

The TALE of KIDDIE KATYDID

By Arthur Scott Bailey



A QUARREL

KIDDIE KATYDID and Leaper the Locust quarreled so loudly over a message marked "For Mr. Grasshopper" that they soon drew a crowd around them.

"That message for 'Mr. Grasshopper' is certainly meant for me," Kiddie insisted. "You know yourself how you have objected to being called by the name of 'Grasshopper.' Why, only last night you refused to stop when Freddie Firefly shouted it after you."

"And you—" cried Leaper the Lo-



"I Promise You That I Shall Make Trouble for You."

cust—"you paid no attention when Chipzy Cricket went up to you just as the moon rose this evening and said, 'How-do do, Mr. Grasshopper,' right in your ear. You have no right to open the message. And I promise you that I shall make trouble for you if you don't mind your own affairs."

"Well, well—what's all this row about, anyhow?" asked a strange voice. It was a newcomer in Pleasant Valley who had just spoken. He elbowed his way briskly through the throng until he reached the center of it, where Kiddie and Leaper the Locust faced each other angrily.

People noticed that the stranger looked as if he had traveled a long distance. And he had a mail-pouch slung over his back. Furthermore, he was enough like Kiddie and Leaper to be a cousin of either one of them.

A person couldn't see his horns, on account of the hat that he wore. When this traveler asked about the dispute, everybody hastened to explain the quarrel to him.

He listened carefully, and when he had heard the whole story he said:

"This message—do you know where it is? Do you know who has it now?" "No!" Leaper the Locust cried, while Kiddie Katydid echoed the word. "Ah! I thought not!" said the stranger. "I thought not, because I have it in this mail-bag. And now I must confess that I'm puzzled myself; for I don't know which one it's intended for." And he pulled off his hat and began fanning himself with it.

It was perfectly plain to everyone that he was sadly perplexed.

Then Leaper the Locust gave a great shout.

"You're a Short-horn!" he exclaimed. "It can't be that you would have a message for a person with horns like his!" He pointed a scornful finger at poor Kiddie Katydid.

One glance at the stranger's head—now that he had removed his hat—told everybody that Leaper the Locust was not mistaken.

The stranger's horns were short. There was no denying that fact.

"I believe you must be the Mr. Grasshopper I'm looking for," said the stranger.

Then he put his hand inside his mail-pouch and pulled out a letter.

Leaper the Locust made a sudden jump for the message. But he was so eager that he sprang too far. He sailed far over the stranger's head and landed some distance away.

"Hallo! He doesn't want it!" said the stranger. "It must be for you!" And he shoved the message into Kiddie Katydid's willing hands.

Almost immediately Leaper the Locust jumped back again.

But, of course, he was too late.

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THE WHY of SUPERSTITIONS

By H. IRVING KING

AN ITCHING NOSE

THE idea that an itching nose means that "company is coming," or "a stranger is coming" is now merely a common and widespread superstition. But it was not always thus. There was a time when the nose actually announced the coming of company or a stranger, not by itching, it is true, but by the exercise of those keen olfactory powers which it possessed in the days of our primitive ancestors.

Scientists tell us that primitive man's organs of smell were so well developed in acuteness and kept sharp by constant use, that his olfactory powers were equal, if not superior, to those possessed today by the lower animals remarkable for their gift of scent. Many tribes of savages retain to this day extraordinary powers in this respect. Mr. Caveman was, in all probability, a rather high-scented creature and when he went with a party of friends to visit the dwelling of Mr. Cliffdeweller, if the wind was right, that gentleman could smell him coming a long way off. Just as many of the lower animals today "snuff the tainted gale" and become aware of the approach of their enemies before they can see them. Civilization has caused the sense of smell to become atrophied in modern man but though the nose has lost its power it has retained its reputation by means of a popular superstition.

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"Being a man of convictions is nothing to brag about," says pertinent Polly, "the rogue's galleys is full of them."

The Hotel Stenographer

By Roe Fulkerson



"THAT'S Henry Hammond's son," explained the House Detective. "That's why I do not like him," answered the Hotel Stenographer, looking after a young man who had just given her some dictation. "I have no use for a boy who is celebrated because he is somebody's son."

