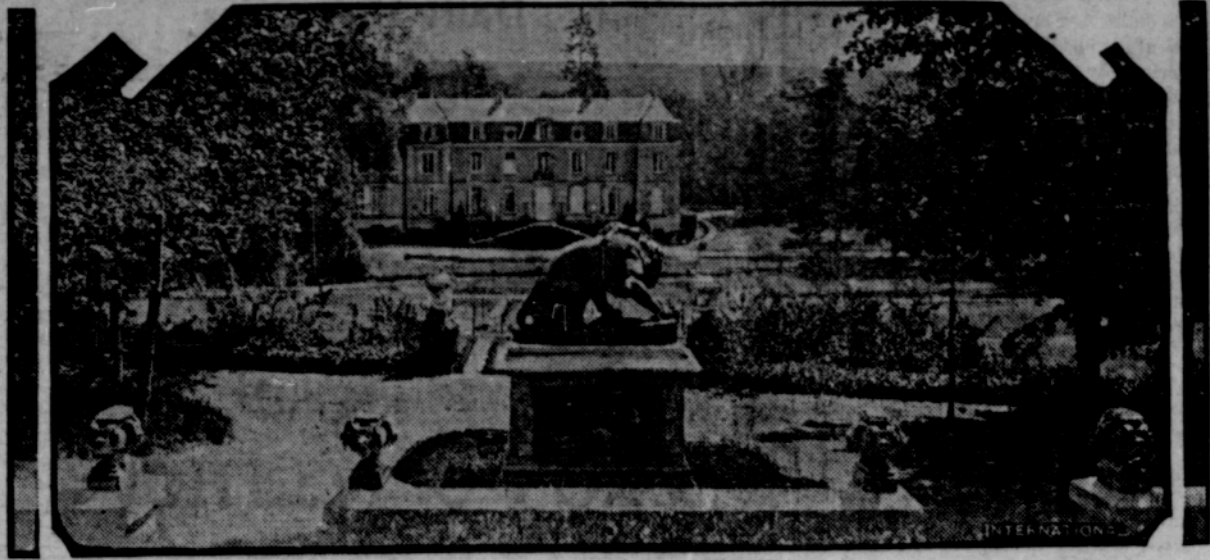


Pola Negri's Chateau, Scene of Her Honeymoon



Above is a beautiful view of Pola Negri's picturesque Chateau de Reuil, Seraincourt, near Paris, where she was married to Prince Serge Mdivant.

Flood Refugees Lined Up for Vaccination



Long line of flood refugees at Greenville awaiting their turn to be inoculated against typhoid and smallpox. The medical directors say half a million will have been subjected to vaccination in the flood region before the emergency is over.

Canada Also Suffers From Disastrous Floods



Canada, like the Mississippi valley, has been having floods that in some regions are the worst in a quarter of a century. This photograph was taken at Brandon, Manitoba, which was entirely inundated, 18,000 persons being rendered homeless.

GNATS OF MARRIED LIFE

(© by D. J. Walsh.)

EDITH MASON stood back and looked at her luncheon table. It really looked beautiful with the dainty embroidered doilies laid on the polished wood, the silver shining and the food properly hot and savory. She had cooked the things her husband liked—scalloped potatoes, chops, nut cakes, coffee steaming fragrantly from the silver percolator. Her doilies happily were out and she had placed a cluster of them in a slender cut-glass vase in the center of the charming board. And now she had only to wait for Grant to come in from his garden.

The young Masons had been married a year, but they had been occupying their own home for about a month only; up to that point the bungalow had been in process of construction and they had boarded. Meantime, however, Edith had prepared herself carefully in all housewifely knowledge and she had entered her own house feeling able to look after it in such a way as should do credit to the establishment and to herself.

Now when Grant did not appear at once she went to the kitchen door and called him. Without raising his head as he would be called back: "All right." She watched him, but he kept on with his work.

The thought of the luncheon cooking on the table aroused in Edith anger at her husband's indifference. She called again sharply: "Grant! Hurry up!" This time he laid down the implement and came toward her with apparent reluctance.

