

My Gage.



H US

difference." "He never naps." "Well, say, madam, if a dog have you got there, he's a dead dog you can't see the car, either."

lost her little curly poodle on the police to find. The

ie of the force came with a lady and a dog. The lady was wearing a hat and a coat. The dog was a poodle. The lady was looking at the dog. The dog was looking at the lady. The lady was talking to the dog. The dog was listening to the lady. The lady was smiling at the dog. The dog was wagging its tail. The lady was petting the dog. The dog was enjoying the lady's attention. The lady was looking at the dog. The dog was looking at the lady. The lady was talking to the dog. The dog was listening to the lady. The lady was smiling at the dog. The dog was wagging its tail. The lady was petting the dog. The dog was enjoying the lady's attention.

ma'am." "fellow had him on a as washing windows with

crowd had gathered in the studio to see his pictures were sent to the academy.

The flapper strolling round turned to the artist and remarked:

"Strange that angels are always women, isn't it?" "Yes," said the twinkle. "Shows artists much about women."

so," retorted the flapper, "at it certainly shows that whole lot about men."

E.

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ugh the dots, beginning at

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as are carnivorous but the species consists largely of

le, frogs, snakes, lizards or

ie are scavengers and feed

ing animal matter. Their

travelling small rodents can

overestimated.

light of hawks is extreme

their power of focal ad-

wonderful. From bus-

st overhead they scan the

are able to see the faintest

ard. In the instant requir-

drop from that height

upon their victims, their

from long focus to short

adjustment is so instan-

they follow their prey

vision. The eyes of

smaller than those of the

the species are diurnal,

as species, like the rough

most active toward dusk

pleased laughing falcons can

long after dark. Hawks

color from yellow to red,

gray and others brown.

om the adults, those of the

orks, for example, changing

ty from yellow to bright

as of hawks, for the most

arsh, discordant screams,

oping with their wild na-

short winged species like

lined and Cooper's hawks

wait for their prey, are u-

except on their nesting

JIMMY COON STORIES

By DR. WARREN G. PARTRIDGE.

JIMMY COON MAKES TROUBLE FOR FARMER JONES.

It was laughable to see Guy Chuck a prisoner all day long on the famous Groundhog Day. And it was worse still, to see poor Guy Chuck in bed Bobby Skunk as his keepers. These every moment, with Jimmy Coon and two rascals wouldn't let Guy Chuck out of his own bed in his own house, to get a bite to eat. He was a prisoner all day; and Guy was so scared at that loaded gun which Bobby Skunk held at this right temple, that he had



a nervous chill, and lay perfectly still in bed, with his head under the top sheet.

There was another funny sight on Groundhog Day; for Farmer Jones and his Farmer friends watched all day at one front window at the Jones Farm, and little William, the Farmer Boy, and his boy friends watched all day at the other front window. Why did they peer so hard all day out of those two windows of the Jones Farm-house.

Why, they were all straining their eyes to see if Guy Chuck came out of his front door, and turned around to see his shadow. And the Farmers argued all day about the weather, and whether it would be an early or a late Spring. And Farmer Jones said, "Now I expect that Guy Chuck will come out of the front door of his nice little house there in the old pasture any minute; for Guy Chuck never disappoints us. He is as regular as a clock, and comes out every year on the second of February; and I do my planting of corn and other crops according to the signs of Groundhog Day."

But the coons didn't shine, and Guy Chuck didn't come out. For I want an early Spring. I expect to make a lot of money on peas this year, if we can plant the peas early.

And little William said, "Father, I don't believe the sun will shine today. See how cloudy it is getting. And it was very laughable to hear those Farmers and Farmer Boys talk and chaff about the weather, and the signs of an early or late Spring."

But the sun didn't shine, and Guy Chuck didn't come out. And Farmer Jones at last said, "I fear that Mr. Red Fox has eaten up Guy Chuck, for he never failed to show himself before on Groundhog Day!" It was an awful blow to the Farmers that Guy Chuck didn't come out. Of course the Farmers knew why the Sun didn't come out. It was because there were too many clouds; and so the Sun couldn't show his face all day.

And there were dark clouds also in the life of Guy Chuck; and he couldn't show his face all day, because Jimmy Coon and Bobby Skunk kept that funny Guy in bed; and so he hid his frowning face under the top sheet of his little rundle-bed.

And there was an early Spring that year.

BEAUTY CHATS

By EDNA KENT FORBES.

WRINKLES

An extremely witty Frenchwoman, now busy day and night with war work, and looking about twenty years less than her actual age, says that wrinkles belong to the negligent—to whom they should be left. She has never permitted herself to grow old, and, busy as she is, she takes a half hour or more each day for her "treatment."

I have her treatment from a friend of hers—an astirgent fairly well known among cosmetic makers.

