

## THEDA BARA



Theda Bara, known all over the "movie" world as the sensational vampire woman, owns a full-blooded Russian wolfhound, a present from Countess Schwaynzi. The dog is called "Gallop" and is one of the most valuable of its kind. Unable to stand the summer heat of this country, Gallop spends his midyear vacation in Russia.

## Beauty Chats

By Edna Kent Forbes

## THE TEETH.

ONCE every six months the woman who values her good looks will go to a dentist and have her teeth looked after. During this time, very little decay can take place, and such tiny cavities as appear can be fixed with small expense and trouble. The longer the time between visits, the greater the damage to the teeth and the more painful the fixing.

At this half-yearly visit, the teeth should be cleaned by the dentist. All the tiny lime deposits that collect and yellow the teeth are removed by a small knife like instrument, the



## THE FAIRIES' HOLIDAY.

ONE morning when Elsie got up she found it was raining very hard and that of course put an end to all that Elsie had planned for the day.

She was to take her lunch with some other girls and their mothers and go to the park for a picnic.

Elsie did not want any breakfast. She did not want to say good morning even. She was cross at everybody because it rained.

"I just think it is too mean for anything, this old rain to come and spoil our fun," she said.

"But, my dear, the park will be much sweeter and cleaner after the rain," said her mother. "Be a good, cheerful little daughter and smile."

But Elsie would not smile. She pouted and even cried, and when breakfast was over she went sulking upstairs to the playroom and looked out of the window.

"Horrid old raindrops!" Elsie said. "I just hate raindrops."

"Oh, I am sorry," said a voice beside her; "for those are my sisters out there on the window pane."

On the arm of the big chair in which she was sitting, Elsie saw a pretty little creature all in silver, which sparkled like a diamond, and she knew that her visitor was a fairy, because she carried a wand.

"I am sorry you hate the raindrops," said the fairy again. "I am sure you

won't when you know who they are."

"They have spoiled my picnic in the park," said Elsie, "and I am sure I shall never like raindrops again."

"But wait until I tell you about them!" said the fairy. "Those are my sister fairies, and the only time we ever have a holiday is when we can disguise ourselves as raindrops and have a day off."

"A day off!" questioned Elsie.

"What do you mean by that?"

"Oh, dear! Didn't you know that a fairy is just as busy as can be, run-



ning about and whispering good things into the ears of children who think wrong things?"

"No; I didn't," said Elsie. "I never heard you whispering to me!"

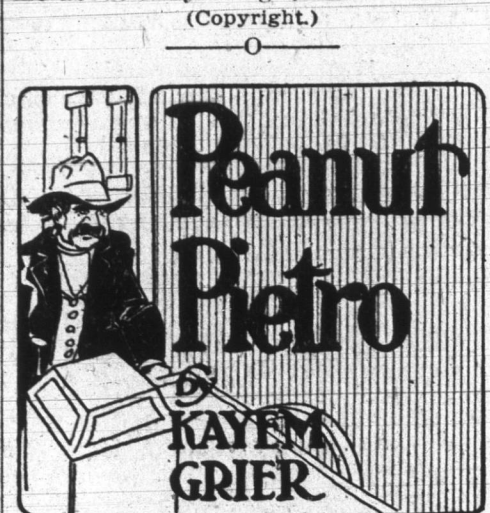
"Oh, yes, you have—many times," replied the Fairy. "Only, of course, you did not know it was a fairy who made you do right."

"But why are you not having a holiday, too?" asked Elsie.

"I was until you said such things about us, and then I had to change my dress and come to tell you who the raindrops are. We work so hard all the time that I am sure now you will not be cross with us for having a holiday, and when you see how bright and green everything is to-morrow in the park I am sure you will forgive us for playing today."

When Elsie opened her eyes, for, of course, she had been asleep, the Fairy had gone. But outside, were all the little raindrops chasing each other down the window pane, and as Elsie watched them with great interest now one drop, larger than the others, stopped until it was pushed on by the others.

"That drop must have been my Fairy," thought Elsie. "Oh, you cunning little raindrops! I don't hate you at all—I love you, and I am glad you have a good time," she said, "and I'll never be cross and cry again when it rains, for I shall know it is a fairy holiday, and I do hope I did not spoil the day for the little Fairy who told me about it by being cross."



LASTA week I go vesit town where flu bug still works steady. Mosta place we gotta over top weeth flu campaign, but deessa place teettie behind yet. Polecman say before I stay here I gotta pass examinash and weara flu mask lika dog muzzle. I no lika deessa way and for seexa blocks I runa so fast for leava town I pass everyting but examinash. Mebbe hees gotta too moocha start, I dunno. Cop catcha me, Judge fina me tree bucks, geeva me flu mask and say I am isolate for two days. By time I gotta all feex up for stay out of jail I so late heesa no use for show up at frien's house.

