

HUMOR OF THE DAY FOR THE CHILDREN

All Gone to Waste.

His hair was streaked with gray. Fine lines had made their appearance at the corners of his eyes and around his mouth.

But the fire of youth still shone undimmed in his visual orbs.

"Buenavista McCorkle," he exclaimed, "how long have I been coming to see you?"

"You know as well as I do, Bolivar Pyke," answered the maid, lovely still, though in her early autumn. "Twenty years."

"Twenty years! Why didn't you give me the key nitt ages ago?"

"I think I did—occasionally. Why have you continued to stick about?"

"Perhaps because you never absolutely put the kibosh on me and perhaps because?"

"You got into the habit of it, and it was too much trouble to break away."

"Buenavista, you know better than that. Haven't I told you a thousand times that I love you?"

"Never just in that way, Bolivar, I think. You may have hinted it a few hundred times possibly, but that's all."

"But, great Scott, Buenavista, I've hung on during all these years because I couldn't give you up and because I have still cherished the hope that some day you would consent to—"

"Are you asking me to marry you, Bolivar?"

"Sure! Doesn't that seem to be the general trend of my remarks on this auspicious occasion?"

"Oh, Bolivar," she murmured in his ear as his arm—but never mind his arm—"what a lot of time you've wasted! Why didn't you put up that line of talk nineteen years and six months ago?"—Chicago Tribune.

Friendly Messages.

A man went into a hotel and left his umbrella in the stand with a card bearing this inscription attached to it:

"This umbrella belongs to a man who can deal a blow of 250 pounds weight. He will be back in ten minutes."

On returning to seek his property he found in its place a card thus inscribed:

"This card was left by a man who can run twelve miles an hour. He will not return."—Detroit Free Press.

The Graceful Thing.

A letter came from the clothing firm saying that the cloth that had been sent them was full of moths.

Was the wholesale house taken aback? Not it.

By return post went a missive to this effect:

"On looking over your order we find that you did not order any moths. It was our error, and you will please return them at once, at our expense."—Scraps.

Encouragement.

"This is the fourth time you have asked me to marry you," said the good looking girl resentfully. "I am sure I have never encouraged you."

"I don't know about that," replied the serious young man. "You're the only girl I know who doesn't laugh when I propose to her."—Washington Star.

A Resourceful Lad.

Mother—Tommy, aren't you ashamed to come to grandma's table with those dirty hands. Go right upstairs and wash them.

Child—Oh, ma, need I? There'll be finger bowls right after this grapefruit.—Brooklyn Life.

Genuine.

He—That's a queer looking rocking chair.

She—Yes; it was brought over in the Mayflower.

He—Ah, indeed! One of the original Plymouth rockers, as it were.—Chicago News.

Fooling the Public.

"Why did you have your book advertised as the unexpurgated edition? There is nothing in it that a child might not read."

"I know, but I had to do something to boost the sales."—Houston Post.

The Modern Polonius.

"Now, my boy, don't expect to work wonders in this world."

"All right, dad."

"You can get quicker returns by working suckers."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

A Valuable Asset.

"Face kneaded, sir?" queried the barber.

"You bet!" answered the man in the chair. "I couldn't get along without it."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

The Campus Fight.

"Has your son taken the preliminary step toward entering college?"

"I think so. He wires that he's in the hospital."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Explained.

"Why was it that Jack Spratt could eat no fat and his wife could eat no lean?"

"Because meat was so high, I guess."—New York Press.

The Cox of Living.

McClubber—The footpad said "Money at your life" so I gave him \$2.

Mrs. McClubber—Halt! You're always getting stuck, Billy!—Pack.

Its Effect.

Mrs. Gibly—That queer little Mrs. Shroy was ostracized.

Mrs. Comcup—Did it take?—Baltimore American.

A Halloween Witches' Race.