It is: Rose water 12 ounces. Alum 130 grains. Thick cream 3 ounces. The alum is best bought as a powder, and the three ingredients mixed together. This is spread over the face, after a warm soap and water wash, and left on twenty minutes. It is astringent, drawing up the muscles and contracting the skin (the pores, which makes it excellent for charged pores. During the time it is on, the woman lies flat on her back, eyes closed, face relaxed. Then the skin is washed in warm water; massaged gently with a cold cream (strange as it may seem, cold cream is very drying); wiped dry; and a piece of ice rubbed over till the skin tingles. Altogether, the treatment takes half an hour—more than some women want to give to it. But it invigorates the

skin and it's action is more decided than the ordinary cream massage and, looking about twenty years less than her actual age, says that wrinkles belong to the negligent—to whom they should be left. She has never permitted herself to grow old, and, busy as she is, she takes a half hour or more each day for her "treatment."

With black brows and lashes and brown eyes and gold hair, lighter. Dry your hair in the sun whenever possible—indeed, the more you let it hang and air in the sun, the lovelier it will be, for the sun itself is a wonderfully good bleach. Egg shampoos will keep your hair fair, also. Find a little love somewhere. And then, if you seem to use it up. But when you've found it, you quite quickly, so about AGAIN. It mustn't hide it away. You mustn't plow, explore. And save, save. You keep it all to yourself alone. You must gloat with glory just the minutest how it everywhere to everyone. You must pet it, feed it smiles, and paste it in your hat. That's the thing to do. Your life's a dull dark drab will take you— a rainbow hue, and your moonless Find a little love somewhere!

PEPPER TALKS

By GEORGE MATTHEW ADAMS

Sit, stay, dream not here and there, night will take daylike light with sun. And then there and here again. Goshine everywhere, if you will but shunting.

Find a little love somewhere. And then, if you seem to use it up. But when you've found it, you quite quickly, so about AGAIN. It mustn't hide it away. You mustn't plow, explore. And save, save. You keep it all to yourself alone. You must gloat with glory just the minutest how it everywhere to everyone. You must pet it, feed it smiles, and paste it in your hat. That's the thing to do. Your life's a dull dark drab will take you— a rainbow hue, and your moonless Find a little love somewhere!

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"NOBODY HOME"

There is nothing new under the sun. So runs an old Persian proverb. There is another Oriental saying, "Life is but a circle of repetition," and it really seems so when we fold back the pages of history. In regard to slang and well known phrases what most of us are led to believe are the very latest things in slang expression will, upon studious investigation, prove to be of very ancient birth. For instance, we know no later slang than "nobody home," as applied to those

who seem to lack the requisite amount of brain power, but we find this same expression more than two hundred years ago in one of Alexander Pope's epigrams: "You beat your pate, and fancy wit will come; knock as you please, there's nobody at home." "The skin of my teeth" is found in Job XIX 20: "My bone cleaveth to my flesh; and I am escaped with the skin of my teeth." "Gone where the woodbine twineth." It is common in New England to see the trough or spout which leads

"CAP" STUBBS.

YOU'RE NOT GOING TO DRAG ME OFF TO A JAIL! OLD CAPTAIN WASHBURN, WE'RE GOING TO SOME NICE HOTEL.

WITH A BUNCH OF OLD GOING SHING ON THE PORCH—YES.

I KNOW ALL ABOUT THOSE HOTELS! WE'RE GOING SOMEWHERE WHERE WE CAN FISH, AN.

FISH! FISH! WHO WANTS TO FISH! WE'RE GOING TO A HOTEL WHERE

THEN WE WON'T GO ANYWHERE AT ALL.

ALLRIGHT! WE WON'T! I WOULDN'T BE AS SELFISH AS YOU ARE FOR ANYTHING!

I WANNA GO SOMEWHERE SOMETIME!

EDWINA

YOU'RE NOT GOING TO DRAG ME OFF TO A JAIL! OLD CAPTAIN WASHBURN, WE'RE GOING TO SOME NICE HOTEL.

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I KNOW ALL ABOUT THOSE HOTELS! WE'RE GOING SOMEWHERE WHERE WE CAN FISH, AN.

The Kid Wanted the Fire Started By Rubbing Two Pieces of Wood and the Only Dry Pieces the Powerful Katrinka Could Find Were Rather Large.



