

Rann-dom Reels

By HOWARD L. RANN

THE PICNIC

THE picnic is a place where people go to relax from labor and study the bug family. There is no place on earth where the habits and personal eccentricities of the wandering and dissatisfied bug can be studied to greater advantage than at a picnic, when the tablecloth has been laid directly over a smoldering ant hill.

Picnics are held in the summer time, when the grass is long and green and

to furnish anything but a bubbling laugh and two baking powder spoons? The injustice of this arrangement has rankled in many a feminine breast and has caused close neighbors to refuse to speak to each other except at prayer meeting. There is also the man who is first to get to the table, but never can see anything to do except prophesy rain and fight flies. That we are a humane and tender-hearted people is shown by the fact that these two classes are always welcome and are even given some of the white meat.

Men are invited to picnics on account of their lovable attributes and their ability to produce a fire out of water-soaked brush. A picnic without a few men to build the fire and eat all of the surplus potato salad would be a greater failure than an attempt to sell envelope chemises on the African coast. Unmarried men are much sought after at picnics, as they know how to hang a hammock and also how to disport themselves therein. One of the most pathetic sights in life is a picnic party composed entirely of old maids who have no more use for a hammock than a bald-headed man has for a set of military brushes. Picnics would be more popular if they were held on high, dry ground, where the death chant of the coarse, aggressive mosquito could not be heard.

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The Man Who Is First to Get to the Table but Never Can See Anything to Do Except Prophesy Rain and Fight Flies.

which is supported by the patient, perspiring taxpayer, is a lugubrious and insect life is more animated. Great care is taken to read the weather forecast and pick out a day that winds up in a moist rainstorm. This teaches us that the United States weather bureau, agonizing joke. If congress would quit distributing free garden seeds and give out trustworthy barometers instead, fewer picnic parties would have to be hauled home in a hack and wrung dry by anxious parents in the dead of the night.

Picnics are composed of people who go and people who provide. Why is it that so many people are able to go to picnic after picnic and never have

Last Night's Dreams

—What They Mean

DID YOU DREAM ABOUT GOATS?

FREUD states that modern dream books are but plagiarisms of ancient Eastern writings of the same character and are necessarily bad ones because in nearly all cases the Eastern interpretations of dreams hung upon a play upon words which is, of course, lost in turning them into another language. This statement may be open to doubt and it is rather probable that the modern empiric interpretation of dreams has gradually grown up through a mingling of Teutonic, Celtic, Gallic and ancient Roman and Greek superstitions, which would account for the divergence of the interpretations with regard to their symbolism.

The most famous dream prophecy depending upon a play upon words is that given by the soothsayer, Aristandros, to Alexander when that monarch was besieging Tyre. Alexander was much disturbed by the stubborn resistance of the city and the consequent delay in his plans of conquest. One night he dreamed that he saw one of those goatlike mythological creatures, a satyr—Greek Satyros—dancing on his shield. He demanded of Aristandros the meaning of the dream. At once the soothsayer replied by dividing the word into Sa Tyros (Tyre) Thine is Tyre. Alexander took the city.

Although Freud cites this as an example of his statement it will be noticed that the play upon words was Greek and not Oriental. Satyrs were

of the male sex and had the horns, tall and legs of goats. They were mischievous creatures and sent the nightmare. To meet them or dream of them was accounted by the ancients as unlucky. In spite of the dream of Alexander. This would seem to account for the dictum of the modern mystics that to dream of a billgoat is unlucky, though to dream of killing one or seeing one killed is a favorable omen; the latter probably originating from the killing of a goat as a sin offering mentioned in Leviticus. And the interpretation of a dream of seeing only the goat's horns—that it foretells bad luck—is easily traced to the prophet's dream of the fight between the goat and the ram in the eighth chapter of Daniel. A few of the empirics say that to dream of nanny-goats, especially if white, is good luck. (Copyright.)

MOTHER'S COOK BOOK by Nellie Maxwell

Upon the shoulders of the past we stand, And to the future turn our questioning eyes. What doth she hold in store, what precious prize, That we may wrest from out her close-shut hand?

Ham Balls.

Take three-fourths of a cupful of minced ham, two cupfuls of mashed potatoes, one tablespoonful of melted butter, two eggs, two tablespoonfuls of rich milk and pepper to taste. Beat the potatoes until very light. Mix the ham with the potatoes, add butter, eggs and milk. Form into balls and fry in a little fat in a frying pan.

Prune and Pineapple Marmalade.

Take one pound of washed, soaked and steamed prunes. Remove the stones and put through a meat chopper, add two cupfuls of pineapple (grated), one cupful of sirup, a little salt. Cook very slowly until thick, stirring often.

Baked Bananas.

Remove the skins from four bananas, cut in halves lengthwise. Put in a shallow pan. Mix together one tablespoonful of melted butter, three tablespoonfuls of sugar, a dash of salt and one-half tablespoonfuls of

lemon juice. Pour half the mixture over the bananas and bake in a slow oven. Baste during the baking with the remainder of the mixture.

