

IN OUR SCHOOL

BY PAUL WEST.

The number of days is just 21. When school closings will all be done.

IT WORKED.

Andy Anderson sent ten cents the other day to get something wonderful. He was a rose you put in your buttonhole & tell persons to smell it & when they smell it you squeeze a bulb full of water you have in your pocket & it sprays water in their eye & is very amusing & you have a bunch of fun for one dime, the advertisement said, so Andy sent for it.

He put it in his button hole this morning & tried it on several persons & it worked fine, only just water did not make enough of a joke on them, so he filled the bulb with ink & was going to try it on Daisy Bellows at recess, he having the biggest face so the ink would show more & make a better joke.

But somehow the tube leading from the bulb to the rose must of got loose or something, because all of a sudden the front of Andy's shirt started getting black, & the black spreading wider & wider, till Genevieve Hicks, who was sitting near him, told Miss Palmer that Andy was bleeding to death.

Andy told her not to make such a fuss about it, & tried to hide it with his gogarty, but Miss Palmer had heard of it & made Andy come up to the platform & get examined. Then she saw that it had happened when she seen it wasn't blood, & Andy showed

her the bulb. He must of set on it or something & squeezed the ink out, & the ink was in his neck all the way down.

She sent him home to tell his mother how it happened, & warned him if he wasn't back in fifteen minutes he would be kept an hour after school. He was back, having changed his clothes, got a bath & a licking in that time. Pretty good, Andy, but Andy says you ought to praise his mother & not him, she doing the basting of the job.

Notes.

The war gardens we was growing out in the school yard have all went to the bed, they not growing anything but weeds, except Genevieve Hicks, where she grew some lovely pansies which are pretty near up. Genevieve is very proud of them, but Miss Palmer said her if she thought pansies would solve the food question. Genevieve said she didn't care, there were her favorite flour & she could live on their sweet aroma. Oh fudge, say we.

The man that had the moovies to the town hall the other night, when he forgot to bring the second part of "Wonderful Justice" & it left the hero lady just jumped off a roof so you didn't know what happened to her after that, says he will have the rest of the pitcher there tonight. But we have lost interest in the lady now.

THE DOT PUZZLE.



The Island is the largest of the South African Archipelago, being almost as large as an ox. Would you like to see one?

Draw from one to two and so on to the end.

OUR SHORT STORY

Gardelia Cricker watched the approaching conductor with pensive eyes.

She thought: "If he dared—but that's nonsense, he wouldn't dare dare." Still the conductor approached, and as he neared Gardelia Cricker, a determined gleam came into his otherwise gleaming eyes.

"If he has the audacity!" thought Gardelia. "But he couldn't be such a brute."

The conductor was now bending over her. She felt a cold shiver of apprehension run down her spine and then rapidly retreated his steps. And her worse fears were realized:

"Fare, please," said the conductor firmly.

Cordelia Cricker gasped, turned red and then pale. Then she let her gaze wander over the car side, and hummed a careless little air, as though she had not heard.

"Fare, please," the conductor repeated, just as firmly.

The man on Gardelia's right nudged her in the right ribs, and the man on her left nudged her in the left ribs.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, as though aware for the first time of the conductor's presence. She fished, with blind rage, her handbag and discovered a nickel in the midst of nineteen safety pins, eleven sticks of chewing gum, a package of carpet tacks, a powder puff, a mirror, and eight buttons.

Shortly afterwards, on her way out the car, she passed the conductor on his platform.

"You brass-buttoned shrip!" she hissed. "Don't you know the main reason I married you was to get free rides on the street cars?"

And when she got home, she deliberately burned his steak.

GETTING OUT OF BED

BY H. ADDINGTON BRUCE.

Author of "The Riddle of Personality," "Psychology and Parenthood," Etc.

"You must have got out of bed on the wrong side this morning," is an old-fashioned reproach to people who begin the day in a snapping, snarling mood. I do not know when this phrase originated. But I do know that it crudely expresses a psychological truth of some importance, though one not generally appreciated.

Most people take it for granted that it does not matter in the least how they get out of bed, whereas getting out of bed may be made a process of real helplessness to them in point of both of health and efficiency.

