

Magazine Page



This Day in Our History.

THIS is the anniversary of the surrender of Ponce, in Porto Rico, to the Americans in 1898. The Spanish

The Wolves of New York A Story of Love Women in the Shop and on PREPARE FOR WINTER By Loretto C. Lynch Lilian Feels Assured Both She and Esther Had Been Mysteriously Drugged by Some

she argued with herself, though in her heart, she was fully con-vinced that the "evil influence" of Adderley—as she herself had describ-ed it—had in some way been brought

The atmosphere in the room was very heavy. She felt oppressed by it, and a desire for sleep came upon her. What need was there to watch all night! If any danger threatened she rould be instantly awakened by it. Probably it was in her desire for sleep that she had been so long arguing to horself that her fears were exagger-ated. Her eyes closed, and it was with difficulty that she tore the lids

She arose and walked up and down tion might disturb Esther.

She felt very languid and heavy, overcome by an almost irre-sistible desire to sleep. There seemed, too, to be a strange perfume in the air, a sweet exotic scent that had about it a subtle suggestion of the last. Suddenly Lilian noticed that the

fame of the lamp was almost concoaled from her; it was as if the room was filled with heavy fumes which could be divined rather than seen. Her limbs were languid; she felt incapable of action. She knew that she ought to throw open the door or a window; in imagination ahe saw herself doing so. In reality she dragged herself across the room toward the fire, and here she fell into a chair, and sleep overcome.

> CHAPTER CX. The Sleepy Drug.

ep overcame here.

It was not an absolute uncon sciousness which overtook Lilian. Rather it was a complete languer of the limbs, an inability to move, however much she desired to do so. She felt assured that both she and Esther had been drugged by some strange method and by some peculiarly subtle poison. Unknow-ingly, Ether had been subjected to process night after night, and weird, fantastic dreams had been the consequence of it. Lilian's will kept urging her to rise and throw off the influence, but her limbs refused to obey her will. The

the object of molesting her she would have been powerless to as-For a few moments the dread of such an event was upon her. Her eyes were fixed upon the door in exaggerated horror, but all was still, and gradually the "stupor which had affected her limbs

aromatic scent that tainted the air was heavy in her nostrils, and she knew that she was inhaling great draughts of it at every breath. Had any one chiefed the room with

reached her brain. Lilian could not recall her dream

if she did dream at all. She had
a vague impression that the
shadows upon the wall were forming themselves into strange shapes,
dark shapes that gradually became
luminous, and at last glowed with
wind color.

wivid color. with Eather, crimson, green, and yellow were the predominating hues. To her mind, they appeared like rapidly revolving wheels. hurt her to watch them, and there was none of the restfulness of sen-sation which Esther had described. Certainly her appreciation of time was lost; she could have said if her stupor lasted a few seconds or an

It must have endured for some hours, for when at last Lillian started to her feet, conscious of a voice calling to her, the light of dawn was filtering into the room. She was dazed, and her head pained her badly; also, she was suffering from the same sensations which Eather had described, the cold limbs, the onickly beating heart, the presof blood to the brain.

"Lilian, ch. Lilian!" Lilian staggered to Esther's bed "Oh. Lillian, my head! It is paining me so badly. I have gone through it all again—but worse, far worse, than ever before." The girl

groaned pitifully.
"We have been drugged," said Lillian hoarsely. "That's what it is, and it is to that you owe your strange dreams. I, too, have been nder the influence. Ugh"-there under the influence. Ugh"—there was a sense of nausea in her throat "the horrid scent is hanging about the room still. Great goodness, let me be quick and open a window."

She made her way to the window reeling as if drunk, and after much difficulty—for her fingers seemed to have lost their power—she threw back the shutters, forced up the frame, and allowed the cool, sweet the unwholesome atmosphere of the

"Thank heaven for this pure air." she cried as she leaned out of the window, greedily inhaling the antinote of the poison which she had ab

"Yes, you have been drugged every night. I cannot say by what but you know the effect o it. I have felt it also, and knew all the time what was happening to me. My head is aching like yours, and just now I could hardly move my limbs—they were so numb and cold."
"But how and why?" Eather was
gasing stupidly at the open window.
"I don't understand."