But I no lika deessa dog muzzle anyway. Maka look too moocha lika somatig else. One ting you can looka everybody you owe straighta een one eye and he no can tella you for dees-guise.

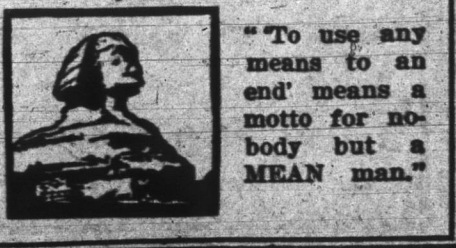
While I am waita for flu to leava town I getta acquaint weeth one swell checkeen. I begin tink mebbe flu no so bad till I go vesit her house one night. When sheesa taka dat dog muzzle off, sacce Lulu, shees gotta face just lika "No Man's Land."

Nexa day I telegraph letter to President Weelson for aska heem please eef he make feefteen points for stead of fourteen. I gotta great admire for one hees point on freedom of da seas. But I geeva suggest he maka one for freedom of da sneeze.

No gooda firsta class sneeze gotta chance behinda flu mask. Wot you tink?

## What the Sphinx Says.

By Newton Newkirk.



"To use any means to an end means a motto for nobody but a MEAN man."

## Last Night's Dreams

—What They Mean

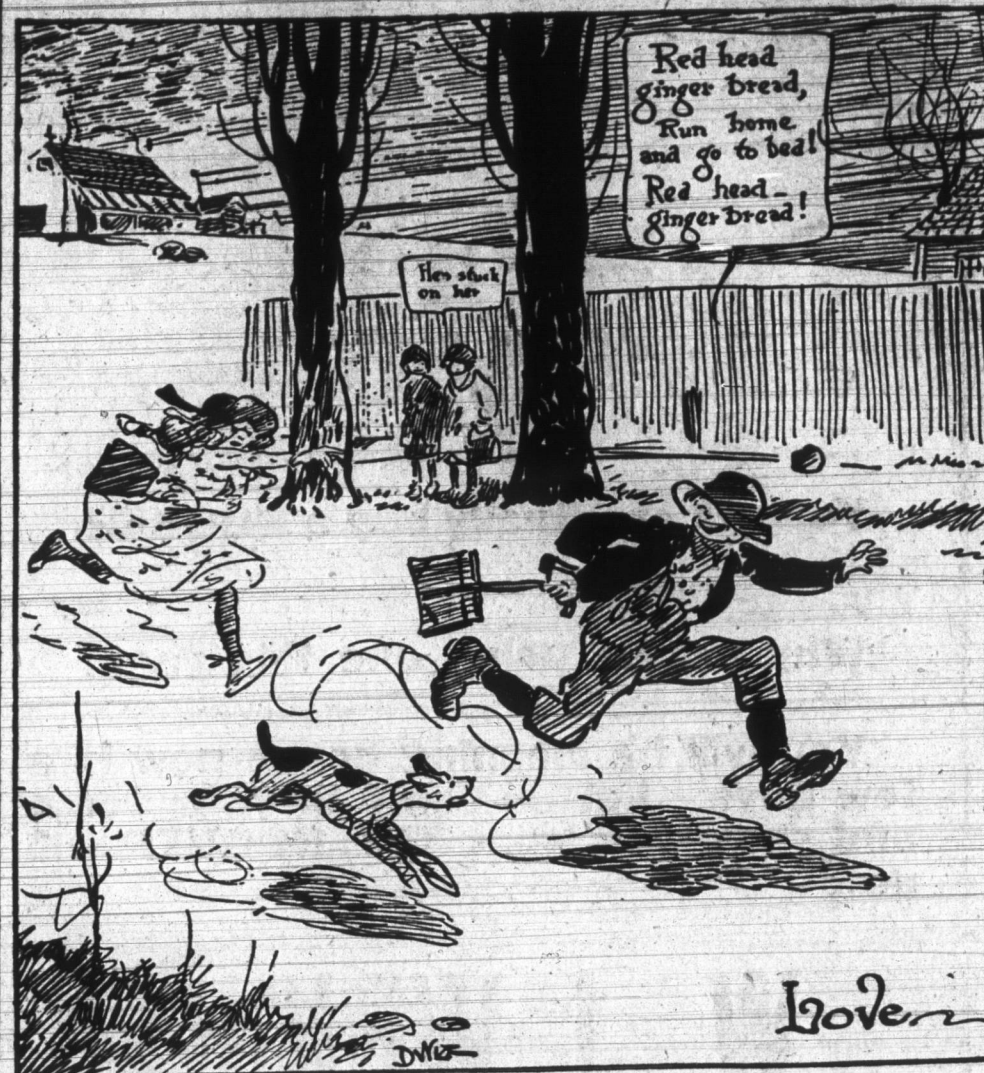
## DID YOU DREAM OF LACK OF CLOTHING?