"A lot of sons of famous men loaf around Peacock Alley here in this hotel and several of them have tried to make me. I turn them all down promptly. "I play with a lot of boys whose fathers I never heard of. Some of them were hod carriers and some of them were preachers; some of them were small-town merchants and some of them were farmers. I never care. I am interested in their jobs, not their ancestry. I never loved a dog because its papa and mama were registered and had been in a bench show. It's the dog I like and nobody can pick out their ancestors, anyway."

"A lot of boys think they can get by in the world because of what their papas did. They may be able to get their money that way, but they can't get me."

"I would rather know a boy who had taken a half-nelson on the world and twisted a living out of it for himself. When I am with him I may have to ride in a flivver but with good roads everywhere a flivver is good enough. I may have to go to the 'movies' instead of having orchestra chairs in a swell theater but the 'movies' are often better than the theater, anyway. I wonder what certain rich boys would have done if they had gone to public school and had a paper route? Would they spend so freely if they knew how hard a dollar is to get? Every boy I play with is a possible husband and I always wonder what father's son would do to make a living if papa's money ran out and I was married to him. Nix! Give me a boy with a union card and a good trade."

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Cause and Effect

When Eddie Laemle was making "Spook Ranch" it was only natural that the boys got to telling ghost stories. Finally some one asked a darkey who worked in the cast if he had ever stayed in a haunted house. "Ah sure has," admitted the black man. "But never again!" "Why, what happened?" "Well, sub, long 'bout two in de mawnin' Ah wakes up, an' dar comes Mistah Ghost right through de wall, jes' like dat wall wasn't dar." "And what did you do?" "Me? Ah went through de other wall de same way."

PAUL PANZER



This well-known "movie" actor attributes his ability to his varied background. He was an officer in a German regiment, then a coffee salesman in Brazil, then a musical comedy actor. Born a German, he became an American citizen. He has enacted brilliant character roles in a number of well-known productions.

WHEN I WAS TWENTY-ONE

BY JOSEPH KAYE

At Twenty-one Senator Edge of New Jersey Was a Journal Clerk.

AT THE age of twenty-one I was about to graduate to the position of journal clerk in the New Jersey senate. I served two years in that position, and two years later I was made secretary of that body. For the next three years I held that post.

—Walter E. Edge.

TODAY—Mr. Edge is the Republican leader of New Jersey as well as being the senator from that state.

In 1918 Senator Edge was elected governor of New Jersey with a plurality of nearly 70,000, and 1,500 over this number was the plurality given him when he was elected senator.

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As Told by Irvin S. Cobb

AN ECHO FROM 1865

I RATHER guess they have been telling this one ever since the war between the states. Indeed for all I know to the contrary it may date back as far as the first and second Punic wars. For a good story never really dies. It merely goes into retirement for a season or a decade or a century and rises up again when occasion suits with its youth miraculously restored.

Now this present story may be of any age you please, but to the best of my personal knowledge and belief it belongs to our own Civil war period.

I know I first heard it years ago from an old gentleman who had served in a Texas regiment from 1861 to 1865. I had almost forgotten it when here the other day a friend wrote me telling the same yarn and saying that he had it from his father.

The narrative runs that in the last days of the war a ragged, worn-out, hungry, half-dead Confederate straggler was limping along a Virginia highway striving to catch up with his command. Where there was a puddle in the ruts he stopped to bathe his bruised and bleeding feet. As he sat at the roadside dabbling his swollen toes in the water a Union skirmisher, well fed and lusty, stepped from behind a tree with his musket raised to his shoulder and yelled out exultantly:

"Now I got you!" "Yas," drawled the Southerner, "an' a h—l of a git you got!"

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LEAN MIXTURE IS CAUSE OF FIRES

Carburetor Gets Out of Adjustment and Then Mischief Is Done.

"How did your car take fire?" "I don't know. I heard it pop back at the carburetor, and suddenly discovered that it was on fire." "What made it backfire in the carburetor?" "I don't know. We can't find out because the car is a total loss."

This is no imaginary conversation because cars have burned in the past and will again in the future due to backfiring in the carburetor.

Cause Is Lean Mixture.