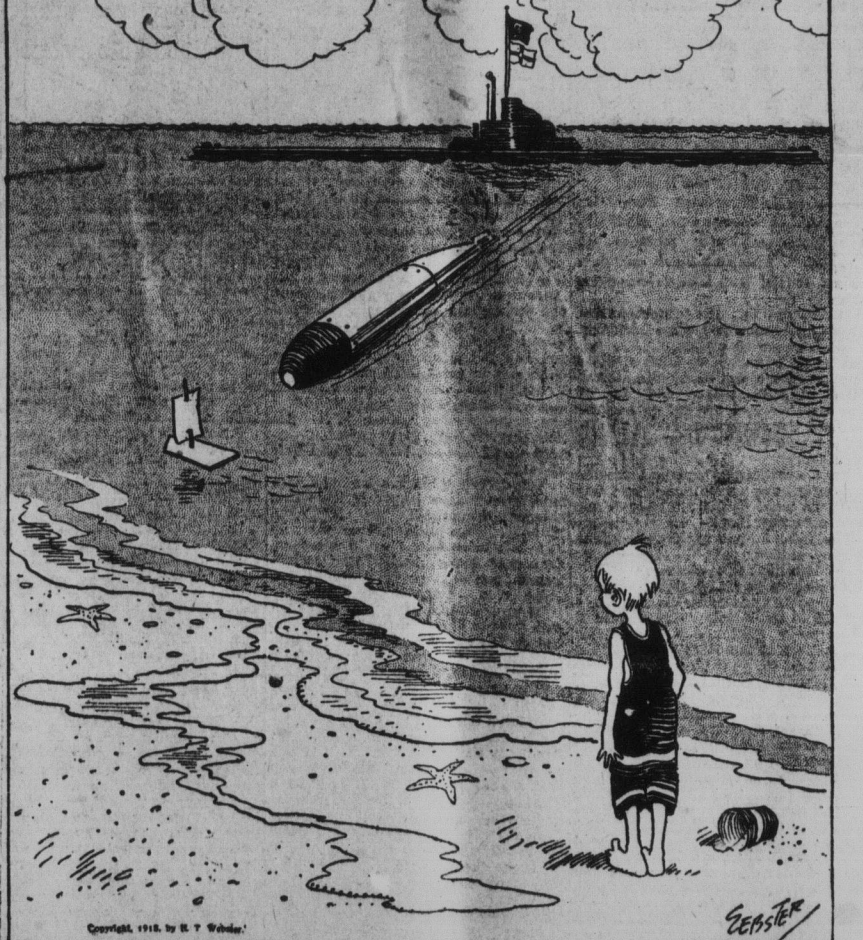
the water from the caves entwined in the tendrils of the woodbine. The noted (or notorious) financier Jim Fiske of forty years ago, is said to have originated this phrase in answer to a question concerning a certain sum of money. He wished to convey the idea that it had gone up the spout. It would be a curious study to investigate the origin of slang expressions. Some which are in popular usage, and which are generally supposed to be of recent manufacture are of great antiquity. Occasionally a word which has become obsolete in England is still retained by us, and set down by the English as a Yankee provincialism. The word "chores," which is so commonly used in American farm

houses is often used by Beaumont and Fletcher.

The word "muss" is Saxon. The following extract is from "Antony and Cleopatra":

Antony—"Of late when I cried 'Ho!' like boys unto a muss, kings would start forth, and cry, 'Your will?'"

—By Webster.



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IT'S AN AWFUL QUESTION TO SETTLE!



By EDWINA.

HOUSEKEEPING

BY HENRIETTA D. GRAUEL.

TURNIPS OR CARROTS.

In milk, butter, eggs and cheese, are found animal matters in quantity that surpasses the amount used by many persons who have never heard meat eating classed as an "abomination," a cruelty or an evil. This makes the thinker consider the vegetarian's creed inconsistent, but no one can deny the wholesomeness or the importance of vegetables as food.

Potatoes, cabbage, onions, carrots and turnips are all flesh forming and nitrogenous, but are not enough alone. Beside them, we need spinach, celery, lettuce, radishes, cress and other fresh vegetables that may be eaten uncooked. The volatile principles found in many of those named, are similar to certain spices and are highly stimulative and strengthening and do not contain the great quantity of starch found in root vegetables.

The starch matter found in carrots, turnips and other roots is transformed into sugar in the early part of their growth, and the flavor of each separate vegetable is caused by their individual characteristics, which exercise differently upon each person and are all needed to supply the body with materials for growth.

When preparing turnips and carrots for the table, take care they do not over cook or stick to the kettle. If you place a pie pan with holes in it in the kettle, first, it will keep vegetables from sticking. Rutabaga, or Swedish turnips, need longer cooking than white, purple top turnips. These are last will cook in forty-five minutes. Old ones, even if sliced, need to be cooked

an hour and to have the water changed twice. The same rules apply to carrots. These vegetables need to be served with meat to make attractive dishes.

Stuffed turnips are well balanced food. Boil whole turnips until tender. Cut off the tops and scrape out the pithy hearts and fill with chopped spiced meat or with pork sausage.

