

LATS

up the chin and prevent... is taken off just before... and resumed... and the muscles... themselves for a few... times, they go about... they say, jokingly... macy, with the ladies... in proportion to the... work in your presence!... this just because it's... you can see that such... it would never do for... However, high collars... your cheeks fuller; on... they'll make them seem... can try massage and... will bring the blood to... of fresh blood builds the...

ader—Have you tried... butterfat for the... mixing corn meal... to a paaty consistency... over the freshly skin... on a few minutes and... off. This is an excellent... makes the skin soft, as... it your skin from the sun... and powder; it's easier to... to cure, freckles... personal letter with a self... stamped envelope for a hair... air needs one, as well as... ed lines—if they bother... a doctor; there is some... blood, or in the pigment... cause this.

SPING

DOT PUZZLE



lines from dot to dot... use my coffee... one to two and so on to...

ed Paragraphs.

no harder work than doing... may be wealth, but... much less in a will... a secret if a woman... none marks the dividing line... there and there... to save the pennies... scription to its size... messes better than the average... man has ruined his eyesight... a barroom looking for work... perty it is that our neighbors... as well as we do what's... nem... stant, a man could talk al... as a woman if he had... acles... come men drop a picket... in... through ticket to glory in... time a man thoroughly under... ways of a woman he is so... he doesn't care about them.

y EDFINA.



AND THE WORST IS YET TO COME.



SIDE TALKS

BY RUTH CAMERON.

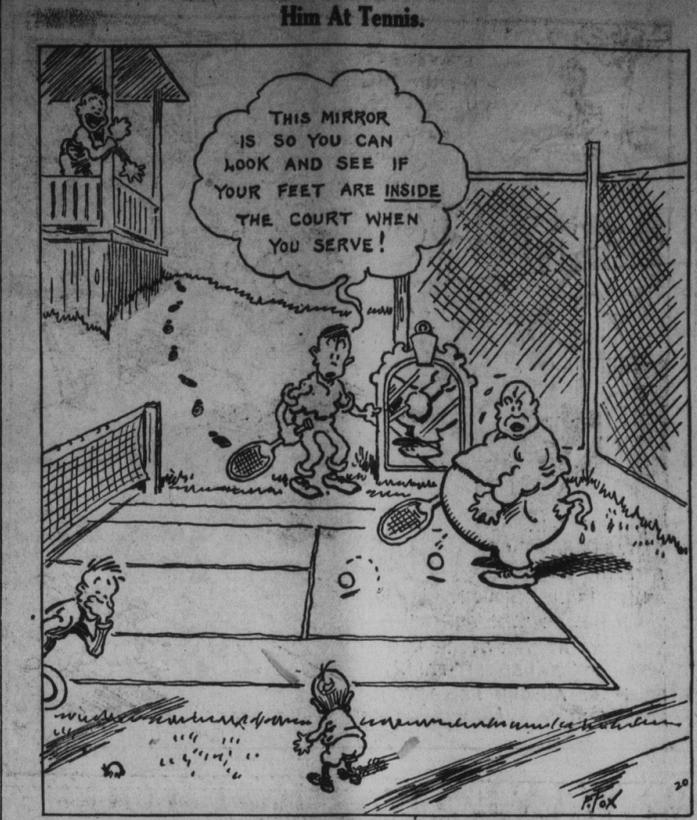
Man wants but little here below. He is not hard to please. But woman, bless her little heart, Wants everything she sees. The purport of that familiar para- phrase of the old hymn is, of course, that it takes a great deal to make a woman happy. And so does—of some things. And of others—indefinitely lit- tle. Some days ago, I read in a contribu- tor's column in the newspaper a letter from a young wife. Proud and happy, she simply shone through that letter. And yet I should not say, from the con- text, that she had much of this world's goods. But she had a great deal of some- thing else. I found it in one paragraph of the letter. I quote from memory: What He Would Wo If He Were Free "One day my husband was singing 'Oh, Gee, I'm glad I'm free,' and I asked him what he would do if he were free, and he said he would hunt me up and marry me over again. You could almost feel the thrill of pride and happiness with which she wrote that sentence. Perhaps the man who said it didn't care any more for his wife than hun- dreds of men who would have said, 'I'd go down street and pick up a good looking chicken,' or 'I'd get out and get properly lit up,' or some such thing who've gone above. And each springtime I am living with the joys that used to me. In the fragrance and the beauty of the simple lilac tree.



Just Folks

THE LILAC BUSH. There's more within a lilac bush than clumps of purple bloom. And Mother Nature's kindly grace and delicate perfume. There's more than springtime's loveliness for weary eyes to see: I think the lilac keeps alive the joys that used to be. The lilac lived when I was young and bloomed beside the door. And it has treasured all the smiles that I shall see no more. It holds the gentle mother's charms, the little sister's too. And all the tenderness and love which as a boy I knew. It keeps the souls of loved ones fine, and when the breeze blow I seem to hear the voices lost that spoke so long ago. And in its clustered blossoms laugh- ing gaily back at me. Are the wondrous happy faces that I'm hungering to see. It is of the family's stick; it's a friend we know and love. It is memory, never fading, of the ones

Vernon McNutt Got Somewhat Sore Because the Fat Man Was Trimming Him At Tennis.