"Come here and breathe the pure air. That is the best thing to do for the moment." Lilian, her strength restored, went to the bed and, lifting Esther like a child, car-

ried her to the window.

The morning was frosty, and a white mist lay over the garden, a that gave promise of a fine,

"What time is it?" Esther shivered and drew the dressing gown Lillian had thrown over her

which Littles more closely about her.
"It must be about seven o'clock."
"It is always about that time that I wake up," said Esther, "I hear the stable clock strike the hour just as I am recovering my senses. But I never thought there was anything re than a dream, though it was strange that the same dream should recur over and over again. And even now I can hardly believe that what you may is true—it seems too

terrible, I cannot understand why"

-She broke off suddenly-"Tell me
all that happened, Lilian."

in a few words Lilian."
In a few words Lilian told her
own experience of the right.
"It was a vapor that filed the
room," she said. "I don't know
whence it came or what it was. I whence it came or what it was. I thought, while I was sitting reading, that the atmosphere of the room was very close, and I gradually got so sleepy that I could hardly keep my eyes open. What I really noticed first was the strange perfume in the room; it was heavy, like incense, though there was nothing visible. Have you ever smelt it, Esther?"

Esther shook her head

meit it, Esther."

Esther shook her head.

"I must have succumbed to it at once," she said. "Sometimes after I woke up, I have thought that the room was very close. My maid has noticed it, too, when she has called me in the morning. And so it was me in the morning. And so it was a drug that caused all those strage dreams. What devillsh work! Do you think"—she lowered her voice and looked about her fearfully— "do you think they meant to polson me, Lilian?"

"I cannot explain the object to does not look as if this trick were played with any intent to do you immediate physical harm. You have been under the influence of these fumes ten times now, have you

"Hardly that Perhaps eight" "And you think there might be a tendency to acquire a liking for the kind of dreams which the drug in-duces" toathes the idea of returning to the world; one forgets all the miseries and petty troubles of life; one desires nothing, fears nothing. It is like lotus land. Lillian-do you think it is of um I have been in-

similar in your case and mine— those flashes of light, you know, and the revolving circles of red, green, and yellow. I doubt if it is opium, as we know opium, or, indeed, any drug acknowledged by the Pharmacopeia. But there are drugs, Esther, of which that august work knows nothing. There are herbs which have peculiar properties ignored by all save a few. The gypsies know of many such, and they preserve the secrets in their families, handing them down from generation to seneration. I know-for once during my time at Adderley there was a gypsy encampment in the wood, and I often used to talk to the good

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the Farm



66 W ELL, when I think of of the thirteen below zero day last winter that Aunt Mary and her three shivering youngsters came to ask shelter after the water and the ask shelter after the water and the gas had frozen in her house and there wasn't a speck of coal to be had, no matter how warm the day is now, I am slways preparing for win-ter." Mrs. Wills was talking. No, such a remark on a summer day, when "Heaven tries the earth if it be in tune," was not a bit ro-mantle—it wasn't even mildly po-etic—it was decidedly shocking to

By Loretta C. Lynch.

etic—it was decidedly shocking to the writer of fiction, but—it was practical, foresighted. The country housewife has long been accustomed to intensive prepa-ration for winter during the summer months, but intensive preparation for winter is a bit new to the major-

Of course, every woman who pos sibly can is preserving as many fruits and vegetables as possible for the winter months. But there are lots of other foods that may be are lots of other foods that may be preserved. Have you ever thought of buying half a dozen chickens and preserving them for winter? A good soup, clear or with rice, may be made first and canned. Then the chicken meat may be canned. The soup and the meat will lend themselves to a dozen different, quickly prepared dishes some busy day next

ADVICE TO THE

LOVELORN

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

A Snob!

