

for the Kiddies

YOU SKETCH A RABBIT?

Is a chance for artists and writers. I want some good drawings. Draw either from life or from memory. If they are copies please in your entry. Your entries will be in either pen, pencil, paint, or ink, and must be addressed to the editor.

LE DICK, THE STANDARD, ST. JOHN, N. B.

Decision is final, not later than 25th, 1918.

ONE DOLLAR will be sent to the winner of the best drawing. Four certificates will be sent to the winners of the next three in order of merit. Now get your budding young artists, and see what kind of bunnies you can draw.

mine are just as sorry as I often stand and watch 'em reglar cryin' mum, because al as how their milk don't do it. You don't believe it?

Johnnie Know. er—Do you know, Johnnie, rhinestones were first used?

le modestly—I'd better not

Gross Negligence. ayones! shouted a captain. ets seemed to be always out of command every day I visit

HOUSEHOLD HINTS. e is no old glove available, u have to polish the glove, tr over the hands well with wet allow it to dry on. The polish a not adhere to the hands and h off without any trouble.

copy knife handles like new them once in a while with wet and dry quickly with a soft cloth. Never put ivory

espoon of turpentine added to warm water will brighten calicoes ghams.

the broom begins to show wear, soak it in hot suds, and then cut it.

ains on linen can be removed help of glycerine. Rub the g on the stained parts a little before washing. This is for stains and quick-drying can be used at once with boiling wa

ce of art gum is handy for re-drawing from white sheets when desired to use liquid cleansers.

that has become rancid can be fit for use by melting it in a n and putting in a piece of bread which will absorb id element.

cooking vessels of granite-ware discolored outside, rub with a damp cloth dipped in coal

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rollers of the wringer may be by rubbing them with a cloth d with paraffin.

s of a delicate color always ter if washed in bran water, being used

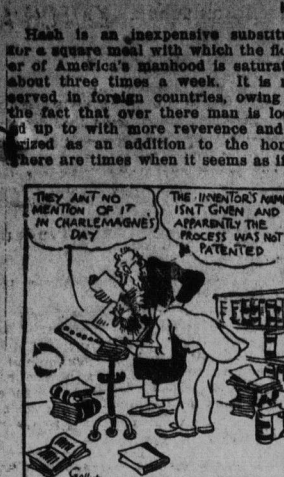
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the best results when mashing, heat the milk before using potatoes will be soft and fluffy.

Grade.....

RANN-DOM REELS

By HOWARD L. RANN



The origin of Hash is shrouded in obscurity.

While the origin of Hash is shrouded in obscurity, the latest encyclopedia states that it is presumed to have been invented by the Cape Cod housewife who at the same time brought out the cottage pudding, which makes it possible to dispose of sponge cake at a price.

It has become wrinkled with age. It is very annoying to a sensitive husband who has passed up a sponge cake for 4 weeks in succession to have it appear disguised as a pudding and be obliged to eat it or start a display of fireworks about the family hearth. This is one of the principal reasons, no doubt, why so many men remain single. Another reason is that woman is becoming more thoughtful and discriminating in her tastes.

The standard-gauge variety of Hash is composed of meat which nobody cared to eat in its natural state, mixed with the juicy cold boiled potato. These ingredients are shaken up together and held over a slow fire for a few minutes, after which they unite in one delicious mass and are thrust upon the table with a violence almost approaching brutality. This causes us to ask why it is that when a man comes home after a hard day's work, with an appetite for some light, filling food like the whole wheat pancake, he will be confronted with Hash which started out as a rib roast, was converted into cold meat and finally had to be brought home from a picnic supper in the form of sandwiches?

After a plate of Hash has gone the rounds of the family circle and has been politely but grimly rejected, it will reappear the following day in the form of croquettes. This teaches us that woman is a resourceful creature, who is willing to deceive a trusting husband rather than see anything go to waste.

Hash can be made of anything that was left over from the Sunday dinner, and usually is. But at the high price of cattle on the hoof, perhaps we should not repine.

—AND THE WORST IS YET TO COME.