The most frequent cause is a lean mixture. This means more air in the mixture than usual. The carburetor gets out of adjustment in some way and the mischief is done. A lean mixture is slow-burning. It burns all during the power stroke, all during the exhaust stroke, and it is still burning when the inlet valve opens, admitting the fresh mixture. This takes fire and the flame runs back to the carburetor. If there is any gasoline dripping from the carburetor a heavy vapor is formed, extending under the engine, where it is held by the mud pan. The flame spreads under the engine and soon reaches the tank, melting the connections and releasing a flood of gasoline.

Lean mixture may be due to derangement of the carburetor or a leaky inlet manifold. Spray nozzle too far closed, auxiliary air valve spring too weak or valve stuck open or clogged fuel line are a few carburetor causes. A leaky inlet manifold may be detected by running the engine and injecting oil around the joints. Oil will be sucked in at the leak where the bolts must be tightened or a new gasket installed in place of the leaky one.

Inlet Valve Details.

We now come to troubles of the inlet valve, which indeed are very rare. The valve lifter may be out of adjustment, leaving no clearance, or actually pushing the valve off its seat. If there is little or no clearance the valve will hold compression when the engine is cold, but will leak when the engine warms up, due to lengthening of valve stem, and, of course, popping in the carburetor occurs immediately. Set the clearance at about two thicknesses of newspaper. Occasionally this valve may become stuck, so that it cannot close. This may be seen from the outside, as there will be an unusually large space between the valve stem and lifter.

Electrical troubles now engage our attention. With a single coil and distributor system such as used on the majority of cars there would be some distributor trouble or a short circuit of the distributor wires. See that all wires are properly insulated and wipe all dust from distributor head. If you know how to open the distributor you should wipe out the inside occasionally, using a cloth dipped in gasoline. This will remove all accumulations of dust, which will cause short circuit if allowed to remain.

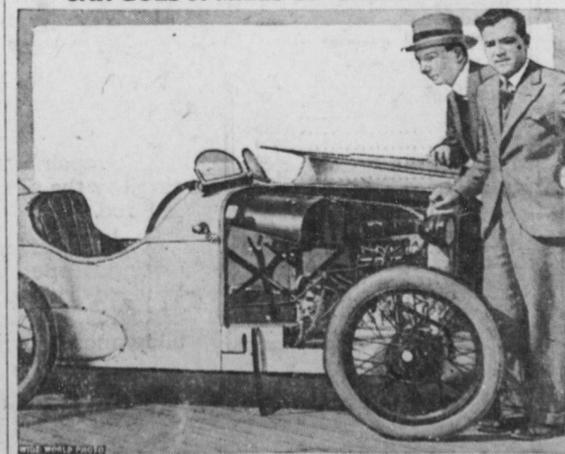
Sticker on Windshields

One Cause of Accidents

Windshield stickers are made the object of the latest campaign conducted by the accident prevention department of the Chicago Motor club. "Chambers of commerce and trail associations, especially in the West, induce tourists to plaster stickers all over their windshields with the result that visibility is decreased and the driver is likely to cause an accident. The collecting of stickers from various sources has become a fad, and should be discouraged. Organizations using this form of advertising should discontinue it for the sake of safety."

The bulletin also condemns the use of stickers on rear windows, for the reason that these stickers disconcert the drivers following, and because unobstructed rear vision is needed by the driver in backing.

CAR GOES 50 MILES ON GALLON OF GAS



R. M. Rapellan and T. C. Copson of London have arrived in this country bringing with them their 7 horse power "Austin" motor car. It is claimed that the motor car will travel 50 miles on a gallon of gas and is capable of a speed of 80 miles per hour. The car carries only 5 gallons of gasoline and is reputed to be the smallest two-passenger car in the world.

Good Way to Sling Hammock for Baby

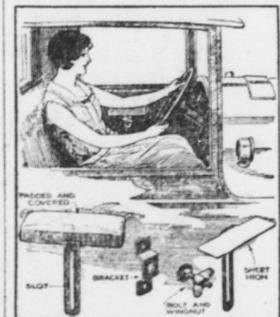
The county agent in Walsh county, North Dakota, has found a solution for a problem that has perplexed many a mother—what to do with the baby when the family is taking an automobile ride. He describes his apparatus as follows:

"Take two pieces of three-eighth-inch rope, each long enough to reach from one top bow around back of the seat to the other. Into these splice two short pieces to make a rectangle about a foot wide and nearly as long as the car body is wide. Leave ends of rope at the four corners to tie to the four bows on the top.