I am sixteen and am consider-

ed good looking and can con-

verse well. I am working as

bookkeeper and typist at present

in a downtown office, making

I am under the impression that

I am a daughter of God, just as

well as the rich girl is. I am not

poor, but at the same time I am

not rich We (our family) have

please tell me how I can do this.

I have one rich uncle, and he thinks be is different because he

has more money. K.
Your trouble is easy to diagnose.

You are a snob! Of course you are a daughter of God as well as are the wealthy, but so are the other

people in moderate circumstances away from whom you wish to climb. Suppose you work, work

to learn to love beauty and char

acter instead of money. Coming in contact with rich people won't bring you one thing, because just

now you can only attract second

rate mediocre people. Make your-self first clasa. Study and improve your mind. Do a bit of war work.

Try to get on in your office and don't condemn yourself to the ugly poverty of ignorance and snobbery.

Decidedly Not.

Artist-Oh, milkmaid, if you wil

"Sorry, sir; but I'm getting

pose for me, I'll give you a dollar

climb. Suppose you work, hard, try to improve yourself

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

\$14 per week

commander reported the surrender through the British Consul, and our troops held the city as a base for the control of the island roads.

servation Plan gested a merchant to a late Satur-day evening shopper. "I will let you can home might remain intact and, in return, he asked nothing. Now it is not always possible for have them very cheap. Your youngsters will enjoy them next winter," he continued. "How do I know I'll be alive next

winter-maybe, after I bother, I won't be alive to eat them." And then to a few other late shoppers she remarked: "These people that are always worryin' about next winter make me tired. As I al-ways say, let the future take cars of itself. I'll got something to eat next winter—don't worry, mister." And it wasn't until she remem-bered that she hadn't washed out Willie's Sunday school suit for the morrow that she "flounced" out of

so she would get something some-how! And she feared that if she-put some patriotic effort into the preserving of food for future use and that if she, personally, did not get a chance to eat it, she would have suffered an irreparable loss. Several times within the past Several times within the past week I have heard similar remarks from kitchen slackers. Supposing you do not get the fruits of your labors? Some other American will.

How I wish all these kitchen slackers could have attended the impressive military funeral given the late Major John Purroy Mitchel?

There one could not help but feel There one could not help but feel that no smerifice on the part of the protected women behind the line could be too great. For here one could be too great. For here one beheld a hero who gave his life it-self that the most obscure Ameri-

Now Is the Time For Every Housewife to Put Up Food

and Help in the Nation's Con-

In return, he asked nothing.

Now it is not always possible for a woman to preserve and store a large quantity of food, but if one searches sufficiently diligently she will surely find a space where she may lay aside something for "the worst days of winter."

During the dreadful freeze last winter an old-time housekeeper showed me the "worst days of winter inche in her little apariment. It contained a couple of dozen preserved eggs, some sliced bacon in glass, half a dozen came of each of several vegetables. There was a small crock of chesses and a couple of packages of macaroni, a couple of glasses of felly, some canned milk, and a couple of sugar, as well as a pound of coffee, and a tin boxful of matches commemergency" food. She had gotten "emergency" food. She had gotten it together months before and had steadfastly refused to drew upon it until the weather became so had she was unable to go out.

Hoarding? Not a bit of it. There's a vast difference between having a little emergency food on hand and hoarding up large quantities of scarce food of which each one of us requires a little.

Perhaps the days of plenty will some day come back to us. Perhaps the days when we can have as much sugar and flour as we want. But awaiting that glad day, American housewives must work unitedly to conserve the food.

American housewives must work unitedly to conserve the food. There is no better time than now to prepare for the winter days ahead.

Foch's Private Life.