Two lively tissue paper witches are made of black paper and brown straws. For making each witch four straws four inches in length are needed. These straws are tied securely together one inch from their tops. The straws are then bent out below the place where they are tied and are fastened at equal intervals from each other by thin picture wire, which is wound around the lower end of each straw. The picture wire, thus holding the four straws apart, thus forms a square foundation for the witch to stand upon. When the four straws are so arranged the skeleton is complete. The costume consists of a balloonlike skirt and a little knoblike hood, all made of one piece of black paper tied over the skeleton and tucked up around the wire at the bottom of the little figure. Two of these little ladies are now placed on opposite sides of the room and are fanned across a hardwood or linoleum covered floor to meet each other. They must touch in passing at least once, as if to strike each other, a wisp of straw having been tucked into their waists to serve as broomsticks. The first to reach the opposite wall is victor. The old fashioned palm leaf fan is best suited for this blowing contest, and held close to the floor as it is flapped it will drive the witch along. The witches may dance across the dining room table if there is no smooth floor.

History of Halloween.

Halloween is the eve of Allhallowes or All Saints' day and comes down from the last of three festivals observed by the Druids.

The Druids were a tribe of ancient days who were scattered over northern Europe, and their three great festivals occurred on May 1, the season for sowing; June 21, the time for ripening, and Oct. 31, the harvest season.

On the 31st of October the Druid priests met at their sacred altars, dressed in their white robes, to extinguish the fires and kindle new ones that were to insure prosperity for the coming year. Amid mighty shouting and much ceremony this rite was carried out, as the fires were believed to protect the homesteads from peril so long as they remained burning. As the Druidic faith faded with the advent of Christianity, the ceremony took on a different character. Gradually what was once a serious performance grew into our present mode of celebration, a time for merrymaking.

The staple minded country folk began to believe that on Halloween the fairies forsook their hiding places to dance in the forests, while goblins and witches held sway over deserted ruins and dark byways.

Game of Days.

This is a good game for seven players. As each one is named for a day of the week, one player calls himself Monday, another Tuesday, another Wednesday, and so on until all seven players are named. All stand in a line opposite a high wall or a high fence. The leader throws a ball to the wall and then calls the name of any player he wishes to catch it. If Monday is called that player must have the ball safe in his hands by the time the leader counts ten out loud. If Monday is not quick enough or if he misses the ball he loses his turn and the leader throws the ball again. When twelve children wish to play the game might be called the game of months, for each child would then be named for one of the months of the year.

Halloween Candle Test.

Twelve lighted candles are set on the table, and each guest has three chances to blow them out. The number left burning shows the number of years one must wait for the husband or wife desired. In another test each candle is named for a month, and each girl is blindfolded, turned around three times and told to take a candle from the row and blow it out. If the candle falls to expire after being blown three times the girl will meet her fate before next Halloween. If it expires on the first she will meet her fate in the same year in the month for which the candle is named.

Jerboa, the Jumping Rat.

In old world countries lives a small rat called the jerboa, which is remarkable for the long leaps it is able to make by means of its hind feet and tail, after the manner of a kangaroo. Its fore legs are so small that the ancient Greeks used to call it two footed. Its tail is long and cylindrical, covered with short hair and tufted at the end. It is an exceedingly neat little animal and twists its body in all sorts of ways when making its toilet.

Halloween.

The wind amid the wan wood straws. With twofold energy it's sent upon the mystic revelers.

Assembling when October's spent To stare on plumes high in air.

Or slide on gauzette wings of lace Or float on broomsticks everywhere With devil's or with fairy's face.

Beckle the fire the black cat lies. Now and again sneezily.

He starts with wild and fiery eyes And looks for lurid mystery. Then, when he thinks himself unseen, Black Tom goes forth in wondrous guise And joins the dances on Halloween Of sprites and demons in the skies.



Milady's Mirror

Here are a few rules that the girl who is determined to diet does well to observe. There is too much trilling with our digestions these days, and not the least harm is done by the notion for under-eating.

Never diet on the advice of a friend. Her regime may have done wonders for her and will put you to bed or make you a sorry looking wreck.

Don't diet to excess at any time. Girls, make sure your doctors know dietetics. Many physicians, good in other things, have little knowledge of the effect of food upon the system.

If you must diet from a cause, as from diabetes or kidney trouble, do it religiously. Almost better not begin than to do it spasmodically, letting up whenever food tempts you.

If you diet only for the sake of figure or complexion count the cost before starting. Cutting out the foods of ordinary family meals is hard. Ask yourself, "Which means most to me—the loss of a few pounds or being a nuisance at mealtime?"

Don't keep on dieting if you feel that it disagrees with you. This holds good even when your food list is carefully censored by a physician. The best of them will make mistakes. Find out in time what is wrong.

