

DADDY'S EVENING FAIRY TALE

By MARY GRAHAM BONNER

THE GOSHAWKS.

"There is just one family of birds," commenced Daddy, "that I really don't care for."

"Oh, Daddy," said Nancy, "all birds aren't as kindly and gentle as others, but it's because they need to kill for their food, isn't it?"

"Yes, there is a great deal of what they call self-protection about it, isn't there, Daddy?" asked Nick.

"With all other birds, I think, except these."

"Tell us about them," said Nancy.

"Have you ever told us a story about them before?" asked Nick.

"No," said Daddy, "but they don't come to this part of the world very often. They live very far North, but once in a while they come off on a trip of killing all the birds and small animals they can—just for the joy of killing."

"What horrid birds," said Nancy.

"They should hardly be called birds, it seems to me," said Nick, "because birds are such lovely creatures."

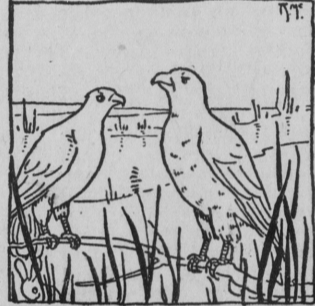
"Have they any special name?" asked Nancy.

"I suppose they must have," said Nick.

"But we're taking up all Daddy's time in talking and asking questions," Nancy said after a second's pause.

"That's so," said Nick. "We'll keep quiet, Daddy, so won't you tell us all about them?"

"They are called goshawks, and usually they like cold weather, but once in a while they come South, or that



The Cruel Goshawks.

is south from where they are, and they do all the worst work they can in as short a time as they can.

"They are very powerful and very strong, and all the Mrs. Goshawks are even stronger than the Mr. Goshawks. They also love to fight and destroy creatures even more than their husbands do."

"They can even capture big animals like hares and they keep them in their clutches so that they cannot escape."

"Well, about two or three years ago a great many goshawks made a raid on one section of the country and destroyed any number of other birds, as well as many of the little barnyard creatures."

"So that when they were seen again this year, in another section of the country, every one got very much excited and said: 'We must get rid of the cruel goshawks.' For there is all the difference in the world between creatures who kill for the sake of killing (they really feel it is the joy of killing, though joy is such a lovely, happy word that I hate to use it in that place) and those who kill to save themselves and their families and their friends."

"Think of the brave mother birds who stand guard outside their nests, thinking not of themselves, or whether they will be hurt, but only trying to protect the little birdlings within the nest."

"And think, too, of the brave daddies who look after the little birds and the mother birds. They only kill to protect themselves or to live. For some animals must destroy other animals in order to live. That is a law of dear old Mother Nature."

"So every one is trying to drive away the wicked, cruel goshawks who only care to destroy and to be as cruel and horrible as is possible."

"And the more we think about such cruel animals who love to kill the more we appreciate and admire the brave animals and birds who risk great dangers to look after each other—who forget about their own little feathered or fur-covered bodies and think only of those of their very dear ones."

"The goshawks are the only birds, as I said before, that I haven't the slightest scrap of use for."

"I should say not," said Nick.

"They're terrible," agreed Nancy.

"This story is very different to most," said Daddy, "for usually there are all the wonderful things to tell you of about animals and birds—the beautiful, brave things they do, and their funny little habits and ways—but I wanted to tell you the story of the goshawks, for I think in hating them it only makes us love and respect all the other creatures of the animal and bird world."

"Yes," said Nancy, "the goshawks aren't nice to hear of as the robins are, but it just makes us see the difference between brave and unselfish birds and cruel ones who simply use their strength to hurt everything they can!"

Light in the Hall.
"It the light out in the hall?"
"Yes. Shall I bring it in?"

Stand Stockily Behind Boys "Over There" in Every Word and Action

By ABBIE FARWELL BROWN of the Vigilantes

What are you about, while they are over there fighting for us? Enjoying yourself? Earning your living stodgily—"business as usual?" Making capital as fast as possible out of the safety they are buying with their blood? Taking advantage of the crisis which they meet with the offer of their young lives, to demand higher wages, shorter hours, luxuries, privileges which they have renounced in order to fight for you?

That's not patriotism! That's not even fair! That's hoggrishness!

In these big days, when one has got to live big, I don't know which is the smallest no-account trash—you selfish woman, thinking only of amusement; you selfish capitalist, thinking only of a business chance; you selfish laborer, thinking only of the opportunity to squeeze your employer. You are all squeezing your country. You are all traitors to our boys out there! You are all side-stepping your duty.

You are punk citizens!

If the workers who pioneered this country had been like you—there would never have been any foundation solid as Plymouth Rock to build on.

If the men and women of '76 had been like you, it's a weak Constitution we'd have inherited; far gone in consumption!

If the Unionists of '60 had been slack-kneed like you, where would liberty be now? Knocked higher than a kite! We'd be all ready to kow-tow to the Prussian helmets.