"Seems like it's got to be noon awful quick," he said.

Edith did not answer. She did not, indeed, dare trust herself to speak. Grant dawdled at the sink and when at last he took his place at the table he ate without comment on the food. His talk, like his thoughts, apparently, were all about the garden and when was the best time to plant the potatoes.

"Ought to get our first mess by the Fourth," he said. "I tell you it's great to have land of your own. I've always wanted it. I'll get some proper exercise now, which I need after sitting at a desk all day."

After lunch he lit his pipe in the living room whither he had gone to look up some fact in one of the agricultural journals he had subscribed for when a little later he went out of doors he did not stop to kiss Edith, although she had put herself in his way.

She sighed at the neglect. But the dishes had to be washed. She loved washing dishes. With one of the new heaters in the cellar she always had plenty of hot water and delighted in sozzling in the rich white lather with her dish mop.

After the kitchen was spotless she went into the living room for a look around. The table was littered with agricultural journals, a burned match lay on the gleaming whiteness of the runner and ashes had been sprinkled freely upon the delicate rug.

Edith's lips set tightly. Grant was careless; more than that, he was inconsiderate. She laid the journals straight, flung the burned match into the fireplace and brushed up the ashes. His lack of thought had made these three acts necessary and he could so easily have saved her. She was not tired, but what was the use in doing things over and over?

She would speak to him about it and she went out to the garden for that purpose. He saw her coming, wiped his face and greeted her with a shout.

"Come right along honey; I want to show you the prettiest sight you ever saw." He pointed to a long row of faintly green things springing from the earth. It was a pretty sight, and when he put his arm about her she had to smile and tell him so.

In the end she had forgot to scold and skipped back indoors to iron her embroidered linen. No easy task to iron, white embroidered linen, but she needed the dress for that evening. Mrs. Hume was giving a small party for her house guest, Miss Merrill, and all the young folks of the neighborhood were invited.

Edith's iron was electric and smooth as glass, the starch did not stick and the linen was just nicely damp. She loved to iron and she began to sing a little.

The dress came out beautifully glowing. She arranged it on a hanger and hung the hanger on a hook near the open window, where the linen could finish drying. Then she ran upstairs to bathe and wave her hair. She thought, too, she might as well have a bit of a nap—it was such a lazy day.

In all she was upstairs about two hours. When she came down she was

refreshed and happy, eager to begin dinner. As she entered the kitchen her eyes at once sought her white gown.

It still hung on the nail where she had left it, but suspended from the same nail was Grant's dirty old garden rucky!

Edith gave a horrified gasp and snatched down the rucky, but the damage was done. Her beautiful shining white dress was smirched with soil.

Snatching it from the nail she ran with it into the small den whither certain well outlined footsteps led. She knew where to find Grant. But her angry on-rush was stopped by the sight of him lying on the davenport relaxed and rosy, sound asleep and guileless as a child.

Ordinarily she would have smiled at the sight of him asleep so, but now she scowled. For the third time that day she had been treated to evidence of his thoughtlessness and inconsideration. She had borne all she could.

Leave him? She was almost angry enough to, and, indeed, women had left husbands for less. No, she would not do that. What should she do? She went back to the living room to ponder, to fight away these gnats of married life.

As she sat with her cheek on her hand wiping away tears she heard a sound, and there was Grant in the doorway, looking at her in surprise.

"What's the matter?" He ran to her quickly, knelt down and took her in his arms. His cheek pressed hers. "What's up, sweetheart?"

He didn't know! If she told him could she make him understand without hurting his feelings, sensitive as she knew him to be. She drew a long breath and let him kiss her tears away. After all it was not his fault so much as his training; his mother should have taught him better. Some time, perhaps, when she was more sure of herself, she could explain, but the thing was too hot for her to handle sanely.

"What a boy, what a little boy you are, Grant," she sighed.

