

EVENING TIMES-STAR MAGAZINE PAGE FOR THE HOME



After Midnight
H.L. George

THE WAX LADY

BEGIN HERE TODAY.
A novelist, seeking nocturnal adventures, one night upon a bench in Hyde Park, London. Coming toward him he sees a little man carrying a large bundle on his shoulder. At Victoria Gate the man is challenged by a policeman, curious to know the contents of the bundle.
At first the little man is impudent, but finally tells the policeman he is a wax lady. In the sack he has a wax figure of a woman. Out of curiosity the novelist follows the man to learn whether he is speaking the truth. When the man turns to a direction opposite to the route, the novelist follows him to the police station. He notices that the man's fingers are stained with machine oil.
HOW GO ON WITH THE STORY.
A glow of hate hung in his eyes; he had had a weapon I should have feared; indeed, his arm made a movement as if to strike, but he realized that I had eight inches and 40 pounds weight to spare. So the novelist held his ground, then suddenly, in a sulky tone he said: "I don't see a wax figure, I don't see a 'waxer,' I'm an engine cleaner."
"That's better. Well, what do you want with this figure, then? Are you going to make a mascot of it for an engine?"
"No."
"Still, you're telling lies, and taking risks for it. You seem rather attached to it. You tell me you paid ten shillings for it?"
"Yes."
"That's cheap; at least I suppose so, never having bought one myself. But do you think it's worth?"
"Oh, I dunno."
"Let's walk along and talk about it. It's worth the walk, at least. I'll give you five shillings for it if it is a wax figure."
"You're not selling for five pounds a wax figure you can buy new for two pounds and easily, this is very interesting. The die is cast."
"Oh, hang it. There you are, talking about the wax figure. 'Think I've got to. You've stolen that wax figure. You're a thief.'
"You." In a low tone, I added: "If I tell me the truth I'll let you off, but one more lie, and I'll hand you over."
There was a silence. Finally the little man cleared his throat, and in a business with the fashionable dames

THE OLD HOME TOWN

By Stanley



HE DID A HAND SPRING ON THE BACK PORCH THIS MORNING.
WHY JUST THE OTHER DAY HE WAS JUMPING THE ROPE.
DAD HEMINGWAY WHO JUST CELEBRATED HIS EIGHTY SIXTH BIRTHDAY, HAS NOW LEARNED TO SMOKE.
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Your Health

BY DR. CLIFFORD C. ROBINSON

PERSONAL ASEPIS.
It is sadly true that disease and death are far too often the result of ignorance. I do not mean lack of education, but lack of familiarity with common health practices that result in untold woe and misery.
If you can find some way of actually making the best possible health conditions a thing to be desired above all others, in fact to make health contagious as disease is contagious you will become worth any amount of money to the community where you live and move and spread the propaganda of your health doctrine.
Persons aseptis or a clean, careful hygienic life is a wonderful means of elevating health standards if you don't hide your light under a bushel. There are so many people who do not know the health rules of right living that you can be a great leader whose health influence may direct and aid thousands of your fellow citizens to a happy, healthy life of service.
To get rid of the germs, bacteria or microbes that spoil so much of your health happiness means a constant "on guard" against the faulty, unhygienic habits that so many people carry out, all unknowingly at times and again with almost criminal carelessness. You have no cause to be afraid of these almost countless germs if you keep your person healthy by proper diet and real habits of health. Although these germs are everywhere and on everything you touch, taste or take away with you, your natural bodily health defeats their attack.
You may greatly aid by keeping your mouth shut and teeth clean at all times. About 90 per cent. of all attacks and infection is through this gateway. Wash your hands carefully before eating or placing anything in your mouth. Be sure that your air supply at home, in the office or at the factory is not contaminated and unhealthy.

ADVENTURES OF THE TWINS

By Olive Roberts Barton

A CROAKY RIDDLE.



