

A NOSE FOR THE KING

By JACK LONDON

"You are Pak Chung Chang, head man of this city," said Yi Chin Ho...

Beauties of Oslo



Flower Market of Oslo.

(Prepared by the National Geographic Society, Washington, D. C.) Among the important capital cities of Europe...

Sweden, with which Norway was united from 1814 to 1905. Karl Johans Gade is a broad street extending from the chief railway station...

But good as it is, the harbor is not Oslo's only scenic asset. From the scalloped shore the land rises on all sides, gently at first, then sweeps majestically into noble, forest-clad mountains...

Really a Modern City. The ancient city of Oslo stood on one bank of the Akers river, which now flows through new Oslo. There James VI of Scotland married Anne...

Investigating Fogs. The Londoner inhales on a day of heavy smoke fog about 500,000,000,000 particles of dirt, which placed end to end would form a line about 250 miles long...

Daddy's Evening Fairy Tale

By Mary Graham Bonner

MAGGIE'S POEMS

Now there was a great stir in Fairyland. All of the little Fairies were busy writing verses. They had heard that a little friend of theirs was going to have a birthday...

"She must have verses," said the Fairies. And though none of them were really poets they all tried their best to write some verses.

The Breeze Brothers had promised to take their verses and to let Maggie hear them, and so the Fairies chewed at the ends of their pussy-willow pens...



The Little Fairies.

And thought and thought and finally each one had a little verse ready. The Fairy Queen sent this verse: From one who is Queen of Fairyland I send you this verse today.

This was the verse sent by Princess Joy: You're a friend of mine, you jolly wee dear, May you always, always, always be here.

This was the verse sent by Fairy Princess Twilight-Bell: When the cool of evening comes And the sun sinks o'er the West, And the twilight shadows dance, We'd like you to be our guest.

This was the verse sent by little Effie Elf: Heigh-ho, Maggie, Heigh-ho, Maggie, Heigh-ho, Maggie, That's all I know how to say!

This was Billie Brownie's verse: Old Mother Nature asked me to say This, as she moved about your way. She always sent you the sweet scent of lilies...

This was Bennie Brownie's verse: Three cheers for Maggie, Three cheers for Maggie, Three cheers for Maggie, She is such a dear, And she, too, is full of cheer.

This was Witty Witch's verse: Oh, Maggie loves her cat, She really loves her cat, But the most amazing thing Is that she really hasn't greed.

This was Old Mr. Giant's verse: I am big and Maggie is small, But that doesn't make any difference at all. For I can look down and at Maggie smile, Hoping she'll look up just once in a while.

This was Ollie Onf's verse: Maggie, Maggie is full of fun, How on her little feet she can run! But it hasn't kept her from getting fat, Mercy me, it hasn't done that!

This was the Fairy Wondrous Secrets' verse: I know a secret, But you must know it too, It's that all who know Maggie Just love her through and through.

Wanted to Kill Germs. Johnny, aged four, had been very ill with typhoid fever and had been permitted to have nothing but broth. One day he coaxed his mother to give him an apple, but she refused him, saying: "No, my dear, if you were to eat an apple now it might kill you."

Sunday School Hymn. "Did you sing a hymn at Sunday school?" asked the polite visitor. "Oh, yes, we sang the one about doctoring," said little Elizabeth. "About doctoring?" puzzled the visitor.

That Woman. He gently opened the locket, And scanned the pretty face; "It suits my mind," said he, "to find This woman in the case."

Wouldn't. "Are you in favor of a tax on bachelors?" asked a becker, knowing that the candidate was unmarried. "I thought, sir," was the reply, "that I had already said I did not favor a tax on raw material!"

Much Occupied. "Flubdub seems to be flustered all the time. Evidently a very busy man." "He is. In addition to looking after his own business, he mixes in all the squabbles his wife has with her various friends."

Two Looks. "Did you notice that insolent conductor looking at you as if you hadn't paid your fare?" "Yes, and did you notice me looking at him as if I had?" - Paris Le Rire.

When History Doesn't Repeat. "Funny it never repeats itself to me," said the puzzled student over his history examination.

Look Ahead. No prudent man lays his designs only for a day, without any consideration of the remaining part of his life.

Can Hear Better. Why can a person hear better with an expensive ear-ring on? The hearing is good.

A Little Bit Humorous



THE SAME THING

Sybil-It's no use denying it, Maud. It was too dark for me to see who it was, but I saw some young man kiss you in the garden. I'm ashamed of you.

Maud-I don't see why you should be. I've often seen George kiss you, Sybil (engaged to George)-Yes, but I allow nobody but George to kiss me.

Maud-Well, nobody but George ever kissed me.

Many a True Word. "Papa, what is a low-brow?" "A low-brow, my son, is a person who likes the funny papers, snappy stories, girl shows and the like and doesn't mind saying so."

And what is a high-brow, papa? "A high-brow, my son, is a low-brow who won't admit it." -North Shore Bulletin.

DO YOU GET THE POINT?



Fair Voter-I wouldn't care to occupy the President's chair-It's too unsexy a seat for me.

He-Yes; it's scarcely possible to sit in it without being annoyed by the tax.

Clashes of Authority. The Cat looks at a Queen, The Queen attempts to catch'er, The Cat, with nerve serene, Reserves the right to scratch'er.

His Dream. Two brothers were exchanging compliments, as brothers will, regarding their respective girl friends.

"I hope you're not suffering from any hallucination that your girl is a raving beauty," sneered the elder.

"I sure am," replied the younger, Pettiberry, "and I'm going to continue to hug my illusion."