WHAT is called one of the "standard" dreams, one which is most annoying and one which everybody almost, has experienced at least once in his life, some people many times, is the dream of finding oneself in a thronged street or in a room filled with people and suddenly realizing that one is only partially clothed or not clothed at all. In these dreams the people with whom we find ourselves do not appear to take any notice of our unconventional condition, but the dreamer is much disturbed and endeavors to escape. This dream has received particular attention from those scientists who for more than half a century have been investigating the phenomena of dreams regarded as purely mental (or more accurately psychic), or as physical manifestations. The dream in question is said to be the basis of Hans Christian Andersen's story, "The Emperor's New Clothes," and has been done into poetry by the German author, Fulda, in "The Tallman." It is called by the scientists a "standard" or "typical" dream because it is one which is experienced by all persons in an identical or almost identical manner; whereas most of our dreams are peculiar to ourselves.

The empirics, those who interpret dreams in the old, superstitious, traditional mystic and unscientific manner—declare the dream under consideration to be a bad omen, though they do not all agree just how bad. They say it signifies that people are conspiring against you; that you are soon to receive an insult; you will be disappointed in your friends and relatives and it is a warning to you to mend your ways.

Those scientists who strive to account for dreams by referring them to a physical source say that this dream is simply the result of sensations caused by the bedclothes slipping off. But that does not hold for we fre-

## SCHOOL DAYS



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quently have the dream when covered up warm.

Professor Freud, the latest and the most celebrated of investigators of dream sources, says in his book, "The Interpretation of Dreams," that the dream is based upon a recollection of our earliest childhood. When we were babies we were seen with indifference by relatives, strangers and servants scantily dressed and were not ashamed. These recollections of babyhood, imprisoned dormant and unrecalled in our waking hours, are liberated to us in the dream state. Our feeling of uneasiness and desire to escape though no one notices

our nudity, is a reflex from the "repression" of our later lives during which the habit of being properly clothed in public has become part of our normal existence.

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## The Unsalariated Drummers

By George Matthew Adams.

IF YOU are a Merchant or Manufacturer, the most valuable assets you have are the unrecorded ones in the form of Satisfied Customers—the Men and Women and Children that come into your store or other stores unannounced, and leave as unfussily, to carry on and on the Message of the value behind the Goods you sell.

It is the Unsalariated Drummer who makes it possible for you to win in Business.

Into every Town, City—Country, do The Unsalariated Drummers go—everywhere your Goods go, they go. And what your Merchandise is, they are—as Drummers. The people who read your Books, ride in your Cars, the Stenographers who run your Typewriters, those who wear the Clothes you make and the Food you prepare—each is an Unsalariated Drummer for you. Ever think of it this way?

Each time you lower the highest Standard of what you make or sell, you take away that much, maybe a million times, from the efficiency of your Unsalariated Drummers.

Every Man and Woman with sufficient Brains to Think, is a possible Drummer for you to sell—and each is your Drummer at NO COST to you. So that your greatest concern remains not for those merely under the range of your Eye, but those you never see—The Unsalariated Drummers—who daily, rain, hail or shine, distribute to the farthestmost points of the Earth, and hourly work at your Success on Failure—unannounced.

Oh, Business Man! In your mad fret and scramble for the Dollar, do not forget the endless number of Unsalariated Drummers that are able to Make or Break you.

## Mother's Cook Book

There is no situation in life so bad that it cannot be retrieved.—Dickens.

## Simple Good Things.

A simple dessert which is easy to prepare and wholesome for the children is:

**Rice With Prunes and Bananas.**  
Take well-cooked rice, mold in small cups or molds and around each place alternate pieces of cooked prunes and sliced bananas. Sprinkle lightly with sugar and cover with whipped cream. The addition of a bit of lemon juice with a bit of the grated rind of the fruit itself is rather flavorless.

Rice is also very nice served with fig sauce. Take one cupful of figs, stew in two cupfuls of water and a tablespoonful of sugar until they are very tender; add a teaspoonful of lemon juice and serve a tablespoonful of the sauce with each helping of the rice.

**Cabbage Salad De Luxe.**  
Shred tender crisp cabbage very fine; add shredded coconut and shredded blanched almonds. Add a mayonnaise to which has been added plenty of whipped cream. Garnish the salad with slivers of fresh green pepper.