Recently this has been rightly emphasized by Dr. L. F. Fuld, an able exponent of personal hygiene for business men and women. Here is his formula for getting out of bed to best advantage:

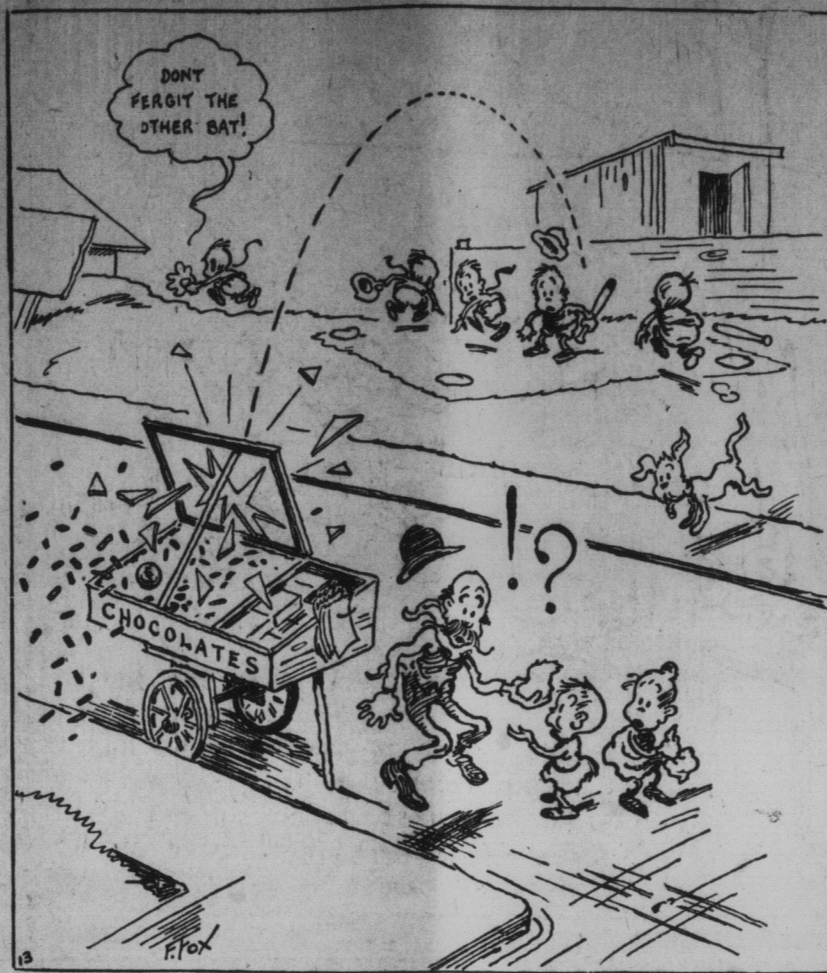
"When you start to get up do not turn over on your side and roll out of bed. Get some benefit from the movement."

"Holding your hips with your hands and catching your toes at the bottom of the bed, rise to a sitting position without helping yourself at all with your hands."

"You may find this movement somewhat difficult at first, because in performing it you use the muscles of your abdomen, which are seldom used by you during the day."

"In most of us these muscles have become through disuse a mass of fat. When exercising daily they become smaller and firmer, and the size of the waist is reduced by the removal

Another Discovery of Glass in Candy Was Made Right In This Town Last Week.



MRS. EMERSON-MCKIM-VANDERBILT-BAKER'S THREE ROMANCES

Why the Widow of Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt, Lost on the Lusitania, Selected Mr. Ray Baker, of Nevada, For Her Third Husband.

Suppose you were—

The wealthiest young woman in America, and a widow and very attractive.

And stood at the very top of the social ladder.

And were besieged by innumerable suitors for your hand (and fortune).

And you had, thus, everything on earth except a title—

Would you marry—

To gain a foreign title?

Or to add to your present great wealth?

Or would you pick out the man your heart really yearned for, a man of little wealth, of little social position, a government office holder—and marry for love?

Well, these are exactly the problems that have confronted Mrs. Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt since her husband, the head of the Vanderbilt family, was lost when the German torpedo sank the Lusitania three years ago.

The young widow of the richest of the Vanderbilts pondered long and earnestly these questions and has settled on her answer. She has picked the man her heart longed for, a relatively obscure American who works for a living—Mr. Ray Baker, of Nevada.

Now, why did the young widow of Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt select Ray Baker, of Nevada?

Suppose, for a moment, that you were a young man working for a husband, bringing in to use an old-fashioned phrase \$50,000,000 in her lap—would you not find it difficult to realize your own luck?

Probably Mr. Ray Baker feels just that way about it. Very likely he asks himself at intervals if it can really be true.

But Mr. Baker and his fiancée are not the only persons interested in the "matrimonial alliance." The public would like to know how and why Mrs. Vanderbilt came to pick out this young man to fall in love with.

What is there about him to inspire the love passion in a woman who is no longer an impressionable girl, and who

went to work for himself, punching cows.

