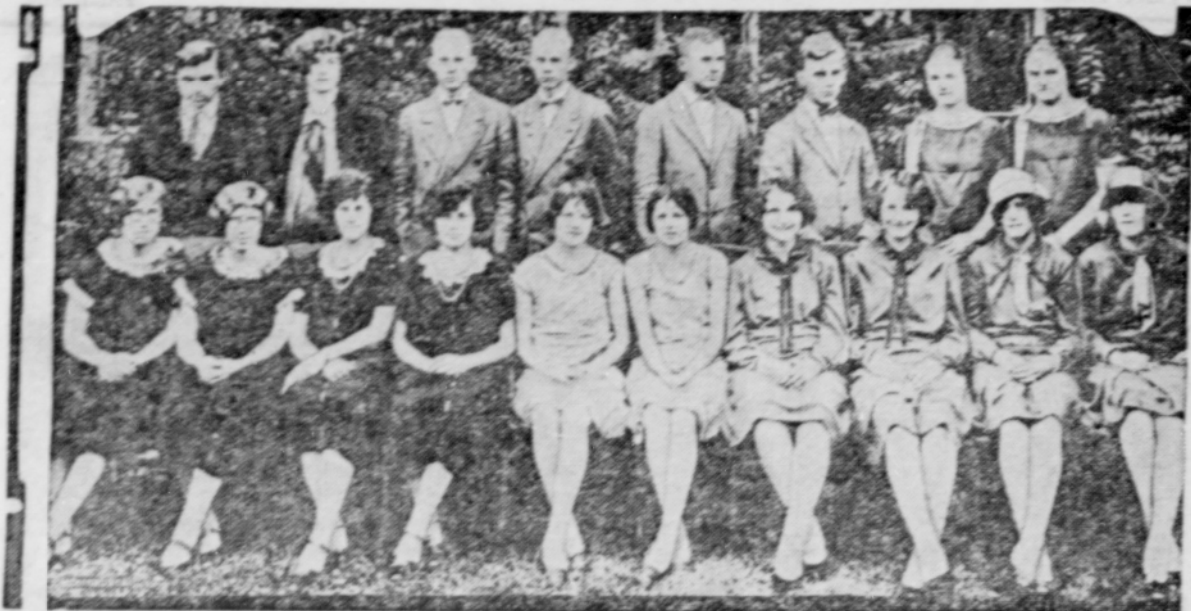


School in Pittsburg, Kan., Has Nine Sets of Twins



These nine sets of twins are all attending the same school in Pittsburg, Kan., and the teachers and fellow students have great difficulty in guessing who's who.

Italian Lake Is Temperamental

Famous Body of Water Develops Tide Caused by Gas Springs.

Washington.—Evidence that the Italian Lake Garda had developed a tide recently mystified the natives and tourists frequenting this famous body of water.

"To those who know it, however, Garda is a lake of many moods," says a bulletin from the Washington headquarters of the National Geographic society.

"Most of the yearly host of visitors, however, carry back with them indelible visions of a great inland sea set in a background of enchanting beauty.

"Garda is Italy's largest lake and, with the exception of Geneva and Constance, is unsurpassed in size in the Alpine region.

"In many respects it is more like a small inland sea than a lake. Its deep blue coloring is like that of the Mediterranean and, unlike its sister Lombardian lakes, it has real sailboats with two masts, their brown and yellow sails contrasting prettily with the blue of the water and the green background of the hills.

"Lake Garda was once an important link in the trade route between Verona and Trent, but the construction of the railroad up the nearby and more direct Adige valley has left the lake again the quiet dwelling place of beauty of which, poets, even as far back as Roman days, have sung.

"For many years two flags ruled its waves, the northern tip and the city of Riva lying in Austria. Garda was thus a sort of debatable region of romance, where Latin and Teuton touched elbows, and the picturesque gunboats of the customs officers waged an unceasing war against more picturesque smugglers.

"Today lemons, citrons, olives, oranges and grapes share with tourists the honor of being the principal 'industry.' Along the sheltered west shore, or Riviera as it is called, the lemon plantations scale the steep slopes of the hillsides, backed by stone walls for protection against the chilling winter winds.

"No less colorful and interesting are the many little towns that border the lake. Salo, the main port on the west coast, runs riot in color. The houses are painted to look like wallpaper.

Mathews Wins Mitchel Trophy



Lieut. Thomas K. Mathews of the army, by winning the John L. Mitchel trophy, won the right to represent the army in the Pulitzer race next year.

NOW LOBSTERS ARE BEING HANDLED BY BOOTLEGGERS

"Shorts," Crustaceans Less Than Four Inches, Smuggled in Along Jersey Coast.