Don't diet to excess at any time. Women often go to the point of weakening their entire systems by injudiciously following a doctor's advice.

Common sense and moderation are good things to hold to in the matter of food.

Care of the Feet.

The American woman is said to rival the Chinese in the abuse of her feet. But the oriental woman has the advantage over the occidental—she waddles frankly, while the American girl cultivates grace and eloquence of carriage in the narrowest of shoes, the highest of heels or the most treacherous of pumps.

Corns on the soles of the feet are often developed by wearing shoes which are too narrow. They can be removed with a lotion composed of colodion and salicylic acid.

Callosities made by the pump which slips can be rubbed off with pumice stone, after which cold cream must be applied.

To feet which swell easily some comfort is restored by a bath containing salt and borax.

For troublesome perspiration use eris powder, alum water or a lotion consisting of four ounces of bay rum and eight grains of tannic acid.

Sweeping Good Exercise.

Sweeping exercises every muscle of the body. It is sufficiently vigorous to give good exercise, and at the same time it is not so strenuous as to over-tire. A woman who sweeps does it regularly at certain hours of the day, and regularity in exercise makes for good.

Then, again, the exercise is exercise with a definite object in view. The mind is interested at the same time as the body is employed.

Sweeping movements are particularly good for the lungs. The chest muscles are exercised all the time, and this helps to establish deep breathing. This naturally tends to produce a good figure as well as a pure state of the blood and therefore a good complexion.

The old fashioned broom should be used and not the patent carpet sweeper. Tea leaves or damp bran should be used beforehand to prevent the dust from rising and getting into the lungs.

Rest Cure For the Hair.

Rest cure for the hair is being practiced by American society women. It requires that they give up their social engagements for a week, but it rewards them with lustrous healthy hair, in addition to giving them a chance to relax from the strenuous rush of social calls. Autumn is the best time for the rest cure, as the hair thins out and often gives women much alarm. During the cure vanity compels the women to remain in hiding except to their most intimate friends. Hats and hair structures are discarded. The hair is permitted to hang loose. There are no curls. No hat is worn, and the sun is permitted to shine on the hair, giving it a rich luster. It is brushed frequently, and the hair is secured in coils rather than in curls, but as few pins as possible are used to hold the coils together.

Toilet Table Necessities.

A good face cream for removing soil. A face powder that will protect and not clog in the pores.

A soap free from all impurities—better unscented.

A good nail polish.

Cucumber or witch hazel jelly for chapped hands and lips.

Peroxide for removing the dark lines on the neck left by high, tight collars.

A bag of almond meal to use in the bath for whitening the skin.

A Good Cleanser.

A mixture for removing dirt from the hands quickly, also for whitening and softening the skin. It is made from melted castile soap and oatmeal mixed with a little water. A few drops of perfume may be added if the odor of the oatmeal is unpleasant.

POULTRY

NEST FOR HENS AND CHICKS.

Plan for Keeping the Chickens Separated While Laying.

I have a set of nests for sitting hens that is cheap and keeps each hen where she belongs, says a writer in Farm and Home. Take two 12-inch boards 14 feet long for bottom and nail them to 2x4 crosspieces, to raise it off the ground. Then two



Front and Side View of Nests.

12-inch boards 14 feet long for front and one for the back. Make partitions, C, every 18 inches. Put on a top like a lid, as shown at D, with three hinges on front side, so it can be raised from the back. Cover the top with tin or roofing paper. Cut a hole, B, in front of each division seven inches square for hen to enter, and put the doors on hinges.

Also cut a hole, A, in top of each place four-inch square for ventilation, and hinge so it will drop down. Nail screen over top hole on inside, so when left open at night nothing can get in. Set it under a shed in early spring or out of doors as the season advances and set the hens in it. When they hatch remove the old nest, tack a lath across the opening, B, to confine the hen, and you have an ideal coop for the young chicks.

Colds.

During the fall and winter months the fowls will very likely contract colds which must be treated at once otherwise that dread disease, roup, is sure to develop.

We cannot fail to detect the first symptoms of cold, as they are identical with those of the human family. The head and face of the fowl become feverish, the eyes almost close, and there is a slight gasping as the fowl breathes.

