

LITTLE STORIES FOR BEDTIME

By Thornton W. Burgess.
A SURPRISED JAY.It isn't often one can say
He actually surprised a Jay.

Sammy Jay isn't the kind easily surprised. He is too used to surprising other people to himself be caught very often. But once in a while it happens. When he is surprised he usually is very much surprised. And how he does dislike to admit it! I guess you've seen people like that. It is the hardest thing in the world for them to admit that they haven't known all along just what was going to happen.

Sammy Jay's patience was pretty nearly at an end when he thought he saw something move way back in the dark hall of the new house dug in the corner of the old stone wall over by the dusty road. Sammy kept perfectly still and stared down from his perch in the apple tree. Yes, something had moved down there. He was sure of it. Of course it was the owner of the house, and of course he would come out presently.

It seemed to impatient Sammy that the stranger was the most timid fellow he ever had seen, to judge by the way he kept dodging back. "Something must have given him a terrible fright," thought Sammy and then tried to remember what there had been to frighten any one about there. He couldn't remember a single thing to frighten any one and he knew that he had come along just as that stranger had dived into his house. You remember he had been just in time to see the stranger's black heels disappear. This made Sammy more anxious than ever for the stranger to come out. He wanted to ask questions.

"He must be a dreadful coward," thought Sammy. "I'm afraid there won't be any fight. The sight of Johnny Chuck would scare him half to death."

Just then the stranger popped his head out and, without a word, he quickly that Sammy had no more than a glimpse of it. But that glimpse was enough to cause Sammy almost to forget to hold on to the branch on which he was sitting. He blinked his eyes very fast as if he thought he had something in them.

"That fellow is the living image of Johnny Chuck!" he gasped. "He's a twin! That's what he is—a twin! I don't believe Polly Chuck could tell them apart. The only difference is that Johnny Chuck isn't scary and this fellow is. I wouldn't for anything in the world miss seeing Polly Chuck the first time she lays eyes on this fellow."

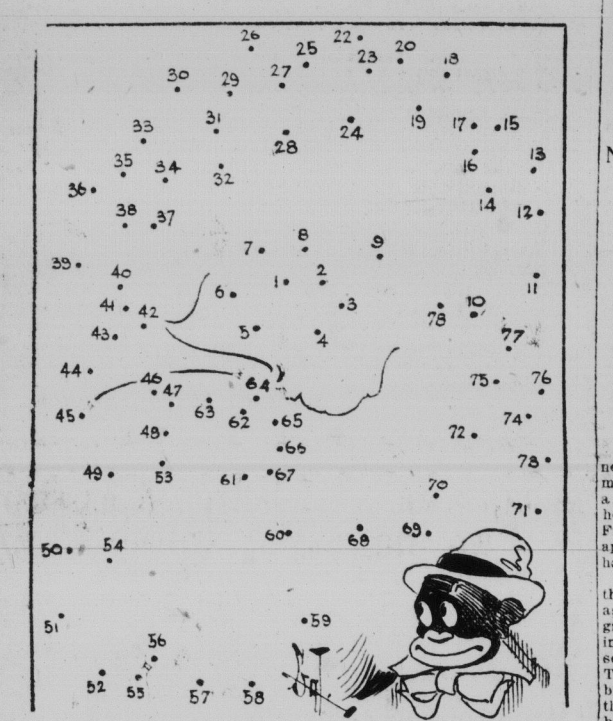


"Who are you?" demanded Sammy. "I, especially if Johnny happens to be around at the same time. I wonder when he comes wholly out he will look as much like Johnny Chuck as he does in the face. I wish he would hurry up about it."

Hardly was the wish uttered when the stranger seemed to be satisfied that it was safe to come out and out he did come and sat up on his door step to stare very hard this way and stare very hard that way and stare very hard the other way that he might be sure that all was safe. When he did that Sammy gave a funny little gasp like Johnny Chuck in every particular, even the smallest. That is, he did in all but one thing; Sammy never had seen Johnny Chuck so terrified as this fellow actually ducked at the sound of Sammy's little gasp.

