

In the JUNGLE

With Cheerups and the Quixies
By Grace Bliss Stewart

RHINO HAS THE BLUES

"HO, HUM!" grunted Ranny Rhino, as he rolled over in the muddy water of the Yellow River and turned one tiny shiny eye toward Big Bright Mr. Sun who was just going down behind the tall Palm Tree.

"I suppose I might as well get up and look for my supper. It's a long way to the nearest plantation, but that sugar cane is well worth it. Maybe I'll find some bamboo, too. Nothing is much fun, though, when you can't see well, now is it?" he grumbled, as he caught sight of Polly Parrot in the tree above him.

"Well, that depends on what you are trying to see," cried Polly saucily. "If it's a joke or your duty, then I say it's



"Oh, Polly, Please Do Be Sensible," Wailed Ranny.

all very well to have good eyesight, but—"

"Oh, Polly, please do be sensible," wailed Ranny. "I'm serious about this, really I am. I go ploughing around with these dull little eyes of mine, charging at things and generally missing them. Even if I don't get into much trouble because I am big and folks are afraid of the two fierce horns on my nose, still I never feel comfortable because I am so in doubt about danger being near."

"Big Ranny Rhino! Why, I should think you were. There's nobody in the whole Jungle larger, except Gray Ears the Elephant. And what you are grumbling about I don't know, when you are so swift that you can outrun a horse. Then there's your keen scent and your two fine horns. Your cousin in India has but one. You've a nose to be proud of, I say."

"Yes, I know all that, Polly, but I can't help it; I'm blue," complained Ranny. "You seem jolly this morning; I wish you could make me feel so."

"Well, I am happy, Ranny Rhino. It doesn't take good eyesight to find that out, does it? And I'll just take you to the person who made me so, if you would like to go. Maybe he can help you too. His name is

Cheerups, and he came all the way

from America to broaden his acquaintance. I should think he would like you, Ranny; goodness knows, you are broad enough."

"How lovely that is of you, Polly!" said Ranny, opening his mouth in a wide smile and showing so many teeth that Polly gave a little shiver and moved away. It didn't look to her like a good place for an accidental fall.

"Yes, Cheerups showed me how to make Mr. Parrot do his share of sitting on our nest. And what do you suppose he told me? Why, just to be kind and polite. It sounds simple, but it worked. So that's the reason I can be away this morning. I don't have to worry any more about my fine eggs getting cold. Come on now, Ranny, let's be off to find Cheerups," chuckled Polly.

Ranny was so pleased and happy that he came right out of the water and frisked along by the Yellow River, down the Winding Way and through the Twisty Vines, with Polly Parrot flying overhead, until they came to the little clear place in the Jungle where Cheerups lived.

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MAE MURRAY



Mae Murray, the brilliant movie star, was born in Portsmouth, Va. She moved to New York when a very small child. At the age of fifteen she made her first appearance on the stage and became one of the most remarkable dancers. At the height of her success on the stage she entered the pictures, and her many successes are well known.

Telegrapher Facing Death Stops Trains

Pittsburgh, Pa.—Facing death from a sudden illness, Kavanagh Jacobs, night telegraph operator for the Pittsburgh-Lake Erie railroad at Monongahela, near here, threw on the red signals to stop all trains a few minutes before he fell across his key, dead from an attack of acute indigestion. Trains on the division were halted for more than an hour until another operator could be sent to man the wire.

Jacobs' body was found at his desk by police who went to the station in response to an appeal from divisional headquarters of the railroad to investigate the failure of the operator to answer his call.

Earlier in the night Jacobs had summoned a physician, but had declined to leave his post.

LONG SLAYER HUNT ENDS IN CEMETERY

Detective Waits Six Years, but Lands Suspect.

New York.—When Giuseppe Rizzo was shot dead in a gang fight at Maynard, Mass., six years ago, local police were told a man known as Giuseppe Cipollo had been among those who fired on him. Unable to get a picture of Cipollo to distribute among departments about the country, the police manufactured one. A week ago detectives received word that Cipollo was a son-in-law of Gtano Caterasso of Brooklyn. A detective proceeded to watch the house. Fate played into his hands in gruesome fashion, for Caterasso died, and all relatives by blood and marriage were summoned.

