

Britain's School of Experience

Today the homes of England are "military objectives," and British babies are born and reared in battle lines. The Cypsy Hill Training college, in southeast London, met the problem of what to do with babies whose mothers and fathers were engaged in day-long war effort. How these children learned to help themselves is shown in these pictures.



These little fellows are dishing out the breakfast porridge—oatmeal to you—and are so intent upon the task that the photographer might have been a piece of the miniature furniture.



A specially constructed low sink enables this little curly-top to fill his wash-basin without having to stand on anything but his feet.

And here is a little laundress using her pint-size mangle to do a job of pressing. Small as it is, it does the work efficiently.



A little dinner party in session. The children look after themselves, food being served by children to the music of a little piano that plays nursery rhymes.



After play the children go to work with soap and water and their little scrubbing brushes. The wash benches are toy size.

Mother used to supervise the tooth-brushing and gurgling of this little lady. Now she does all that solo, and seems to enjoy it.

OUR COMIC SECTION

Events in the Lives of Little Men



POP

By J. Miller Watt

WNU



S'MATTER POP

By C. M. Payne

WNU



NOT BORN YET



"The fools are not all dead."
"That isn't the worst of it; they aren't all born yet."

Handy Past

"Would you marry a man with a past?"
"I might—if he'd tell me all about it, so I could throw it up to him sometimes."

Tough Luck

Waiter—There hasn't been much stirring around the cafe.
Diner—Why not?
Waiter—Somebody stole all the spoons.

ADVICE ON CARDS



"Why do you always wear gloves when you are playing cards?"
"Because Frank told me I must never show my hand."



THE PAPERS OF PRIVATE PURKEY

Dear Ma:
Well, ma, I now feel so tired and sore all over that I gess I am in the pink of condishun. All feeling is gone from my feet and my legs are numb from the knees down so the drilling and marching don't hurt me no more witch shows how well trained I am. But the officers keep drilling me just the same and pay no attention to me when I tell 'em I have had enuff.

We are sleeping five to a tent, but I am not getting any two much rest on account of the old saying that two is company and three more is overcrowding. There is always at least two buddies who want to tell stories or argue about ways and means to get promoted to be a kernel or something. And we have a radio fanatic in our tent who thinks the best programs come after everybody else is asleep. This guy is such a nut that if he was out in No Man's land he would carry a portable so he could hear a broadcast of what he was doing.

Another fellow in my tent don't sleep at all. He just sits on the edge of the bed moaning. It seems he was on a trip to see his best girl who lives 50 miles from his home



town when he got a call to report for draft induckshun at once and he is still squawking. I also got a tent-mate who was a union man in Pittsburgh before he was drafted and he keeps making speeches trying to convince us that we shud picket the general's tent and demand more money and less drilling.

We have movies every night in a big tent, but I do not like them much as it makes me soar to see all those fellers in citizen close lolling around on couches and sitting in the moonlight with beautiful girls when they should be in some camp learning how to take a gun apart and guard a latrine. But they do not make me as soar as news pitchers of congressmen when they was still chewing the fat over that lease-lend bill. I don't even know yet whether I am going to be lent to Europe or just leased or what?

It sure has been a cold winter to be in a army, but the old sarge who was in the last war says we shud of been around then and we wud not be kicking now. We have wood-burning stoves in tents here and he says in the last war he never saw a stove from the time he got his draft summons until he got home three years later. They also have boilers so we can have hot water in this camp witch he says nobody had accept Pershing and Alexander Woolkott in the last one. When we got here we wuz given a safety razor five blades a cake of shaving sope and a toothbrush and he luffed like everthing and sed we must be going to the opera or sum place like that as in the last war soldiers shaved with there bayernets and only cleaned their teeth when they had a friend who was a Y. M. C. A. secretary and carried a spare.

He says we are all getting better considerashun in draft camps to-day than he got in the best hotels on furlow in 1917 and he showed me a pitcher of an outfit in the last war witch backs him up when he says we are dressed like dudes in comparison. He says that in those days they just chucked a bundle at you when you reported at camp and that whatever you found inside you had to put on as a uniform, even if it was just a slip cover off a piano. And he says he spent 18 months in France with a burlap bag over his head because the sergeant told him it was the regulashun army hat.

So when I feel like kicking I just listen to him talk. Well there is not much more to say now. One of those new Ford pigmee trucks arrived here yesterday. It is all made of armor steel and all I want when I get back home again is one of these to use in Main Street traffic and pay no attenshun to those taxicabs what try to shove me around.

Your loving son,
Oscar.

P. S. I need more bunion plasters.

WAITRESSES
I never leave the slightest tip. For girls who let the gravy drip.
Merrill Chilcote.

Walter Brennan recently got the award for the best piece of support acting in pictures last year. And well did he rate it. There's an actor so good he will probably never be starred by Hollywood.

Mario Naldi says a dictator is a fellow who is always putting his best feud forward.

NEW IDEAS

For Home-makers
By RUTH WYETH SPEARS

DO YOU remember how old-fashioned comforters used to be tufted? They were made of two layers of fabric with cotton between and every four inches or so in rows the three layers of material were caught together with a stitch of wool yarn double which was then tied twice and clipped to make a fluffy tuft. Well, that is exactly the way many of today's smartest chair covers are made. A cover of this sort re-



deemed this old rocker and revealed its hidden charms.

The cover is plain, medium green glazed chintz tufted with dark green yarn and three inch dark green fringe is used around the bottom. A long zipper makes a center back closing. Each section of the cover was fitted on the chair in the muslin lining first and these pieces were used as patterns for cutting the chintz, also the cotton which was trimmed to be 3/4-inch smaller all around. After the pieces were tufted, as shown at the upper right, the seams were then made on the inside to catch the edges of the cotton in place.

NOTE: Are you planning to make slip covers this Spring? Mrs. Spears' Books 1 and 3 tell you exactly how. Book 1 gives directions for fitting and finishing slip covers for chairs and davenport. Book 3 shows you how to make a pattern first; also how to arrange openings in covers for chairs of unusual types, and how to anchor slip covers so they will stay neatly in place. Books are 19 cents each. Send order to:

MRS. RUTH WYETH SPEARS
Drawer 18
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Laziness Grows

Laziness grows on people; it begins in cobwebs, and ends in iron chains. The more business a man has to do, the more he is able to accomplish; for he learns to economize his time.—Judge Hale.

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Might of Moral Courage

Moral courage renders a man in the pursuit or defense of right superior to the fear of reproach, opposition, or contempt.—S. G. Goodrich.



WATCH the Specials

You can depend on the special sales the merchants of our town announce in the columns of this paper. They mean money saving to our readers. It always pays to patronize the merchants who advertise. They are not afraid of their merchandise or their prices.