It won't do! You've got to stand stockily behind the boys over there, with every muscle, every enthusiasm, every thought you've got. You've got to make sacrifices, and concessions, and give up comforts and prejudices and present hopes. If you don't, this great national idea of ours may weaken; the army may be handicapped; the allies may be beaten; and we ourselves may be enslaved.

That is about the size of it. It's not exaggeration, believe me? Who cares? Then show it by your actions.

Be big and generous and patriotic, whether you are employer or employed.

Be strong and helpful to the government, whether you are a man or a woman.

Then, when the brave boys come back, you needn't be ashamed to face them, wounds and all.

Suppose America Had Been Insulted; Would Teutons Have Declared War?

By H. A. WAGNER
Chairman of Executive Committee, Wisconsin Loyalty League

We have citizens of alien birth or alien parentage—mostly men of sterling character, of honorable motives, of patriotic tendencies, and of lovable human qualities, whose sympathy with their fatherland or that of their parents has so beclouded their vision that they have been unable as yet to see that this country has been forced into this war and that it needs and deserves the same enthusiastic support of all its citizens that they so admire in the people of the countries with whom we are at war.

To get a clear vision of the situation let us assume that conditions had been reversed—let us say that during our war with Spain our official representatives in Germany had forged German passports, had fomented strikes and dissatisfaction in its industries, and planned and carried out the destruction of property and lives of its citizens, had boldly violated the laws which were to protect its citizens while they themselves were enjoying the protection of those very laws; that they had brazenly criticized its form of government and had vilified and sneered at its highest officials. Suppose that our government had deliberately destroyed German ships and German lives while our ships were being protected against the enemy by Germany in its own harbors. Suppose that after being warned by Germany that a repetition of these outrages would result in a declaration of war, we had instructed our ambassador at Berlin to arrange with France and Russia to attack Germany, if the latter declared war on us—that we would finance the enterprise, and reward them with a liberal slice of German territory. If our government had been guilty of such perfidy, such brutality, such arrogance and such stupidity in its dealings with Germany, would the latter have docilely submitted or would it have sprung to its arms when the first outrage occurred to uphold its rights and to protect its citizens?

Good Health Depends on Condition of Heart, Lungs, Liver, Etc.

By GEORGE M. MARTIN
Director of Physical Education, Central Y. M. C. A., Chicago

We used to feel that a big man or a man with big muscles was necessarily the healthier and even today we frequently hear the remark, "Why, he looks so big and healthy" or "He looked so strong and well!" The word "health" is synonymous with "wholeness" and a chain is no stronger than its weakest link.

I remember attending a side show where a strong man, expanding his chest, apparently broke a heavy chain. Investigation showed that by spreading and hammering back one of the links it had been crystallized and was therefore exceedingly weak. The surface looked fine but the core was rotten. A flabby muscle is not only the chasm between willing and doing but may be also the weakness in an otherwise strong chain. It may even be a cesspool through which the blood passes in its course around the body. A city's water supply may be unexcelled and the mains good but if one section is bad and the sewage gets in then the whole is tainted. In the human body it is not the quantity but the quality which counts.

The unused muscle is neither ready to meet the emergency of sudden exertion nor to resist disease. We do not need much muscle in city life, and more than we need is too expensive to keep up. No business man is going to pay the upkeep of a hundred-ton crane in his work if his heaviest load is never over five tons. Muscles larger than necessary for health are a drain on vitality to keep up, and frequently the very strong man or the very big-muscled man goes under, until now we hear frequently, "give me the wiry man for endurance." Again, the size of muscle and body produced by normal hygienic conditions plus vigorous exercise of large muscles will give you the most enduring physique. Real health depends on the condition of heart, lungs, stomach, liver, kidneys and so forth, as well as muscle and it takes constant vigorous exercise to develop these or maintain organized vigor.

Suit and Daytime Frock for Street Wear



Once upon a time—that is before the war—nothing ever presumed to dispute the supremacy of the tailored suit for street wear, and nothing will ever outclass it. But tailored suits require men to make them and in France the men were gone to war. So "the dressmaker's dress" came in, the one-piece, daytime frock made its appearance on the street. We have gone further now, as war has compelled economy, and we have two-one frocks and daytime frocks that are evidently made for street wear in place of a suit.

Both a tailored suit and a daytime frock for street wear are shown in the illustration as examples of good styles for young women. In the suit the coat is made interesting by pointed panels at the back and front, overlapping pointed side pieces and finished with rows of large bone buttons in its skirt. The sleeves are long and a white embroidered overcollar calls attention to the fact that the coat is cut high in the neck at the back, which is characteristic of this season's coats. The skirt is plain, as it should be, and is shorter than the modes of the season authorize—a concession to the youthfulness of its wearer.

