

In the JUNGLE

With Cheerups and the Quixies
By Grace Bliss Stewart

DROMEDARY'S TEMPER

NOT in all the Great Desert is there a worse disposition than Don Dromedary's. He just can't help snarling and scolding.

He is the most valuable beast of burden in the world, because he can travel across the hot dry desert for days without anything to eat or drink. There are no trains in the Desert and even horses can't go very far, because there is no water except at the small spots called Oases, and they are many miles apart. The Dromedary, who is a very fast traveler, and his stower



The Jungle Was Many Miles Away; Don Dromedary Knew It.

cousin, the Camel, are useful in other ways also to the Arab who lives in the Desert. He drinks their milk, makes tents and rugs of their skins and weaves clothes of their fine silky hair.

Oh, yes, Don Dromedary knew he was useful, but it didn't make him happy.

"I am going to break loose if I can," said he to himself one warm starry night, when the caravan had stopped to rest. "I'm going to find that wise Cheerups everyone is talking about, and ask him if he doesn't think mine is a very hard lot. I guess I can do it now without being noticed; Master's asleep."

The Jungle was many miles away, and Don Dromedary knew it. "But mine are nothing to the Ship of the Desert," muttered he to himself, as he ran with long swinging strides.

"Well, here's for it," said Don, as he plunged down the winding way. "I'm not so well acquainted here though, as out in the open. Maybe I'd better stop and get my bearings. Let me see, there's the tall palm tree and the Great Breadfruit tree, but what in the world is that?"

"That's what I say, too," cried a small jolly voice out of the darkness. "I was just having my first forty winks, and I'd like to know who comes calling on Cheerups at this time of night."

"Oh, Mr. Cheerups, is that really you?" cried Don Dromedary. "I have broken away from the caravan, asleep under the stars, and come many miles to see you. For once in my life I am lucky!"

"Once in your life, you say?" mumbled Cheerups sleepily. "Well, aren't you ashamed, Don Dromedary? You are one of the luckiest in all the Great Desert."

"But I am not satisfied," snarled Don, with a sneer on his surly curly lips. "I'm not satisfied."

"WHAT'S IN A NAME?"

By MILDRED MARSHALL

Facts about your name; its history; meaning; whence it was derived; significance; your lucky day and lucky jewel

RUBY

THERE seems to be no reference of the first appearance of jewels as feminine names. Neither the Bible nor early history shows evidence of this tendency to name women after gems. Indeed etymologists do not recognize Ruby and her sister names as names at all and they are not listed in the lists of cognomen.

Ruby has many equivalents in Sanskrit and among the Hindus, who regarded the gem as the king of precious stones, but none of them are capable of usage as a proper name. Undoubt-

"What is the trouble?" asked Cheerups kindly.

"Everything is the trouble, sir," grumbled Don. "Nothing is right. In the first place, when I am on a long journey across the Desert, I rarely get anything to eat. Sometimes my master gives me a few dates, but I'm lucky if I find a thorn bush to nibble on."

"But there's your splendid fat hump from which your body gets its food all through the trip," cried Cheerups. "A very handy way of carrying your lunch when you are traveling. I should say. To be sure, your hump is flat when you reach your destination because it has all been used, but a few weeks of hearty eating fills it up again."

"Of course, that is true," admitted Don, "but I seldom have a drink of water on the journey."

"Now, Don Dromedary, how can you complain, with all those deep cells full of water in your stomach. You can carry over a gallon, enough to quench your thirst for five or six days."

"You are right about the water, Mr. Cheerups," said Don; "but how would you like to tramp along, day in and day out, in soft heavy sand?"

"Just look at your feet," cried Cheerups, who was beginning to be a little impatient with this fussy complainer. "They are made with broad spreading cushions so you don't sink into the sand at all. A horse with his small hard hoofs would be tired in two hours' travel over the Desert. I should think Softfoot had been fitting the magic slippers on you, your feet are so beautifully padded."

"I don't care," grunted the fretful Don. "I have to stand while terrible standstills rage about me and my master lies face downward on the ground and avoids most of it."

"Yes, most of it, most of it, sir, but not all of it, as you do. If you weren't such a naughty, spoiled boy, Don Dromedary, I'd have to laugh," said Cheerups, smiling. "You are really too absurd! Why, you can close your nostrils to keep the sand out, and your long thick eyelashes protect your eyes I'm ashamed of you!"

"Well, anyway, I'm cross and unhappy," snapped the great black Dromedary.

"That's the whole truth," cried Cheerups gleefully. "It's a new disposition you need! Your bad temper is

Millie Impolito



T he number of exotic creatures, "vampish" and otherwise, who flit across the celluloid sheet, may be added the name of Millie Impolito, who recently sailed from Spain for this country to play "vamp" parts in the "movies." Miss Impolito is of the typical Spanish type, with petulant mouth, flashing black eyes and vivid personality.

all that makes you miserable. No one can make you kind, good-natured and contented but yourself, Don Dromedary. Now go back to the caravan and try to be cheerful and look on the best side of things. You will find that not only you yourself will be happier, but every one who knows you."

