

# OUR MAGAZINE SECTION

Interesting Features for the Entire Family

## Have You This Habit?

By Margaret Morison

### A GOOD MIND

After 25 years of married life, it was more fun for Mrs. William than to get her husband's present than to get the first Christmas copy of her husband's book. One year she left Billy's book always a book—until the day she found a special copy of "Rabbit's Run" had been lost, and, with anything to Billy, she tried to duplicate it. She was the post from whom he wrote on all occasions—there was the milk of human kindness. So Mrs. William proceeded to the library to hunt up the edition that the lost copy had

librarian had a straight line in her eyes and the corners of her mouth were drawn down. Mrs. William had carefully consulted the catalogue before applying for the book. She was met with a desk. This was Christmas week and the library was short-handed; if she had a special edition she'd have until the boy had time to hunt. William was perfectly willing and she did; for three-quarters of an hour.

She got glow of pleasure some- where, she continued on her way. At the book store where she was a tired and jostling crowd and a corps of Christmas trade. Mrs. William wondered if she were the same "boys" that had the library short-handed. The boy she accosted was not interested in her book, and took no notice of her scorn of one so unaware of the "best sellers." William was made to feel that he was out of the holiday line. She came out onto the street, and began to think that perhaps Christmas spirit was indeed a thing of slower-moving and lessening generations. It had started with the rising wind whipped round her ankles. A gust held her package with Billy's book. She struggled to hold it. Her package with Billy's book fell to the wet pavement. "My night!" came a childish voice at her side, and

## Who's Cook Book

of the night that covers me, as at the pit from pole to pole, whatever gods may be, my unconquerable soul.

### COMPANY GOOD THINGS

CAJON is most delicious eating. The following recipe may be used for stuffing and sauce. Oyster dressing is especially good:  
**Capon With Savory Stuffing.**  
Cut the liver of the capon with one pound chicken livers in very little pieces and press through a colander. Add one pint of bread crumbs with water in which the livers were cooked. Press out superfluous moisture and add white hot, six tablespoonful of butter, one tablespoonful of parsley, six chopped mushrooms, seasoning to taste and lastly with one well-beaten egg. Fill a truss for roasting and cook in hot oven, allowing fifteen to twenty minutes to a pound for a capon. Serve with:  
Truffle Sauce.  
Pass through a colander with two

## Something to Think About

By F. A. WALKER

### BEING PUSHED ASIDE

Those who today hold the exalted places of earth, and about whom many writers pen entertaining, inspiring and inspiring tales, have reached the zenith of their power. Destiny has marked these new Adams and Eves to continue the work of their progenitors.  
The elect are not yet known among men, but some morning their names will be flashed across the sky and the news will tell you that here and there new stars have risen, and dimmed the light of the old luminaries, upon whom we have so long depended for guidance.  
It is only when our old idols are gone that we seem willing to endow other human beings with life and consciousness.  
It comes hard at first, for we realize that we, too, are being crowded out by the new Adams and Eves, and that we must eventually take our places in the ranks where the marchers are slower and their numbers grow thinner with the passing years.  
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### NOT GOOD LOOKING

Diner (critically)—This isn't a very good looking piece of meat.  
Waiter—Well, you ordered a plain steak.



## PA ON SAVING

By DOUGLAS MALLOCH

IT DOESN'T matter what you make. What great amount of money, if you're not saving for the sake of days that aren't sunny. Some people brag about the dough they're making every minute. Unless you save a little, though, My boy, there's nothing in it.  
A dollar man who saves a dime, A little of the dollar, Is really richer all the time. However they may holler, Than those who make a five or ten. When things are rather humming, And then just pass it on again, No better for its coming.

Not what you make but what remains, How much of it you're saving, Will show how much you have of brains, How well you are behaving. So, when a dollar bill has gone Tomorrow through your fingers, Just see that when it passes on A little of it lingers.

## SCHOOL DAYS



EDUCATIONAL CARTOON NO. 1.

## The Young Lady Across the Way



The young lady across the way says what Doctor Coue takes in at his lectures goes to charity but she supposes he makes a lot of money on the sale of his medicines.