In an intimate character sketch of General Foch by/M. Rene Barjean; the interesting statement is made that the name of the generalissimo is of Celtic origin, "Foex," which means "fire," and that he has the blue eyes of the

Foch, before the war, divided his

You may go, James, sed Pa

awnings, sed Pa.

I feel nervus wen you talk that
way, sed Ma. Sumtimes I think I
way, sed Ma. Sumtimes I think I will nevver go out & eet

Ma.

It is certainly a change from yure cooking, sed Pa, but it isent any welcum change. You have spoilt me for ceting out, sed Pa. There was a gurl singing a at one of the tabels. She was sing-ing it for her Bo, I guess, but the peepul at the other tabels cud hear

peepul at the other tabels cud hear it. It was sumthing about Skip, Hop & Over the Top.
What a lot of War Songs one heers nowadays, sed Ma.
Yes indeed, sed Pa, War Songs helps to win the war. I herd one yesterday, sed Pa, that made me want to fite. The gent wich rote it, sed Pa, had tried to maik Aeroniane rime with Pershing, said Pa.

I had a lot of fun eeting at that restaurant, beekaus there was so much to see & hear eeven if there wasent much of food to eet. But wen I am hungry I will eet at hoam, beekaus them Porshuns wich the waiter brot to us was so littel that I cuddent hardly see them. In the old days, sed Pa, I used to like to git a Squair Meel at one of these esting plaices, but the meels wich we git now are very oblong, sed Pa, this peece of roast beef is bilt lik a kite string, sed Pa. Thare is no plaice like hoam at

Equal to the Occasion.

having entered the small town of Roye, one of the officers swaggered into an hotel, hailed a waiter, and called for a meal, at the same time laying his aword on the table. The waiter returned with a pitchfork, which he placed by the sword, "What does this mean?" demanded the officer in a gruff voice. "Oh," replied the waiter, "this is the only fork I could find to

I got my money by hard work."
"Why, I thought it was left you by your uncle."
"So it was; but I had hard work

WUXTREE!

A big shoe factory burned today, It was a fearful helocaust;

Bobbie and His Pa

By William F. Kirk .

A took Ma & me to cet in & resterant last nite, we doant go to resterants vary much beekaus Pa likes to est at hoam ware he can talk his cots off if it is hot he sed.

The Walter brot sum water & looked at us like our teacher looks at us wen she is tired.

Pa tould the Waiter what we wanted & the Waiter sed The Long

wanted & the Walter sed The Long Hand Duckling is vary fine.
Who is this Long Hand Duckling he toald you about sed Ma wen the Walter went to get our Food.
Rite here on the Bill of Fair, sed Pa, marked two dollars a porshum. What is a porshun, I asked Pa. It is a term used in these here palaces of Provinder, sed Pa. A porshun is % of a frackshun, sed Pa. In other words, a porshun is nothing to speek of. I am gitting less & less of a Diner Out, sed Pa. I am a grate heam body around Meal Time, sed Pa.

The Walter brot our dinner & The Walter brot our dinner &

You nevver can tell about these gents, sed Pa after the Waiter had went. He mite be a German Count. sed Pa, trying to git a ear full. It would be hard for him to reemem-ber a ear full, by the size of his

One nevver knows with whom one is rubbing shoulders with, Ma sed. But this dinner tastes good for a change from my own cooking, sed

plane rime with Pershing, said Pa. But it will do good, sed Pa, that song. Everybody that evver heers it will want to fite, sed Pa.

A company of German soldiers, match your knife!"

"I want you to understand that

getting it away from the lawyers."

I heard one of the firemen say At least ten thousand soles wer lost. —Luke McLuke,

Foch, before the war, divided his time between his family and reading and sport. His favorite reading is history. He loves the works of the eld French composers, has a passion for antique furniture, and is particularly fond of trees. His tastes are simple. He eats sparingly, drinks wine and coffee, but no spirits, and smokes small cigara. He finds it necessary to light every cigar five or six times, and keeps an electric lighter in his motor car.