Bake in the oven until the sausage is done, and baste with the dripping. Another dish in which sausage cakes, hamburger balls or meat patties may be used, is called "carrot nests." Make the nests of flat cakes of seasoned, cold, chopped meat, or sausage, and on each one place a slice of boiled carrot. Season again lightly, and place in oven to brown them. Baste with the dripping and when each nest with its carrot slice is golden brown, garnish them with parsley and serve on a flat platter.

Other ways to serve either carrots or turnips, are with onions, and meat stewed, or with macaroni. A cream sauce is needed if macaroni is combined with either of the vegetables.

"Please publish a recipe for cooking Kidneys with Bacon on skewers. Travelers."

Reply—Cut the kidneys in slices and soak in cold salted water; then par-boil ten minutes. Put on skewer with squares of bacon between the slices. Lay on a rack in the oven, with a dripping pan beneath. When the bacon is crisp, the kidney will be done. This one, even if sliced, need to be cooked

WARTIME HOUSEWIFERY

WARTIME HOUSEWIFERY

(By Francis Marshall.) KNITTED TOYS. (Copyright, 1917, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

If you are one of the birds who plan to catch the Christmas worms early, you plan to dress for the youngsters for Christmas. If you have not already shopped for dolls to dress, let me suggest to you that you will need a plumper purse this year than any year before if you want to buy a pretty doll. In fact all toys are now sold at a price considerably in advance of that year's. The labor shortage and transportation difficulties divide the honors in creating this condition.

Meantime did you ever try to knit and crochet toys for Christmas? With everyone doing worsted work it ought to be quite a popular way of filling the Christmas stockings this winter, and the chances are that you have odd bits of yarn left over in your knitting bag that would serve to piece out in making some of the many interesting little toys from wool.

For the very little girl or boy there is a kind of crocheted clown rattle that takes very little wool. The equivalent of a half skein, preferably of white Germantown, is sufficient. An old or new celluloid rattle and three small bells complete the equipment. The wool is crocheted to cover the rattle by means of the Afghan stitch, and a face is worked in with colored wool after it is done. A little cap is worked

and put over the round end of the rattle and two bells are fastened to the cap and one under the chin. If you have no celluloid rattle an old rubber ball will be quite nice as a foundation for the funny face.

Crocheted horse reins for the youngsters are always welcome and if they are made in gay colors and trimmed with bells they are really quite an addition to the Christmas supply. An easy way to make them is with single crochet stitch worked rather closely. They should consist of a strip to go across the chest and arm pieces at either end of this strip and they should be finished with reins of the desired length. For the very little girl or boy these made in white or white and pink or white and blue are very nice and help to hold him from falling when taking his first steps. For older children they may be made in gay colors and are then used for playing horse—still as rollicking a pastime for youngsters as when we were young.

If you want to attempt anything more complicated you might knit a horse rattle, directions for which are to be found in most any worsted work book. A crocheted doll whose arms, legs and body are filled out with cotton batting and whose face consists of a discarded doll's face, is another nice present. For the little girl who loves her dolls you could do nothing to please her more than by knitting or crocheting her favorite doll a sweater or tam-o-shanter.

A FEW FOLLIES OF 1918

No Man's Land—the forty acres surrounding Vassar. A man in Ohio has invented a new roaster for beef. His is a "non-essential occupation."

"If you would have a long, happy term of life, wear diamonds," says an actress. What d'ye mean—a long term in Sing Sing?

A man made a mistake and put a cold buckwheat cake on his Victrola instead of a record, but didn't discover his error. He thought it was a speech on "Patriotism" by Senator La Follette.

A senator is urging more uniform laws. That's right. Too many people wearing 'em—janitors and everybody.

The turnip crop is not a failure this season, but it might just as well be if they abolish any part of our two-piece suit, we hope they abolish the coat.

Judging by divorce records, the average marriage certificate is only a "screed of paper." But it is some scrap, at that.

Pretty soon it will be safest for every man to carry a thimble with him when he orders a nickel's worth of beer.

Gen. Pershing has escaped one of the horrors of war. Nobody has named a six-cent cigar after him.

Some young women are born foolish and others go out riding in canoes.

Nothing succeeds like success unless you can clean up about 80 per cent. by having a failure.

New York man's wife was doing the family washing and complained that she couldn't get any suds. So he went out and bought her a barrel of beer and she hasn't done any washing since.

The worst submarine menace is a cake of soap in the bottom of the bathtub.

The surest way to tell if an egg is bad is to boil it three minutes and then open it.

Judging by the odor of some of the six-cent cigars, we have a bumper crop this season.

New York widow says she can't keep her little boy on \$5,000 a year. What's she going to do when he brings a wife home to live?

Washington reports a strong demand for asbestos. Perhaps some body is going to write another note to the Kaiser.

Some people wonder how Dante could write so entertainingly about hell without ever having been there. But that was easy. When he was a young man he ran a country newspaper.

St. Louis brewery workers are on strike. Never could understand how a man could walk out of a brewery.