Poor Don was really ashamed by this time. He knew so well that all Cheerups had said was true that he couldn't look him in the eye. In a very small voice, with his head hanging almost to the ground, he said, "Really, I will try to be good, Mr. Cheerups. Thank you." Then he turned about and dashed back into the Desert.

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GANG BATTLES THEN AND NOW

In Old Days Toughs Would Scorn to Draw Gun on Policeman.

New York.—Two men emerged from an uptown cafe at an early morning hour and hastened down the avenue. Seeing them and sensing a holdup, a policeman commanded them to halt. Instead of obeying they broke into a run with the officer in pursuit. Again he called to them to halt and sent a warning bullet after them. The two paused in their flight and returned his fire, and a bullet struck him in the leg and laid him low. Nevertheless, he picked himself up and continued the chase.

A brother officer, hearing the shots, joined in the pursuit. He, too, was fired upon, bullet passing through the sleeve of his coat. The two ruffians escaped into a neighboring tenement. It was then learned that they had held up the cafe and a score of patrons.

It is a common experience for a policeman to look upon the bright face of danger for, to quote Cicero, "What a day will bring forth is uncertain," and conditions now are particularly strenuous. Until a few years ago a policeman seldom thought of his gun. It was a bold man indeed who would "pull a gun on a cop" and as a rule only a desperate criminal would dare do such a thing unless he were cornered. In recent years gun-toters have become more reckless, consequently a policeman keeps his service revolver cleaned and well oiled and ready for action, and he devotes more time to target practice in the department shooting gallery. He wants to be able to meet trouble if it comes his way.

Overrun by Toughs.

"When I joined the force," said a gray-haired veteran, "the city was far from being a paradise. We had Hell's Kitchen and there were certain parts of Ninth and Tenth avenues that were not exactly genteel. These neighborhoods were overrun by tough gangs which delighted in making a cop's life miserable. You had to be a pretty tough fellow yourself to hold down your post, and it was common for cops to be sent to the hospital by these hoodlums. Yet, as I recall it, they seldom used guns in their fights and encounters with cops. "Usually they fought with their fists and it was considered a most serious breach of etiquette to draw a gun. They would not hesitate to attack you with fists, bricks and stones, and they delighted in toppling a chimney on top of you. In those days, you see, physical strength was the prime requisite of a gangster and the gang leader was a fellow who was the best rough-and-tumble fighter in the neighborhood.

"If you were a rooky cop the cap-

tain would look you over, and if you were a big strapping fellow he would assign you to one of the tough spots in the precinct. If you expected to retain that post, you would have to let the gang know right at the start that you intended to be 'boss.' This was in effect a challenge. When they saw they could not intimidate you and you would not stand for any of their nonsense, they would declare war against you, and would resort to every means to discourage you.

"When Jeff Buckley, who was killed several years ago by the negro Bode, was a rooky policeman he was assigned to cover a tough post. The neighborhood was infested by a gang of rowdies who were making life miserable for everybody. They had their 'hangout' in an old stable and when Jeff notified them that they would have to mend their ways they only scoffed. Entering the stable he informed them bluntly they would have to change their camp. There were six of them present, all big powerful fellows.

"If you didn't have that gun and club with you," sneered one of the

FORT ONTARIO IS A LANDMARK

Stronghold Dates Back to Colonial Days—Once a British Fort.

New York.—Because of its historic association and picturesque appearance, Fort Ontario is one of the show places of northern New York visited by tourists from all parts of the United States and Canada.

One of the oldest and most noted landmarks on the North American continent, the old fort stands on the same site and is constructed on the same plan as the maps of the French and British show it 200 years ago.

Construction of the fort began by British and colonial troops in 1755. Its site, an elevated position looking out on Lake Ontario and commanding the mouth of the Oswego river from its east bank, was selected by Gov. William Shirley of Massachusetts and Sir William Pepperell.

Is Star Shaped.

The stronghold was completed in the spring of 1756.

It was then built of logs, with outer walls fourteen feet in height and with a circumference of 800 feet. The plan was pentagon, on each angle of which was constructed a bastion, giving the

gangsters, "you wouldn't dare come in here."

Buckley was incensed at the slur. "I'll tell you what I'll do," he said, "I'll fight every man of you one right after the other." The challenge was accepted. Though not above the average height, he was one of the strongest men in the department and an excellent boxer. Stripping off his coat, he was ready for the fray. His first antagonist was the most burly of the lot. Him he whipped in short order and the others fell easy victims to the terrific hammering which he administered to them. When the brief battle was over they were a sorry lot, with black eyes and swollen jaws.

"In the old gas-house district there were some tough gangsters. They would hold mixed-ale parties which would last for days, and when they were on these prolonged debauches they would get to fighting among themselves and the police would be summoned to quell the fray. We used to go into these mixed-ale flats cautiously with our backs against the wall, for if they caught you unaware they would crown you with a chair or anything that came handy. But bad as they were they would not resort to gun or knife. To use such weapons was unethical and their code of warfare forbade it. They gloried in their physical prowess. Though it might be fair to bounce a club on a cop's dome, a revolver was intended for weaklings only."