The generalissimo's favorite recreation is horse exercise. He is particularly attached to a thoroughbred which he bought a year before the war, and which is with him wherever he goes.

Unnecessary Trouble.

Herbert and Louise were dining off fowl in a restaurant, "You see," he explained, as he showed her the wishbone, "you take hold here. Then we must both make a wish and pull, and when it breaks the one who has the biggest part of it one who has the biggest part of it will have his or her wish granted."
"But I don't know what to wish for!" she protested. "Oh, you can think of something!" he said. "Ho, I can't she replied. "I can't think of anything I want very much." "Well, I'll wish for you." he exclaimed. "Will you really?" she asked. "Tea." "Well, then, there's no use fooling with the old wishbone," she interrupted, with a glad smile, "you can have me."

The Jury's Difficulty.

"Gentlemen of the jury," said a judge as he concluded his charge. "If the evidence shows in your minds that pneumonia, even indirectly, was the cause of the man's death, the prisoner cannot be convicted." An hour later a messenger came from the jury room. "The gentlemen of the jury," he said. "desire information." "On what point of evidence" "Nome, your lordship; they want to know how to spell pneumonia!" to spell pneumonial

Yes, Indeed, Who? "I can never be yours. Here are

your presents." "All very fine. But who's going to return all those cigars I bought your father and all those dimes I gave your little brother?

WONDERING.

The German people seem to be Devoted to the Kaiser grim. I often wonder what they see To rave about in him.

YOU KNOW HIM.

All honest labor he will shiele. I speak of Henry Heeple; You see, he doesn't have to work. He's working other people.

HINTS FOR THE HOUSEHOLD

Bacon is much nicer if steamed instead of boiled, and less fat is If you peel onions under a run

ning tap you will find that your eyes will not water.

Milk puddings should always be cooked slowly. If cooked quickly, the milk evaporates. If you boll rice in water for ten

minutes before making a rice pud-ding less milk is needed. with half milk and half water you will find it just as nice.

When soaking dried green peas you should use boiling water, as this brightens their color. You should save rainwater for

washing and washing-up. By using

Puss in Boots, Jr. By David Cory.

OW as soon as the layer cake and the peppermint stick and the chocolate-coated caramel mouse I told you about in the last story appeared on the little white napkin a big giant-ess sat down and commenced to eat. And pretty soon the cake and candy were all gone, and if the little chocolate mouse hadn't run away he would have been eaten up, too, tall and all.

And then Puss and the parrot

went on their way, and by and by, after a while, they came to a mossy cave where grew a wonderful white flower. And as soon as Puss and the parrot opened the little cave door the flower sang this song:

Nor plack me from my stalk, Or you will rob me of my life And end my flower talk." and end my flower talk."
"I won't harm you," answered little Påss Junior. "But, tell me, what
do you do here all day in your
mossy cave?"

"Do not touch my petals white

"I am the Queen of the Flowers." she replied, "and all the butterflies she replied, and all the are my winged messengers. I send them from flower to flower to bring me news of my kingdom." And me news of my kingdom." And then she opened her beautiful petals wider and sang again:
Butterflies, hasten upon your wings,
Over the meadow's sparkling grass.

Tell the red rose she must not look At herself in the looking glass."
"You see," said the wonderful
white flower queen, "Red Rose, is
very vain, and iostead of giving her
perfume to the wind, she spends

much of her time gazing at herself in her mirror."

And then the troop of butterflies flew away and Puss and the parrot said good-by to the Flower Queen and hastened on their journey, and by and by they came to a small co tage where a little girl stood weeping bitterly. And the reason she was crying was because her parrot had flown away.