"Who are you?" demanded Sammy.

THE DOT PUZZLE



Complete the picture by drawing a line through the dots, beginning at No. 1 and taking them numerically.

VOGUE FOR AMBER BLOUSES

Flesh-pink chiffon and Georgette blouses are being worn so universally now that women of exclusive taste have turned to another tint, and that tint seems to be amber—not yellow, and not tan, but the indescribable golden shade produced by sunlight shining through clear amber. A simple tucked batiste blouse becomes, touched by the magic wand of amber, an exclusive model worth several dollars. Amber chiffon blouses cost still more and amber organdy trimmed with flannel lace is exceedingly distinguished in price. Now, here is a secret: Any woman can turn a white blouse into an amber one, whether the model designed for transformation by a \$2 batiste affair or a delicate chiffon and flannel creation. All that is necessary is 10-cents' worth of powdered ochre from the drugist's and plenty of clear cold water. But one has to be very careful in the process of coloring. A thought too much of the ochre and the blouse will come out of its bath the shade of a hardwood floor; a little

carelessness in preparing the solution and streaks of deeper tone will spoil the daintiness of one's garment. The merest pinch of ochre powder must be very thoroughly dissolved before the blouse is immersed. It will be well to use a deep vessel, so that if there does happen to be any sediment of the powder the blouse will not come in contact with it. And be sure to try out the color first on a separate piece of white material, similar in texture to the blouse you hope to transform. After the dipping, rinse the blouse in clear water and press when almost dry with a flatiron. Chiffon or Georgette crepe should be pressed with a warm, not hot, iron.

One of the largest electrical manufacturing companies in this country employs girls in computing and making electrical measurements and transmission tests, drafting and follow-up work on jobs placed in the Model Shop.

The Advice of the Naval Expert, Willie Jones, Is Disregarded.



Urgent Call Comes From The Canneries For Many More Helpers

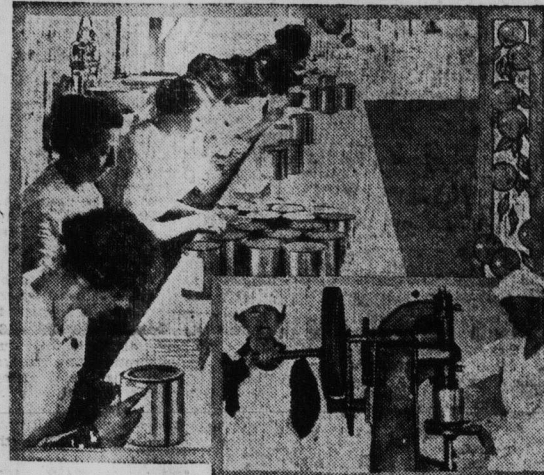
National Service Girls Have Proved Themselves Tramps and the Canner Wants More of Them for September, October and November—Fruit and Vegetables Must Not Be Allowed To Go To Waste—We Must Can What We Can.

There seems to be no more urgent need for war workers at the present moment than in the canneries. Indeed, a S.O.S. call comes from them for helpers. They are in full swing. Fruit and vegetables are coming in apace. But the scarcity of girls to handle them is keenly felt.

A recent trip by the writer through the Niagara fruit belt clearly demonstrated that they were needed in great numbers. A good many people imagine that September practically sees the end of the canning season. This may be so in a domestic sense but the regular canneries are bright through the fall months, and girls will be needed until the end of November.

There are big gaps in the ranks just at present because many of the college girls, who enthusiastically went in for this work earlier in the year, have had to resume their classes. The result is that tomatoes, plums, apples, beans and other vegetables are pouring into the canneries without the requisite number of workers to handle them, being available. The canning factory has received less consideration, perhaps, than the farm and orchard where women workers are concerned, but in a district like the Niagara fruit belt, field and factory are inseparable and many of the National Service girls who volunteered for work on the fruit farms have gone into the adjacent canneries as the season advanced. This class of girl in a cannery is a wartime experiment and one which all the canners declare to be eminently successful. They used to bring over Polish women from Buffalo or else employ men. And now? Well, you find girls from Toronto University, from McGill, from East and from West, all working together with zeal and skill. Ask them if it is hard work and they tell you that it is just "ripping." In almost every case they have preferred it to outdoor work.