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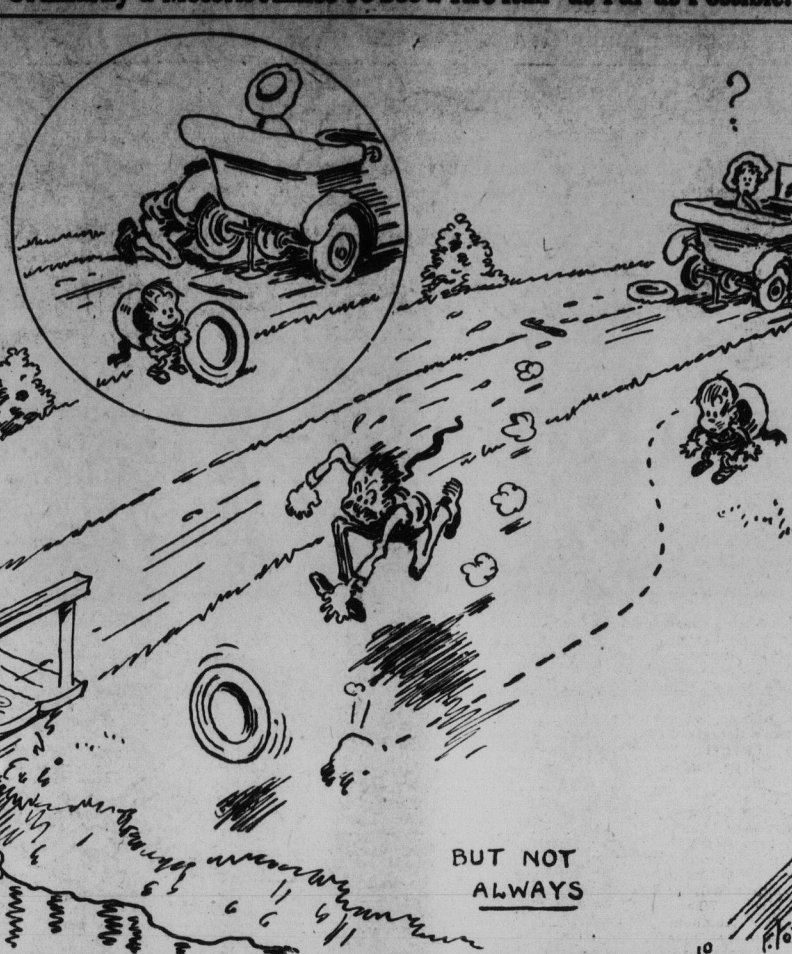
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Ordinarily a Motorist Likes To See a Tire Run as Far as Possible.



THE EVENING STORY

THE HEAT WAVE

(Copyright, 1918; by W. Werner.)

The current jelly season and the hot wave struck Loder street at the same time, and though the mercury went up and up the currents had to be taken care of, for currents are things which will not wait for a more convenient season.

At 2 o'clock that afternoon the street was full of the smell of boiling jelly—a subtle odor that draws flies unerringly. Letty Crook had every aperture in her house open, yet not a breath of air moved through it. She stood over her jelly kettle, fanning herself with a palm leaf fan, flushed and perspiring. Her dress was a rag. Letty had not even stopped to comb her hair. Mitchell took his lunch and would not be home until after 6. In the mean time her looks did not matter.

She was just preparing to remove the jelly from the stove when the doorbell rang. There always was something fateful in the sound of that doorbell, for Letty was a young housekeeper who had not yet learned that the peal of a doorbell may and probably does mean anything except some news concerning her absent loved one. Therefore she rushed to open the door. There she was confronted by a woman. And such a woman—not too old, fresh and so immaculately fashionable that she was a living reproach to jelly spattered rags and a skewered topknot.

The newcomer radiated violet perfume and distinction, and her smile did not betray anything but kindly interest as she said rapidly and with clean cut clearness, "Good morning. This is Mrs. Crook, is it not? Your neighbor, Mrs. Tuttle, from whom I've just come, thought that you might possibly be interested in what I have to offer. May I step in a moment? I don't want to trouble you, but I'm sure I've something here you'll like to have about."

"An agent," thought Letty. She drew back and the woman entered. Afterward she was not sure she was not pushed back. At any rate, the woman got into the house. She put into Letty's passive hand a pamphlet which advertised Dolliver's patent self-sealing invincible fruit can and gave a list of things which could be preserved in them with the processes in detail. But she merely called attention to the pamphlet. Her business was to announce the fact that she was giving demonstrations the next afternoon at 3 o'clock in the municipal hall and to invite Letty.

"Thank you," Letty managed to break in. She sniffed and backed off. "I must go—my jelly"—she gasped.

"No," Letty fled. But she reached the kitchen one moment too late. Her jelly had scorched hopelessly. Letty had a temper. She had told Mitchell that she had when she married him and warned him against it. It flew now like a watch spring suddenly released and smote full in the face the stout woman who was entering through the back door.

"My, something's burning!" sniffed Mrs. Tuttle. "I should think so! It's my jelly—six quarts of currants gone to waste, and all because you sent that creature in to bother me."