The dress of navy blue satin is somewhat complicated. The skirt is in one piece but has the effect of a tunic caught up at the sides near the bottom with satin-covered buttons. The bodice gives the impression of a short coat, open in front to the waistline where it fastens with hook and eye and is finished with two satin-covered buttons. It is cleverly extended at each side to form a panter drape over the hips. The ends of the drape are brought up to the bodice at the back. The narrow, shawl collar and long sleeves, extended into flaring cuffs over the hand and finished with small satin-covered buttons, reveal expert designing. And the wide, soft girdle on the front of the skirt bears further witness to it.

Millinery in Established Styles



In millinery, as in other things, the season's styles have gravitated toward a few types that have established themselves and will last as long as the summer lasts—and perhaps longer. One may be sure of them anywhere.

Among them are wide-brimmed and moderately wide-brimmed sailor shapes, small hats that have a suggestion of the poke bonnet in their lines and the cloche or drooping-brimmed bell shape, with its brim a little wider than in the beginning of spring. These persist among others that are almost as popular; as small turbans and medium-sized turbanlike shapes with spirited brim lines and coronets. The last is a type that women of middle age like best.

Plenty of variety appears in these favored shapes in popular hats. One does not look for eccentricities in the shapes themselves; but in the trimmings all sorts of pretty whims find expression, especially among street hats. An example of this appears in the smart hat with curled quill trimming that is shown in the accompanying picture. This model has been made in black and in several colors—each hat all in one color—with brim and side crown of caterpillar braid, facing and top crown of satin. The quill that trims it is of the same satin and is the spice of the creation. It departs from the way of quills, leaving their straight and narrow path to follow a willful spiral of its own.

A beautiful wide-brimmed hat is made of crepe georgette faced with braid. The upper part of the crown is covered with folds of crepe and the lower part with a smooth band of it that makes a perfect background for the tie of narrow moire ribbon and embroidered oak leaves that form the trimming. Large satin acorns express a happy afterthought of the designer. This hat would be pretty in sand-color or gray or white for midsummer.

Black is the best choice for the remaining hat. It is of lisse braid and taffeta silk with a narrow collar of grosgrain ribbon. It is given a crisp, military style by upstanding ostrich feathers at the front. They are uncurled and brilliant and are set on with a handsome jet ornament.

Julia Bottomley

New Shaded Red.

The new shade of red known as Wilson red or Swiss red is really very taking, especially early in the spring. It ought to look well even in midsummer at the seashore or in the country, but of course the favor in which a color is held at this date is no criterion of the midsummer favor it may enjoy. At all events, just now all sorts of odds and ends are featured in this clear new shade of red. Especially effective are the many red beads that shop keepers have dug up from some forgotten corner and that manufacturers have rushed to the shops. They are strikingly pretty with white blouses and especially for the young girl.

Jersey Suits.

The sleeveless idea is in high favor in three-piece suits, of jersey, or jersey and silk stockinette, or of silk stockinette and tulle.

The very smart three-piece semisport suits have a sweaterlike bodice of silk stockinette with jersey sleeves, a skirt of jersey and a 32 or 34-inch sleeveless jacket of jersey. The skirts are plaited or may be cut on straight, slim lines.

NERVOUS PROSTRATION

May be Overcome by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound—This Letter Proves It.

West Philadelphia, Pa.—"During the thirty years I have been married, I have been in bad health and had several attacks of nervous prostration until it seemed as if the organs in my whole body were worn out. I was finally persuaded to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and it made a well woman of me. I can now do all my housework and advise all ailing women to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and I will guarantee they will derive great benefit from it."—Mrs. FRANK FITZGERALD, 25 N. 41st Street, West Philadelphia, Pa.

There are thousands of women everywhere in Mrs. Fitzgerald's condition, suffering from nervousness, backache, headaches, and other symptoms of a functional derangement. It was a grateful spirit for health restored which led her to write this letter so that other women may benefit from her experience and find health as she has done.

For suggestions in regard to your condition write Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass. The result of their 40 years experience is at your service.

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Russian Land Question.

"The economists, sociologists and statesmen of Russia seem agreed that communal land-holding is an outgrowth system. They want the muziks to be acted upon by the same individualizing and stimulating forces which have put the French farmer and the American farmer so far ahead of him. Stolypin had been so impressed by the mob psychology of the community peasant that he put through a law requiring the obshchina, on the demand of any member, to give him his share of the land in a single plot, which then became his individual property. In ten years many such associations were dissolved, and 7,000,000 peasants—about 20 per cent of those under the communal system—had their land 'divided out' and went to live on it like American farmers."—Exchange.

Beulah—Weren't you in the conservatory with Fred last night?
Belle—Yes, I was.
"It was dark, wasn't it?"
"Yes, pitch dark."
"Did he say anything?"
"Of course."
"What?"
"Oh, I couldn't hear what he said."
"How do you know he said anything?"
"Because I felt his lips move."
"How do you know his lips moved?"
"Now, that's just like you! You always want to find out everything!"

A man's idea of sympathy is to look sad and put a girl's hand.

A promising young man is good, but a paying one is better.

War Demands
Saving of Sugar,
Saving of Fuel,
Use of other
Grains with Wheat
—No Waste.

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Try it.
"There's a Reason"