## Reflections of a Bachelor Girl

YOUTH: A stroll through Dream street, with the thrilling thought that almost anything may happen, at almost any moment!  
Nowadays a girl feels almost like paying a man at magazine rates per word, when he stops to make a little love to her before kissing her.  
Of course, the Lord gave woman a vivid imagination. She so often has to use it, to fill up the chinks in a man's "strong character," and the little holes in his holier-than-thou alibi.  
It isn't on the level to wheedle from him the stories of past love affairs and then throw them up in his face whenever you quarrel.  
Every man needs a woman's love as the guiding star of his life—and then he wants a lot of little satellites to make up his planetary system.

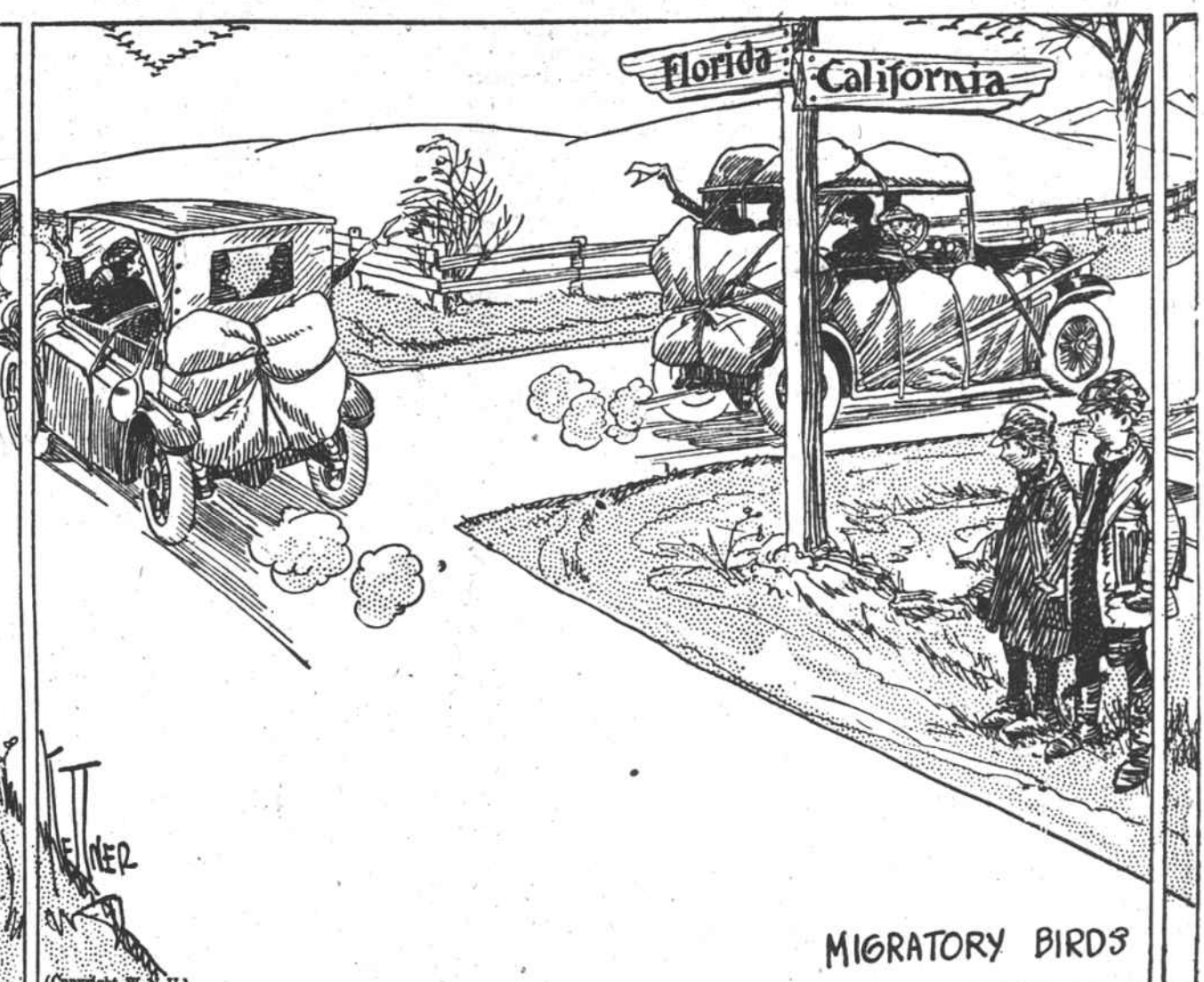
## SMOTHER INFANT UNDER SAND IN MOTHER'S ABSENCE

"Did Not Know What They Were Doing," She Sobs— Will Not Prosecute.

