

BESSIE BARRISCALE



Charming Bessie Barriscale, one of the most winsome "movie" stars, was born in New York. She is a blonde, has brown eyes and is of medium build. She has her own company of silent drama actors, the company being under the direction of her husband, Howard Hickman.

Beauty Chats

By Edna Kent Forbes

YOUR HAND-SHAKE

"I WANT you to meet the prettiest girl in the world," said the young man enthusiastically, and beckoned me over across the room. "My wife," he introduced us, beaming with all the pride and delight of the newly married upon one of the sweetest-faced girls I had ever seen.

I held out my hand, charmed by her lovely face and figure, and the voice that rippled an "I'm glad to meet you." And then my enthusiasm received a blow, for the hand she extended was cold, moist to the point of clamminess, absolutely dead. She gave it to me limply. I had to do all



Can You Present a Warm, Friendly Hand to a Friend? Or Is Yours Clammy and Cold?

the shaking. Yet she was just as cordial otherwise as could be; it was only in my sixth sense, perhaps, that I felt chilled and repelled.

Do you make any such impression upon those you meet? Remember, you may be the most beautiful woman in your set, but your reputation as such depends on more than your classic features. Cleopatra herself would likely never have held Antony slave to her

CROSBY'S KIDS



AND IT WAS FATTY WHO SUGGESTED THE RIDE

The SANDMAN STORY

MR. FOX & THE BEARS

MR. FOX could not climb; he could take long leaps and jumps, but of what use would jumping be when he wanted to gather grapes that grew high in a tree where the vine had twined around the branches.

"Such fine grape wine and jelly as those wild grapes would make if only I could climb," thought Mr. Fox, looking up at the grapes far out of his reach.

Just then he saw running along through the woods little Billy and Teddy Bear, and he knew that they could climb.

"Come here, youngsters, and get these grapes for me and I will give you some honey when I get home," he said.

Now Mr. Fox did not have any honey and he had no intention of paying the little fellows anything, "for," he said, "they would climb anyway just for fun; why not climb and help me?"

Up the tree went Teddy and Billy and soon Mr. Fox had his big basket heaped with grapes.

"When will we get the honey?" asked the little fellows.

"Oh, some day when you are pass-

ing stop in," said Mr. Fox, all careless like, as if any day would do.

The next morning bright and early Teddy and Billy called at the door of Mr. Fox's house, but he told them he was too busy to stop and get the honey just then, and they could call again.

They were good-natured little fellows and did not mind, but when they called another time and Mr. Fox gave another excuse and no honey, they made up their minds he did not intend to give them anything for getting the grapes.

One morning Mr. Fox had his grape wine all made and poured into bottles,



which he placed in the window to cool while he made his jelly. Billy and Teddy saw the bottles and back home they ran. When they returned they brought a big jug filled with vinegar and, emptying the wine out of Mr. Fox's bottles, they filled them with the vinegar, and off they ran.

Not long after, when Mr. Fox had finished his jelly, he thought some cool grape wine would taste good, so he sat down by the window and, tipping up the bottle, began to drink.

He took a good, long, deep drink, and then he dropped the bottle and howled.