This was merely an interim, so to speak. He had more exalted ambitions. His father was at that time attorney for the Southern Pacific Railroad.

For him, however, the law had no delights. Mines—gross wealth hidden in the bowels of mother earth—inspired his imagination and invited his inquiring efforts.

Nevertheless, he wanted a good education. Deserving the cows, he matriculated at the University of Nevada.

And still the fever broke loose, and he with it. The lure of the desert beckoned him, he claimed, he said.

Twelve years he wandered in the desert, looking for copper, silver, for gold. For two of these years he dwelt in one camp in Death Valley, a region abhorred of man. But he enjoyed the experience. He was doing things.

That is the kind of person Ray Baker is.

He is thirty-nine years old, 5 feet 7 1/2 inches tall, rather stockily built, but shapely and well set up, weighs about 175 pounds, has black eyes and plenty of black hair and is a well-dressed man without being in the least dandified.

Most people would call him rather handsome, though a term perhaps more properly descriptive is "fine-looking." It is a remarkable face, heavy jawed, very broad, with a mouth that sets firmly in repose, eyes far apart and with an unusual breadth between the wings of the nose.

The eyebrows are heavy and rather bushy. The ears are set close to the head. The forehead is high. Across the upper lip and over cheeks and chin (though close-shaven) there is a blue-black tinged hair and is a well-to-do man without being in the least dandified.

Much more important is the fact that everybody likes Ray Baker. He puts on no "Lugs," with anybody. Becomes like people, every one likes him. There is something about the way in which he shakes hands that is in itself engaging. It is the handshake, not merely of the "good mixer," but of the good fellow—the sort of chap who enjoys kindness and the opportunity of being useful to the folks he meets.

Doubtless this is fundamentally a matter of temperament. But, presumably also, it is a reflex of Mr. Baker's bringing-up.

He was born in a mining camp—Eureka, Nevada. In that camp and his neighborhood he spent his boyhood days. At sixteen years of age he

JIMMY COON STORIES

By DR. WARREN G. PARTRIDGE.

JIMMY COON WITH THE SOLDIERS.

Now what will Jimmy Coon do next? No one can tell; for Jimmy Coon does so many strange and unheard of things. He finally decided, one night, to make a little trip to the other side of the Great Forest. You know, Jimmy is a great one to travel.

Jimmy had such good luck hunting, that night, that he decided to spend a few days on this further side of the Great Forest. So he climbed a tall oak, on the edge of the Old Pasture, to spend the day. He picked out this nice big oak because it was a hollow tree, and had a lovely place to hide in. Jimmy had a nice nap in the morning. But he had a wonderful adventure. You could scarcely believe your own eyes, if you had been there. A major and lots of soldiers marched in to that Old Pasture to practise shooting at a target. You know that a practise shooting near a village or a town would not dare to let the soldiers farm, for they might hit somebody by accident. And in this Old Pasture the soldiers had their rifle range.

When they fired their rifles at the target, the soldiers stood near the old Oak Tree. What a wonderful adventure for Jimmy Coon! At first, Jimmy Coon was awfully frightened, because his rifle practice made such a terrible noise. And you know Jimmy Coon had had much experience with guns—when he had been hunted many times at night.

But Jimmy Coon stuck his cunning, little, sharp face out of the hole in that hollow tree, after a time, to see what all this racket meant. And what do you suppose this cunning rogue saw? Why, he saw a big target fastened to the face of a high sand-bank on a little hill at the other side of the Old Pasture; and he noticed that the soldiers were firing their rifles at this target.

Now, you remember that Jimmy

Coon has lots and lots of curiosity, and he wanted to see those soldiers fire their rifles! And what do you suppose that smart and brave Jimmy



He saw a big target fastened to the face of a high sand-bank on a little hill

did? Why, he bravely came out of the hollow oak and got out on a limb to watch the soldiers practise firing on the rifle range!

The soldiers' camp was not very far off, and they came out to the Old Pasture every day to practise shooting. Jimmy Coon had a private box at this show; and he sat up as straight as a ramrod, to watch those Soldiers shoot.

And when one soldier missed the target, Jimmy laughed to himself and said under his breath, "Pooh, I've seen Bobby Skunk shoot straighter than that!"

Next Saturday—Jimmy Coon Almost Shot.

Washington, about four blocks from the White House. At his services at all hours he keeps two expensive automobiles—twin-six touring car and a "super-six" (limousine) town car.

Mr. Baker is no stranger to luxury. He has earned for himself. He has dug it out of the ground. Or, more accurately speaking, he has procured it by shoring up himself a wife who is one of the most beautiful and altogether the richest unmarried woman in the world.