AT THE HOUSE BOAT ON THE STYX

Doings Reported By Wireless To John Kendrick Bangs.

II—NOAH AND THE SUBMARINES

It was Navy Night at the House- Boat on the Styx and all the notable seafaring men among the Associated Shades were gathered together to dis- cuss things in general. High Admi- rals, Pirates, Buccaneers, Explorers and other human fotsam and jetsam of the sea were there in force, crowding the capacious lounge to its full capacity, ready to listen to such words of nauti- cal wisdom, reminiscence or what-not, as might fall from the lips of sea-dogs of high and low degree. Conspicuous among them were Captain Kidd, Sir Henry Morgan, Sir Walter Raleigh, Archimedes, Thimbletoes, John Paul Jones, Columbus and Hendrik Hudson. Everything had run along with toler- able smoothness until close on to mid- night when Noah, resplendent in a brand new Admiral's uniform, followed closely by his three sons, Shem, Ham and Japhet, in the naval controversies, the matter had been discussed with an asperity bordering upon actual con- flict, the more punctilious seamen of the past being inclined always to make an issue of the situation. The old fel- low and his sons had been black-balled three times by the Navy League, and his coming to this meeting, not as a member of the Associated Shades but in the capacity of a real Admiral, came dangerously near getting to the nerves of Nelson and Themistocles, who held to the old-fashioned idea, now fortun- ately grown obsolete, that a sea cap- tain should know something about ships and navigation. "Look who's here!" ejaculated Cap- tain Kidd, digging Nelson in the ribs with his elbow. "If it isn't old Pop Noah!" "All of all the nerve!" growled Nel- son, his red face turning purple with indignation. "And strutting about in uniform, too—who in thunder ever made him an Admiral—Joe Daniels?" "I guess it's a case of auto-sugges- tion," laughed Kidd, who didn't care very much one way or the other which way the thing went. "Well, if you want to know what I think," said Columbus, banging the arm of his chair with his doubled right fist, "I think he ought to be called down. The first thing we know if every man who ever got into a boat is entitled to camouflage himself up as a real Admiral, and do up his kids in the duds of Vice-Admiral, old Charon himself will be putting on airs and set- tling himself up as the head of the Stygian Navy." "Avast there, you land-lubbers!" cried Noah, turning with a grin upon his face. "Wasn't in Davy Jones's locker are you muttering about my being a winker at Shem." "Nothing much," retorted Nelson. "In other words—YOU!" "Oh, really now!" said Noah, with a wink at Shem. "How exceedingly nice of you. I suppose you were trying as usual to belittle my achieve- ment in bringing the Ante-Diluvian Navy into port, just as you try to belittle every other naval achievement in history by your own avar, eh?" "No, old man," returned Captain Kidd. "We're just wondering who your tailor was. He must be a James Dandy. Why, you look as if you'd just stepped off a Christmas Tree." "Ante-Diluvian Navy!" ejaculated Columbus. "I like that. Did you hear him, Nelson? He calls one old catle- boat with a stern fore and aft, a square-rigged rig, and set up on the roof and a hull modeled on the lines of Parnum's fat lady, a navy! Great guns, Noah," he added, scornfully, "what ever put it into your head that that crew of yours was a navy?" "She was the Queen of the Ocean in her day," said Noah, proudly. "If not a navy what would you call her—a charity bazaar?" "She was the fastest craft afloat, wasn't she, papa?" put in Shem. "Aye—that she was, my boy—that she was," said Noah. "And you're a morn, she was the only cruiser in the whole history of the sea who not only sailed the ocean blue, but skinned the mountain tops as well. When any of you old sea-dogs show me a battleship that can climb a tree as easily as my beloved Ark shinned up Ararat I'll descend to answer your criticisms. Un- til then you're outclassed." "A prettier model never swam the sea!" ejaculated Ham. "This was the flagship of her time," said Noah. "Of course, she didn't have diamond-studded lee-scupper like those remarkable gray-boats Queen Ferdinand and Isabella embroidered for you, Columbus, so that you might collide with the idle rich at Palm Beach if you had luck; nor was she as completely furnished as the Mayflow