In many of the canneries now, practically all the work is done by women, a few men being kept usually to handle the machinery. They have a ten-hour day, can sit while they work and in most cases the canneries are bright, clean, agreeable buildings. The machinery is not of the noisy, trying type known to the munition worker but the regular canneries are bright, clean, agreeable buildings. The machinery is not of the noisy, trying type known to the munition worker but the regular canneries are bright, clean, agreeable buildings. The machinery is not of the noisy, trying type known to the munition worker but the regular canneries are bright, clean, agreeable buildings.



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The tomato canning season is in full swing now and girls who volunteer immediately for this work are likely to work on an extensive scale. The average rate for tomatoes is 34 or 40 cents a day, after the initial plunge which does not usually take one much past 17. As many as 15,000 cans of tomatoes are turned out each day from the average cannery and 10,000 or 12,000 cans of plums. At Niagara-on-the-lake a number of soldiers' wives are employed in one place where 50 women turn out an average of 15,000 cans of plums a day. The work around a cannery is varied, but the girls are chiefly engaged in peeling and preparing the fruit and vegetables, and in packing the cans. The sealing is done automatically and the tins are conveyed by pulley to the retort and finally to the cooler. To look at the operation it seems like perpetual motion for the canner who fits them and sends them along. In the same way, in the case of tomatoes, the pails travel automatically to her and take their departure when she has finished peeling. There is no lifting or bending and the work cannot be said to be hard. It is simply a case of skill, speed and deft fingers. As Beamsville girls have been driving around an auto truck with orders for one of the local canners, in connection with most of the canneries in the fruit district are excellently equipped camps. Some of the tents even have electric light. The cooking is good and there is always a house mother to superintend things in general.

Ask the canner what he thinks about employing girls—that is, the type of girl who has never gone in for this kind of work before—and he is enthusiastic. A dozen or so were questioned about it. They were unanimous. "Couldn't have got along without them at all this year. They were great. Only we want more of them and we want them right away quick! We can't afford to let any of the stuff that is now coming in, go to waste. We'll need girls right through September, October and November."

The speedy worker can make up to \$3 or \$4 a day and every girl is guaranteed a minimum of \$1.50. For patriotic ends, if for nothing else, who will help in the canneries for the next few weeks? This is an urgent call that does not permit of delay. Fruit is perishable and soon goes to waste. As much as possible of everything must be canned this year for the fruit crop of Britain has been a failure and jam and preserves of all kinds are scarce. A forcible

JIMMY COON STORIES

By Dr. Warren G. Partridge.

JIMMY COON PLAYS A PRANK ON THE FARMER BOY. Little Jimmy Coon, the Farmer Boy, Brook, that Night! Why those jumps jumped right into Murrumbidgee, planned to go Trout fishing. It was early in the spring, and the two boys wanted to be the first fishermen on Murrumbidgee Brook that spring; so that they could catch lots of nice trout. And Little William, the Farmer Boy, said, "Cousin Fred, we will not take any bait for the Trout with us; for I always have the best luck with Dobsons, which I find under the little stones in the bottom of Murrumbidgee Brook." Now, you have caught "Dobsons" under the little stones in a brook, in the shallow ripples, for bait when you went fishing. You remember how ugly they look, and some fishermen, you remember, call these grubs, or worms, "Crawlers." You know they look something like a tiny Lobster, and that their color is a dark bluish gray. You remember what fine bait they make for Trout; for the skin is so thick and strong, that the fish hook will hold the bait for a long time. And the Farmer Boy and his Cousin Fred started in high glee, as they whistled a lively jig, for they were so happy and could hardly wait to wade in Murrumbidgee Brook, and turn over the little stones in the rapids and catch lots of the fine "Dobsons," or "Crawlers," for bait. Now, Jimmy Coon was an awfully clever chap, and he knew it was about time in spring for the Farmer Boy to go Trout Fishing. So Jimmy Coon decided to spring his big prank (the night before the boys went Trout Fishing). Jimmy Coon invited lots of his friends to go along; and I wish you could have seen Benny Mink, Joe O'ter, Teddy Possum, Sammy Muskrat and lots of other rascals going along with Jimmy Coon for that run and mischief. And you would have laughed to see these little people in Murrumbidgee Brook that Night!