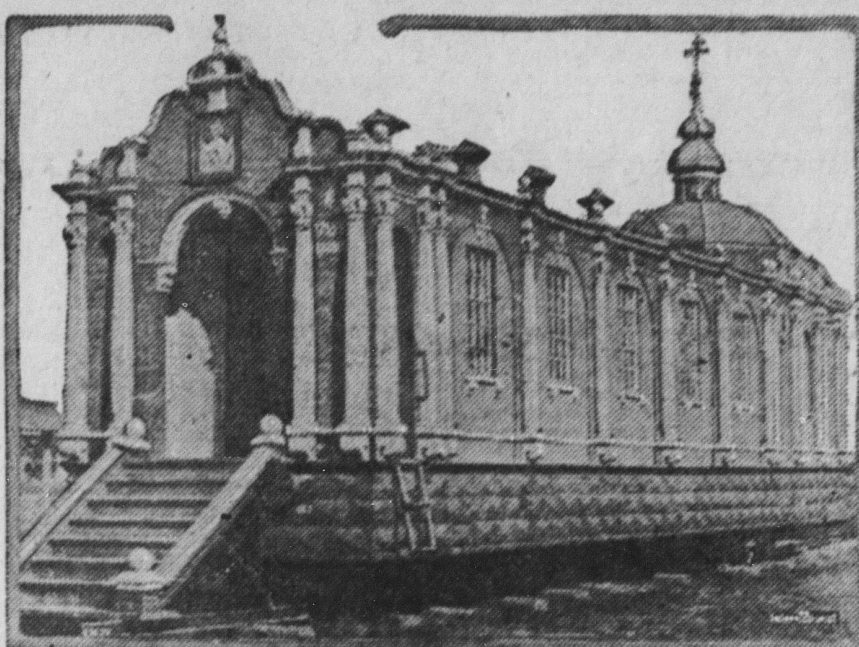
Teddy and Billy Bear had been waiting to hear this noise and they came running up to the window. "Did you call us, Mr. Fox?" they asked very sweetly; "we thought you wanted to give us the honey."

But Mr. Fox was jumping about on his hind legs and holding his stomach and making so much fuss he could not answer.

"What is the matter, Mr. Fox?" asked the mischievous little fellow; "were those grapes sour like the ones your great-great-grandfather did not get?"

Mr. Fox did not reply; he was far too unhappy just then, but later, when he felt better, he looked under the window where the bottle stood and saw on the ground a big dark spot, and he wished he had been honest with Teddy and Billy Bear and not treated them so badly.

RELIGION ON WHEELS IN ROUMANIA



This is the famous church on wheels which followed the Roumanian army during the invasion of Hungary. It was used as a dressing station on many occasions by American Red Cross doctors caring for wounded in the Roumanian ranks. It is built on standard passenger coach frame, and is still used.

One Child to Family, Professor's Forecast

New York.—The number of children will average less than one to a family two generations hence if the present birth rate decrease continues, according to Dr. Amy Hewes, professor of economics and sociology at Mount Holyoke college.

The cause of the decline was attributed to economic conditions and late marriages. Dr. Hewes suggests as a solution early marriages. She said the obstacle to many marriages might be removed if the woman continued to work after she became a wife.

a real hell, from which malignant, terrible forces rule unchallenged.

"There is still time to shorten their sufferings; there is still time to remove the menace of death from their heads, and it is for the saving of their souls that I send forth my human prayer."

To give assistance to these suffering Russians in non-bolshevik territory the American Central Committee for Russian Relief was formed, with prominent Americans at the head of it. Charles W. Eliot, president emeritus of Harvard, is the honorary president; Ellhu Root, Samuel Gompers, John R. Mott and Cyrus H. McCormick are vice-presidents, Princess Cantacuzene, granddaughter of President Grant, is chairman.

Russ Tells of Soviet Horrors

Noted Writer, Just Before Death, Asked U. S. Not to Be Deceived.

LIES ARE SENT BROADCAST

"No Words to Describe Darkness Around Us," is Assertion of Pica Made by Leonid Andreiev, the Great Novelist.

New York.—"S. O. S.," a remarkable literary document by Leonid Andreiev, written by the great Russian novelist and short story writer just before his death recently, has been received in this country by the American Central Committee for Russian Relief, with headquarters in the Hotel Buckingham, New York.

Andreiev's message, like a voice from the dead, describes the blight of bolshevism over his country. Andreiev had been a pacifist, as shown by his play "The Red Laugh," published during the Russo-Japanese war, but he came out strongly for the allies and their cause. His pen was also turned against bolshevism with telling effect.

Appeals to America. In one paragraph the writer makes a direct appeal to America in these words:

"And you, every individual American—I call to you. You are young and rich, you are broad in spirit and energetic, you desire that the torch of your freedom shall throw its light on distant Europe also—come then and see in what agony we are, in what inhuman servitude our body and our spirit are struggling. If you would but see, I assure you, you would be terrified and you would curse those deceivers and liars who have represented this most evil tyranny to you

as a break on the part of the whole Russian people for liberty."