FASHIONS FOR CANADIANS

A great deal of attention is being paid to the development of smart ap- parel for girls, and it is interesting to note that some designers have pro- duced unusual results by adapting the fash- ions for sisters and mothers to lit- tle girls of eight to twelve or fourteen years. During the last two or three years women of all ages have evinced a desire to appear very young, and white haired grandmothers have gone about wearing gowns identical in cut and fabric with those worn by their sixteen and eighteen-year-old grand- daughters. Now there is a tendency to feature styles that have grace and dignity and that are suited to women of ma- ture years and figure, as well as the more distinctly youthful fashions. In the former appear many beautiful draped dresses of soft satins and sheer crepes, etc., while in the latter class are the multitudinous panel effects and straight line garments. Designers of dresses for children have borrowed the straight line and panel dresses, and developed many charming miniature replicas. It might be feared that such styles would have an unfortunate tendency to give the little girl of twelve or fourteen years the appearance of being dress- ed in her mother's made over or "cut down" dress, but such is not the case. The result is wholly satisfactory. For girls younger than eight years the tendency is to adhere to extror- dinary simple and childish style lines. Little jacket effects are good, and either a normal or slightly higher than normal waist line is the rule. The sketch shows a smart little frock designed for a girl of four to eight years. It is, as will be noted, ex- tremely simple, and may be developed either in silk or wool or a washable fabric. The dress is held in at the waist by a band of smocking, and this may be done in heavy silk thread in a color matching the tie and stitching. Smocking and embroidery in the old fashioned sampler stitch, usually com- bining several colors and often done



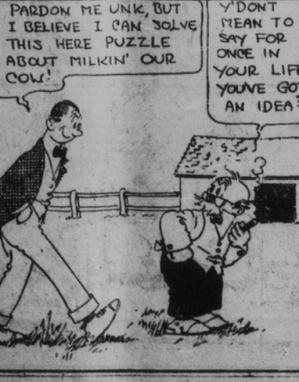
Smocked Dress For a Six-Year-Old. In animal or flower patterns, consti- tute the favorite trimming for little girls' dresses, whether or not the dresses are washable. For formal or party wear, Georgette, net or crepe de China are the fabrics selected and simplicity domi- nates all fashion lines.

WAR-TIME DEFINITIONS

LISTENING POST—A party telephone in Anywoman's house. CODE—The hard look your wife gives you when you have company at dinner and you ask for more chicken. FLANK ATTACK—What little Willie gets for putting typewriter on baby's head. OVER THE TOP—Your wife's hints to you concerning her lack of any- thing to wear. GASSER—The result of listening to a chatty neighbor's detailed de- scription of her appendicitis operation. ALLIES—Three late commuters making up a set of excuses for home consumption. LIQUID FIRE—Prohibition whisky. RAISING PARTY—1 a. m. at the loxbox. OBSERVATION POST—The front room window. RELIEVING PARTY—Friend wife on pay day. REVILLE—Shrill voice exclaiming, "It's 7 o'clock!" FANCS—Flunkeys whose wives are in the country. CAMOUFLAGED—Fouge, poudre de riz, peroxide, etc. etc. PRISONERS—Married men.

strakes I seen a sudden splash. I im- mediately asked myself— "Never mind, son," said Noah, "with the wave of his hand at Ham. "I'll tell the story. All I ask of you is confirma- tion, and none too much of that. When there's a full Admiral on deck little Vice-Admirals should be seen and not heard. Let's see—where was I?" "You were lying on or about a bale of hay near the hyena's cage waiting for a laugh, no doubt, which is still coming to you, and which you're going to get before the wind changes," said Nelson. "Ah, yes—I remember," said Noah. "I was enjoying a well-earned stein when all of a sudden I heard Ham's voice—Periscope two miles to leav- ard." Mrs. N., who had been making me an orator stew at the far galley in her excitement—"Excuse me for interrupting," put in Sir Henry Morgan, "but—ah—how many oysters did you have on the Ark?" "I rushed up on deck to see if Ham really knew what he was talking about," he went on, "and sure enough, there it was—a beautiful periscope, turning first this way, and then that, and all the time drawing nearer and nearer the Ark. Finally, it spied us, and came rushing onward at thirty one knots an hour, and in less time than it takes to tell it was trying to shut up the companion-way and get aboard. I hated to do it, but rules is rules, and I batted the poor thing over the ears with a steamer-chair, and it sunk with a splash into the sea, never to rise again." "A wonderfully thrilling adventure," said Nelson. "But I'd just like to know one thing, Doctor Noah—and that is, how in all Clemmeria you could see a periscope three thousand and nine hun- dred odd years before the periscope was invented?" "That's a solar plexus!" ejaculated Columbus. "There are oysters and oysters," ex- claimed Noah. "We kept two for breeding purposes, but the others were for home consumption. But to resume—there we were, out in the middle of cry boats down the periscope—Periscope two miles to leeward!" "Stuff and nonsense!" muttered Themistocles. "Hush," whispered Nelson. "Give him time. Give him time. We've got

KEEPING UP WITH THE JONESES



—By POP. CHARGE MEN! TH' TRENCH IS OURS! "I'm through!" cried Nelson, rushing for the door. "Me, too!" said Kidd, following in his trail. "I thought I could tell a sea yarn, but I know when I'm licked." As for Baron Munchausen and Anan- ias, they went out into the night, and after visiting a dozen or more places of departed spirits ended up in the patrol wagon. Bake prunes in a slow oven after you have cooked them all night. This way of cooking gives a richer flavor than stewing does. Flatirons will keep hot longer if you have a soapstone near the ironing board on which to rest the iron when it is not in use.