

—and the Worst is Yet to Come.



YOUR HEALTH

By ANDREW F. CURRIER, M. D.

SUPERFLOUS HAIR NO. 2.

The removal of hair from the face is a very ancient custom, is called "depilation," and the means of doing it are called "depilatories."

Among people who object to hair on the face, whether men or women, depilation is a customary and more or less important business.

If the growth is scanty and the hair follicles not well nourished, as is the case with Indians and with some of the oriental nations, it often suffices to pull the hairs out.

This is not usually successful when the growth is abundant, as a new hair promptly takes the place of the one which was removed.

Shaving and singeing will sometimes check the growth and sometimes it will encourage it.

Barbers often singe the fine hairs on bald heads as a means of stimulating the growth.

Pitch or resin plasters are sometimes applied to hairs and pulled off when they have been firmly attached. This is a painful and unnecessary cruel method, and may succeed only in getting up an inflammation of the skin and leaving an ugly scar.

Pumice stone rubbed against the hairs a long time, is sometimes used and may destroy the place of the hair and may also set up an inflammation in the skin.

Prolonged use of peroxide of hydrogen is also recommended, but you must always be sure that the preparation is a good one and free from impurities which irritate the skin.

As a matter of fact, many of the preparations of peroxide of hydrogen are not pure and may do harm.



PA'S SADDEST HOURS.

My Pa is seldom solemn, he is mostly full of fun.

He says he hates to scold us for the wrong we may have done.

He's always got an "smiling" an' he'll romp about the floor.

An' he's never cross an' cranky like the man that lives next door.

But I've noticed, though he tells us that the good are always glad, the times Ma asks for money Pa becomes a trifle sad.

He will stand or all the racket that we make.

An' I know he has his troubles, but of them I've never heard.

He is mostly always laughin' an' we look for him each day.

'Cause we know when supper's over that with us he'll want to play.

But when Ma asks him for money then a change comes over dad.

An' his face gets long an' solemn an' he seems a trifle sad.

Pointed Paragraphs.

Throw physic to your neighbor's dog.

Seeds of discontent will take root in any soil.

Once more the umpire is undergirding his annual martyrdom.

A successful revolution is sometimes a turn for the worse.

Marriage is a feast—and the soup is often more palatable than the dessert.

A boy never considers himself a man until he possesses a bunch of keys.

A married man should never talk in his sleep unless he is sure of what he is going to say.

When a young man marries the only daughter of a millionaire he doesn't have to wait fifty years to celebrate his golden wedding.

Problem of Conduct Raised By the Smith Baby's Disgraceful Attack on an American Soldier in the Park.



THE EVENING STORY

HIS JUST DESERTS.

(Copyright, 1918, by W. Werner.)

"Jonas," Mrs. Hatford looked at her husband searchingly as he sat reading the daily paper. But Jonas did not answer.

Not until the third "Jonas" had rent the air with some explosiveness did that individual look up mildly from his reading, holding a finger on the exact spot where he had left off. "Well, you seem to be pretty talkative, Hester," he said reprovingly.

"But Jonas, I want to talk. The Woman's Relief corps are sending for flowers to decorate the soldiers' graves and there's a new one this year." In spite of her courage Hester Hatford's voice sank low over that last announcement.

"What?" snorted Jonas. "We don't count in the grave of a deserter or a traitor to his country—we decorate the graves only of heroes, or at least real soldiers." Jonas lifted his paper and began reading again.