Andreiev explains the title of his appeal thus:

"Like a wireless operator on a sinking steamer that through the night and the darkness sends the last calls, 'Quickly to our aid. We are sinking. Save our souls,' so also I, moved by my faith in human clemency, throw into the dark space my prayer of perishing human beings. If you but knew how dark the night is around us! There are no words to describe this darkness."

Worse Than Death.

At another point he writes: "It is not assistance for the Russian people that I implore of you. But here are these thousands, 'more or less,' who have but one life, which is but an instant, and who are perishing every hour in unbearable suffering, or who live, but in a way worse than death. It is of no importance that they are called Russians, but it is of importance that these human beings, whose sufferings began so long ago and continue endlessly, continue without a gleam of light, as in

NOISE COST RAILROAD \$2,750

Maryland Woman Gets Verdict for Bell Ringing and Car Shifting at Night.

Baltimore.—Mrs. Donald L. Symington of the Green Spring valley received a verdict of \$2,750 from a jury in the suit against Walker D. Hines, federal railroad administrator, and the Pennsylvania Railroad company. Mrs. Symington asked for \$25,000.

Mrs. Symington charged that the ringing of a big bell, blowing of engine whistles and shifting of cars kept her family awake. Mrs. Symington also contended that a hedge on her property was destroyed and that a portion of her land was used by the company.

Pumpkin Eaters Spoil a Record.

Cynthina, Ky.—J. L. Garnett has just had cut and made into pies a pumpkin which he kept for two years. It was in a prime state of preservation and he says it would have lasted much longer if rats had not gnawed it.

To Fight Under the Fourth Flag

American Airman Ready to Battle With Letts Against Russ Reds.

WINS CITATIONS FROM FRENCH

If Accepted by Letts Twenty-Three-Year-Old Brooklyn Boy Will Have Served Under Four Flags in Four Years.

Warsaw.—Maj. Joseph C. Stehlin, a twenty-three-year-old aviator of Brooklyn, N. Y., who already has fought in three armies, has gone to Riga to enlist under the Lettish flag in the fight against the Russian bolshevik. If his services are accepted, he will have served under four flags in four years. The colors of France, America, Poland and Letvia, in turn, have won his allegiance.

Since last fall Major Stehlin has been fighting in the aviation branch of the Polish army, and in that service took part in the Polish drive which threw the bolshevik out of Dvinsk.

Wins French Citations. Stehlin, who was formerly a life guard at Sheepshead bay, Brooklyn, went to France in January, 1917, and joined the French flying corps, where he won two citations and was promoted to be sergeant for aiding fellow

aviators attacked by German planes.

When the American army came over to France, Stehlin transferred his allegiance to the American flag, received a commission as first lieutenant of aviators, and took part in actions in the Champagne, Verdun and Soissons sectors. After the armistice he returned to the United States, and is said to have joined the aviation section of the New York police as a captain.

Made Captain in Poland. Last September he joined the Polish forces recruited in New York, was commissioned as captain, came to Poland and was assigned to duty on the northeastern front.

He spent four months with a Polish flying squadron, being the only American with the Poles on that particular front, and participated in all the aviation work preceding and during the Polish attack on the bolshevik in the region of Dvinsk.

Stehlin has flown over parts of France, Belgium, Spain, Russia, Poland, Lithuania and the United States, and has hopes soon of seeing Letvia and Riga from the air in his service with the Letts.

Major Stehlin says he has no idea what vocation he will take up if the war should end over here, but he feels certain that he can never go back to the prosaic duties of a lifeguard at the beach. That game is not exciting enough for a man not yet twenty-four, who has fought under four flags.

Prisoner Free Too Late to See Dying Brother

New York.—Judge Malone granted permission to Thomas Corcoran, a prisoner in the Tombs, to go to the bedside of his sick brother John, at 250 Park place, Brooklyn. He arrived there in charge of prison guards soon after the death of his brother from pneumonia.