"My land, Mrs. Crook," panted Mrs. Tuttle. "I didn't send her in. You needn't fly at me that way. All I did was to tell her your name when she asked it. If that's the way you're going to talk, I'm going home. And I don't care if your jelly is burned either."

Almost forgetting her jelly, Letty started after the departing figure. She liked Mrs. Tuttle and now they had spat, something she had never dreamed would happen. She sat down and began to cry.

She had perhaps cried two minutes when she heard a hand at the screen door. She wiped her face, looked up and saw Mrs. Minton's dishevelment.

"Will you just give me the name of your next door neighbor on the left?" "Oh, Mrs. Minton."

"Thank you—thank you. Now, don't forget tomorrow at 3."

It was worse than Letty's own. She, too, was young and unreasonable. "I just want to know, Letty Crook," she began shrilly, "what you sent that woman in to see me this morning of all mornings. You know I was making currant jelly."

"I didn't send her," retorted Letty. "I didn't have anything to do with it. I just gave her your name, that's all. She asked for it."

It was practically the same thing that Mrs. Tuttle had said to Letty and Julia Minton received it just as Letty had done. Her black eyes flashed. "I didn't know but what she was some of my husband's folks that I hadn't seen or didn't remember. They're always coming in on me that way. Next time I marry I'll get a man who hasn't any relatives. I took her into the parlor and entertained her for ten minutes looking like this—before she told me what her mission was. She said you sent her or some thing like that. Now, just let me tell you, Letty Crook, I'll never forgive you for that as long as I live." She turned and ran away, mumbling wrath with every footstep.

"My goodness!" Letty squirmed mentally. "My goodness me!" She was stunned. First dear old Mrs. Tuttle, and then gay little Julia Minton. What was the world coming to? And she had lost her currant jelly. She wept some more. By that time she was in such a feverish, depleted state that she was fit for nothing but bed. Fortunately she fell asleep.

She was awakened by a noise like that of a gigantic hammer smashing the house down about. She sat up, terrified. While she slept a thunderstorm had gathered. The heat of two oppressive days had exploded in this dire elemental disaster.

Letty could have borne awakening and finding in her room a burglar with a knife or a tiger escaped from some but the noise and conflagration of the thunderstorm drove her out of her senses. Another clap came and with a scream she leaped from the bed and ran out of the house to Mrs. Tuttle's. As she reached the door it opened and she tumbled into Mrs. Tuttle's maternal arms.

"I was just going after you," Mrs. Tuttle said. "I knew how 'frail you was. Come in. They're all here, Julia and Mrs. Sargent and Fanny Markoe and the Hedge girls, all just about scared to death. But I tell 'em not to worry. I've lived in this house fifty years and it ain't never been stuck yet. Look at mother! She ain't no mite afraid!"

Certainly there was something, calming and reassuring in the presence of the oldest woman of all, sitting quietly close to the window, at

RIPPLING RHYMES

By WALT MASON

MARCHING ON.

Now the French and British soldiers who have held the foe so long, who have wrestled till they're weary with a Bozena force and strong, hear the sweet reverberations of the Yankee Doodle song—our boys are marching on. They come marching from the prairies, from the woods and templed hills, they're marching from the farmsteads and the city's roaring mills, and they've set their hearts on bringing back that scalp of Kaiser Bill—our boys are marching on. Oh, the Kaiser and his millions laughed the Yankee hosts to scorn; all dependence on our helping was an Allied hope forlorn; but our feet will soon be treading on the sore AB-Highest corn—our boys are marching on. We could never cross the ocean, they would get us while aloft, they would sink our loaded vessels with the underwater boat, but a million boys have landed, keen to get the Prussian goat—our boys are marching on. Soon they'll put some pep and ginger in that weary, dragging scrap; they will show the Hohen-Hindens what we mean by western snap, and if they can catch the Kaiser they will apoll his trowning map—our boys are marching on. They are marching from the village, from the forest and the mart, every one with high ambition in his young and dantless heart, they are out to can the Kaiser and they'll finish what they start—our boys are marching on.

What Is Really High Speed?

One of the first questions the layman asks the aviator is, "How does it feel to fly?" by which is generally meant, what is the sensation of speeding through the air at the rate made possible by the airplane. The following abstract from an article appearing in Flight should be enlightening.

An analysis of sensation is always interesting and might be expected to be exceptionally so in the case of speed, yet paradoxically enough there is no such thing as a sensation of speed. There are many proofs of this, but I will adduce for one, that in the early centuries of human experience man, though he has since been proved to be moving through space at the prodigious speed of some thousands of miles per hour, thought himself to be living on the immobile hub of a rotating dome of the moving planets and stars.

