

In the JUNGLE

With Cheerups and the Quixies
By Grace Bliss Stewart

RAFFY FINDS HIS TONGUE

ONE warm sunny day, Cheerups was sitting on the ground in the jungle and looking lazily up into the great trees. He was looking to see if any fruit were growing handy. "I'll send Sofffoot or Brighteyes up to get it if I find some," thought he. Then suddenly he spied a long gold-colored face, all covered with brown spots, and two big solemn eyes looking down at him. Cheerups was most astonished to breathe. "Gracious, that's a new kind of fruit to me!"



"So You've Lost Your Tongue, Have You, Raffy?"

Then, as his eyes traveled slowly down, down, over about eight feet of neck and along about ten feet more of body and leg, he had the surprise of his life.

"It's an animal!" cried Cheerups out loud. "But it must be the tallest one in the world."

Then the funny head at the top of the long neck began to nod. Up and down it nodded and nodded.

"Well, I must have said the right thing that time," murmured Cheerups. "But why doesn't he talk, instead of nodding in that silly fashion? He probably thinks I can't hear so far away. What he needs is a telephone."

"That's Raffy Giraffe, Mr. Cheerups," called Jack the Monkey, who was sitting up in the tall palm tree eating dates. "He can hear what you say but he can't talk. He hasn't any voice. Raffy, and Boomer Kangaroo who lives in Australia, are the only animals in the world who can't make a sound. Funny the way men talk about dumb animals, isn't it? I guess nobody in his right senses would call me that," chattered Jacky with a chuckle.

"So you've lost your tongue, have you, Raffy?" inquired Cheerups kindly. "That's a pity!"

Then, quick as a flash, out of Raffy's mouth shot the longest, silmest tongue Cheerups had ever seen. It was so twisty and slender that it looked as if it could wrap around anything and tie in a bowknot.

Cheerups just couldn't help laughing. He laughed and laughed. To think of having the longest tongue in the world and not using it for anything! It was too funny. Then he caught sight of the sad look in Raffy's eyes and realized that what seems funny to one person may be no laughing matter to another.

"I'm sorry," sighed Cheerups. "Something is wrong somewhere, and I'd love to help you, but how can I when I don't know what is wanted?"

"I can tell you," chirped Jacky Monk. "I have watched Raffy a lot. He has the longest neck in the world. There isn't a reacher anywhere who can compare with him, but when he is eating leaves in the tops of the trees, there are always a few just a little beyond him and those seem to be the very ones he wants most. He ought to be satisfied with those he can get, but I know he isn't, by the look in his eyes. Isn't that so, Raffy?"

"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

JEANETTE

THOUGH originating in France, from where most of our saucy little feminine names come, Jeanette has been formally naturalized and its birthplace is generally forgotten. It means "grace of the Lord" and has its earliest origin in the old Hebrew Joanna, a name bestowed upon the holy woman of the Gospel.

When Joan came into fashion in England and named the daughter of Edward II and other members of royalty, France formed Jeanette in accordance with their mimical habit of making a diminutive. Jean had already been popular there and Jeanette and Jeanne, which seem to have been used almost interchangeably, became instantly in vogue.

Jeanne or Jeanette of Flanders, as she was called, was the famous heroine of the Hebonne, while Jeanette La Puella of Orleans ranks with the great of France. Jeanne de Valois, daughter of Louis XI and discarded wife of Louis XII, was another famous woman bearing the name. The French went one step farther and have a

Raffy nodded his head, switched his tail and swayed his long neck back and forth. It was evident that Jacky had told his difficulty exactly.

Cheerups was thinking very hard indeed. Then joyfully he shouted: "Why, of course, it's your tongue that can do it. If you can't talk with it, it ought to be good for something. Your tongue is long and slender, and you can stretch it out for those leaves. It has prehensile or grasping power, too, like the tails of the South American monkeys. You can pick a single leaf or even a blade of grass with it. It can be made short or long, wide or narrow. Now isn't that a gift to be happy about? There's another thing. Raffy: Sometimes the trees you feed on are rough and thorny and hurt your tender nose, so just close your nostrils to protect them. You can do it, I know."