And when Puss Junior's little

feathered friend heard this, she said: "Let me stay with this little girl." So Puss went on by himself until he came to a pond where a nother duck was scolding her broad of young ones because they wouldn't go in swimming with her. And, oh, dear me, she would swim for a little while and then she would come up on the bank and try to coax them into the water. But they were afraid and wouldn't leave

the land. But as soon as Puss drew near he began to laugh, for the young ones were not little ducks at allthey were chickens; only, of course, poor duck mother didn't know

that, for nobody had told her, you "Madam Duck, you have a brood of chickens," said Puss. And when Mrs. Madam Duck heard what Puss said, she began to cry, for she was dreadfully disappointed. And in the next story you shall hear what Puss did after that. Copyright, \$315, David Cory. (To Be Continued.)

The Unlucky Number.

"James," said a customer indulcently and yet firmly, "I ordered one dozen cysters. Now, in my young days, one dozen comprised precisely twelve. Why, then, have you brought only eleven?" James adjusted his serviette to the required position on his forearm and bowed elegantly. "Sir," he said calmly and evenly, "our patrons do not care to sit at thirteen at table!"

OF COURSE.

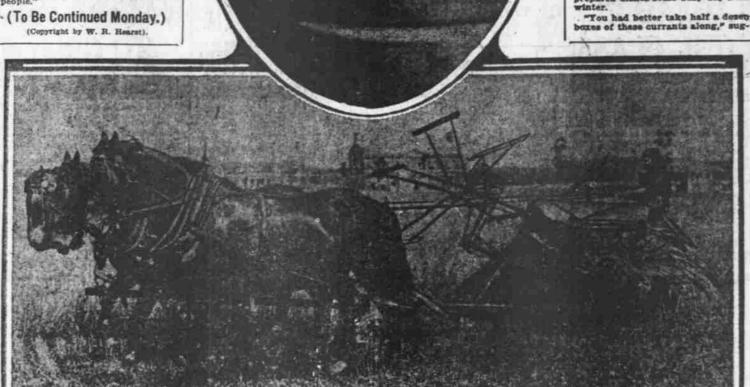
A young author said to William Dean Howells at a reception in the atters honor in Miami:

"That was Asterbilt who just asked you for your autograph, sir. You don't seem much impressed. don't seem much impressed.
"I can never understand," said Mr.
Howells, "why people should be impressed by millionaires. My own experience has been that whenever you unch with them they always let you

Mr. Howells laughed gaily. "That, of course, is how they be- questions, young man, I'll beat you

"I am afraid so." Esther shud-dered. "I think so all the more after my feelings of the night. The sensation becomes more and more pleasant as one yields to it. I can only describe it as a mysterious kind of oblivion. One hates and

"I cannot say." Lillian closed the window, for the air in the room was surified, and she feared lest Eather might take a chill. "It is strange that its effects should be so



Nowadays women are taking more and more interest in the tasks that before the war were associated only with men. No one is surng all sorts of

caps, and colored goggles, who have invaded the world of melting iron and flaming torches, at the Union Tool Co., Torrence, Cal. The girl here shown is welding the head on a steel decrease.

above is one of seventeen enthusiastic workers wearing overalls, HOW TO CAN

TOMATOES By Laura Buffum. Domestic Science Expert of the Na

tional War Garden Commission.) ELECT fresh, ripe, firm toma-toes. Grade for size, ripe-ness and quality. They will cook better if the same dedegree of ripeness and quality, and will look better. Wash, scald one-half to one and one-half minutes or until the skins loosen, but do not break. Scald means to immerse in

boiling water. Cold dip, but do not allow them to remain in the cold water. out the stem end, taking care not to cut into the seed cells, or the seed and pulp will later be scattered through the liquid, Remove the

Pack the tomatoes whole in the tars, doing one jar from the beginning to placing in sterilizer before starting on another. Shake down well, hitting the base of jar with paim of hand, and also press with a tablesquon but avoid crushing Do not add water. Hot tomato pulp may be added, otherwise add no

liquid whatever. Tomatoes are an exception to the general rule of hot water for vegetables, and hot water or hot syrup for fruits. A large part of the tomato is water. It is not necessary to add anything but one level teaspoonful of salt to each quart, and if liked, one-half tablespoonful of sugar.