Our impression of speed is derived largely from the optical effect, due to adjacent objects flitting by, and is increased by a surface or skin effect due to the wind which brushes past us and cools and presses on to our persons. These two effects are sufficient, but the impression is heightened by going a little further. Our past experience of most mechanical and animal means by which we have borrowed speed has shown us that they are rarely if ever perfectly smooth in their action. After the change of speed due to the starting operation there are slight irregular changes of speed and changes in the direction of the movement. These are always associated with rapid travelling; we call them jolts and jars if they are severe, and we wrongly regard them as part of the sensation of speed, though they are pure accidentals. They ought properly to be called accelerations, and the

act of starting is the only acceleration which is in fact necessary to obtain speed. Yet a fourth factor can be detected in many of our impressions of speed. I allude to noise, whether of whistling wind or of beating hoofs or of moving machinery. These things no more constitute a sensation of speed than the bristles constitute a hedge-hob. They are merely accessories and causes of independent sensation. At one time or another an airplane fight gives rise to all these sensations to an acute degree, and super-adds one novelty, that of the point of view.

The following comparative table of speed is of interest:

1. Light and the electric telegraph, 186,000 miles per second.
2. Shell near the muzzle of 6-inch gun, 2,500 feet per second.
3. Shell from 75 mm. gun, 1,800 feet per second.
4. Sound, 1,100 feet per second.
5. Revolver bullet near the muzzle, 500,000 feet per second.
6. Tip of the blade of an aircraft, 660 feet per second, or 400 miles per hour.
7. A fast airplane through the air, 150 miles per hour.
8. A fast airplane with a high wind, 200 miles per hour.
9. A fast car, 120 miles per hour.
10. An express train, 80 miles per hour.
11. A fast steamship, 40 miles per hour.
12. A bicycle (pedaled), 32 miles per hour.
13. A race horse, 30 miles per hour.
14. A man skating (for a mile), 24 miles per hour.
15. A man running (100 yards), 20 miles per hour.
16. A man running a mile, 13 miles per hour.
17. A man walking, 4 miles per hour.

hope you'll overlook it, Letty," murmured Julia Minton. "You were perfectly excusable. I behaved worse to Mrs. Tuttle," Letty replied.

Other women were having quiet little make-up. Outside the rain dashed upon a thirsty world and the rocking tree shook off the accumulated dust of the hottest spell of the season.

"I'll tell you," said Mrs. Tuttle at last, "we ought all to go and hear that girl demonstrate tomorrow afternoon. It's cool. I bet she's a dandy."

"I'm willing!" cried Letty. "So am I!" followed Julia Minton. There was a small chorus of assent. So the next afternoon, which, by the way, was so cool that one really needed a coat or sweater, all Loder street flocked in a company to Miss Sylvester's demonstration. And as a result all the fruit Letty and the rest will can this season will be preserved in Miss Sylvester's jars.

Firefly's Secret

Just what the secret of the firefly's light is the scientists have not as yet discovered. Three necessary factors have been found—water, oxygen and a phosphorescent or light-producing substance; but a fourth is probably involved which has thus far defied all research. The children say it is the fairy lamp-lighter whose wand lights the little lamps that add so much to the beauty of a summer's night. However, a method has been evolved of extracting and drying the light-producing organs of the firefly without impairing the power of the substance to phosphoresce.

The dried material may be extracted with water-free solvents. It is ground up into a powder, and water containing oxygen is added, which gives the golden glow without the assistance of order the firefly's will or the fairy's wand.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS

Some girls can do anything except acquire husbands. A regular man has to use a magnifying glass to see his own faults. Many a man goes broke because of the winning ways of women gamblers. All the world's a draw ring, and each of us at times is clown. A man thinks long and speaks short; a woman thinks short and speaks long.

—By Hy Gage.

Mrs. Rummage. Steena Picks Up a Bargain Too.



STEENA, DID YOU GET THE PEARS?

YAS, AND HAR BANE DAS MONEY YOU GIVING ME TO BUY THEM

THE MONEY? HOW'S AT? DID YOU PINCH ONE OR TWO TO MAKE SURE THEY WERE RIPE AS I TOLD YOU?

AY NO BANE NEEDING DAS MONEY—

AY PINCH ONE OR TWO YUST LIKE YOU SAY, THEN AS DAS MAN HE NOT LOOKING—

—PY YIMINY, I YUST PINCH DAS WHOLE BOX!