Mrs. Hatford looked at him gravely, but made another attempt to reach him from his absorption. "Jonas,

some reparation," Jonas murmured, but his thought harked back to that fearful time of postulence and scourge, and he remembered, too, Peter's strong hand under his own head, and Peter's good voice in his ears, even when those ears seemed deaf with the great deafness, and how Peter had worked over him. Vaguely from the past years came the sound of a little gasping prayer, or he had heard Peter make that last awful night of the crisis—"Oh, Lord, spare Jonas, and take my unprofitable life." Oh, Lord, oh, Lord, spare Jonas. He's some use in the world. Folks love him." Yes, Jonas remembered that, though he had never told it. And who was the bigger coward? Jonas's old face flushed darkly under its tan and stubby beard. He rose and went out, not because he was angry with Hester, although she rather thought that was what had moved him. He went out because he himself was stirred, as he looked back over the life of Peter Jones. True, Peter had left the army, but he was just a mere, untired boy then, and he had inherited



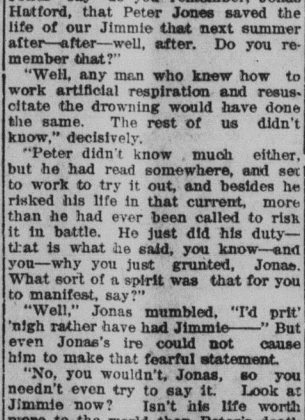
"We Decorate Only The Graves of Heroes."

Hester again began, and this time with enough emphasis to cause her lord and master to look up at once.

"Well, what is it? Get it off your mind if you must, but I wish you wouldn't pester me when I'm trying to improve my mind."

"If that advertisement is improving, and something you want to answer right off, I'll keep still, but if it isn't—"

Jonas laid the paper down, a little



"We Fought and Suffered and Bled, and He Bled, Too."

a terrible fear of blood. Moreover, he was wounded, and doubtless he was crazy from the fever of his wounds. Was Peter a deserter, was he a coward? Hester went to an old brown teapot and took out a few small coins. "Fifty cents," she murmured. "That won't buy many flowers, but I'll have the very best flower I can get for that. I'll take just one flower if they've got any that cost that much and if they haven't I'll take two, if they'll give me two of their best."



"We Fought and Suffered and Bled, and He Bled, Too."

All formal and grave and tender were the services over these few men who had fought for their country, and then Hester went with her offering to put it upon the grave of Peter Jones. She placed her wonderful blooms against the small marker that rested above as brave a man as had ever lived and as she stood there quiet, with head bowed and a prayer upon her lips, something stirred the grass and Mrs. Brown came up softly and placed a wreath upon the mound. She stood beside Hester and the two women clasped hands and wept. Jonas Hatford came next and he bore a great basket which was heaped high with bloom, and "the boys" followed. Jonas stood

SIDE TASKS

BY RUTH CAMERON.

IT ALL DEPENDS.

What are the necessities of life and what are the luxuries? I suppose there would be almost as many answers to that as there are human beings in the world.

Last winter I was visiting a friend in one of the most famous "camps" in the country. The management of this camp lays great stress on what it calls simplicity. The distinctive idea of the place is supposed to be that one gets, there, all the comforts without any "luxes" or luxuries.

Happiness From Simple Comforts.

Said my friend, one day, "Why don't you write about how much more happiness one can get out of life, if one is content with simple comforts? Use this place as an illustration."

With few hesitations I agreed. At her illustration, I couldn't help laughing. And after a minute she laughed, too. These were the simple comforts with which she was managing to be content.

Her Idea Of Simple Comforts.

A large room furnished without any heavy upholstery, to be sure, but with brass beds, wicker furniture and all the best of that sort of thing. A private veranda. A big open fireplace kept constantly supplied with seasoned wood. Steam heat. A daintily appointed private bath. A little kitchenette furnished with electric stove, cupboard, etc., to facilitate the heating and serving of ones meals in case one preferred to have them in private, instead of going to the big dining hall. For food, few frills

FASHIONS FOR CANADIANS



Cape Suit of Pongee.

The cape has definitely invaded the suit field. Cape coats and cape suits have been shown and sold, and with the near approach of warm weather suits fashioned of summer fabrics such as pongee, rajah, etc., equipped with capes that are sometimes detachable, often a very definite part of the suit itself, are showing up in increasing numbers. The sketch illustrates a suit of this type, made of natural colored pongee and trimmed with felle silk in a contrasting shade. The collar may be worn as shown or it may be thrown open, and it is possible to utilize this coat jacket as a separate wrap to be worn over a lightweight frock if desired.