The tomato pulp for home can

ning, made from large and broken tomatoes, cooked and strajned, should have one teaspoonful of salt to each quart, and should be poured ot into the filled jars, allowing it o enter the spaces. Put on rubber and top, adjust top ball or screw top on with thumb and little finger. Sterilize twenty-two minutes in hot water bath or sixteen minutes under five or ten pounds' steam pressure. Remove, tighten seal and cool. The commission will gladly answer any ques tions written on one side of the

POOR OLD PAW. Willie-Paw?

paper and sent in a self-addressed

stamped envelope.

Paw-What is it. my son? Willie-Could you say that a chief of police is a copperhead? Paw-If you don't quit asking millionaires, isn't it?" he said. until you can't stand up

The Health of Workers

INDUSTRIAL CLINICS SHOULD BE ESTABLISHED

By Bruce Belden, M. D. S our army expands, and so A many measures for the con-servation and improvement of the health of the troops are adoped, it would seem that the are adoped, it would seem that the time were opportune for greater sanitary and hygienic efforts among the civilian population, and particularly among the industrial workers. Especially requisite, it would seem, are efforts to safeguard the health of the girls and women entering upon occupations.

women entering upon occupations hitherto followed by men. In order to win the war the in-dustrial army must be maintained at a high point of physical efficiency. It is obvious that what applies to the fighting forces in respect applies equally to the

There is a great opportunity for a campaign of general enlighten-ment in matters of manitation and hygiene. Many individual workers are alive to the importance of the matter, and are caring for them-selves intelligently, but to all must be carried home the necessity of national self-preservation and phy-

sical efficiency.
In England, it has been noted that among the thousands of women brought suddenly into the industrial life of the country there is a strong tendency to resort to the use of patent medicines in a futile attempt to repair ailments due to violations of the laws of health. Self-medication, in response to the seductive allurements of advertisements and the well-meant sugges tions of friends, is always ill-ad-vised. This situation should be met by a campaign of education and by the provision of medical

Many of the allments in question are remediable by the application of right rules of living and do not call for the use of drugs at all.

The keeping of people well and
the raising of the general level of community health seldom involve the prescription of medicines. This is a truth to which the public must finally be led to subscribe. Modern medicine preaches it incessantly. and yet there is no thorough-going co-operation between the profession and the public along this line. Prevention of disease is the aim of the properly trained physician. He should be chiefly employed in

keeping people well, rather than in

ministering to avoidable diseases. That which is accessible to a few should be made accessible to all. The workers are also entitled to life, liberty, the pursuit of happiness, and to health.

What, practically, are the reme-dies for the present more or less he hazard state of affairs in respect to community health? The answer is competent medical supervision of industrial plants, additional legisla-tion, medical education of the pub-lic and proper wages. Industrial clinics should be established everywhere.

One of the most effective ways of countering against the insidious menace of quackery and nostrum venders is the publication in the press of the country of the simple truth about disease and its preven-tion and treatment, in which work the New York Evening Journal is adequately meeting the demands of

COLD PACK METHOD IN 12 SHORT STEPS

After sterillzing in hot water bath the Jars are removed and the top tightened, says the National War Garden Commission of Washington, which will send any reader of this

eopies of the Canning and Drying

"It is always drawn and quartered

Manual at any one of the 200 disisn't it?" said the Rummy as he headisn't it?" said the Rummy as he headisn't it?" said the Rummy as he headisn't it?"

enough to eat and clothe ourselves, but we haven't enough to have anything luxurious. It is always my wish to meet some rich young boys and girls.



ture concern over the hill." THEN IT HAPPENED! Garden Commission of Washington, which will send any reader of this paper a free canning book for a 2-rible death," sighed the Rummy, as the put his glass back on the bar. "How's that?" demanded the Barkeep, as he grabbed a bungstarter,

"It is always drawn and quartered

an hour."