

RANN-DOM REELS

By HOWARD L. RANN THE SEWING MACHINE.



Husband taking a well-earned rest on the sofa while his wife plays feverishly on the pedals of a sewing machine.

The Sewing Machine is a useful household implement which prevents women from becoming an idle doll of fashion. One of the first things a young husband does after an air-

to rise to its knees. From this lowly beginning originated the sewing circle, which has become a community center of missionary effort and moral enthusiasm. If it were not for the sewing circle thousands of benighted heathen in India, China and Japan would be obliged to wear the rude cactus skirt and frail palm leaf chemise, which would be a greater hardship than having to commit to memory the fourteenth chapter of the Book of Hosea.

AND THE WORST IS YET TO COME.



OUR SHORT STORY WHY CALLED "HUNS"

ALL THE WAY BUGS. "Your honor, the defendant is undoubtedly insane, and in behalf of the other members of the family, whom I represent, I ask that he be committed to an asylum," said Causeway Plead, attorney for the offense. "I ask your honor to remember that witnesses have testified that the defendant, for instance, suddenly conceived the idea that he is a battering ram and that at such times the family have to take refuge behind locked doors, inasmuch as the defendant believes them to be castles that it is his duty to storm."

The Detachable Motor Backfired When the Powerful Katrinka Was Turning It Over.



THE EVENING STORY

LOWEST OF BIG KITCHEN

Plug—the name unsurpassed and which smothered any other that might have been more rightfully his in the forgotten days—was filling the woodbox, slouching over it and dropping down the sticks one by one. He was in no hurry, for that was not his way; and moreover, he was just now afraid to face the jeers in the kitchen. "But when the last stick had been dropped into the box and he had stood gazing at it for fully three minutes there seemed nothing for him but to recross the wide kitchen to the asylum on the outside door, which now seemed a long way off. This he did with burning downcast face and a more diffident shuffle than usual. He felt all their eyes boring into him. "S-say, Plug, not that a way," called Ben, the stable boy. "She's over you by the sink. Where's your eyes, boy? Go an' speak. She's been blushing ever since ye comed in."

RIPLING RHYMES

By WALT MASON WAR GARDENS. They will not let me bleed and die or shoot at Kaiser Bill, so here at home I stay and ply the spade of Bunker Hill. I wield my dull and rusty spade with quite as much delight as I would wield my flashing blade, if I were fit to fight. I may not lead my dauntless men, and cry, "Charge, Chester, charge," for I am old and have a won, my waistline is too large. But I can toll in wind and beat, and raise my garden seas, the luscious squab, the juicy bean, the wholesome sparrowgrass. And every time I reap a bean, according to the dope, I queer a Prussian submarine, and bust a Teuton hope. In times of peace this raising peas is work that I abhor; but I am raising greens like these, for peas will win the war. I'd rather mount a paving steed, and charge, with lance at rest, to make the trifling foe man bleed, and knock him gallily west; but since I dare not sit a horse that has no iron spine; I'm busy raising prunes and gorse, I'm pruning plant and vine. Oh, prunes, are things I don't admire—which is no metaphor—but I toll on and never tire, for prunes will win the war. At night I dream of crimson fields, and crimson flowers, and crimson mud; I dream of steeds and swords and shields till I fall out of bed. At dawn I chant a martial lay by Julia C. R. Dorr, and then I hoe my spuds all day, for spuds will win the war.

BLAZE OF LIGHTS GUIDES FLYERS IN COLOGNE RAID

London, Sept. 26—Cologne was bombed by British airmen recently. Details have now reached London which enable Capt. Paul Bewsher, R. A. F., to give the following description of the raid: Night had come clear and the stars glittered overhead in a cloudless sky. Far away could be seen the black manes of the forests and a clear cut line of hills. Unobscured by mist, low in the east hung a brilliant golden moon. The thickly clad pilot gave an order to the waiting mechanics and climbed up into the machine. Sitting in his leather covered seat he tested the two engines which roared with a steady note. On either side of him sat a heavily muffled observer, equipped with maps, pistols, notebooks and a couple of thermos flasks. He settled himself for the journey. All was ready. The whistle blew. The engines roared with a splendid note of power, the great machine shook itself and began to move across the grass and thundered triumphantly to the air. Soon the airmen crossed the line of hills over which the star shells were bursting and moving steadily forward over the curving river which lay glittering like a silver scarf far below them.

SPEED OF BIRDS

Hawk Can Attain Velocity of 200 Miles an Hour. Birds differ greatly in method and rate of flight. Contrast a bat and an eagle; the former cannot rise from a perfectly level surface, the latter can "push off" from any place, at any angle, with astounding celerity, and rise 6,000 feet, says a writer in Our Dumb Animals. A few other birds, notably the lark and the crow, travel at an altitude of 5,000 or 6,000 feet, but ordinarily birds stay within 1,000 feet of earth. It is characteristic of birds the West that they fly in wide circles, but when aiming at a certain point the eagle uses the steady wing beat method. For combination of speed and grace, swallows are hard to surpass. I read of one's flight from Antwerp to Compiegne. The distance of 140 miles was accomplished in 68 minutes. "Cultures can fly 150 miles an hour. Perhaps nature gave them great power of flight as a compensation for two great handicaps—weakness of talons and a poor sense of smell. They have to rely entirely on sight and are unable to carry off their prey. The condor, the South American vulture, is kept in the nest longer than any other bird I know of; its nine-foot wing expanse gives it great power and speed. The hawk is a king of flight. With the power to fly 200 miles an hour, the courage to execute his designs, a hawk is a formidable yet an admirable bird. The wind plays such a part in flight of any bird that speed in the air cannot be intelligibly discussed without some consideration of its effect. Experiments have shown that a carrier pigeon's flight with a sailing with a moderate wind is 1,540 yards a minute, as compared to 1,200 in calm weather. With a strong wind, its speed is nearly double or about 2,900 yards a minute. It would be interesting to know just how rapidly the fastest hawk, backed by a strong wind, could cut through space!"

WEDLOCKED.



ANNE SAID SHE'D MEET ME ON THE BEACH BUT I CAN'T FIND HER NO PLACE!

OH BOYS!



OH BOYS!

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

Theory is a vine from which facts are sometimes gathered. When pluck gets busy luck takes a back seat. The proper material for umbrellas is watered silk. Charity with a string to it uncovers a multitude of sins. The small boy is always heard when posing amid the scenery. The last turn of the worm is apt to be on the anglers.

THE MILLENNIUM.

—So your matrimonial life is unhappy. What was the December wedded to May? Johnson—Lan' sakes, no, it was Labor Day wedded to Bob Root.

THE ONLY WAY.

The editor of a certain publication had made up a list of 30 men and women distinguished in art, religion, literature, commerce, politics and other lines, and to each he sent a letter a telegram containing this question: "If you had but 48 hours more to live, how would you spend them?" His purpose being to embody the replies in a symposium in a subsequent issue of his periodical.

By LEO.

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