Raffy looked delighted. He closed his nostrils immediately to see if he could. Then he ran out his long tongue and nipped off a leaf high up in the Breadfruit tree. Then he looked at Cheerups with eyes full of gratitude, kicked up his heels, switched his tail joyfully and ran off through the jungle.

"But remember," called Cheerups after him, "that the things which are out of reach are often no better than those just at hand. I hope he heard it," murmured Cheerups thoughtfully. (© by Little, Brown & Co.)

THE WHY OF SUPERSTITIONS

By H. IRVING KING

APPLES AND SEEDS

MANY are the methods practiced today by the superstition of divination by apples, apple seeds and apple parings. They are nearly all in the nature of "projects," or love-charms. The most general of these in this country is, perhaps, the throwing of a whole apple paring on the floor after swinging it three times around the head in the belief that it will fall in the shape of the initial of one's future wife or husband. Then there is the naming of apple seeds and divining with them in various ways: the eating of an apple at midnight before a glass while one holds a lamp and repeats an appropriate rhyme with the expectation of seeing one's true love peep over one's shoulder; and the "bobbing for apples" on Allhallowe'en. Doubtless the reader can recall many more.

The apple superstition in all its forms has its root so far back in mythology that its primal origin is lost but mystic qualities have always been attributed to this fruit since the days of Tammuz. Perhaps its origin was in the fact that the apple tree is the tree upon which the mistletoe is most

Alice Terry



Before she entered the "movies," handsome Alice Terry resided in Indiana. She was induced to accept employment as an extra in a studio. She was just sixteen at the time, and so well fitted into a prominent part in a picture that she was given the lead, and from that time on she has shared honors with other stars.

THE WHY OF SUPERSTITIONS

By H. IRVING KING

often found and the mistletoe was always regarded in antiquity as a direct emanation of the gods—which is "another story."

Our modern use of the apple in love divination comes directly from the myth of Hercules who recovered from the Hesperides the golden apples which had been given by the Earth-goddess to Juno, the patroness of marriage, at her nuptials. Hence an apple instead of a ram was often sacrificed to Hercules and hence today we seek to know the name or face of our future wife or husband by means of apples, apple seeds and apple parings. (© by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Among the NOTABLES

LA VALLIERE

LA VALLIERE, favorite of Louis XIV and one of the greatest beauties of the French court, is so often pictured as an adventuress and a deliberate coquette, that few know her real character.

Her name was Louise Francois de La Valliere. She was born August 6, 1644. Her mother brought her to Paris when she was sixteen, after she had been fairly well educated and brought up with the royal princesses as a child. A kinswoman got her the appointment of maid of honor to Henrietta, who was Louis' sister-in-law. There was some scandal about these two, and, as a blind, Louis XIV was told to pay marked attentions to some other woman—since a princess must never have a bit of gossip whispered about her. La Valliere then was a pure-minded, religious girl, willing to serve her mistress by involving her own good name. Louis, at first forced to pay her attention, soon developed a real love for her, and she, too, fell very much in love with him. All through the time of her connection with him, she refused to tell what she knew about the Princess Henrietta and her love affairs.

La Valliere had many enemies and one of them—Montespan—finally took Louis away from her. A little later, she was allowed to enter the Carmelite convent, where she spent the rest of her life, and we can imagine her entirely satisfied that her life of turmoil and intrigue was at an end and the peace of the convent hers until death. For, the court life of Louis XIV was artificial and hectic, and poor La Valliere, like many other women of her day, was a victim of the times, rather than an example of them. (© George Matthew Adams.)



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The Kitchen Cabinet

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Bribe, murder, marry, but steer clear of ink. Save when you write receipts for paid-up bill ink. There may be silver in the "blue-black"—all I know of is the iron and gall. —Kipling.

MORE SAVORY FOODS

Now that the Hubbard squash is ready for market, one may enjoy that delectable vegetable in various ways. A simple treatment is to cut it into half-pound pieces, unpeeled, and bake in a moderate oven until soft enough to be scraped from the shell. Serve it in the shell with bits of butter dotted over it, with generous sifting of salt and pepper.

