

RIPPLING RHYMES

By WALT MASON.

JULY.

July's a month I don't admire; it's hotter than a house afire. It drives me wailing to the shade, to lap up tubs of lemonade. The sun is like a ball of brass; it shrivels all the leaves and grass; it burns my neck and peels my nose, and multiplies my weary woes, and makes me marmur and perspire; July's a month I don't admire. The couch to which I drag my form, when evening comes, is much too warm. And there I toss the long night through, and tear the sheets, and groan and stew, and kick the footboard from the bed, and vainly wish that I were dead. When morning comes I sadly rise, and brush the cobwebs from my eyes, and see the same old sun on deck, determined all the world to wreck. The breeze is dry and lacking juice; 'twas friend before they turned it loose. The birds flop round on witted wings, and not a blamed canary sings. The hens are squawking here and there, disgusted that they cannot swear. All nature has a parboiled look, and steam is rising from the brook, and half-cooked fish climb out to get a breath of air, already yet. The men and women sadly go on bootless errands to and fro; they view the hot and glaring sky and speak blue words about July. The landscape's like a widespread pyre; July's a month I don't admire.

LIGHTING A PIPE

May Make a Man Look Intelligent, But Doesn't Make Him So.

Why is it that a man always looks so intelligent when he is lighting his pipe?

Probably it is because the intake of breath which is necessary to start proper combustion causes a drawing up of the brows, a wrinkling of the forehead, a convexity of the cheeks and a puckering of the mouth, all of which produces an owl and oracular demeanor.

This mask of wisdom and soberness, says a writer in the Philadelphia Public Ledger, when brightly lit by the gleam and yellow shining of the match-flame which leaps up and down over the bowl of the pipe, has dismayed many a timid observer. We knew that our friends, like ourselves, was but a well-nourished simpleton whose mind even if spread at its thinnest could not shelter more than one-tenth of his doings with common sense. How came it, then, that this simple act of laying fire to dried vegetation could so uplift and enrage him?

Whenever a man lights his pipe his mind seems born anew; in other words, it steps back into the vast ocean of simple absurdity whence most of our minds come trickling. The momentary rick gives him time to think and he starts afresh upon argument, rebuttal and contradiction. And inevitably he says something particularly idiotic.

No assembly, sanedrum, areopagus or court of star chamber ever looked more solemn or more profound than a smoking car full of commuters; they sit in a 76-foot box of blue vapor,

busy with the persistent and futile scratching of Swedish dud matches; and yet nowhere on earth will you hear so much balderdash uttered. We implore women, particularly women young and fair, not to be misled by the sage and philosophic bearing of man as he lights his pipe. A man kindling tobacco is no wiser than a woman putting hairpins in her hair.

Like most things which are entirely true, this is very sad. For if ever a man should be wise and profound together it is when he is accomplishing this sacred and pensive rite of lighting up. For the moment—O, how brief!—his mouth is stopped with smoke and pipe-stem, his finer faculties should be brought to a head (his own head) by the symbolic act of kindling a flame, which is the most poetical and marvellous act the world knows, whether that flame be for the purpose of cooking or lighting tobacco or firing a screaming shell 10 miles in an invisible curve at the dwellers of a French village. And yet, watch your friend while he lights his pipe. Watch him hopefully, wistfully, attentively. The little beacon will flare three inches under his nose; his cheeks will retract and puff out; the fragrant smoke will rush—blue from the bowl and gray from the lips, as some excellent poet has noticed—and then, instead of the wise and pondered utterance that you expect, he will say something trivial. Worse than trivial, irrelevant. Worse than irrelevant, untrue! Yes, it is hard to live up to one's pipe.

WHERE BIRDS ARE USED AS LAMPS

The price of coal oil is a matter of no interest to the inhabitants of the island of St. Kilda, a favorite haunt of that animated oilcan, the fulmar. So rich in oil is this sea bird that the natives simply pass a wick through its body and use it as a lamp.

The oil is also one of the principal articles exported from the island. It is found in the birds' stomachs, is amber colored, and has a peculiarly nauseous odor. The old birds are said to feed the young with it, and when they are caught or attacked they lighten themselves by disgorging it.

"Kamerad," Yells Jim, Just Like Real Hun

"Let's play Germans." There were close to a dozen of them. Half at least had coarser wagons. "I'll tell you what let's do," said one of them. "We'll play war. We'll do no do; all but Jim there. We'll let him be the German submarine and we'll all chase him. What do you say kids?"

"Fine! Come on, Jim, you go round the corner and Ed there'll be the troop transport and we'll be the convoy."

Round the corner went Jim and his low rakish craft. And back he came bent on the destruction of Ed's transport.

And perhaps you don't think Jim knew how to play German? The moment the torpedo boats attacked, Jim jumped up onto the deck, threw up his hands and started yelling.

"Kamerad! Kamerad!" Ten amazed youngsters looked at him.

"That ain't no fun," said one. "You give up too quick."

"Well, what do you think one of those old Germans'd do if he didn't have any more chance 'n I've got here?"

Q—What is it which, if you name it even break it?
A—Silence.

"CAP" STUBBS.

