do, but he realized the great good that would be realized by setting aside at least one day in the year on which sons and daughters, big and little, should honor and show by some special kindness the great love which they feel for Mother.
Many are the white carnations, the emblem of this holiday, that one sees on the second Sunday of each May, but few know in whose heart and mind originated the idea of the Mothers' Day movement. The founder of this holiday is a Philadelphian, Miss Anna Jarvis, who felt that some expression should be given to the love for Mother that glows in every child's heart. She worked hard to have her idea spread, and once the thought grew it was heartily endorsed, for who does not love Mother, who is not glad of a chance to show that love. One of the ideals of Miss Jarvis was that the home tie should be strengthened by having one day of the year when the thought of Mother should be the dominant one in the minds of all.
Absent sons and daughters were to convey their love through letters on that day, if it was not possible to travel to visit Mother and spend the day with her. Family reunions are frequently planned for that day. The second Sunday in May is marked by many deeds of kindness and thoughtfulness performed in an effort to carry out the teachings and ideals of a loving Mother. Simply wearing a white carnation is not sufficient. The expression of love must be deeper and more lasting than the outward symbol of a gift, a letter, a visit prompted by love should be tendered to Mother or Father on that day which is set aside for her.
Since the issuing of the first Mothers' Day Proclamation by President Wilson, many of the Governors of the different States have issued similar proclamations setting aside the day for Mother, asking that all join in the spirit of the day in every possible way. One Governor even went so far in carrying out the spirit of Mother's Day that he made it a practice to free a number of prisoners on Mothers' Holiday.
Of course, your Mother is the most wonderful and best Mother in all the world, but history has noted other wonderful mothers.
You all know the story of Cornelia, the Roman mother, who though she had lost all her money, thought herself the richest woman in the land. When asked how she felt without any jewels in her possession, she answered: "But I have two of the most precious jewels in the world, so precious that no money could buy them," and she called to her sons whom she presented to her visitor. Under the guidance of his loving Mother the boys grew up to be the greatest powers in the Rome of their day.
Another famous mother of whom



The Carnation, Mother's Flower.

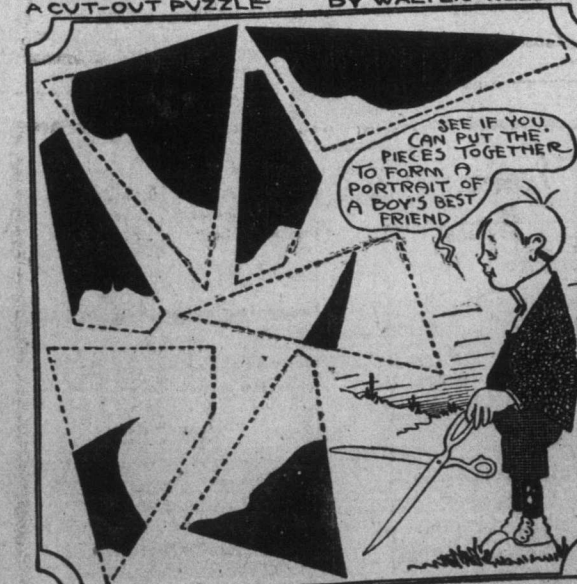
We know but little, was Jacobah, the Mother of Moses. It was this Mother's love for her baby that saved him from death in the Nile River. She disobeyed the command of the King to guard the life of her child. Her teachings and great love so influenced the early life of Moses, that even after he had been taken to the King's palace to be educated as a Prince of the land, the ideals of his Mother continued to guide his thoughts and deeds, and eventually helped him to conceive the laws which have made him known as the greatest law giver the world has ever known.
Nearly every great man and woman will tell you that the success they have known has been due to the wise and good help and counsels of Mother. Abraham Lincoln, against his father's wishes was started on the road to learning by his patient and hard working Mother.
Real mother-love knows no hurt so great as that which affects her child. The story is told of the wise King Solomon, one carrying a living infant and the other a baby but recently dead. These two women lived together, and in the night the child of one had died. Both claimed the living child. "He is mine," declared one, "I tell you I am the Mother of the child." "Wise King," cried the other, "can you not see that the baby is mine, look at the face of the living child and see that he resembles me, his mother." Solomon was in a quandry. How should he decide to whom the baby rightfully belonged? At last he spoke. "Since each of you claim the child, I will satisfy you both.

A Brick

I THINK Tom Brown is a brick," exclaimed Jack.
"What do you mean by that?" asked mother.
"I mean he's a regular fellow," explained Jack.
"That is not the original meaning of the term," said mother. "More than four centuries before the Christian era, so the story goes, a mighty king of Athens went to visit his rival, the king of Sparta, in the old city of Lacedaemonia. He was, of course, much interested in the fortresses of this rival country and constantly compared them with his own stronghold. One thing that surprised him greatly was that the little kingdom of Sparta, surrounded as it was on all sides by mighty enemies, had no protecting wall. His curiosity got the better of him and he asked the Spartan King why the city had no walls and what the people would do in case of an attack. 'Wait,' answered the Spartan King with a knowing smile, 'and I will show you the wall of Sparta.' This answer mystified the visitor more than ever. After a while the two royal gentlemen came to a large field where the fifty thousand soldiers of the Spartan Army were drilling. 'Do you see that?' asked the kindly host. 'That is Sparta's wall! There are fifty thousand soldiers, and each man is a brick.'"

MOTHER'S DAY

A CUT-OUT PUZZLE BY WALTER WELLMAN



POT AND KETTLE

W ELL, you ever slapped by anyone as big and strong as our mother? Well, if so once was enough to teach you to mind every word she said without other ear. Since that day, whatever mother says in our family, goes. I had just as soon stand up and advise a cyclone not to blow so hard, as I suggest anything to mother. But we have long since found out that she is the one that does know things, and we are the ones that don't. So we mind every word she says, and are mighty glad we have her here to say them. When she tells us to go up a tree and stay until she comes back, all the horses in the world couldn't pull us out of that tree. We don't always understand the reasons, but we do not have to bother with reasons, all we have to do, is to obey, and things will come out all right. When she says, "Woof!" we just fall over one another to see who can get up the tree first, and there we stay, until she tells us to come down, and we are not in too big a hurry to come down, even then. Sometimes she does stay away an awful long time, and our legs get stiff and we can hardly hold on, but we stay up there if we have to hang on by our eye-lashes. You might think a tree was a pretty big playground, but when one has to stay in all day it seems very cramped and small.
But sometimes we see some strange sights from our tree. One day, I remember we saw a terrible fight between two bull moose, and that particular time we were glad enough to be safe in a tree, and not on the ground. The first one came crashing through the brush, gritting his teeth, grunting, pawing the ground, and thrashing the bushes with his big antlers. He was so mad he never once saw us, but just charged about under our tree, all the while sending out his challenge for a fight. It was not long before we heard another one coming, beating the bushes, and making just as much noise as the first. When they



All The Horses In The World Couldn't Pull Us Out Of That Tree.



Solution to Cut-Out Puzzle