Mourners passed in and out of the house, all being observed by the detective. None looked like the man in the touched-up picture. Then came the funeral next morning and the detective mingled with the mourners, both in the house and in the church. Still he did not see his man.

The detective went with the mourners to Holy Cross cemetery. Every one thought the officer was one of the deceased man's friends. Finally, as the members of the family knelt for an instant above the open grave the detective saw a man about forty years old who, except for a swarthy complexion and traces of worry, was the counterpart of the picture.

As the mourners left, the detective arrested this man. "Yes, I am Giuseppe Cipollo," the man said later in the police station. "I was there when Rizzo was shot. I had a gun and I fired some shots myself, but it was not one of my bullets that killed him."

The police say another member of the band which shot Rizzo was arrested years ago and is serving a prison term in Massachusetts. Cipollo is being held for extradition to Massachusetts.

Asks to Be Stabbed to Prevent Burial Alive

London.—Sir George Greenwood, presiding recently at a meeting of the London Society for the Prevention of Premature Burial, said he had given directions to those who would be his executors to plunge a stiletto into his heart after his death so as to make certain of it.

He added that a schoolmate of his, who became a great surgeon, insisted the stabbing process be carried out as a precaution.

Sir George declared he had no faith in the present so-called modern methods of certifying death.

Miss Emily Akes, honorary secretary of the society, said one of the best-known men in England had once been placed in a casket as dead, and when about to be buried was found to be quite well and alive. He had lived for some twenty years afterward.

Doomed Couple Unable to Say Farewell Before Death

Budapest, Hungary.—With five minutes to say good-by before their death, allowed by the court, Milti Lederer and her husband, Gustav, a former lieutenant, choking with anguish and blinded by tears, were unable to say a single word. They had been convicted of the murder and dismemberment of the owner of a sausage factory, Frank Kudelka, who was visiting the couple in a suburb of Budapest. The two embraced in a final meeting while the presiding judge held a watch. "You have five minutes," he said. "Four—three—two—one, and now no more time to bid each other good-by." The man and wife were parted and immediately executed.

Robs for Lollypops

St. Louis, Mo.—Fred Bringri gives St. Louis clear title to the youngest bandit on record.

Bringri, eleven, imbued with an ambition to emulate the exploits of the Cukoo gang and Egan Rats, procured a pistol and proceeded to rob a confectionery store. A woman, Mrs. Rose Harris, was in charge.

"Stick 'em up," commanded the infant robber bold.

Mrs. Harris complied. Police found Freddy on a street corner sucking a lollypop he had purchased with part of his loot.

A Few Little Smiles



COSTLIER THAN BURIAL

A doctor was called in to see a negro who was down with influenza. "What I gwine to git him?" asked the wife.

"Give him whisky," the physician responded.

"How much does it cost?"

When the doctor named the price of good whisky per quart the wife responded:

"I can bury him cheaper dan dat."

Quite Different

Mrs. Brimstone (to her long-suffering husband)—John, what is the difference between "exportation" and "transportation"?

Mr. Brimstone—Well, dear, if you were on your way to Timbuctoo you would be "exported" and I should be "transported."

Not So Good

Fuller—Life is full of ups and downs. At present I am in full enjoyment of one of the ups.

Miller—I congratulate you.

Fuller—Don't. It's a case of hard up.

Explained

Mr. Suburbs—Why is dinner an hour late?

Mrs. Suburbs—I ran over to Mrs. Newson's to borrow an egg.—American Legion Weekly.

ALSO THE BANK ACCOUNT

He—We ought to be very happy—we have so many things in common.

She—And after marriage we'll have our bank account that way, too, eh?

Fame

Lives of football men remind us

That we, too, can push and shove

And departing leave behind us

Hoof prints on another's mug.

She Wins

Widow Flannigan—Pat was such a brilliant lad that he read all of Shakespeare's works before he was ten years old.

Widow Hannigan—Bedad and that's nothing, me Michael read them before that age in the original Greek.—Lafayette Lyre.

Turning Bad Luck to Good

"We can turn even our misfortunes into triumphs."