Combination Marmalade.

Take half a dozen oranges, half a pound of carrots, put through the meat grinder and cook until tender in just a little water as possible. Cook the rind of the oranges cut in bits in water to cover until very tender; add to the cooked carrots. Add the pulp and juice of the oranges and four pounds of tender rhubarb unpeeled, cut in small pieces. Cook all together until the rhubarb is tender, then add seven cupfuls of sugar and cook until the mixture is thick. Seal in jelly glasses.

Tomato Succotash.

Take two cupfuls of canned tomatoes, two tablespoonfuls of minced onion, two tablespoonfuls of minced celery, one tablespoonful of sugar, one teaspoonful of salt, a dash of paprika, two cupfuls of cooked lima beans and two cupfuls of canned corn. Cook all together for a half hour. Pour into a buttered baking dish, cover with thinly sliced bacon and brown the bacon in a hot oven or under the gas flame. (Copyright, 1926, Western Newspaper Union.)

Just Folks

By EDGAR A. GUEST

THE CHANCE.

"I've never had a chance," said he. His statement interested me. I traced his record back to find just what had kept that man behind. I found that one immensely rich had one time filled the station, which this grumbling fellow occupied. He hadn't felt his hands were tied.

Another started where he stood. And he had certainly made good. The task was very commonplace, and Jksome, too, and hard to face. But several men their spurs had won. Because their best they'd always done. And past this humble post could see The better jobs that were to be.

From humbler stations, too, I learned. That others had promotion earned. They'd hadn't felt they weren't compelled.

To failure by the jobs they held. With vision they had clearly seen That there's no duty quite so mean. But, well performed, within it brings The chance for bigger, better things.

If you've a job then never wall That you're a victim, doomed to fail. No man can hide what you can do. So thoroughly from sight as you. Your worth the meaneast place will tell If only you will do it well. You've got a chance to rise or fall If you possess a job at all. (Copyright by Edgar A. Guest.)

SCHOOL DAYS



The horse-hair chair.

Care

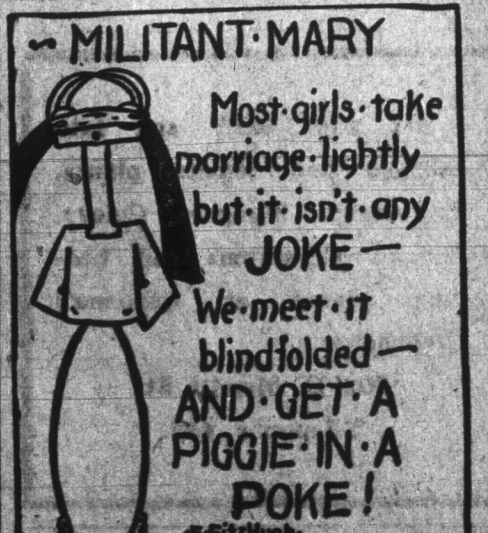
By GEORGE MATTHEW ADAMS

ONE of the greatest enemies to Society as a whole and to the Individual in particular is Indifference. Indifference unopposed eats its way silently yet surely, and twines its death-gripping tendrils into almost every avenue of human endeavor.

Care—Care! It is Indifference that is filling the divorce dockets. It is Indifference that is feeding Graft. It is Indifference that is constantly slapping the face of Good Government. It is Indifference that blocks the way of advancement of every great and good project or purpose of people, of towns, of nations.

Care—Care! It is Indifference on the part of workers in the store, the office, and in public stations that keeps them down and rusts their very souls—while others pass on and up.

Care—Care! For if you don't Care—if you don't pull off your coat and roll up your sleeves and with cheerfulness and willingness in your system enter upon your daily tasks, you have no one but yourself to blame if hind-end conditions dwarf you and push you out of the path to useful Accomplishment. Care—Care!



COLLEEN MOORE



Pretty Colleen Moore, one of the winsome stars of the "movies" is just sixteen years old. Her smile has won thousands of warm friends for her, and her acting has endeared her to the hearts of thousands and thousands of others who are patrons of the screen houses. Yes, she is a lover of pets—she has two little bunnies which she carries with her most of the time—in her large fur coat pockets.

What the Sphinx Says.

By Newton Newkirk.

"No business man can afford to retire, even though he CAN afford it—work is a habit whose shackles are shaken off at the awful cost of going dead at the top, or 'dippy,' which is worse."

Off Again, On Again

STRICKLAND W. GILLILAN

(Copyright.)

THE UNIVERSAL QUESTION.

They do not ask: "Where does this path-way lead? What were my goal if I should thus proceed?" No, they're not asking vital things like those In these swift days through which the mad world flows. Instead, they're anxious that they may not fail To hold their job and draw their weekly pay. And this the only question that they ask As, looking at the clock, they slight their task: "Can I Get by?"

They do not ask: "Could this work that I do Be done more thoroughly, by hands more true?" They do not query: "Might I do still more To bless my boss 'in basket and in store?" They are not troubled with a haunting fear Least work their hands are doing prove Not any! As they pray for close of biz, Their one and only earnest question is: "Can I Get by?"

