

"Let us have faith that right makes might, and in that faith let us to the end dare to do our duty as we understand it."—Abraham Lincoln.

**Lest We Forget**

*The War Is Ended—The Red Cross Lives On*

Starting Armistice day, a day most significant, the local Red Cross chapter will sound its annual roll call—November 11, which will last until November 26. During this roll call the Red Cross society must, through its membership, raise sufficient funds for maintenance and upkeep during the year.

Not infrequently we hear some busy man, who has neither the time nor information at hand to enable him to study the phases of civic life wherein sickness, want and deprivation call for immediate assistance, give thoughtless voice to the query:

"I don't see any use for the Red Cross now—there is no war."

There is plenty of significance in the last four words of the above quotation: "There is no war." What the questioner meant was that where there are no warring nations at each other's throats, there could be no call for donating to the Red Cross.

There is always a war for the Red Cross.

A ceaseless war in aid of some human sufferer, some one out of a job, some one ill and in need of medical attention, medicine to allay or heal the cause of their suffering, some one hungry, some one without shelter. And oft-times comes need for the hidden children of men, and of those upon whom the hand of fate rests heavily.

Aside from memories of the soldier, who can still recall soft words of encouragement when the setting of the sun meant naught but another night of suffering, or the hand that hurt in order that it might heal, or still other visions of the dark nights of storm, when dry socks and other blessings rendered possible by busy hands of the Red Cross, gave needed balm, there is the ever-present fact that with each tomorrow as it faded into a today, came distressful problems for those whom misfortune has overtaken along life's highway.

And it is to these the ministering hand of the Red Cross comes in their hour of need, and to them your aid, given in support of the Red Cross comes as a welcoming shield against the blackness of despair without hope, or suffering without allay.

**Explained**

Roy Jordan of New York, advised the tile and mantel contractors during a meeting there yesterday that the richer a man is the more colorful his bathroom should be.

He said a \$10,000 home should have plain white, \$20,000 blue or pink, \$40,000 purple, yellow or green, and a regular riot for a John D. Rockefeller.

We know now what makes the \$1.50 hotel bathtubs so black.

Among Washington's magnificent distances is that between it and some other capitals on the debt question.

**The Smith, a Mighty Man Was He!**



**Dinner Stories**

The victim of a motor car accident was being examined by the village magistrate. "You say you didn't see his number?" the magistrate remarked. "Could you swear to the man?"

"Well," answered the countryman, "I did, but I don't think he heard me."

An Irishman had received an anonymous note, stating that if he did not "leave five hundred dollars under a certain rock by nine P. M. on Friday night his wife would be kidnaped on Sunday morning."

The Irishman appeared at the stated place at 9 p. m. promptly, and was faced by the masked writer of the anonymous note.

"Well, what are you going to do about it?" growled the kidnaper.

"I ain't got no five hundred dollars, sir, and I know I can't get it, but I am sufficiently interested in your proposition, sir, to ask you not to reduce the ransom."

The circus had come to the college town, and, having failed, was selling out at auction their stock of wild animals. A young man bought the man-eating tiger, and when the curious auctioneer asked if he ran a show, was surprised to receive a negative answer.

"Then what in the world made you buy the tiger?"

"Well, when I came away to school, I had to leave my girl behind, and I miss her—and—" he paused to wipe away a tear and steady his voice, "so I've bought this tiger."

"I understand you," said the showman, in a husky voice.

The motorist pulled up at the village pump and asked a yokel: "How long will it take to reach Puddletown?"

"Heaven knows!" said the yokel, after a moment's thought. "Mebbe an hour—or a day—or a month—or a—"

"Or a month!" echoed the astonished motorist. "How's that?"

"Well," answered the other solemnly, "ye're goin' t' wrong way."

"All you have to do," said the

film producer to the new movie artist, "is to seize the woman in your arms, leap to the top of a passing street car, and jump from there to the fire escape of the building on the corner. Then climb with her up to the seventeenth story, drag her out on the roof, and, bracing your foot firmly in the side of the smokestack, toss her lightly over to the church tower on the left, where she clings until—"

"And if I let her drop?"