SEE BOB, WOULDN'T IT BE GREAT IF A GERMAN SUBMARINE WOULD CUM ALONG, AN' WE COULD RAM IT WITH THIS BOAT, AN'—



—AN' SINK IT, AN' TAKE ALL TH' CREW PRISONERS, AN'—



—AN' TOW IT TO PORT, AN' PUT TH' PRISONERS IN JAIL, AN'—



—BUT MOST LIKELY THERE WOULDN'T BE NONE 'ROUND HERE TODAY!—



The Day Tomboy Taylor's Mother Made Her Put on Her Winter Underwear.



THE EVENING STORY

Ann, of All People.

(Copyright, 1918, by W. Werner.)

Just to look at Ann was like throwing open a window in a close room and letting in a flood of sunshine on wings of cool, crisp air.

She was tall, Gibsonesque of figure, with well-groomed light brown hair, clear cut features, olive gray eyes and flowing red cheeks, and no matter how often you saw her in a dinner gown or in full evening dress at the dances or the opera you always thought of her as strictly tailor-made, and, of course, wearing white spats.

The white spats flashed along the street in brisk, swinging strides. Not that Ann ever hurried. Only little, incapable people tear about and lose their heads. And Ann was the big, efficient, sane thinking type, but she walked as though she had an object in view. And, as a matter of fact, she generally had two or three, with half a dozen jolly possibilities in the back of her mind.

In short, Ann was a younger sister any woman would be tremendously proud of and dread to have visit her. Dread, that is if the woman was Trudie Gillespie, married to a man as good as dead, but a confirmed plodder and living in a house always shabby of carpets and furniture, with three children always outgrowing their clothes, having whooping cough, measles, or adenoids.

"A small town like Centers will gore Ann to extinction," sighed Trudie, folding the letter that brought the disconcerting announcement. "A big city is her breath of life."

"But you didn't ask her to make us a visit, mamma," Willie Gillespie offered his wife by way of comfort.

"That's what I can't understand," said Trudie with another sigh. "Why she should come away now when she is in the midst of having so many good times."

Challenged on arrival, Ann laughingly explained the why—a case of a too ardent suitor, her usual nipping in the bud methods having failed to nip.

"Had I been in the privacy of a home of my own," early twinkled Ann, "I might have lived it down. But at an apartment hotel, with clerks, bellboys, and guests all on the grin, daily floral offerings, telephone messages, and calls frequent and often from the gentleman himself, made me feel such a fool. I just cut and run."

"But, Ann," remonstrated Trudie,

errible colds that makes anybody feel like Sam Hill. Did you say the box of sandwiches was upon the hall table, Trudie?"

But more than once during the picnic day Ann remembered Elaine's hot little face when she kissed her goodbye, and on her return at late dinner time she found the whole household upset—Trudie in tears; Willie pacing the floor like some dazed caged animal; the two older children frightened-eyed and talking in awed whispers.

"It would be bad enough under any circumstances," wept Trudie, "but to think of its happening while you were visiting us, Ann!"

"Why, you dear silly," replied Ann brightly, "it couldn't happen at any better time than when I'm here to help you."

She put it that way, but from the start by right of born leadership and efficiency, it was Ann who took charge and Trudie who helped. True, there had been a lot of sickness in the family before, but each time with Trudie it had been a case of muddling through somehow rather than a gain of experience. Ann never muddled. Besides, she had quite a little expert knowledge and training, having taken several home nursing courses and attended a number of medical lectures. Then there was her fine, clear thinking mind.

The fine, clear thinking mind pierced straight through the comical little Centers doctor's bluff to his ignorance both of the case in hand and of all up to date methods.

"Trudie," said Ann the third day of Elaine's illness, "we've got to have another doctor. I wouldn't trust a sick cat to Dr. Peckin—well, maybe, a cat, but not a dog I valued."

"But, Ann, there's no one else," protested Trudie, aghast. "Except, of course, the new doctor at Fruitdale. They say he's wonderful."

"Why, Fruitdale's a little place 'than Centers," said Ann skeptically. "How does a 'wonderful' doctor happen to be there?"

"Two or three of his children are delicate. I believe—he has half a dozen or so," explained Trudie. "His wife died of consumption, and I suppose they've inherited her weak constitution. Anyhow, Mrs. McAllister told me he'd given up a large practice in the east and come to California for their health. He brought little Betty McAllister through typhoid, you know, and the whole family are crazy about him. But they have piles of money," sighed Trudie, "and can afford to send anywhere they

She was tall, Gibsonesque. A neighborhood party had been planned for the day after Ann's arrival—a little picnic excursion to Look Out Mountain, the one point of sight-seeing interest within automobile reach of Centers, but when the morning came Elaine, the youngest of the three children, was so feverish and fretful Trudie would not leave home, insisting, however, on Ann going without her, as the affair was really in the city sister's honor. "I'm afraid the child is coming down with something," sighed the anxious mother.

"Nonsense," replied Ann, planning on a most becoming sport hat. "The poor duck just has one of those mis-

erable colds that makes anybody feel like Sam Hill. Did you say the box of sandwiches was upon the hall table, Trudie?"