"Quiet now, please!" called out Humpty Dumpty pompously.
"Another riddle! Another riddle!" cried everybody in Riddle Land. "Here comes the Riddle Lady."
Nancy made a curtsy and Nick made a bow and everybody else did the same. Oh, but they did like the Riddle Lady—everybody did!
"Quiet now, please!" called out Humpty Dumpty pompously. "The Riddle Lady has a new riddle to guess." So she began at once so as not to keep them waiting:
"Kerchug! Kerchug! In your little green sack
So neatly buttoned straight up your back,
With little black buttons like little black pills
O'er your little green tucker with little white frills,
"Chuglug! Chuglug! With your googly eyes,
Rolling round and round as you look for flies,
In your waterproof booties and stockings to match,
And a bib on your chin the crumbs to catch!
"Clump! Clump! Clump! Your tongue's a queer thing,
It goes like a riddle with a very loose string.
Though it's not good music, it's fine for a spoon,
To catch little skeeters you see, by the moon."
"Chuglug! Chuglug! You'd better watch out!
More googly eyes than yours are about.
And your nice little jumper and your nice little shoes,
Won't keep Mister Owl from finding your track."
"So you'd better be shutting your beady black eyes,
And folding your spoon of a tongue.
If you're wise,
And cuddle down cozy, safe in your bed,
With blankets of mud pulled up over his head."
"It's a frog!" called out Jill. "I know because there are a lot of them where Jack and I go for water. 'But Mister Frog doesn't wear a bib or booties. He wears white satin waistcoat and green satin breeches!'"
"Of course, he does!" nodded the Riddle Lady. "It's just the little frogs the riddle is about. But you get the prize just the same. It's a nice new bucket to keep in your new house that Jack built on Broom street. But if I were you, I'd have a well and a pump so you wouldn't have to carry the water so far. Then there wouldn't be any danger of anybody falling down and breaking his crown."
(To Be Continued)

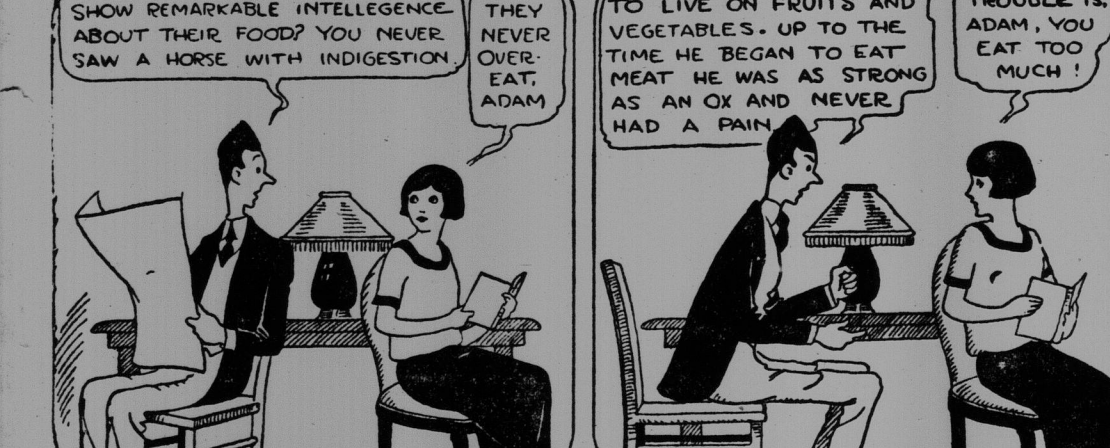
RECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS—FRECKLES WANTS FREEDOM