Atlantic City.—Mrs. Merrill D. Coy, married little more than a year ago, wheeled her three-months-old daughter Dorothy, to a sunny spot on the sidewalk opposite her home in the Beacon apartments, Pacific avenue. Ten minutes later she was horrified to find the child lying under a heap of sand and pebbles thrown into the baby carriage by a group of small children, who had no realization of what they were doing. The baby was rushed to a hospital, but died soon after arrival there. Parents Will Not Prosecute. Police began a search for the children, but Mrs. Coy, although hysterical over the loss of her baby, declared she would not prosecute them. Her husband, a jewelry salesman in a Boardwalk shop, also refused to aid the police in rounding up the children. "It was horrible!" cried the mother. "My poor little baby! But I can't prosecute little children for doing something they did not understand." Mrs. Coy told police that a few minutes after she had wheeled the baby out on the sidewalk she glanced out of the window and saw a group of children playing around it. None was more than four years old, she said. She thought nothing of their presence around the carriage until she went out to her child. Baby Swallowed Sand. Her screams attracted neighbors, who helped her scrape the sand and pebbles out of the carriage. A physician soon arrived. He found the baby

## OUR COMIC SECTION

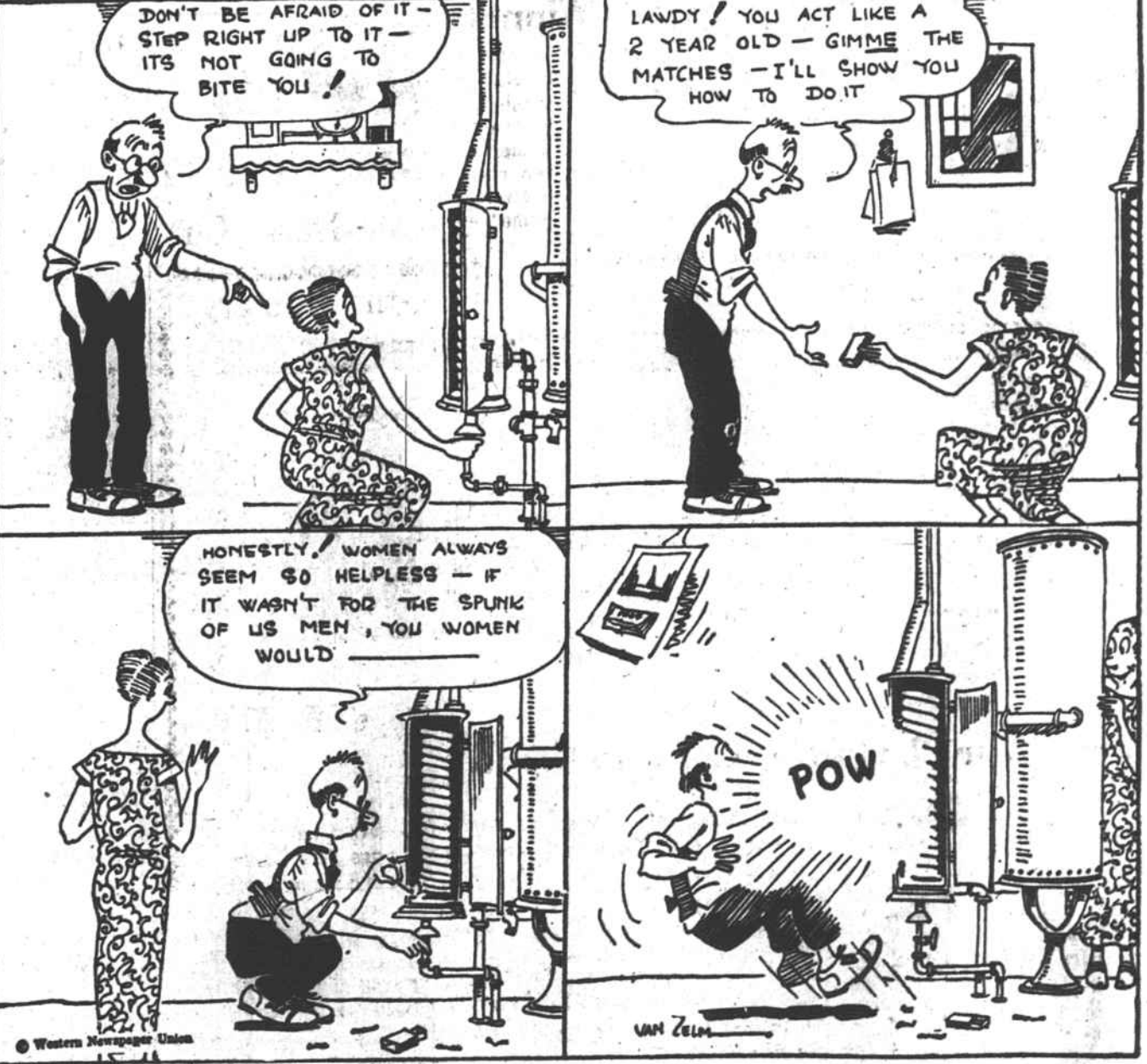
### Along the Concrete



### A Voice From the Garbage Barrel



### So Felix Kept Quiet After That



Sand and Pebbles Thrown Into the Baby Carriage by Small Children. had swallowed some of the sand and had been partly suffocated. Some of the grit, also had worked into the infant's eyes as she tried, with feeble hands, to clear her face. County Physician Louis Souder began an investigation. Told by the parents that they refused to have the children responsible punished, he announced no prosecution would be begun. "It was a most unfortunate affair," he added, "but as the mother and father say, there is no sense trying to punish such small children as those who threw the sand."