You would have laughed to see these little people in Murrumbidgee Brook that Night!

ALLENBY'S GREAT VICTORY IN THE DEFEAT OF TURKEY SHATTERS KAISER'S DREAM

The destruction of two Turkish armies and the capture of some 40,000 Turkish prisoners in a single operation is the biggest military event in the history of the war in the so-called minor theatres. And it is big not only as a striking success for British arms but as a political victory for the Allied cause.

Turkey was a wabbling empire at best before the war. Today her richest provinces—Egypt, Syria, Mesopotamia, Arabia, are torn from her grasp, her desert armies have been shattered, her population is disaffected, her economic condition could scarcely be worse, and the future promises nothing but further losses and defeats. Austria-Hungary and Bulgaria never did help her and Germany no longer can.

Anything and everything is possible in the Near East. The diplomats of the Entente and the Central Empires have known that for many years and the Near East has been their favorite battleground. It has been a question of prestige. In the Near East as well as the Far East, British, French, German or Russian power depends upon British, French, German or Russian prestige.

Those who have criticized British policy in spending men and materials in subsidiary Eastern campaigns have failed to realize the vital questions of prestige involved. To have given up the Mesopotamian campaign after Gen. Townshend's surrender at Bagdad would have imperiled Britain's position throughout the East. On the other hand, the British successes in Mesopotamia and now in the Palestine campaign restore to Britain her full prestige in the force of her arms.

It was the Kaiser's dream to become that leader. Early in his reign, in 1889, he visited Abdul Hamid and a little later made a pompous entry into Jerusalem. On the occasion of these visits the great Berlin-Bagdad railway scheme was launched. The Mohammedans were flattered into believing that with the Kaiser's help the unity of their ancient world might be restored. German officers were sent to train the Turkish army, German engineers investigated the resources of Turkish soil, German engineers planned a network of railways to link up Turkish possessions.

That is why the Turks and Germans had such a good start in a military way in the first two years of the war. They had worked together to good purpose and when the British sought to win Gallipoli, Mesopotamia and Syria, without due preparation they met with disaster.

But for nearly two years now they have applied with excellent success the lessons taught them by their early failures. Progress has been slow but it has been steady. The Palestine campaign has been a marvel of painstaking organization, slow careful preparation followed by a series of quick, brilliant strokes that caught the enemy.

argument for Canada to give the best possible showing in the putting up of preserves both at home and in the canneries!

—By EDWINA.

"CAP" STUBBS.



SADDLED

H. B. Bodwell.

When H. B. Bodwell was riding stable last year he was to see whether or not he would have as much success as marked for himself.

For eight years more winners than America, while in the try both the number and the total amount of season has been so prominently public, and with a long what methods success, Mr. Bodwell had any patented training. He smiles.

"Hardly, I use all. Of course the horses are alike in all of judgment. I try to get the most out of a horse normal and to respond to training secret about my mind. I use perhaps more than most trainers, less they are to every member of my family of cooked pastures. This is mixed with liver in hay, and before my horses California hay, alfalfa and Timothy. A usually a good race men who are big heavy and able work."

"All animals amount of roughness is to be maintained water where a horse much as he wants."

Plenty

"Another thing," horseman, "which I have heard of, is the fact that there are no doors want all the air I horses. They are I use three or four preference to one I are put on and take the temperature."

"Particular attention when I was in the water in them, and horses were turned out to get into a couple of tight in my teacher in the kept the feet of the file, had to make a preference to one I responsible to say times a day. The answer is to on all horses which are in a wild state."

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