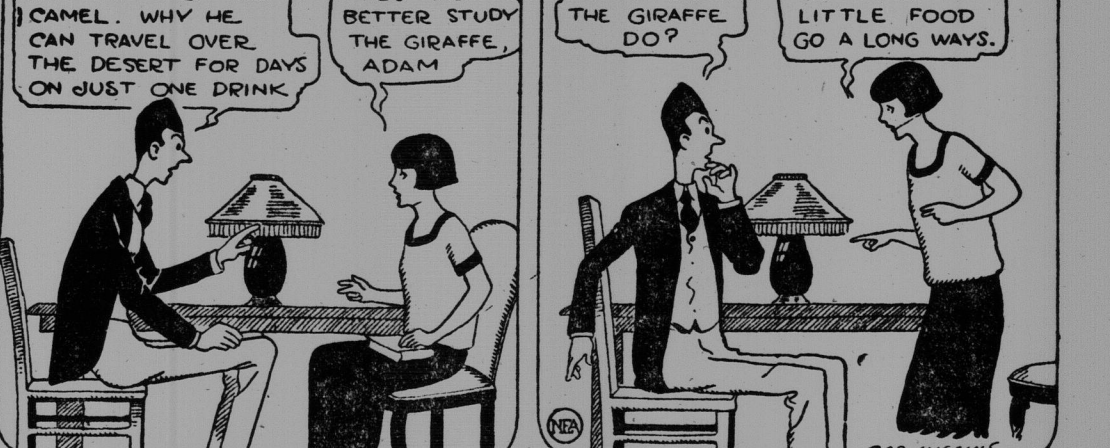
By Blosser



DAM AND EVA—A LONG JOURNEY



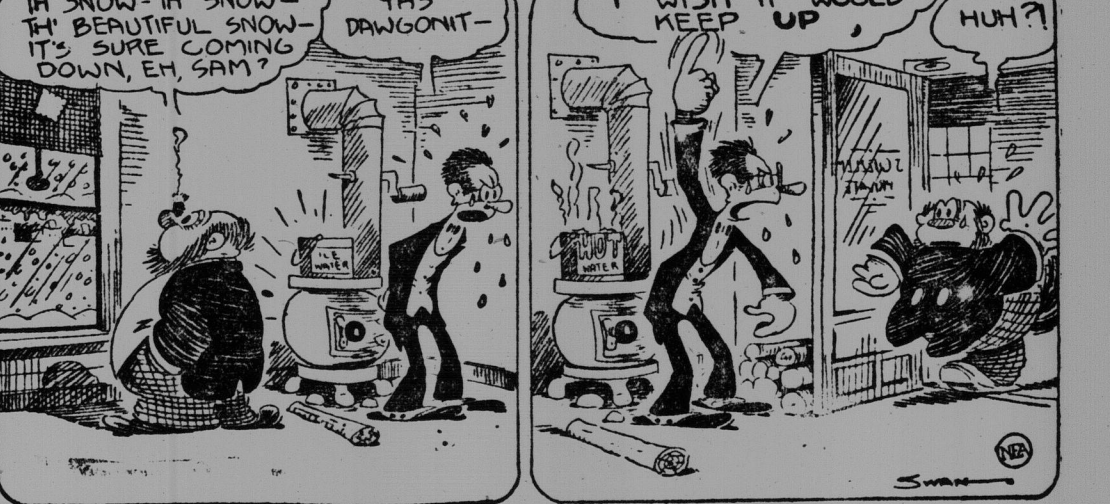
By CAP HIGGINS



ALESMAN \$AM—AND SAM MEANT IT



By Swan



LODGE OF I. O. G. T. INSTALLS OFFICERS

No Surrender Lodge, No. 109, I. O. G. T., of West St. John, at their regular meeting Thursday night elected and installed their officers. The installation ceremony was conducted by John Magee, lodge deputy. The officers are: Chief templar, William Waters; P. C. T. Gerrard Magee; vice-templar, Mrs. Charles MacPherson; treasurer, Miss Minnie Irvine; recording secretary, Mrs. William Keating; assistant recording secretary, Mrs. M. Wellington; financial secretary, Miss Helen Long; chaplain, Mrs. William Magee; marshal, Mrs. Charles Spence; deputy marshal, Miss Audrey Mathews; guard, Raymond Extrinsic; sentinel, Wilford Wellington.

VENIOT TO ADDRESS MEN OF ST. DAVID'S

Hon. P. J. Veniot will address the Men's Association of St. David's church at their monthly meeting, Monday evening, Jan. 28, in the church schoolroom. His subject will be "New Brunswick and Its Resources and the Possibilities of Its Relation to the Dominion." It is anticipated that the members and their friends will turn out in force to hear this distinguished speaker.

FIRESIDE CLUB.

The annual outing of St. David's Fireside Club was held Thursday evening at Lily Lake when the members and their friends enjoyed tobogganing and skating, under the leadership of Mr. and Mrs. John McKinnon. At 10 o'clock the party returned to the home of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Reid, 12 Peters street for refreshments and a social hour. Readings were given by Miss Flora McDonald and Ronald Shaw, and vocal selections by Mrs. Hugh Miller. A vote of thanks was tendered to their host and hostess on behalf of the club by Ronald Strain, president.

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