Highlands, N. J.—Lobster bootleggers are active off the New Jersey coast. Lying outside the three-mile limit of state jurisdiction, they buy "shorts" and smuggle their contraband ashore to resorts and even to the larger cities.

This traffic has reduced the average weight of the lobster caught in these waters from five pounds to one.

It is an icy day that keeps the lobster men ashore. Working usually two to a boat, 25 feet 11 1/2 inches over all, open, cabinless and unprotected from weather, the fishermen in their quest waver from three to ten miles out-

net an average of about \$10 a day. Four lines each containing from twenty to thirty pots keep two men busy. The pot is a wooden frame covered with laths one inch apart and containing an opening through a knitted cord arrangement which narrows from the entrance.

Decaying menhaden, caught by the fishermen of Sandy Hook bay, are threaded to the inside of the pot with copper wire and among the inedible sea crabs and unpopular ling—a quick-dying fish—is found an occasional crustacean. Sometimes it is a "short."

Occasionally a heavy lobster is brought up, one taken this year having weighed seven pounds. Sometimes the pots yield a "shedder" in his annual round of casting off the old shell and putting on a new one. A prime delicacy, the latter die quickly and are of little commercial value to the lobster men.

Blind Pair Marry After Long Courtship

New York.—The blind led the blind to the altar in Adams Memorial Presbyterian church, where Joseph L. Bennett and Miss Eva Brasseur, both blind for more than twenty years, were married by Rev. Harold S. Rambo.

As he stood at the altar, the hand of his bride in his, Bennett, who is fifty-three, remembered her as a girl of twenty, his sweetheart then. She is now forty-nine.

"That is the way I shall always think of her," he said.

Mrs. Bennett became blind 22 years ago.

Bennett's hands fumbled as the bride shyly held her finger to receive the ring which neither will ever see. But, they smiled.

The bridegroom lost his sight through the explosion of a stick of dynamite in a mine.

You can't judge a dinner by the tone of the dinner bell.

In the JUNGLE With Cheerups and the Quixies by Grace Bliss Stewart

MRS. SPIDER GETS ADVICE

"LET'S see, where was I?" said Mrs. Spider, as she settled down on a piece of moss beside Cheerups for a good long talk.

"You were just telling me about your wonderful house," replied Cheerups; "how you dig a tunnel two feet deep and hide all the earth you have dug out, so no one will discover where you are building."

"Yes, that's the very place; and didn't I promise to tell you how I furnish my little home, too? Well, I just line the tunnel I have dug with

ing, you know. First I have to measure the doorway with my feelers, then I spin a little silken pad exactly the right size and shape, which I make sticky with my own special kind of glue. This pad I sprinkle with bits of earth; then comes another pad of silk and so on, until I think the door is thick enough. It's quite a layer cake."

"Well, whatever it's like, it's certainly very remarkable," said Cheerups, his eyes round with wonder. "And then how do you fasten it on?"

"Why, with a hinge, of course, silly," piped Mrs. Spider, "a hinge of silk, and I put it on the outside, too, so the door will close of its own weight after me. I don't believe in any more work than necessary. But I do go so far as to cover my front door with bits of dirt and tiny stones. Then, unless I am just coming out, no one would know it from the rest of the ground."

"Now I call that very complete!" said Cheerups admiringly; "Just a perfectly snug little home! What more could anyone want?"

"Yes, it is that, sir; it's all of that, and yet," sighed Mrs. Spider, "it's not as safe as it sounds. If an unwelcome visitor wanted to come and pull up the door he could, in spite of me. There's something lacking, but I can't think what it is; yes, something lacking."

"Mmmmm," murmured Cheerups, "Let me see. I have it, Mrs. Spider! Spin some threads of silk, fasten them to the inside of your door, and then sit on the other ends when you don't want to be disturbed."

"That's a splendid idea, Mr. Cheerups. How good you are to help me out. But suppose an enemy came along who was stronger than I and



"Let Me See. I Have It, Mrs. Spider!"

two sheets of silk which I spin myself. It's the same kind of silk of which other spiders make their webs. The lining next the earth is coarse and waterproof, but the one inside is very fine and soft. That sounds comfy, doesn't it?" said Mrs. Spider proudly.

"I should say so," cried Cheerups, "but you are forgetting the trapdoor. That seems to me the most wonderful part of all."

"Oh, no, I'm not forgetting, Mr. Cheerups," said Mrs. Spider. "I'm just leaving the best till the last, like frost-

AN ABBREVIATED STORY

THE CAMEL'S BACK

THE scene of today's story, just for a change, is the wild Harhar jungles of Abyssinia.