"You'll have to pick her up and start all over again."

**Children's Pictorial Cross Word Puzzle**



**Running Across.**

Word 1. What the little girl in the picture and in the Hans Christian Anderson story sold. Plural.

Word 4. The country in which we live.

Word 5. What a person who lives in Italy is called.

**Running Down.**

Word 1. A city in Florida.

Word 2. The skeleton of an animal which builds reefs in warm waters and is sometimes made into jewelry.

Word 3. A country in Europe.

**YESTERDAY'S PUZZLE ANSWERED.**

H A N D S  
O R S  
M O R S E  
E S O D  
R E E D S



**Sunny Dick Says**

Not that the League is more war-torn, but the control of population by that form of murder, Englishmen are going in strong for birth control.

Greeks and Bulgarians living along the border find it safe to sleep with their arms around them. No wonder they like to come to America where they can sleep safely with somebody else's arms around them.

American Nat. Bank of N. Y. High Bidder for Library Bonds.—That's great. Here is a case where we eat our cake and have it, too. Our savings enable our home bank to build our library; we have the library to use and our money still stands to our credit at the bank.

Babe Ruth Swears He Will Turn Over a New Leaf and Be Good.—We know by experience that bright colored leaves at this season soon fall.

The New Regional Prohibition Chief for the Minnesota District Has Appointed Andrew J. Volstead Himself on His Staff.—Isn't this a little bit risky? When he gets into it and learns what a mess his law has made of things he may pull some more strings and get it repealed.

Here are 15 different ways of serving the versatile tomato:

- 1—Raw, sliced, dressed with vinegar and sugar or French dressing.
- 2—Raw, sliced, quartered or petalled and served with mayonnaise; or raw, combined with other vegetables in salad.
- 3—Sliced, dipped in crumbs and broiled; or dipped in batter and fried in deep fat.
- 4—Baked whole, hollowed out, stuffed with a seasoned preparation, meat or vegetables, and baked.
- 5—Stewed with seasonings; seasoned and thickened; seasoned and thickened with bread crumbs.
- 6—Cream of tomato soup.
- 7—Cooked and sieved and added to seasoned gelatin.
- 8—Tomato preserve.
- 9—Tomato cooked, sieved, seasoned and frozen as a dinner ice.
- 10—Strip of wood nailed across a board.
- 11—Lock of hair.
- 12—Woody plants.
- 13—Liberates.
- 14—Runs away from.
- 15—A company of war.
- 16—Rain and hail in.
- 17—Pleasing to the senses.
- 18—Up a tree.
- 19—Three-spotted card.
- 20—Takes plunder or booty.
- 21—Squeeze.
- 22—Cruciferous plants.
- 23—Top.
- 24—Hard external coating.
- 25—Break by pressure.
- 26—Same as No. 25.
- 27—Same as No. 25.
- 28—Same as No. 24.
- 29—Confidence.
- 30—Surgical apparatus.
- 31—Lock of hair.
- 32—Woody plants.
- 33—Liberates.
- 34—Runs away from.
- 35—A company of war.
- 36—Rain and hail in.
- 37—Pleasing to the senses.

**Heart & Home Problems**

By Mrs. Elizabeth Thompson  
**BLAMES WIVES FOR DIVORCE WAVE**

What's the matter with the modern girl—if anything? A wife writes:

Dear Mrs. Thompson: I hope some of the silly young girl wives who write to your column about their married troubles will see this. There are so many divorces because young people marry too young, before they are really ready to settle down, and assume the responsibilities of husband and wife. And always the young wives blame mother-in-law for their troubles. I was 16 years old when I was married, and at first I wanted to run around and have a good time. Because my mother-in-law tried to show me where I was doing wrong, and being unfair to my husband, I rebelled, and did not like her. I wrote to you for advice, and followed it. Now there is no happier wife. If when girls get mad at their husbands they should remember that this is the same man they married, and that they have a duty by them. Lack of consideration for the other is the main trouble in married life. And I'm afraid women are the worst offenders.