Vicarious Benevolence. Little James (who has an inquiring mind)-Father, what do they mean when they call a man public-spirited?

Professor Broadley-Why, it usually means that he is very liberal in endeavoring to persuade other people to spend their money bountifully for the public good.-Stray Stories.

Too Good to Change. Alice-Dick is so nice to me, Virginia-Why don't you marry him?

Alice-Oh, but I want him to keep on being nice.

Differentiation. "Is your husband an optimist?" "Well," replied the tired-looking woman, "he's an optimist in hoping for the best, but a good deal of a pessimist in working it out."

DAY OF REST. "Why does he sit so far back in the shadows in church on Sunday?" "To rest his eyes from sitting so far front in the stage lights in the theater all week."

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MAKING GOOD IN A SMALL TOWN

Real Stories About Real Girls

By MRS. HARLAND H. ALLEN

THE BUTTON-LADY

Why, there are plenty of ways a girl can make money-yes, even in as small a town as this!"

She has what most people would call a woman-sized job, without her "buttoning"-this girl of twenty-three. She keeps house for an invalid mother, and a brother and sister of high school age.

She spends most of her time "mothering" her mother and "the children"; yet she manages to make the button business a paying one.

"Of course, mother gives me money enough to run the house," she explained eagerly, "but I like to do little extra things, for myself, for the children, and for her-not with money that she gives me. That's why I got a button machine."

She bought it with a small sum of money given her for a birthday present, she said. It was a foot power machine. But the small-town girl who wants to try "buttoning," and has even less than she had to invest, can get a hand power machine which will be satisfactory.

Either kind will quickly become a money getter. The girl can get the kind of machine that will make all sizes and shapes of buttons-acorn buttons, half acorn buttons, flat buttons in various sizes, globe buttons and bone-rimmed buttons.

All these buttons are to be made from materials which her customers bring her. She can also use her button machine for attaching snaps, glove and fastener buttons, as well as eye-lets and grommets.

She could also crochet buttons in different colors, using wooden molds as centers.

The button-to-be may begin by putting an ad in the local paper; she may also tell her friends about her project, and may show them samples of her work.

It is also a good idea to display samples of the buttons in a front window, with the sign "All kinds of buttons made to order." The village dressmaker may be a ready customer, since she often wants buttons made specially to match garments.

The button lady may find that her busiest season is in the summer, when college girls are home to have new clothes made and old ones remodeled, perhaps with fresh buttons; when visitors from the city come to her town to rest-and sew a little.

Buttons never go out of style! They are indispensable both for utility and for decoration. And the "flincky" dresser knows that a button-to-match fulfills the two unalterable requisites of good dress-simplicity and distinction.

THE SUCCESSFUL SQUAB RAISER. "YOU don't go into squab raising; you have to grow into it, someone has said-and it's true," declared the successful girl squab raiser.

"Raising of squabs, or young pigeons, is a good way for a small-town girl to make money; but she must start with only a few pair, which she can easily keep track of, and increase her business slowly."

This girl started with only one pair of pigeons, which she bought from a reliable breeder who was willing to guarantee them.

The secret of successful pigeon raising, she says, is to keep nonworkers raising, or to keep nonworkers of the flock. She kept a record of each pair, by means of numbered necks and colored leg-bands.

The leg-band had a number that corresponded to one in her record book, and she could easily look up the bird's age and parentage, determine which pair were doing the best work and decide what young ones to save for breeding.

The novice should remember that pigeons are most valuable as squab-producers when they are from two to six years old. The Homer, so called because it usually returns home, even though taken hundreds of miles away, is probably the best variety.

The Homer is not only the most prolific type, but is the most attentive mother. The Runt is one of the largest varieties, but it is not so prolific as the Homer, nor so dutiful a nurse.

The squab raiser will not have to worry about providing food for the young pigeons. The parents tend to that by disgorging "pigeon milk" from their own crops.

The pigeons should get their water, of which they require large quantities, before they are fed, since, shortly after getting their own food, they feed the squabs, and should not be disturbed as they do so.

Luck has nothing to do with squab raising. Practically all losses are caused by poor breeding stock, birds not being mated, rats or mice, improper feeding (including overfeeding), careless breeding or unsanitary condition of the lofts.

The squab raiser should sell her birds, when they are from three to five weeks old, direct to hotels, restaurants, clubs and housewives. The profits are so good that she will never want to go out of the business-once she has thoroughly "grown" into it.

(© 1925, Western Newspaper Union.) Supreme Value of Books. God be thanked for books. They are the voices of the distant and dead and make us heirs of the spiritual life of past ages.

Books are the true levelers. They give to all who will faithfully use them the society, the spiritual presence of the best and greatest of our race.-Channing.

Record Watermelon. A watermelon was raised in Virginia, weighing 150 lbs. It was raised by John C. ...

THE morning calm of Korea, with its peace and tranquillity, was broken by the ancient name of the city.

There lived a politician named Yi Chin Ho. He was a man of great ability.

But, unlike his brethren, he was not a politician.

Yi Chin Ho was in possession of a large sum of cash. He had inherited it from his father.

He had a plan to use it to buy a large estate in the country.

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Still Awaiting Payment for That Milk

Just tell her your daddy will be around and settle for it," he was told. When his pail had been filled and he was starting for home he asked the donor of the milk, "What do you want for it?"

Eclipse Stopped Battle

We find frequent references in history to eclipses of the sun and the moon. So we recall the story of Joshua, who ordered the sun to stand still when dusk was approaching and his battle was not yet won.

Let Them Out

A stock company playing the same scene a suit of evening clothes for the tailor with the help of the manager.