### Man Held Dead Writes to Wife From Egypt

Chester, Pa.—A letter received by his wife cleared up the mystery surrounding the disappearance from this city in December of Joseph Parent. The letter from Parent contained the information that he was located in Cairo, Egypt, and is prospering. He asks his wife to join him. Parent dropped from sight on the night of December 6, after he left home to go to the mills, where he was employed. Mrs. Parent found a note under the door of her home warning her to leave Chester or she and her boy would be murdered. The wife is making plans to dispose of her household effects and sail for Egypt.

### Treasure Trove Lined Is Found on Ocean Bed

Norfolk, Va.—After thirteen years at the bottom of the seas the treasure laden Ward liner Merida has been found. One day recently two trawlers, dragging a mile-long iron sweep along the floor of the ocean off the Virginia capes, caught the wreck of a ship which went down in a collision in 1911 laden with gold, silver, copper, and jewels valued at \$2,000,000 to \$5,000,000. The search was financed by a group of well-known New Yorkers, including Anthony J. Drexl Biddle, Jr., Franklin I. Mallory and W. Heyward Drayton, III.

### "Going to Party"

Chicago.—"Don't come home after school, because I am going to a party," said Mrs. Bertha Blackhand, fifty-five, to her little boy. When the boy returned to the home at 324 South Prospect avenue, Park Ridge, the mother had taken her life by inhaling gas.

### Finger-Prints by Phone

Finger-prints telephoned from New York by means of a special code identified a criminal in Chicago.

### HOW TO ADVERTISE

Why do you formally retire from the stage every summer and return to it every fall? That makes two press items, old fellow. The chap who merely takes a vacation doesn't get any.

### LUCKY.

How did you come out with your law suit? I won it. Get damages? Sure! I got almost enough to pay my lawyer.

### OMITTED THE PRETTY ONES.

He—Our hostess was really the most beautiful woman of all present. She (who was not invited)—I dare say. She took good care to provide for that when she sent out her invitations.

Be sure you're wrong; then back up.