The natives were in a state of the wildest disorder, for their troubles were proving too much for them, and a revolution was brewing. Yet the Harhar savages were a cautious bunch, and Bluhjaw, their champion orator and worker-up, harangued them in vain to take the decisive step.

"Skrix shrox" ("No use acting hastily"), muttered the populace.

"Kincan yaybo wimbo yan!" ("He allows the common people one meal a day while he eats seven!") cried Bluhjaw.

"Dithy rambus" ("Don't let's be rash"), murmured the mob.

"Slux nindo yitther wow!" ("He has forbidden us to smoke!"),

"Osh kosh!" ("We'd better not do anything reckless"),

"Tooral Chaplox ninski Fairbinx! Yinx!" ("He's ordered all the 'movies' to shut down and now we can never see Charlie Chaplin or Doug Fairbanks any more!")

There was a mighty guttural roar as the long-suffering public rose to arms and rushed toward King Dimbo's bungalow.

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THE WHY of SUPERSTITIONS

DEATHS NEVER SINGLE

IT IS a rather common superstition all over the country, especially in the rural districts, that deaths "never come singly." In some sections they say that if one person in a family dies there will be three deaths in that family before the year is out. In other sections they say two deaths. Those who believe in the superstition do not limit the operation of the omen to the

immediate family of the deceased person—the death of any relative will suffice to fulfill, in their opinion, the prognostic.

This superstition has its origin in the conception of the ancients with regard to the relations existing between the living and the dead and their idea of the needs and requirements of the world of shades. Attention has been called to the idea of primitive man that the spirits of the dead desired companionship; that in their journey into the "great darkness" they ought to be accompanied by some of those who were near to them in life. Hundreds of slaves and captives were slaughtered upon the grave of Attila in order that his spirit might have on the stygian shore a retinue appropriate for so great a king; and Indian widows met death upon the funeral pyre of their husbands in order that the departed rajah might be consoled beyond the veil.

There appears also to have been an idea that when these attentions were not bestowed the spirit of the deceased might possibly and under certain circumstances, exercise a power of summoning companionship from the living world; and in the classic stories of the Heroic ages we find now and then ghosts that will not rest until human sacrifice has been made, actually or by substitution.

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WHO SAID "Labor conquers all things."

IT IS said that when Homer, the great epic poet of ancient Greece, was alive he lived in poverty and traveled about from place to place existing on the sparing hospitality of those who would shelter him for the sake of hearing his adventures related. Years after his death, when his work began to be properly appreciated, no less than seven cities of Greece fought for the honor of calling him a native of their locality. And to this day it remains a mystery where the man's real home was located.

Modern knowledge of Homer rests upon his known works. When he was born is as much a mystery as where he was born. Historians agree in fixing the year of his birth sometime between 1000 and 700 B. C., and his birthplace "somewhere in Greece."

The poet's best known works are his Iliad and the Odyssey. The Iliad is the story of the siege of Ilium, or Troy, and relates the attempt to rescue Helen, wife of the king of Sparta, whom Paris, son of the king of Troy, had abducted.

The Odyssey concerns itself with the adventures of Odysseus or Ulysses, as he is better known, on his way home from the battle of Troy and of his welcome by his faithful wife, Penelope, and the punishment of her presumptuous suitors.

By all of the great poetry critics of the world Homer's work is ranked as among the finest. His memory has been further kept alive by numerous busts—all of which, of course, are wholly ideal.—Wayne D. McMurray.

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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

EVE

IT IS fitting that Eve, the oldest name in the English language, should mean "life." The mother of all living was originally called by the title Chava, which the Alexandrian Jews, coming upon in their translation, rendered as Zoe. Later it was Latinized as Heva and finally becomes Eve on English lips.

Curiously enough, Eve has never been a popular name in England. On old parish registers it appeared in isolated instances when a pair of twins was christened Adam and Eve. But the Latin form, which became Eva in Ireland and Scotland, also flourished in England and became popular in Germany.

In this country, Eve has had greater prevalence than Eva. The former is a far more euphonious name, as well as the finest of the old Biblical appellatives—a fact which appealed strongly to the Puritans. We have also revived the title of the Alexandrian Jews and Zoe is frequent in modern times.

Jade is Eve's talismanic stone. It is the Chinese gem of life and is believed to bestow upon its wearer the blessing of the gods, which is health, wealth and happiness. Sunday is Eve's lucky day and 4 her lucky number.

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A LINE O' CHEER

By John Kendrick Bangs

DEPARTING SUMMER

THE summer may be gone as some do say. Yet, seems to me, she lingers on the way. And as she slowly moves along her track I feel she sort of wistfully looks back And smiles on all about her quite as though She really wished she did not have to go— And maybe that is why September days ber hold so much of summer in their ways.

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