"That's right," said the jazz composer. "I hit my finger with a tack hammer and had to play the piano just the same. The result was one of the trickiest little syncopations you ever heard."—Washington Star.

NOTHING TO DYE

She—You say you love me more than life? And would you die for me?

He—I've nothing to dye.

Philanthropic Penitentiary

The criminal's a happy elf Who carelessly enjoys himself. When he has squandered all his hoard The public has to pay his board.

A Considerate Employer

Publisher—You seem lame. Have you been kicked about much?

Book Agent—About a dozen times.

Publisher (kindly)—Well, leave your sample encyclopedia here and canvass with this sample Bible until your back gets well.

Traps

Small Roy—Dad, how do they catch tunicats?

Father—With face powder, beautiful dresses and pretty smiles, my son.

THE WHY OF SUPERSTITIONS

By H. IRVING KING

ACORNS AND LOVE

IT MAY surprise many people to know that in current superstitions there survive not only remnants of tree-worship, nature-worship, sun-worship, moon-worship, etc., which have been changed by the ages into formulas the origin and meaning of which those who use them are entirely ignorant, but that also there still remain open and direct appeals to the heathen gods who are invoked directly by name. Of this latter sort is superstition which is circulated largely throughout the country in nearly all those little paper-covered books dealing with dreams and charms which are so extensively consulted by the uneducated and, it must be owned, not infrequently "on the sly" by persons of intelligence and education. The superstition in question is a rite for discovering a young woman's future husband. An odd number of girls not exceeding nine assemble and each strings on a chord as many acorns as there are girls present. Then each girl places her string of acorns in the fire and watches it burn in silence. When the acorns are consumed each girl retires to her bed, saying as she gets between the sheets:

May love and marriage be the theme To visit me in this night's dream; Gentle Venus, be my friend, The image of my lover send.

Then the young man whom she is destined to marry will appear to her in

a dream. The use of the acorns is, of course, a remnant of tree-worship; an appeal to the oak, that great and popular tree god of our ancestors. They are offered to him, consumed by fire as upon an altar.

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Among the NOTABLES

HERBERT C. HOOVER

WHEN a man's name is incorporated as a part of the language, he is truly great. Nowadays, we never say we are eliminating waste or practicing economy; we simply say we are "Hooverizing."

Herbert Hoover is undoubtedly one of the greatest men the World has brought out. He was born in Iowa, August 10, 1874, studied mining engineering, was graduated from Leland Stanford, and, after various experiences in mining in this country, went to Australia as a mining chief. This led him into China, where he did a lot of exploration work through the interior.

That was about twenty-five years ago, and after these exciting happenings, he settled in London, holding several important positions with mining concerns. Then Germany went through Belgium in 1914, and one of the great problems to be met while the armies fought, was—who was to feed Belgium and how? Herbert Hoover was appointed head of the Belgian relief, and did work so remarkable that no one could appreciate it until after the war was over and there was time to view events in proper perspective. He procured food, distributed it, fixed it so starving communities should have their share, made sure that the hungry people, and not the German army, got the food.

Naturally he was appointed food administrator in the United States when we went into the war. Among other things, he curtailed profiteering; encouraged home production and canning; keeping food properly distributed; preventing waste; and shipping supplies to our allies.

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near articles including transferable cigar bands, noodle slicers, Javanese ankle scratchers, pocket squirt guns for refluoring overexercised chewing gum, rubber shoestrings, spark plugs, pin wheels, umbrellas, ivory-handled barrel openers, demi tasse forks, dandelion wine, boiler buttons, baby banks, floor lamps, curtain poles and cobweb finders.

"Well, well!" wellwilled the semi-conscious Jazzbo. "Such a planet!"

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"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

UNA

THOUGH not in general usage, Una is one of the most interesting of feminine names. It means "rhyme," according to etymologists, though the great and only Spenser who brought the name into fashion rejected this interpretation. It is typically an Irish name and since it resembles "one," Spenser gave the title of Una to his lovely personation of the one truth, the one true undivided church, the guide of the Red Cross Knight.

Una is queen of the fairies in the county of Ormond, in which she appears in one version of the story of the soldier billeted on a miser. The man was amazed at his hospitable reception and entertainment as he thought by the avaricious squire, until morning disclosed the fact that Una had raised the mansion and provided the supper.