Remove the fowl to a dry, warm room; fill a can two-thirds full of water and pour about an inch of kerosene on top of this and dip the fowl's head into this several times, very quickly, and then anoint with carbolic vaseline, or any other good salve you happen to have.

Repeat the treatment each day for three days or longer, if necessary. Kerosene is one of the best remedies for colds, and should be used liberally.

A little put in corn meal dough and fed to the entire flock is a good preventative.—Mrs. L. Simmons.

The Dry Feed System.

One of the modern ways of feeding poultry that is practiced with more or less success is the dry mash system. By this method a hopper filled with a dry mixture of ground feeds is kept constantly before the fowls so that they need never be hungry. This mixture consists of bran, middlings, ground oats, corn meal, cut clover or alfalfa and beef scraps. These hoppers are of proper size so they will need filling once or twice a week.

In addition, the fowls are given two feeds daily of mixed grains strewn in the litter in the shed. The fowls relish these whole grains more than the ground mixture and will work diligently to find every kernel of it. Cabbage and other vegetables are fed to the fowls to keep them in laying condition. I have seen flocks that have yielded a good egg product under this system, but I doubt if it will ever come into general use.—A. C. Hawkins, Worcester County, Mass.

Chickens and Fruit.

Those who raise poultry should have small fruit trees of some kind, which will furnish both shade for the fowls and fruit for the family. Plums, many varieties of which have so far been developed that the fruit is very delicious, do exceedingly well in the poultry yard. The several new varieties are very fine, and a few of the trees should be planted in the poultry yard.

Cherries are also fast growing trees and do especially well in the poultry yard.

Pears, peaches and apples are also adjuncts to the poultry yard, and should always be planted where one contemplates establishing the yards.

Fowls must have shade, and there is no better way of supplying it; besides fruit trees seem to be the better from their association with fowls.

Selection of Stock Turkeys.

In November a gobbler and eight hens are selected. The male must be of a standard variety—have a full round breast, long body, large bone, large feet and legs and full of vigor, says the Rural Home. We use hens two years old that are strong, healthy and vigorous, medium size, well formed and good bones. They are kept in good order, not fattened and roast in the open. Every two years new blood is introduced.

Feed for Eggs.

If you would have eggs this winter you should feed your hens and pullets all they will eat of the best food obtainable. Eggs are going to bring good prices this winter.

MISS E. LILLIAN TODD.

Aeroplane Inventor Who Says She Never Will Fly.



New York, Nov. 10.—"An aeroplane is no place for a woman, either as a passenger or a driver. A woman's place is on the ground. No woman was ever put on earth with the intention that she should risk her neck riding in an aeroplane."

These declarations come from Miss E. Lillian Todd, the only woman in America to build an aeroplane.

"Women may build and perfect machines of this kind, but let them leave it to the men to operate—and incidentally risk their necks," she said.

The trial flight of Miss Todd's latest machine was made by Aviator D. Mason and took place at the Garden City testing grounds. A strong wind was blowing at the time, and rather than risk death or the destruction of the machine, the aviator kept close to the ground.

"Eating Crow."

The term "eating crow" comes from an ante-Revolutionary story. A soldier of an English regiment stationed in Virginia shot a pet crow belonging to a farmer. The latter entered a complaint with the colonel, who sentenced the soldier to eat the crow. The farmer was left alone with the soldier to see that he did it. After the soldier had consumed a portion of the bird he took his gun, presented it at the farmer and told him to eat the remainder of the crow or he would shoot him. This was the origin of the eating crow story.

In Sunday School.

Superintendent—Can any little boy tell me why we have the eagle in churches? See, here is one on the lectern and one in this stained glass window.

Tommie Howard—I know. The eagle is a bird of prey.—Widow.

The Supply.

Knicker—All the fools aren't dead yet. Bocker—Another trouble is that they aren't all born yet.—New York Press.

STORE ETIQUETTE.

Village Merchant Considers the Demands of Hospitality.

The summer visitor in a small seaport town was amazed and amused at the assortment of merchandise displayed in the little store at the head of the wharf.

The showcase was devoted to an assortment of candy at one end and a lot of cigars and tobacco at the other end, and no barrier between. Next to the showcase stood a motor engine valued at several hundred dollars.