"And what a little goose you are to cry," he retorted. "What's it over, honey? If it's anything I've done or am doing you'll tell me, won't you?"

Then, not waiting for her answer he sprang up and rushed out of the house. If he had not whistled as he went she might have thought—

In ten minutes he was back. He laid a great box of candy in her lap. "I know," he said, gayly, "it's your birthday or something and you thought I'd forgotten."

She laughed weakly. He was too absurd and dear; altogether too dear!

That night Edith wore her little gray crepe, and she was happier in it than she had ever dreamed she could be.

All He Knew

At the examination of pupils in a school a short time ago the Inspector put questions at random to the scholars. Among the latter was a red-headed lad, who, on being asked how many days there are in a year, answered "Seven."

When the titling of the rest of the class subsided, the Inspector remarked:

"I said a year, not a week. Now try again. How many days are there in a year?"

The lad appeared nonplussed and vexed for a moment and then ejaculated:

"Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Sunday. Just seven. If there's others I have never heard of 'em."

Ancient Murals Found

Pictures that have been hidden for many years were revealed recently by workmen renovating an ancient building in Prague, Czechoslovakia.

The walls of the structure were decorated with figures producing an effect similar to that on pottery, and when the coating of dust and paint were removed, the art work was clearly shown.

The pictures had been worked in plaster, an imitation of bas-relief being effected by laying a coat of white over one of black and then removing enough of the upper coating to expose the black in the desired designs and patterns. They are being preserved as curiosities.

Hope of Immortality

We are led to the belief of a future state, not only by the weaknesses, by the hopes and fears of human nature, but by the noblest and best principles which belong to it—by the love of virtue, and by the abhorrence of vice and injustice.—Adam Smith.

Bit of Philosophy

Fred—Here's a bit of philosophy: Opportunity is like an oil painting—Jerry—Yeah?

Fred—You can't appreciate it when you stand close to it.

When You High-Hat

Don't forget when you feel like high-hatting some one that no one can high-hat like a third-rate actor.—Atchison Globe.

Calcutta Odd Mixture of the Old and New

In one of these typical streets of six-story shops and Indian bazaars (Calcutta) I witnessed a strange sight that reminded me vividly that I was in another world. I stood half an hour watching goats led up a flight of steps into a small structure open to the street and rising a few feet above it, where they were thrown on a wooden block and headed by the slaughterman. In plain view of a circle of gaping spectators outside.

I supposed at first it was a native abattoir, but was informed that it was the sacrifice place of some backward Hindu sect, and that on certain days this ceremony went on from early morning until late at night.

A similar intermingling of two worlds occurred on the banks of the holy Ganges, where next to modern vessels from Glasgow and Liverpool old-fashioned barges rowed by six or eight Indians, who ran back and forth along the deck as they piled their long oars, craved sluggishly forward.

Down dozens of broad flights of

steps natives descended to bathe in the sacred waters, while Hindus washed their cows in their midst. Along the green banks of the Hooghly were ranged brightly painted jute factories and white and yellow European villas. Between the factories Hindu temples nestled, half obscured in palm groves, and here and there the clay hut of a Bengali peasant peeped forth from the foliage.—Franz Josef Furtwangler, in *Volwarta*, *Braslin* (Living Age).

Mineral Color in Stucco

In the Orient the colored stucco used is of a natural shade—that is, the color is a part of the material. The same result is achieved in this country by mixing mineral pigment into the stucco at the factory. In this way exact proportions of mix are obtained and the product is so controlled that all of it is of a specific color that does not change or fade due to the action of the weather.

V. F. W. Wreath for Wilson's Tomb



Commander in Chief Theodore Stitt of the Veterans of Foreign Wars of the United States, standing before the Washington cathedral at Washington, D. C., with a V. F. W. buddy poppy wreath that was placed on the tomb of Woodrow Wilson.

MAY SUCCEED CALLES



Gen. Francisco R. Serrano, former Mexican secretary of war, now governor of the federal district, photographed as he was inaugurating the new long distance phone line from Mexico City to Tampico, on the gulf, a distance of 900 kilometers. It is said Serrano may succeed Calles in 1928 as President of Mexico.