MRS. A. M.

You are quite right, Mrs. A. M. These young wives usually are largely to blame for their troubles but they deserve our sympathy rather than our contempt. After all, few of them are properly prepared by modern mothers for the role of housekeeper and homemaker. Our grandmothers married young, too, but they were, whether of high or low estate, trained for wifehood from an early age. It used to be scandalous for a mother to have a grown daughter who knew nothing of the house-

**SHE DIDN'T MEAN**

hold arts and sciences. Dear Mrs. Thompson: I was one year older than you when I was married. I had been going to college for months, and my object as my mother-in-law's was to get along with her. I showed, but often got out riding together, but she would not let me out from college. I had been getting on well, but one night several of us went to church in a car up to me to sit in the back. There was no room. When he asked me to lap I replied, "I don't like you." This made him very angry. He does not ask me to sit with him any more. He sat on his lap when I regained his love. He came and he saw me. He see him often at school in my class.

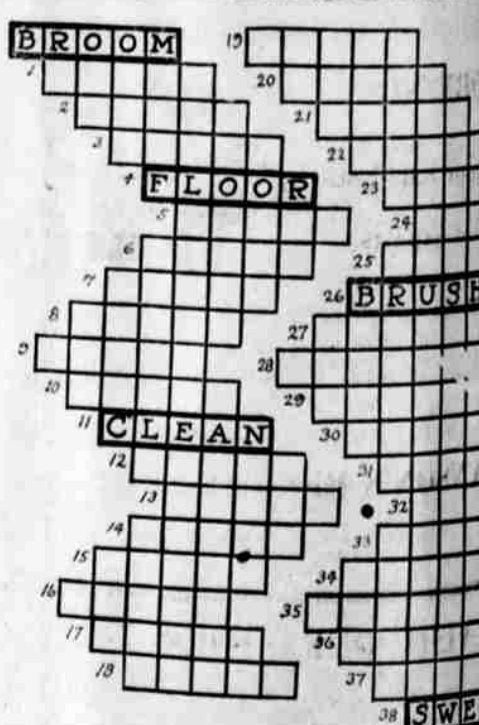
Your refusal, stated by the best man, nevertheless, the young man might be gentlemanly and not angry at your refusal. His suggestion was harmless, but you were wise, and embarrassed presence of other circumstances I think have accepted the situation. You didn't have to let him know that you meant to be offensive. don't let love be a mistake.

H. E. S. Mr. S. be considered serious angry just because of the show with your boy friend. Why do you ogize? It is foolish to take love so seriously.

**STEP-WORD PUZZLE**  
(PATENT APPLIED FOR)

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By ARTHUR WYNNE,  
Originator of the Modern Cross-Word Puzzle.



**DEFINITIONS**

- 1—Offspring
- 2—Fluid which circulates in arteries
- 3—Inundation
- 4—Ground wheat
- 5—To insult
- 6—To rest on the surface of water
- 7—To cause to swell
- 8—Cry of a lamb
- 9—Strip of wood nailed across a board
- 10—Bright
- 11—Obscure
- 12—Desolate
- 13—Smash
- 14—Leaves
- 15—The progeny of one stock
- 16—Up a tree
- 17—Three-spotted card
- 18—Takes plunder or booty
- 19—Squeeze
- 20—Cruciferous plants
- 21—Top
- 22—Hard external coating
- 23—Break by pressure
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- 29—Woody plants
- 30—Liberates
- 31—Runs away from
- 32—A company of war
- 33—Rain and hail in
- 34—Pleasing to the senses

Solution to yesterday's step-word—LETTER, letter, letter, water, waiter, WRITER, writes, whites, whines, whines, spares, scares, scarpas, scamps, STAMPS, stamps, scamps, scapes, SEATED, sealer, seller, teller, taller, taller, taller, taller, MAILED, bailed, baited, basted, pasted, POSTED.