THE WHY OF SUPERSTITIONS

By H. IRVING KING

MULLEN-STALKS

ANXIOUS lovers in the rural districts of this country twist a mullen-stalk nearly off after naming it for the loved one. If the mullen lives your affections are reciprocated. If it dies they are not. In some sections if the mullen lives after this rite the new shoots (if any) which spring up are counted to see how many children will result from the marriage. From most ancient times mullen has been regarded as having a close affinity with the sun and being, therefore, a powerful plant to conjure with. The bright yellow flowers, clustering about the long, conical head of the mullen-stalk, gives it the fancied ap-

pearance of a candle glowing with yellow light caught from the sun; and the name itself comes, by a circuitous process, from a Latin word connecting it with a candle.

In England the mullen is still called "high taper" and in Germany "king's candle." Its relation to the sun is further shown by the custom of the Prussian peasants of bending down a mullen-stalk after dark toward the point where the sun will arise, praying at the same time for the recovery of a sick person or sick beast. Thuringian peasants dig up mullen-root at midnight on midsummer eve—the sun's special time of power—with a golden coin (a miniature sun) and wear it next their bodies to keep off disease. German peasant girls pick mullen-stalks at midsummer and hang them over their beds as a charm, and their fathers pass mullen-stalks over the midsummer fires and keep them over their cattle sheds to keep off disease and witches.

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AN ABBREVIATED STORY

QUININE SPONSON

"WHY so moody, Peroxide?" Quinine Sponson asked his wife as he looked up from the morning paper. "You haven't addressed so much as a comma to me all during breakfast. You're not mad, are you?"

"Yes," snapped Peroxide flippantly. "Is it because I put that block of ice cream between your sheets before you went to bed last night?"

"No, I didn't mind that so much."

"Are you angry because I brought those six chorus girls home for dinner yesterday?"

"No. Men will be men."

"Can it be that you resent my cutting your allowance in half because of the increase in the cost of cigars?"

"No, I regarded that as a mere whim."

"Well, then, what can it be?"

With one pull of the tablecloth, Mrs. Sponson sent all the breakfast things flying to the four walls.

"It's your miserable habit of sticking your wet spoon in the sugar bowl, that's what it is! You've done it five times in five minutes, and now I'm through with you!—through! through! through!"

Soon afterwards the divorce was granted and they lived happily ever after.

(© by George Matthew Adams.)

Chiefs at Big Indian Reunion



More than five thousand Indians, members of 16 tribes, gathered in Omaha, Neb., for the recent reunion and festival. Above are shown some of the chiefs of tribes present.

FINDS KAPPA DRACONDISH IS NOW ORDINARY STAR

Scientist Gives Result of Studies Made of Spectograms at the Yerkes Observatory.

Northfield, Minn.—Leading American scientists, carrying valuable research results, some of them based on observation made of the 1925 solar eclipse, gathered here for the thirty-fourth annual convention of the American Astronomical society.

Among the approximately thirty astronomers from various parts of the country present were several who failed to view the January 24 phenomenon because of generally unfavorable weather conditions. For their benefit the more fortunate scientists presented papers dealing with various phases of the celestial scene.

One of these papers, which was illustrated, was given by Prof. Edison Pettit and Seth B. Nicholson. It con-

cerned radiation measurements of the sun's corona.

Prof. Oliver J. Lee of Yerkes Observatory of the University of Chicago, at Williams Bay, Wis., who after setting up an elaborate observatory at Iron Mountain, Mich., found the precious display obscured by clouds, read a paper on the stars, dealing specifically with "Symmetries in Parallax Programs."

Professor Lee in his paper stressed the need of "democratic interest in the general run of stars." He pointed out that "the parallax material we now have contains various symmetries which make it dangerous to reason about the structure of the universe from it."

The visible portion of the "milky way" contains several separate and well-defined clouds of calcium, each of which moves with respect to the stellar system as a whole, Prof. Otto

Struve of Yerkes said in his paper. Professor Struve, who has recently made a study of spectrograms at Yerkes, found the "intensity of the bright lines of hydrogen in the star, Kappa Dracondish is weakened until now it is like any ordinary star."

Tries Out 63 Autos; Seeks Ideal Machine

McPherson, Kan.—This town claims the distinction of having a record-breaking motor car owner. Helmer Ek, music dealer, in the past nine years has owned 63 cars, representing 36 different makes. Only three times has he owned more than one car at a time. He has never owned the same car longer than five months, and six of the cars he had in his possession less than 24 hours before they were either sold or traded. He says that he is looking for the ideal car, and when he finds it he will stop trading and buying.

American artificial silks are becoming more popular in Brazil than those from Great Britain.



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A LINE O' CHEER

By John Kendrick Bangs

THE PLAN

D WELLLING on the good times—
That's the plan for me. Driving dark and rude times out of memory. Thinking of the glad things and the sunny hours; Losing all the sad things there among the flowers.

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