One of the cape suits that promises to be popular is a model fashioned of wool jersey and heavy silk or mercerized jersey woven fabric in contrasting colors. The skirt and detachable cape, usually full length, are made of the wool fabric, with sleeveless jacket of the silk or mercerized weave. It will be seen that this is really a three in one garment. The cape may be worn separate and apart from the skirt and jacket as a wrap, the sleeveless jacket may also be divorced from the skirt and cape, and when the three are assembled a very smart outfit is the result.

Sleeveless sweaters for soldiers and sailors no doubt caused to be introduced the great array of gay colored sleeveless sport sweaters for women, and the sleeveless jacket of woven material followed.

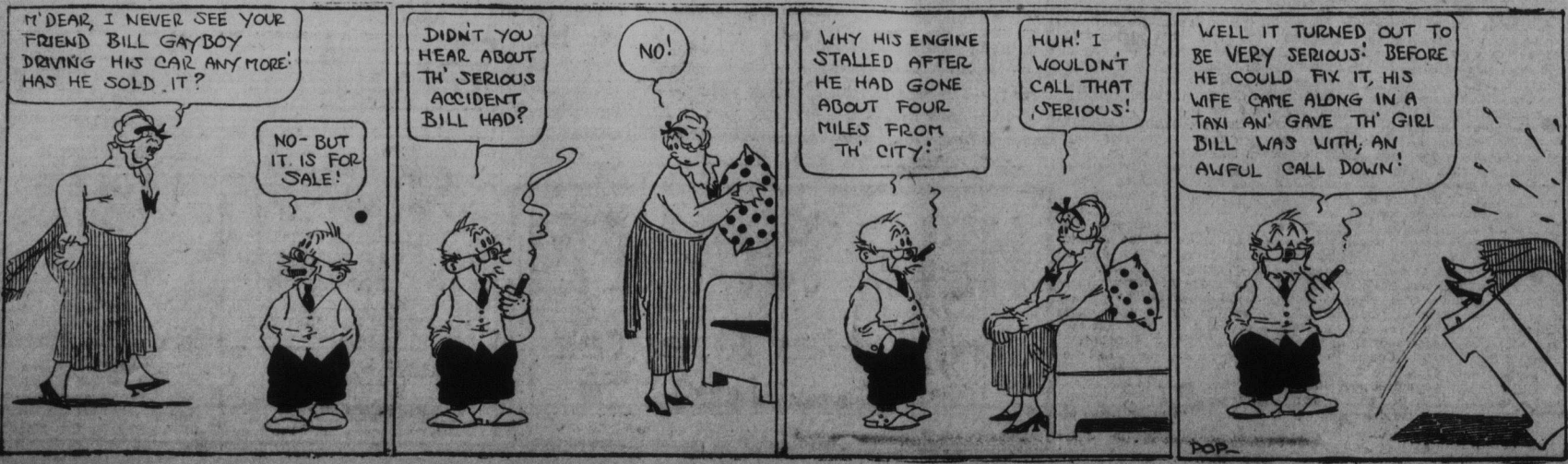
Noting again the suit here sketched it may be said that the fabric chosen for ruling is very much modified when silks are used and that the majority of distinctly summer suits made of any of the fashionable silks have rather generously full pleated skirts.

So it chanced that when the Woman's Relief Corps sent out its order for flowers for Memorial Day Hester ordered along with the rest, and Mrs. Brown ordered extra. In fact, nearly every one of the members of the corps ordered flowers for personal use on that great day of the heroes.

The great day came and the exercises were over, all but the final ones at the cemetery, where the graves were decorated, as well as a cross which had been erected in memory of the soldiers whose graves were unknown.