"Over this rectangle fit a denim basket about two feet long. This will make a very satisfactory hammock and one that can be used at any time of the year. The baby carried in it will be happier than in the mother's lap and the mother will have a pleasant trip."

Adjustable Arm Support Rests Driver of Motor

Most drivers of closed-model cars rest the left elbow on the sash sill to lessen the fatigue incidental to long-distance driving. However, the sill is usually located just a little too high, and is too hard for comfort, and the adjustable padded arm rest shown in the drawing will be found much better. It is made of a piece of sheet metal, bent as shown, with a pad



Adjustable Arm Rest for Driver Lessens Strain of Long-Distance Driving.

top and a slot in the support. A sheet-metal bracket attached to the side of the body holds a bolt, which keeps the arm rest in position by turning down the wing-nut on the slotted part of the rest. This arrangement allows the rest to be raised or lowered to suit the driver.—G. A. Luers, Washington, D. C., in Popular Mechanics Magazine.

Loose and Rusty Rims Cause of Much Trouble

Loose, demountable rims cause a lot of tire trouble, if not watched carefully. When one of the wedges becomes loose, the rim starts "working" and gradually the other wedges become loose. A "creeping" rim is the result and the valve stem bears the whole strain until it is finally pulled off.

Furthermore, those wedges are often tightened up unevenly. This ends in what is referred to as a "wobbly" tire and the tread is worn down prematurely. At other times, motorists pound both the rim and the tire with a hammer to get the rim off or on. The pounding of the rim doesn't do any particular harm, unless it bends the rim, but every blow on the tire may cause a fabric break, and that is very serious.

Rusty rims are dangerous, because they corrode tubes, make it hard to change tires and sometimes result in freezing on the tire. Rims should be cleaned at least once every six months. Ordinary paint sometimes placed on the rims after the cleaning process is not good practice, inasmuch as the heat generated by the tires melts the paint and the tire sticks to the rim.

LIVES ON FARM IN OKLAHOMA

Happy Woman Praises Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

In a sunny pasture in Oklahoma, a herd of sleek cows was grazing. They made a pretty picture. But the thin woman in the blue checked apron sighed as she looked at them. She was tired of cows, tired of her tedious work in the dairy. She was tired of cooking for a household of boarders, besides caring for her own family. The burdens of life seemed too heavy for her falling health. She had lost confidence in herself.

One day she began taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and her general health began to improve. She took it faithfully. Now she can do her work without any trouble, sleeps well and is no longer blue and timid. This woman, Mrs. Cora Short, R. R. 9, Box 396, Oklahoma City, Okla., writes: "Everybody now says: 'Mrs. Short, what are you doing to yourself?' I weigh 135 and my weight before I took it was 115. I have taken seven bottles of the Vegetable Compound."

Other women who have to work hard and keep things going may find the road to better health as Mrs. Short did, through the faithful use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Ask your neighbor.



Have a lovely Complexion

You can make and keep your complexion as lovely as a young girl's by giving a little attention to your blood. Remember, a good complexion isn't skin deep—it's health deep.

Physicians agree that sulphur is one of the most effective blood purifiers known to science. Hancock Sulphur Compound is an old, reliable, scientific remedy that purges the blood of impurities. Taken internally—a few drops in a glass of water, it gets at the root of the trouble. As a lotion, it soothes and heals.

50c and \$1.20 the bottle at your druggist's. If he can't supply you, send his name and the price in stamps and we will send you a bottle direct.

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Hancock Sulphur Compound Ointment—20c and 50c—for use with

Hancock Sulphur Compound

One man's folly is another man's fortune.—Bacon.

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From Mother Nature's storehouse we have gathered the roots, barks and herbs which are compounded, under the famous Tanlac formula, to make Tanlac.

If your body is weak and undernourished, if you can't sleep or eat, have stomach trouble or burning rheumatism, just you see how quickly Tanlac can help you back to health and strength. Don't delay taking Tanlac another day. Stop at your druggist's now and get a bottle of this, the greatest of all tonics. Take Tanlac Vegetable Pills for constipation.

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