

MRS. WILSON PLEADS FOR MORE CLEANLINESS

Houses, Bodies, Minds and Clothing Must Be Kept Clean in Order to Insure Good Health—Take Pride in Your Housework

By MRS. M. A. WILSON

THE nation's most effective weapons against disease and epidemics are sanitation and physical fitness...

In a little burgh in Holland there are no municipal street cleaners or garbage collectors...

In a certain part of old Boston was a small street that was known to be hopeless because of the dirt and the laziness and general squalor...

You, too, can see personally to your premises, both rear and front, keep them in a sanitary condition...

The terrible toll which influenza took in the last two winters should bring to your mind this crying need...

Good health is essential if we are to be physically fit, and the real essentials of good health are personal hygiene and food...

A clean mouth is most important if we are to be well, for many germs find lodging places here and await their opportunity to create destruction...

A clean body means not only a daily bathing for the entire body, but active elimination of the bodily waste...

DREAMLAND ADVENTURES

THE BIRDLAND FAIR By DADDY

Judge Owl Gleds a boy who has been left sleeping shut up in a house by the woods...

CHAPTER IV Peggy as a Rope Walker

"Who? Who? Who?" came to the fair's forest Judge Owl...

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A USEFUL CORNER



It wouldn't be expensive to build these simple shelves, turning around the corner, supported by uprights, and decorated with a flower design...

Two Minutes of Optimism

By HERMAN J. STICH

Unrequited Labor

THE other day two of the three bandits who held up and robbed a pay automobile of New Jersey's Public Service Commission were caught...

Two officers of a Philadelphia bank have just been convicted on seven indictments and face a jail term which, at their age, amounts to life imprisonment...

In New York, a few weeks ago, a thieving hotel clerk who was caught and confessed to having stolen jewels worth \$250,000, was sentenced to fifteen years in Sing Sing...

The same day three enterprising robbers, who used taxicabs, were committed for from five to ten years' hard labor...

These are strange instances clipped from the day's news. They are but scant gleanings from the calendars of our criminal court mills that grind out their daily grist of retribution and restitution...

The story of each offender against the law is usually the same. Perhaps a little profitable initial luck, the spurring idea of a few big "hanks" and quitting to live in rectitude and a slower bath of gold—then the unexpected but inevitable bullet or prison term that is a pretty full amortization of the criminal's chances in life...

Henry Ward Beecher once told the story of a man who lived in the town he was born in, who used to steal all his firewood...

It seemed he would get up on cold nights and take it from his neighbors' woodpiles...

After he was caught red-handed, a computation was made. And it was ascertained that he spent more time and worked harder to get his fuel than he would have been obliged to if he had earned it in an honest way and at ordinary wages...

And the criminal and his life are a perpetual reminder that crime is unrequited labor, that it is a poor profession, a bad business, the most dangerous and the worst paid work, and the hardest possible way to make a living...

he got near Peggy, the snake squirmed out of his head and fell to the ground. "Oh-ee-ee!" squealed Peggy, louder than before...

"Oh-ee-ee!" she squealed, for the snake was headed right her way. "Take it away!" she squealed, for the snake was headed right her way...

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Please Tell Me What to Do

By CYNTHIA

Three Cheers for "Mickey"

Dear Cynthia—Please print these few words to our friend "Mickey" and I thank you, Say, "Mickey," do you know you deserve a dozen handshakes, for as far as common sense is concerned you are won the blessing...

I agree with you in everything you say, for you are only telling the truth. You tell me, "Mickey," All this love-making is bunk, and when the fellow comes along that forgets about himself and thinks more about the girl he is the only one. Three cheers for the hard-working man, who earns his salary and not by pull. Perhaps it is too long, Cynthia, but please print it for me and let me see some one else has any sense like "Mickey."

INNOCENT LONELY "IT."

Use a New Ring

Dear Cynthia—Please print the engagement of a couple came to the jeweler for return the ring to the jeweler for return the ring to the jeweler...

It is never wise to give a woman another woman's ring, especially one returned after an engagement...

Dear Cynthia—I have always read your column with great pleasure, but have never had cause to write to you before...

I am a young man twenty years old. I became acquainted with a young lady two years younger than I. Our friend ship grew and I thought that I had "drat place" until one Sunday evening I called on my friend and found a young man, who works at the same place as my friend with her. I paid no attention to this, but I asked for an explanation...

Now, do you think she is true to me? She professes that she loves me, and not the other fellow, but still she has more to do with him than she does with me...

It seems to me that she is rather unnecessarily jealous. Because a girl is engaged to one man it is not reasonable to expect her to throw over all her old friends. On the contrary her fiancé should be proud that she is attractive enough to have so many admirers...

Does this man know you are engaged? I would see that he does, and then not worry about it.

SCHOOL IS WONDERFUL TO THE FIVE-YEAR-OLD PUPIL

Her Father Hopes She Will Never Wake Up to Its "Horrors." But if She Doesn't She'll Miss the Fun of Looking Back to Them

THE youngest is only five and she has just started her first school this year. And she thinks school is "wonderful."

Her mother smiles indulgently at the enthusiasm, but father, with the wisdom gained from years of experience, hopes fervently that his daughter "will never wake up."

Perhaps she won't; perhaps she'll keep on dreaming her pretty little dream all through her school days.

Maybe it will always seem wonderful to her to be with so many children of her own age, learning so many new, funny things about the world and its people and its size.

She may always be thrilled and touched at her journey into the make-believe land of books, and the peculiarities and lives of their authors.

Perhaps when she puts on her white dress for her own commencement, and listens while some one on a platform tells her that she will look back upon her school days as the happiest days of her life, she will believe him, and agree with him perfectly.

But, even if she does all that, do you suppose she'll escape without some of those horrors that we all take with us in our memories when we leave school?

HORRORS? Why, you remember! Those nightmare moments that come back to us at times, long after we have left school.

For instance, sometimes just before you get fully awake in the morning, you are in school again, trying frantically to finish your translation of Caesar before the first period starts.

You know, with a dull, heavy sinking of your heart, that you will be called on to read that thing—and you don't know any of it.

Then it happens—she calls on you, and you start in miserably, not knowing what it is, not even recognizing any of the words so that you can make a wild guess at it.

Agony! One of the few times that you greet the alarm clock's morning salutation with a relieved smile.

Then there's the horror that you go back to when you are looking over some old treasures.

You come upon one long, folded "test paper," marked "70," or "failed" or "D," according to the system of marking the school was using at that time (some of us have samples of each system).

Will you ever forget the day that...

Those half-hours after school—making up a lesson, paying for being late, doing "time" for bad behavior—they were so long and wearisome!

It's fun to look back to those days, now that the terror of flunking, being late and getting caught no longer holds us; and we have to admit that we did have a good time in school in spite of everything.

AFTER all, maybe it's going a little far to hope that the youngest never wakes up.

If nothing disturbs her rosy dream, she won't have any of those terrifying, horrible moments that turn into such delightful jokes afterward—when you've got safely past them!

And that would be missing half the fun of those school days!

To Clean Colored Kid

If you have a pair of colored kid gloves that have become soiled, it is best not to clean them with any liquid substance, as the dye in the gloves is apt to run. They can be cleaned most successfully, however, by rubbing in a mixture of equal parts of fuller's earth and powdered alum. Use a brush in applying this, and be sure that it is removed before the gloves are worn again.

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Delicious Brown Edge Wafers have been added to the ever-popular Ivins' family of cakes and crackers after a war-time absence of several years.

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