"Thinking to please the proprietor," says the Youth's Companion, "the visitor remarked that even the large department stores in Boston could not boast of such a collection."

"Well," he said, "I ain't aping them stores, I can tell you. I aim to keep what my folks want. When a man wants an engine for his boat he wants it, and if the fish are running he can't wait to send way to Portland or Boston for it. He wants it when he does, then and there."

After a little pause he continued: "I don't like the way they do business in them big stores, anyway. Why, when you go into a store up to Boston the first thing you know somebody asks you what you want."

"Now, I never do anything like that. If a man comes into my place I pass the time of day and ask him to set, and after he's set and talked a while if he wants anything he'll tell me. I never pester a man to buy. Maybe he ain't come to buy; maybe he's come to talk."

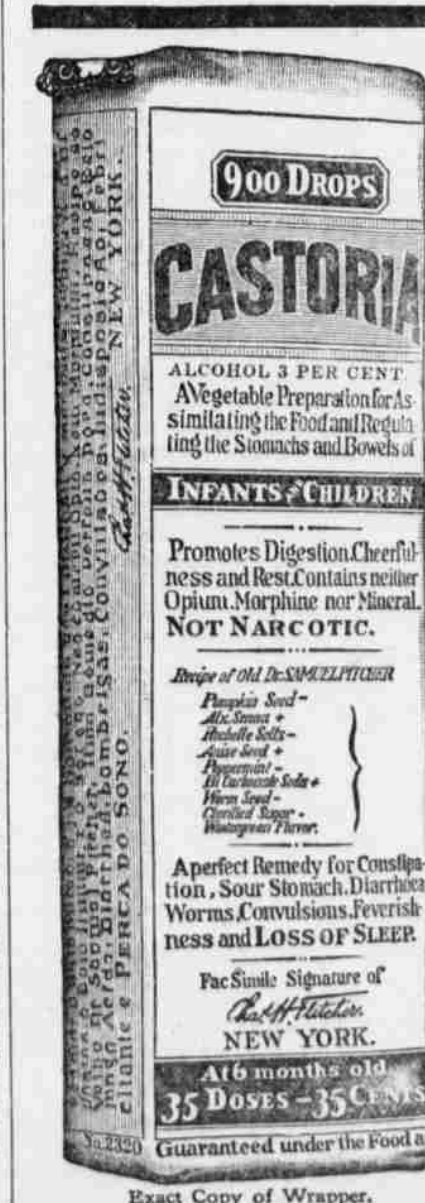
Ideal Summer Luncheon.

"Watch the luncheons of Italian laborers if you want pointers on ideal hot weather meals," said a domestic science teacher whose windows overlook a street where many Italians have recently been employed. "Every day at noon I settle myself at a window and watch each man as he opens his lunch package."

"Nine out of ten of these luncheons are made up of some fresh green thing like lettuce or radishes or perhaps tomatoes, with brown bread and cheese. What could be better than this viewed from a scientific standpoint? The brown bread and cheese give nourishment and the fresh, green vegetables provide the refreshment."

"The tomato is bitten into as you would eat an apple or a pear. In the other hand the luncher holds his slice of brown bread spread with cheese, and alternates bites from each hand. The melon he cuts in crescent shaped pieces with his pocket knife and gnaws the pulp of each piece close down to the rind. Of course, it isn't cold, but what does he care?"

"The lettuce is not separated into leaves and eaten little by little, not at all. The young Italian workman bites into the head of lettuce just as he did into the raw tomato and munches the leaves slowly, as he takes occasional mouthfuls of the brown bread in his other hand."—New York Sun.



CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

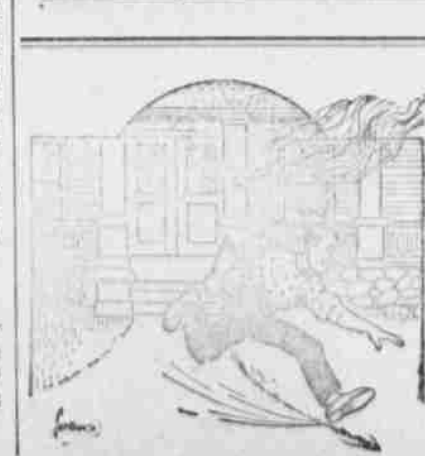
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