Una is much in use today among the

Irish peasantry. It is often pronounced Onagh and has been Anglicized as Winnie.

The pearl is Una's talismanic gem. It is the emblem of purity, popularity and affability. She who wears it will have many friends and admirers. Tuesday is her lucky day and 5 her lucky number.

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AN ABBREVIATED STORY

SOME OF EACH

DINWEEVIE DOGGS, president of the Sootpown Chamber of Commerce, was showing the wonders of the town to the distinguished visitor, Jazzbo, the man from Mars.

"And last but not least, Mr. Jazzbo," beamed Doggs, "I must show you that great American institution, the five and ten-cent store. There's nothing there over ten cents or under five or in between, and there's nothing that's not on sale there."

"Well, well!" wellwilled Jazzbo—"even obsolete whisky glasses and things to fix whateacallums with?"

"Even those," smiled Doggs.

"Well, well," wellwilled Jazzbo. And they went to the five and ten-cent store, and Dinweevie Doggs radiated.

"Here we are! Did you ever see such variety in your life. Look at that stack of hair straighteners! Here's a handful for souvenirs. Look at all the patent monkey wrenches for training monkeys! Stick a couple in your pocket for souvenirs! I'll pay for them! Observe the counterful of cork dishes that float if water or gravy is spilled on them! Do have a half dozen as souvenirs."

An hour later, at the corner of

Might and Main streets, Jazzbo was dug out from under a pile of miscella-

A LINE O' CHEER

By John Kendrick Bangs.

SHADOWS

NO SHADOW 'er can bother me, And on my way I walk straight past it, Unless unhappily I see That I unwittingly have cast it. And if it be that mine's the fault That brings that shadow there on my way I step aside, and from the vault Let golden Light stream on the highway.

And when I face that Light I find, E'en though its radiant luster blind me, The shadow that hath vexed my mind Is left forevermore behind me. (© by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

WRIGLEYS

AFTER EVERY MEAL

affords benefit as well as pleasure.

Healthful exercise for the teeth and a spur to digestion. A long-lasting refreshment, soothing to nerves and stomach.

The Great American Sweetmeat, untouched by hands, full of flavor.



Noiseless Rubber Streets

Some of our scientists continue to be more speculative than the wisest prophets. Prof. A. M. Low predicts a future which will include noiseless rubber streets, moving sidewalks at the rate of 20 miles an hour, one meal a day only, trousered woman, and "a mild oscillatory stimulant taken in a few moments" instead of sleep. Doctor Low speaks of "our universal longing for the future," but who would long for the kind of future he foreshadows or threatens?—Westminster Gazette.



Albers flapjack flour

Flapjacks are always light—never heavy; always tender—never soggy. The reason? No other pancake flour is blended the Flapjack way! Your grocer has it!

Ask your Shoe Dealer for Shoes with USKIDE Soles. The Wonder Sole for Wear. United States Rubber Company.

Look Younger. WAKE up your sleeping youth! Look younger! Be younger! Age has little to do with your looks or your feelings. It's the condition of your blood that counts! And blood will tell! It tells in a hundred ways. If your system is starving for rich, red blood, you may look and feel old at thirty. But if you build up the red-blood-cells with S. S. S., you'll quickly see the wrinkles fade away—the sagging pouches give way to firm, solid flesh—and the fresh, glowing beauty of youth take the place of a skin sallow and disfigured with blemishes.

Rich, red blood means youth, vim and energy! S. S. S. helps Nature build red-blood-cells by the millions. For generations S. S. S. has been keeping people looking and feeling young.

Fresh, cleansing, purifying, rich, red blood that S. S. S. helps Nature build, nourishes every muscle, organ and tissue of the body. Pimples, blotches and blackheads disappear. Bolls, eczema and rashes dry up. Your face—your body—your whole being takes on the look and power of youth.

Wake up your system with S. S. S. Build red blood and you rebuild youth! Get S. S. S. from any druggist. The larger bottle is more economical.

ECZEMA Relieves that itching, burning torment and start the healing now with

Resinol