Peeled and steamed, then mashed with butter, salt, pepper and a bit of cream it makes a dish which few will refuse.

Squash Porcupine.—Steam a Hubbard squash in the shell. When soft, scrape out with a spoon, mash and set in a hot oven after seasoning with salt, sugar, one-fourth of a teaspoonful of ginger, two tablespoonfuls of butter; beat well and reserve a cupful. Put the squash into a glass baking dish, cover with a cupful of the squash put through a ricer and brown. Cream may be added if moisture is needed.

Beef Kidney, Creole Style.—Trim the fat from a fresh kidney and cut into three-quarter inch slices; dredge with flour. Fry out one thick slice of bacon chopped and two tablespoonfuls of chopped suet in a deep pan. Add the kidney, four chopped onions and one chopped green pepper. Toss until the meat is well-seared and coated with a rich brown gravy. Now add one pint of tomatoes, one-eighth of a teaspoonful each of cayenne and curry powder and one teaspoonful of salt. Cover closely and simmer three-quarters of an hour. Serve hot on fingers of buttered toast.

Apple and Cabbage Salad.—Shred a small purple cabbage very fine, mix with finely sliced, then shredded apple; add a small portion of chopped celery, a good boiled dressing and a little onion juice. Sprinkle with paprika and serve when well chilled. Pineapple added to cabbage with a good dressing is very good, preparing just as above, omitting the onion juice.

Sweet Things. Small cakes and cookies are always a welcome sweet for all seasons and at all times.

A well-filled cookie box is a source of great comfort and a resource in times of unexpected guests.

Spice Nuts.—To one cupful of sugar add two

teaspoonfuls of butter, when well-mixed add two well-beaten eggs, one cupful of flour, one-fourth of a cupful of finely shredded citron, one-half teaspoonful of cinnamon, one-fourth cupful of almonds, one-fourth teaspoonful each of allspice and cloves. Mix in the usual way and add flour enough to make the balls the size of a hickory nut. Place on buttered tins an inch apart and bake until light brown. They may be dipped into chocolate or fondant if wanted more elaborate.

Chocolate Potato Cake.—Blend two-thirds of a cupful of butter and two cupfuls of sugar, add two-thirds of a cupful of grated chocolate and one cupful of hot mashed potatoes, one cupful each of seeded raisins and chopped nuts, one-half cupful of milk, two and one-half cupfuls of flour sifted with two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, four eggs, the whites and yolks beaten separately; one-half teaspoonful each of cloves and nutmeg and one teaspoonful of cinnamon. Bake in a loaf one hour. Wrapped in paraffin paper, it will keep a month and still be moist.

Dutch Peppernuts.—Mix one and one-fourth pounds of brown sugar with two tablespoonfuls of cinnamon and one of cloves, with one teaspoonful of baking powder. Into this stir three eggs and as much flour as it is possible to work in. Roll thin and cut into circles the size of a quarter; bake in a very slow oven. These little cakes will ruff up and are delicious. Ice the flat side. Kept in a dry, cool place, they will keep for months.

Cranberry Cake.—Cream one-half cupful of butter and one and one-half cupfuls of light brown sugar, add the well-beaten yolks of three eggs. Sift two cupfuls of flour with a teaspoonful of soda, a teaspoonful each of cinnamon and nutmeg, and half a teaspoonful of cloves; add to the sugar and butter. Fold in one and one-half cupfuls of cranberries which have been cooked, put through a ricer and sweetened slightly, then add the stiffly beaten whites of the eggs. Bake in two layers and ice, using some of the strained juice of the cranberry for flavor and color.

Raw Carrot Salad.—Grate or chop one or two carrots, add a little chopped celery and mix well with a good salad dressing. Serve on lettuce and sprinkle with a few finely minced or broken nut meats.

Just a Little Smile



DEAFENING

Mrs. Newly-Rich was recounting to an acquaintance the thrilling events of the evening before, when the house had been burgled.