Talk about prospecting! But love is the best prospecting. And love is the best prospecting. And love is the best prospecting. And love is the best prospecting.

Well, accident (as usually happens) doubtless had much to do with the matter. More chance brought it about that Mr. Baker was introduced to Mrs. Vanderbilt on a social occasion in London. Recently? Not at all. It was many years ago, long before she became a widow.

She met him again, years later, in New York. A renewal of their acquaintance brought pleasure to them both. They saw a good deal of each other. It was the beginning of a romantic attachment, that is now to find its completion in marriage.

Simple enough, truly. What makes the match interesting is that it is the love-making between the wealthiest of young women and a relatively poor and ineligible young man.

But he is a real man, an American, a chap who has done things. A fine, wholesome chap. Most people are likely to think that Mrs. Vanderbilt has been wise to choose him in preference to a foreign title with something more or less human and anomalous attached to it.

Ray Baker, so conspicuously successful as a lover and a mining man, possesses other claims to distinction. In the politics of Nevada he is a prominent figure, and there is reason to believe that he may soon arrive in Congress as a Senator from that State.

He was secretary to our Embassy in Russia not long ago, and acting in that capacity made in 1915 one of the longest messenger trips on record, journeying from Petrograd across Finland and Scandinavia to the United States, with dispatches for the State Department. Having arrived in Washington, he started immediately thence for Petrograd by way of the Pacific and Siberia, with letters, thus completing a circuit of the earth.

Naturally, it was in the way of politics that Mr. Baker became Director of the Mint. He is a Democrat, from the Silver State, and there is little worth knowing about metals that he does not know. Gold, silver and copper, the stuff coins are made of, he knows how they grow. An obviously suitable man for the post of Uncle Sam's coin-in-chief.

His chosen occupation? Work. He says so himself. His favorite amusement? Work again. There are few idle hours for Ray Baker. But such hours as he has at his disposal are

spent out of doors. He is an outdoor man; one has only to look at him to see that. Every kind of sport appeals to him, from golf to baseball, and when opportunity serves he rides horseback.

In these tastes Mrs. Vanderbilt sympathizes with him. But, since the loss of her husband, who perished when the Lusitania was sunk, she has given most of her time to war work, and has been prominent in Red Cross service, abandoning all social activities.

The honeymoon is to be spent in Nevada, and later the couple will reside in Washington, where Mr. Baker will keep right on as Director of the Mint. Just as though he were not the husband of one of the richest women in the world. That is the kind of man he is.

If (as seems not unlikely) he is seated in the Upper House as a member of that august body, the erstwhile Mrs. Vanderbilt will find through her marriage a new and worth-while distinction. For it is a glory much more than ordinarily satisfactory to be the wife of a Senator of the United States.

The new bride is the only daughter of Captain Emerson, a wholesale drug manufacturer and financier of Baltimore, and was married for the first time in 1902 to Dr. Smith Hollins McKim, of that city. They separated seven years later and in 1910 she obtained a decree of divorce in Reno. She was married to Mr. Vanderbilt in England in 1911, two years and a half later he had been divorced by his first wife, Ellen French Vanderbilt.

Shortly after her second marriage Dr. McKim threatened a suit for the alienation of her affections against Mr. Vanderbilt and Captain Emerson, but abandoned his plan after a settlement had been reached by which he received \$50,000 and an annuity of \$7,500 a year.

Mr. Vanderbilt was the second son of Cornelius Vanderbilt and was 28 years old when he lost his life in the sinking of the Lusitania. He was made his father's chief heir, following an estrangement between his father and his elder brother, Colonel Cornelius Vanderbilt, and at the father's death inherited a fortune estimated at \$50,000,000.

When, after his own death, his will was offered for probate, his estate was appraised at \$17,500,522. This allowed for various deductions, including one of \$2,000,000 which Mrs. Vanderbilt received by an ante-nuptial settlement. She received also an additional \$1,000,000, her husband's estate in the Adirondacks, really valued at \$220,000 and the income from a trust fund of \$5,000,000 with power to dispose of the principal by will. From her father, Captain Emerson, she will receive another enormous fortune.

Mrs. Vanderbilt has two sons as the result of her second marriage. One was 3 years old at the time of his father's death and the other was born in September of the preceding year. Since Mr. Vanderbilt's death, she has given up all social life and has devoted herself to war work, principally in connection with the Red Cross and army cantonment service.

CERTAIN.

(Bystander, London.)
She: Did your uncle remember you when he made his will?
He: I think so—he left me out of it.

By EDWINA.

"CAP" STUBBS.



IT'S ALL A MATTER OF LOCATION