Take the tender tops of sprouted turnips, dress with French dressing and serve as a salad. This will be something new and very good. One may spread the turnips out near the light, a bushel or so, and the tops may be cut from time to time, keeping a fresh green salad at hand.

Nellie Maxwell  
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## Rann-dom Reels

By HOWARD L. RANN

## THE TRAINED NURSE.

THE trained nurse is a ministering angel who is hired to let other people sleep.

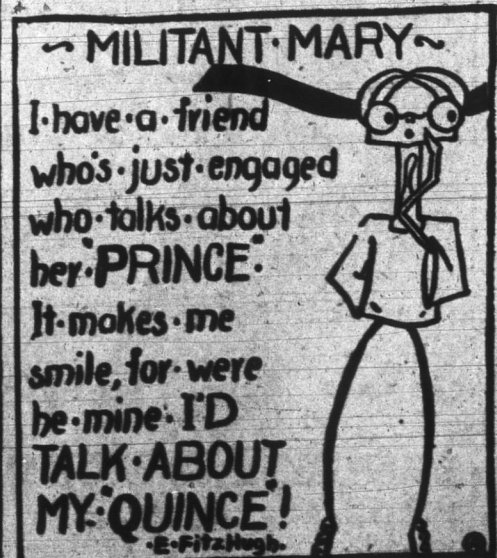
There are two people who have proven that the world would be better off if sleep had never been invented. One of them is Thomas A. Edison and the other is the bright-eyed trained nurse who can sit up all night for a week and look as fresh as a plate of home-grown lettuce. Mr. Edison trained nurse who is accustomed to sit bolt upright for weeks at a stretch without uttering a blink of any kind.



"A nervous, highstrung business man with an ulcerated tooth which hangs on like a one-armed man at a club dance."

There is nothing more soothing than the entrance of a graduate nurse and has not used any sleep to speak of in his business for years, and his close friends and associates say that when he feels any coming his way he holds his head under the cold water faucet until the attack passes.

When a nervous, high-strung business man comes down with an ulcerated tooth which hangs on like a one-armed man at a club dance he refuses to allow any sleep to enter the house, thus making it necessary to engage a her soft-roll shirt waist into a home from which sleep has been banished by an able-bodied husband who has the galloping toothache and wants everybody in the block to know it. This enables a wearied wife to drop at full length



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## Just Folks

By EDGAR A. GUEST

## PHILOSOPHY.

It's all worth while, he used to say When difficulties lined his way. I've never known a trouble yet I wasn't glad that I had met The minute I had seen it through. Because it proved what I could do. I've feared it, looking straight ahead, I've had my share of doubt and dread

And yet, when it was over, I Looked backwards with a laughing eye And to myself I'd always say: You'll boast about that task some day.

I've never known a man so great That didn't hunger to relate The hardships and the cares he'd known

Before success was his to own. The hunger that had made him whine Had also helped to make him fine. The failures that had tried his soul And seemed a barrier to his goal Had changed their bitterness for sweet

And now are memories to repeat. Man's greatest joy beneath the sun Is to recall what he has done.

Today I laugh at yesterday And all the cares that came my way; The past is only grim to those Who left their courage with its woes. Who plods along new joys to win Looks back at trouble with a grin, And boastfully at times repeats The misery of his defeats.

He tells his hardships with a smile And holds that they were all worth while. For all the secret joys that last Spring from the hardships of the past.

So into every round of care And every battle with despair I plunge, remembering the fun That it will mean when I am done. What hurts me now will some day be A very pleasant memory. And laughingly I may recall In future years the present fall. What seems today a fearful test May be tomorrow's source of jest. And all that calls for courage stout, Some day I'll proudly boast about.

(Copyright by Edgar A. Guest.)



Bad Teeth Spoil the Prettiest Smile—Good Teeth Enhance It.

Teeth are then cleaned with powdered pumice on a small whirling brush, and then cleaned again with chalk. They look beautifully white.

To keep them white—though milk white teeth are no longer considered so beautiful—a little peroxide may be

## CROSBY'S KIDS



"Why, I thought you told me your car was a self-starter!"

"It is. Didn't you just see me start it myself?"

These Things Annoy One So. Dear Offagin—You think you're mighty smart, so let's see if you can answer a real conundrum, one I made up my own self. This is it: What is the difference between a tailor and a freshly tarred automobile road?—L. B. Rolla, Mo.

We suppose, smarty, that it is because one makes men's wear and the other makes men swear—eh, what?

## THE MIRACLE.

Yesterday, he was a common mut. But things have slipped a cog. Who calls him common now, 's a nut—We bought him—he's Our Dog!