All formal and grave and tender were the services over these few men who had fought for their country, and then Hester went with her offering to put it upon the grave of Peter Jones. She placed her wonderful blooms against the small marker that rested above as brave a man as had ever lived and as she stood there quiet, with head bowed and a prayer upon her lips, something stirred the grass and Mrs. Brown came up softly and placed a wreath upon the mound. She stood beside Hester and the two women clasped hands and wept. Jonas Hatford came next and he bore a great basket which was heaped high with bloom, and "the boys" followed. Jonas stood

KEEPING UP WITH THE JONESES—A Terrible Accident.



—By POP.

Jonas paused, lifted his basket of flowers and placed it reverently above the grave. But while Jonas had been talking the children of the school had made upon that brown sod a great scarlet heart of red geraniums, and in the centre of the heart was a white rose. It seemed as though the entire community had set out secretly to honor Peter Jones, for one by one men and women crept close, bowed over the sod and showered flowers upon it.

"He loved his fellow men," the minister said, reverently, and then he prayed.

Many were the reminiscences that day among old friends, old comrades, old soldiers, old neighbors and old townspeople, and the result was that a splendid monument was ordered for Peter Jones, each one contributing, and before next Decoration day there will stand above the dust of Peter Jones a splendid stone, strong and true as Peter himself, and bearing upon it the inscription: "In Memory of One Who Loved His Fellow Men."

IN OUR

Bull Hickey kind of ups on his plans for a pleasant morning. Bull has been playing the bugle lately, and down pretty fine, so he revels, which is the fun to get the soldiers up, yesterday afternoon Andy pointed Bull the official Junior Home Guards, and now on it would be Bull round every morning and up by playing revelry and ers. Also he appointed him, who always gets up his chickens, the official Bull.

They were both very ally when Andy warned that would be shot at sundown. ent do it, because he was a they was on their duty. So last night they both early so as to get up this time. But for the first life Torp overleapt. He said but woke up in time, only it was a school day instead, urday, so turned over again, he forgot to get up till p o'clock, when everybody, waiting a couple of hours, come round, and play revel could go up.

When the crowd showed ty late, General Andy said explanations before he had shot. Torp gave his s

LITTLE S

CHATTER O

Buster Bear wished he tongue still. Perhaps yo how it is to say something do not intend for other e wagging tongue can mak ble than any other one th As often as not it makes a ble for the one who ow others. If all the tongues World wagged only half they do there would be i the trouble in the Great tere is today.

Buster Bear, angry be ing stepped on by a little spears which had h his coat when he had way, had said that he v Prickly Porky until he every last one of those Now Buster had no ide was near enough to hear he spoke he didn't real he said. You see Buster greatest respect for the te spears which Prickl ries in his coat. What meant was, now that he Prickly Porky, but he shake Prickly Porky. You very different matter.

Unseen by Buster, Ch Red Squirrel had been tree just over head. O said heard every word said. Now Chatterer th let of shaking Prickly B's very wry when he Green Forest, and of the there. He knew th the slightest intent world of shaking Prickly B's very wry when he Great Big Buster Bear u Yes, sir, he saw a chan Buster Bear. And the who delights in tortu more than does Chatter Squirrel. This was a ch to lose, so Chatterer la ter Bear and at the ide touch Prickly Porky. very clear to Buster th lieve a word that Buster This made Buster ang and of course there wa

OUR SHORT S

IN SPRING

The sky was full of was full of ozone, and was full of strollers, a Paunceforte Wiffle and Octavia.

"Oh, Pauncey, just pretty girl!" isn't she Octavia, pointing out a pigeon-toed creature. "I think I'm nice—pointing pretty girls for you?"

"M'n," murmured Wiffle And they kept on stru ing in the balmy air breaths and breathing it most immediately.

"Oh, look there! Isn't a!" exclaimed Octavia a pug-nosed girl with ears.

"Huckab," coughed Wiffle monotonously.

A thousand sparrows gan to sing the same keeping together very w "Oh, Pauncey—don't Octavia, nodding toward dred pond female with preston.

Wiffle shrugged reticu At that moment an a

"CAP" STU