MATHEMATICALLY SPEAKING

"I note that couples with children are seldom divorced." "Yes. If they're multiplied any, they're divided less easily."

Very Suggestive.

One of these scientific dope-sheets, who writes all the stuff we don't want to know, says: "To prevent the loss of a loose finger ring, there has been patented a guard to be fastened inside it and engage the knuckle of the wearer."

If some of these paraphrasing smart alecks don't pick up that word "engage" in there, in connection with the word "ring," we shall be profoundly disappointed.

CROSBY'S KIDS

WHY WILLIE DOESN'T GO IN THE PANTRY ANYMORE



The SANDMAN STORY

HOW TOPSY WON

TIGER and Tim were two kittens, and while their mother, Mrs. Puss, tried to bring them up as well-mannered kittens should be brought up, those two naughty kits quarreled all the time.

Topsy Kitten, their sister, was a nice quiet little puss, and Mrs. Puss was very proud of this one well-behaved child, you may be sure, and that was one reason her brothers never missed a chance to plague their sister because she was always held up to them as a model.

But the one thing they never forgave was what took place in the barn one day, though it was not at all Topsy's fault but their own.

Mrs. Puss had offered a prize to the one who should catch the first mouse. It was to be a red ribbon for their neck and each one, of course, wanted it.

"Oh, we will get the prize," said Tim to Tiger. "Topsy is so nice she would not run after a mouse. Let us go in the barn and watch this morning. Then I can wear the ribbon this afternoon when we sit out in front in the sun."

"I am going to win the prize," said Tiger. "You can't have it."

"Oh, I know I'll get the mouse first!" said Tim. "I can always beat you running."

"Neither of you will get it if you stand there quarreling," said Mrs. Puss, giving each of her sons a tap on their ears which sent both scudding into the barn.

Tim sat down by the biggest hole, and Tiger said that was not fair, so they pushed each other about until their mother, hearing the racket, came in and settled the dispute by saying they both should sit by the hole, and the one who caught the mouse would have the prize.

It was a long time before the mouse came out of his hole, because they had made so much noise, but at last he did come, and such a scramble you never did see. Over boxes and pails and rakes and hoes they all flew, and then Tim caught it, but Tiger took it away from him, saying that he saw it first, and that the mouse belonged to him.

Tim Kitten said it was his, and he began to push Tiger, and the first thing they knew they had forgotten all about the mouse, which had escaped and was running for its hole. Tim and Tiger tumbled and clawed at each other in a terrible way, quarreling all the time, each saying the mouse was his. When Topsy, who was passing the barn, heard the noise and went in to see what was going on.

Just as she entered the door the mouse was running for its hole, and quick as a wink, Topsy pounced upon it and carried it off to her mother.

That afternoon when Mrs. Puss sat out in the sun with her three children Topsy wore the red ribbon, while her brothers looked at her with envy and anger.

"She took my mouse," said Tim. "I caught it first."

"It was my mouse. I saw it before you did," said Tiger.

"If I hear another word about that mouse both of you will go to bed without your supper," said Mrs. Puss. "If you two were not always quarreling



one of you would have won the prize, but your sister caught the mouse and brought it to me first and the prize is hers."

As they were to have a saucer of cream for supper, Tim and Tiger thought it best not to talk any more, but Tim whispered to his brother and said:

"Who wants the old red ribbon anyway? I don't. Only girl kittens wear those things."

"I don't want it, either," said Tiger, rolling over on the grass. "Boy kittens can't fight with ribbons on their necks."

(Copyright.)

Those who live in modern flats have little room to complain.—Columbia Record.

Beauty Chats

By Edna Kent Forbes

BEAUTY AND AGE

THERE'S the sweetest old lady that ever was who has written to me regularly now for more than a year. She wrote once and asked me for the cold-cream recipe, and inquired whether I'd think "seventy and a grandmother" silly, to try and make herself pretty. And I answered that her duty was to make herself pretty, for there is no prettiness like that of white-haired age.

Well, she began beauty culture at once, and she has made rapid progress in the art ever since. She uses the flesh-building cream to soften the texture of her skin and to smooth away some of the wrinkles. She powders, too—and I'm sure it becomes her. She washes her hair with alcohol, alternating with plain water shampoos without soap, with a bit of blueing in the rinse water, to avoid the yellow streaks and to make her hair the silvery white that is more beautiful even than brown or golden shades. She takes splendid care of her hands, a point most older women neglect, though the hands show all of age's ugliness.

And she changed her whole style of dressing. She doesn't wear black, which is the one color age should avoid. She wears soft pastel shades about the house, and gray or dark blue or very dark brown for the street. She wears lace fichus open a bit in front, in place of high unbecom-



The Elderly Woman Should Be Beautiful Also.

ing collars. And she crowns her head with a tiny lace cap. And I'd like to see her—wouldn't you? (Copyright.)