The brothers were arrested March 4 in connection with a safe burglary at the office of James R. Deering, 135 Broadway, in which \$95,000 was stolen. Each was committed to the Tombs in default of \$10,000 bail. Later John became ill. His bail was reduced to \$1,000, which was furnished.

Off Again, On Again

ANCIENTNESS.

The oldest thing that there can be, Is year-before-last's motorcar— Yes, you can take the word from me, Those are the oldest things there are!

The pyramids that dot the sand— There in the Sphinx's neighborhood, Are still so new they wear their brand, Compared with this, 'tis understood.

Just ask an agent, who would sell A next-year's model bright and new, And he will either hint or tell That what I've stated here is true.

To thresh your wheat or oats with flails Is no less ancient than to strive Along the Dixie-Lincoln trails In something with a right-hand drive.

Finnigin Filosofy. Th' poorest-paid occupation in all th' wurrid is worryin'.

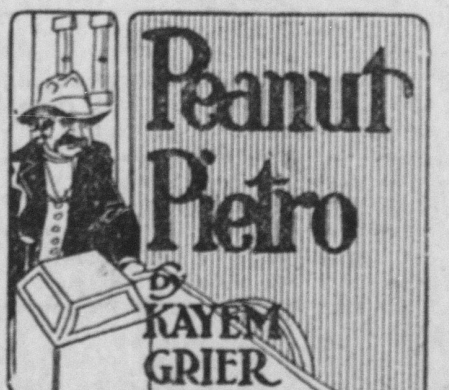
THIS MATTER OF NAMES. A young man in Maryland recently married a girl named Umbrage. It was an elopement, and the bridal monicker was in conformity to their desire to keep it dark. However, the young man is not the first benedict who took umbrage on the very day of his wedding.

New Stuff. Bora, to Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Skinner, a baby girl, on Wednesday, October 20, that brought the scales down to the ten-pound mark. Both mother and daughter are doing well, and with careful nursing E. C. will soon be back on three square meals a day.—Rockwell City (Ia.) Advocate.

YOU KNOW HIM.

When you hear a fellow boasting like an empty-headed duf, You may spot him for a member of the Lick-and-Promise club.

Isn't This Tantalizing? Miss Rose Gerot of this place, and Barnet Riggs of Lone Tree, were married some time Monday. The marriage occurred some place in Johnson county, and that is all we are able to tell. The marriage was a great surprise to their friends and even her parents.—Riverside (Ia.) Clipper.



SOMADAY I lika to finda guy wot invent way for speaka da English. I been deesa country seeka, seevn, eighta year, I forgetta wheech one, end I no unerstanda good Uniteda State yet.

Lasta week my shoes go on da bum and I go veest my frien da shoe make for getta feex. He say I gotta hava new sole and beel for feexa good, and da whole job ees costa dolla feefaty cents.

So I gotta wot he say was new sole and heel and when I putta on was feela preety good. I feegure was gooda invest new sole for dolla feefaty cents.

But soon I leava dat shop I stop and leesten one guy wot maka preach on da street. One man tella me he was vangeleest and he sure was stronga for talk. He yella so louda he can dat everybody ees go to hell. He say too many peple losa da sole and ees go on da bum. "Geeva your life to God and he sava your soul," he yella one time.

You know I lika God alla right, but I tink ees leetle high price. So I tella dat guy for geeva whole life for da sole ees too mooch.

I say my frien, da shoe make geeva new sole for dolla feefaty cents and ees stronga nough could walk to Italy and back again before ees wear out.

Wot you tink?

What the Sphinx Says

By Newton Newkirk. "If you finished strong with your burden today, give some other poor guy a lift with his tomorrow."

VIEW IN PROPOSED SAWTOOTH NATIONAL PARK



E. Grandjean, forest supervisor of the Boise forest in Idaho, looking over the proposed Sawtooth National park in the Sawtooth mountains. He was accompanied on this tour by Otto M. Jones, state game warden of Idaho, and Mrs. Jones, who is shown in the photograph.