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RANDOM REELS

By HOWARD L. RANN.

THE TABLE D'HOTE DINNER.

The Table d'Hote Dinner is a successful method of saving money at the expense of the appetite.

The regulation Table d'Hote Dinner consists of three courses with one guest. The patron is allowed to look at a long, serpentine bill of fare which seems to present untold possibilities for fifty cents, but after reading it all the way through and deciding to order everything in sight he stumbles onto a few lines of brisque fine print which eliminates everything but the roast beef and food tax. This explains why so many patrons rise up from a Table d'Hote Dinner wearing a wan and crestfallen look.

The Table d'Hote Dinner was invented for the benefit of people who are never hungry when it is their turn to buy. It is favored by hotels and restaurants because it has been demonstrated that almost everybody chooses the wrong meat or vegetable and is stricken with total paralysis of the appetite. It is estimated that the American hotel makes more money off the Table d'Hote victim than it does off the 6x9 sample room with a north pole temperature.

The main idea back of the Table d'Hote Dinner, however, is to drive the patron into the open jaws of the la carte service. This is a merciless system by which two strips of bacon and a plate of but-

tered toast are made to cost more than a week's board at the home of an esteemed relative. It requires more fortitude to sit down and look into the threatening countenance of an a la carte menu without quailing than it does to wear the legless union suit all winter.

The Table d'Hote Dinner is a



A long bill of fare which seems to present untold possibilities for fifty cents.

doubtless all right for city folks, but out in the country, where people know how to live, it will never be adopted as a substitute for food.

TREASURE ISLAND

(From the London Nation.)

Comes little lady, a book in hand. A light in her eyes that I understand. And her cheeks aglow from the fairy breeze

That sweeps across the uncharted seas. She gives me the book, and her word or phrase

A ton of critical thought outweighs. "I've finished it, daddy!" a sigh there- at.

"Are there any more books in the world like that?"

No, little lady, I grieve to say That of all the books in the world to- day

There's not another that's quite the same. As this magic book with the magic name.

Volumes there be that are pure de- light, Ancient and yellowed, or new and bright;

But—little or thin, or big and fat— There are no more books in the world like that.

want for a doctor."

"We'll have to afford it, too," said Ann with decision. "Elaine is a very sick child, Trudie."

Of course it ended in Dr. Peckin being dismissed—"dread," Anna gleefully put it—and Dr. Ferguson of Fruitdale summoned.

When Ann saw the new doctor she was horrified at what she had done. There was nothing propitious about him. "As ugly as sin," to use Ann's exact words again. Tall, lanky, red-headed, careless of dress, with abominable taste in neckties. Yet before he left the house that day Ann had a feeling of new strength and confidence. "He's the real thing, Trudie," she declared with emphatic approval, "both as a doctor and a man."

danger never left the house. And no sooner was Elaine pronounced out of danger than first Billy and then little Gertrude sickened. Theirs were both light cases, but it prolonged the quarantine and the doctor's visits.

"The thought of his bill absolutely frightens me," sighed Trudie, the picture of one sunny morning when all three children were up and about and only waiting for the ban to be lifted to go out. "And he still keeps on coming. Surely that isn't necessary now. Ann, won't you give him a hint? It would sound better coming from you than from me. Besides, I'm generally busy with other things at the time of his visits, and often don't see him."

Evidently Ann failed to hint, for the doctor's visits continued. "I can't understand Ann's indifference," Trudie went on, fidgeting to herself. "When she knows so well Willie's small salary and all—"

And as at that moment the doctor's auto, with the back seat heaped in spring bloom from his home garden, drew up at the gate, Trudie determined to end the matter herself. Her very effort to be tactful made her the more clumsy of speech, but nobody could mistake her meaning—not even a doctor trying to run up a bill.

"But my dear Mrs. Gillespie," he said in astonishment, "I haven't been paying visits on the children's account for two weeks and more. I supposed, of course, you understood that it's your sister Ann I'm coming to see now."

"Coming to see Ann?" repeated Trudie in panic. Ann sick; needing a doctor and not telling her? She understood it all. Nursing the children had been too great a strain—broken down her strength—perhaps developed a distressed voice. "don't tell me it's Ann's heart!"

"I'm afraid it is, Mrs. Gillespie," said the doctor, very soberly. "But here is Ann to answer for herself."

"Ann," cried Trudie, turning commandingly to the younger sister, who at that moment eagerly joined them, "tell me instantly what Dr. Ferguson is coming to see you for?"

In reply Ann lifted her glowing, twinkling face to the doctor's kiss.

"Coming to see Ann?"

Ann had been right. Elaine was a very sick child. Even with a physician of Dr. Ferguson's ability and resourcefulness the sweet little life long hung in doubt between its choice of two worlds. One week the doctor came over from Fruitdale three times a day and on the night of extreme

—By EDWINA.

ALL "CAP" NEEDED WAS THE SUBMARINE.

SEE BOB, WOULDN'T IT BE GREAT IF A GERMAN SUBMARINE WOULD CUM ALONG, AN' WE COULD RAM IT WITH THIS BOAT, AN'—



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What to Solve

W. H.

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