"As a matter of fact," she said, "we were eating our soup."

"Then, of course," interrupted the candid friend, "none of you heard anything."—Tit-Bits.

His Size Saved Him

The girl was interested in the yarn the fat old sailor was telling. He had just finished relating his experiences with cannibals, and she said:

"And so the natives didn't harm you, after all?"

"Bless you, no," was the reply. "They didn't have a saucepan my size."

IT BREAKS 'EM, ALL RIGHT



Son—Dad, what do they mean when they say in the history that in the old days many men perished by being broken on the wheel?

Dad—Why—er—son, I really can't tell you—they certainly didn't have automobiles that far back.

New Kind of Contest

I heard the oratorical din where fierce invective filled the air and said, "I wonder who will win the perspiration contest there!"

A Puzzle

Coca—Have you read "To a Field Mouse?"

Cola—No. How do you get 'em to listen?—American Boy.

BASE METAL, INDEED



"I should think that great automobile maker would be in constant fear of being arrested as a counterfeiter."

"How's that?"

"Hasn't he made every one of his millions of dollars out of tin?"

"Man's Extremity"

He had expressions fit and meet and used them with impunity—He always called his hands and feet Each one "God's opportunity."

Tact Is Essential

"Tact," said the lecturer, "is essential to good entertaining. I once dined at a house where the hostess had no tact. Opposite me sat a modest, quiet man.

"Suddenly he turned as red as a lobster on hearing his hostess say to her husband, 'How inattentive you are, Charlie! You must look after Mr. Brown better. He's helping himself to everything.'"

Household Necessity

Butcher—You want some brains, madam?

Housewife—Yes, please. My husband hasn't had any for a long time.—Progressive Grocer.

Too Much Catnip

Pussy—Why do you suppose Miss Mouser makes such catty remarks?

Tabby—She eats too much catnip.

Before—and After

She's dear.

She's doggone dear.

But, oh, what a difference!

Man and Woman Equal

Mrs. Benham—Man and woman are equal.

Benham—Then how is it that, when it takes nine tailors to make a man, it takes more dressmakers to make a woman?

To Check His Appetite

"I'm afraid, my dear, you'll have to do the cooking again."

"Why so?"

"The doctor says I am eating too much."



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Curious Beliefs Regarding Snakes

In spite of the great decrease in the number of British reptiles, many superstitions and charms regarding snakes still exist.

The most potent charm against snakes is said to be a milprieve. Really, it is a piece of coralline limestone about the size of a pigeon's egg. Old-fashioned people believe that on one night in the year all the adders meet together and start hissing. Their breath forms a bubble which solidifies into the milprieve. Whoever finds it is assured of good luck and immunity from snake bite.

Another superstition is that the breath of snake on a hazel wand will produce a hard stone ring which is an infallible remedy for snake bite.

Many country folk believe that an ash tree will keep off snakes. A peasant couple were horrified to find that their baby shared its morning bowl of milk with an adder. They tied an ash twig round the child's neck, and the snake never came near it again. But the child pined away and died, bemoaning the loss of its playfellow, of which it had become very fond, says London Tit-Bits.

A Lady of Distinction

Is recognized by the delicate, fascinating influence of the perfume she uses. A bath with Cuticura Soap and hot water to thoroughly cleanse the pores followed by a dusting with Cuticura Talcum powder usually means a clear, sweet, healthy skin.—Advertisement.

Sweet sixteen will always be charming no matter what the fashions and customs are.

Woman's Life Saver

Mother of nine convinced. One dose of Beecham's Pills are the remedy for sick headaches and constipation.

"Your pills certainly have done 'wonders' for me. I am thirty-eight years of age, been married thirteen years and am the mother of nine children.

"I was suffering from headaches and constipation for nearly fifteen years when I happened to read one of your ads in the paper. Having a headache that day I went to the drugger and bought a box of Beecham's Pills. I took a dose. That dose was a 'life-saver' to me. Since then I have had no more headaches, and my health is good. I recommend them to whomever I meet."

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