SUED FOR DIVORCE



Mrs. Bainbridge Coiby, against whom her husband, the former secretary of state, has instituted proceedings for divorce in the Paris courts. Before her marriage in 1905 she was Miss Nathalie Sedgwick of Stockbridge, Mass.

Dear Moose Eyeballs

There is a belief common among hunters and guides in the North woods that the eyeballs of a deer are set fast in the socket and are immovable. The deer has the same control over its eyes as other animals of this general type.

"Bob" Not Modern

The custom of wearing the hair short is of great antiquity. Hair was probably cut as soon as implements sharp enough to cut were improvised.

Protecting a Bolshevik Consulate



Guards in front of the Soviet Russian consulate at Shanghai, protecting it against raids by Chinese or other hostile groups.

ALL AROUND THE GLOBE

Paper milk bottles are used by a London dairy.

The automobile population of this country increased by 2,000,000 cars last year.

One-day shopping excursions from London to Paris by air are soon to be started.

New York uses nearly one-eighth of the total electricity generated in the United States.

Rubber is being used in making protective paints.

Caries, a disease of the teeth, is found in the remains of fishes that lived 20,000,000 years ago.

History is our most important science, according to Dr. Michael Pupin, famous electrical engineer.

The robber fly is fierce and cruel in its attacks on bees, wasps and other "game" that it hunts for food.

Changed
Bill—Red is back from China, stone broke and so different you wouldn't know him.
Jean—I'm sure I won't.

Men Outnumber Women
The population of South Georgia Island, in the Falkland group, consists of 1,334 men and 3 women.—New York Herald-Tribune.

Her Manuscript
Little Audrey was at work on her motion picture act. "The deacon hesitated briefly," she wrote, "and then calmly climbed over the transom, while his faithful dog, Rollo, threw away his cigar, hitched up his pants, and walked in through the open doorway." (End of Scene 17.)—Kansas City Times.

Now a Metal Clarinet
Especially adapted for localities subjected to sharp changes in temperature and for traveling orchestras that encounter a wide range of weather conditions, a metal clarinet has been introduced in America from France. It is said to have the same tone quality, correct intonation, evenness and carrying power of the wood instrument, and the added advantage of being immune to cracking and checking.—Popular Mechanics Magazine.

CHILDREN CRY FOR "CASTORIA"
Especially Prepared for Infants and Children of All Ages
Mother! Fletcher's Castoria has been in use for over 30 years to relieve babies and children of Constipation, Flatulency, Wind Colic and Diarrhea; allaying Feverishness arising therefrom, and, by regulating the Stomach and Bowels, aids the assimilation of Food; giving natural sleep without opiates.
The genuine bears signature of
Chas. H. Fletcher.

Replenishing Mail Bags
More than 3,000,000 yards of surplus canvas, intended originally for army tents and wagon covers, has been turned over to post office authorities for use as mail bags, says the Dearborn Independent.

RED, ROUGH SKIN
is ugly and annoying—make your skin soft, white, lovely, by using
Resinol
W. N. U., PORTLAND, NO. 23-1927.

Says Dangerous Varicose Veins Can Be Reduced at Home
Rub Gently and Upward Toward the Heart as Blood in Veins Flows That Way.
If you or any relative or friend are worried because of varicose veins or bunches, the best advice that anyone in this world can give you is to ask your druggist for an original two-ounce bottle of Moore's Emerald Oil (full strength) and apply night and morning to the swollen, enlarged veins. Soon you will notice that they are growing smaller and the treatment should be continued until the veins are of normal size. So penetrating and powerful is Emerald Oil that even Piles are quickly absorbed. Your druggist sells lots of it.

Cuticura Talcum is the Ideal Powder
Its purity, smoothness and fragrance, combined with antiseptic and prophylactic properties, which help to overcome disagreeable odors, make it an essential toilet requisite.
Cuticura Shaving Stick 25c.