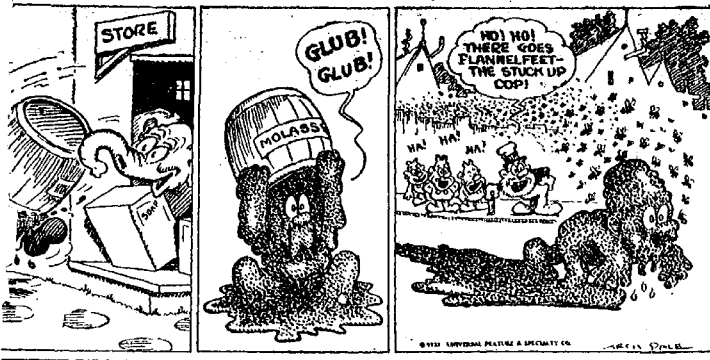
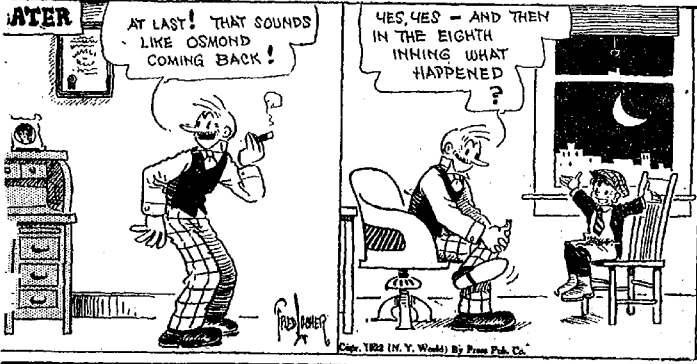


### weet Time Trying To Catch Tiny



By Fred Locher



Mr. C indulgently wrote: "I have carefully read as he took the receipt's day paid Uncle Eb two dol- s," dated and signed it. "Mr. C, is yo' sure dis am yo' The old darkey watched him own handwritin'?"—Judge.

### Enthusiastic Horse Show Fans



Katrina McCormick, Victoria Titus, Mildred Titus, Martha Ellis, Sylvia Seale, Florence Meyers and Nell Thorn. They are sons and daughters of

### About Lois Wilson

Lois Wilson claims Pittsburgh, Pa., as her birthplace. When still a small child her parents moved to Birmingham, Ala., in which city she was reared. She studied to be a school teacher, but the lure of the stage caught her and carried her to Chicago, where she was introduced to Lois Weber. Through Miss Weber, she was given a small part in "The Dumb Girl of Portici," which she played with such success that Miss Weber took her to Los Angeles. Here she played leads with J. Warren Kerrigan and Frank Keenan.

She entered the lusher forces as leading woman for Wallace Reid and Bryant Washburn. William de Mille saw in her his ideal for an important role in "Madame Maudness," by Cosmo Hamilton. She was then given Maud Adams' part in "Maggie Wylie" in Sir James M. Barrie's "What Every Woman Knows." Her work brought a volley of praise from critics all over the country.

Miss Wilson has appeared in several big successes of the last two years, her most recent work being in "Miss Lulu Bett," in which she created the title role, and as leading woman for Wallace Reid in "The World's Champion" and "Is Matrimony a Failure," and with Thomas Meighan in "Our Leading Citizen," written by George Ade. Miss Wilson has dark brown hair and eyes.

How'd You Like It? Well, then! How'd You Like to bear the name of Butler?

As an honor badge eight centuries at least.

And then have the Prohibitionists inform you

That a butler is a sort of outlawed beast?

## STORIES FOR THE CHILDREN

By BLANCHE SILVER

### A TINY FAIRY OF THE NIGHT

"Well, of all things!" exclaimed Doris as she saw the tiny winged creature hover over the honeysuckle vine on the porch. "That's the first time in my life that I ever saw a humming bird flying after night."

"You're not a humming bird at all! You're a dear little night fairy."

"That's not such a bad-sounding name," laughed the winged creature. "But before you call me anything else I think I'd better introduce myself. I'm just a common old hawk-moth. You see, we always fly after the silver sun rises. 'Walt-walt!' who chuckles when she saw Doris was about to speak. 'You're going to tell me that ball among the clouds is not the sun. I 'chew you were! To you it isn't the sun, but I don't remember just what you call it.'

"The moon," interrupted Doris. "You see, to me it is night time."

"And to me it is daytime," laughed Mrs. Hawk-Moth. "Your moppet has some one to help them, so that's the reason you fly around after your sun's gone."

Mrs. Hawk-Moth settled on a leaf and spread out her beautiful wings for this body, even her wings and legs were furry. On her shoulders were black and white marks that resembled a skull.

"I see that you are looking at my trademark," she laughed, her bright eyes sparkling. "Some folks see that skull on my shoulder and call me the Death's head. I'm not so very proud of that name, because it's rather gruesome. But you surely have seen me before. You live in the little brown house, don't you?"

Doris nodded her head, and Mrs. Hawk-Moth went on: "Thought I had seen you with the tall gray-haired man."

"That's Uncle Ned," laughed Doris. "He'd enjoy knowing you, for he—"

"You don't have to tell me," interrupted Mrs. Hawk-Moth. "I know that he hunts insects to study them. Why, he found me when I was a great, big caterpillar—yes, indeed, I was a beautiful caterpillar at that time. I was about four inches long and as thick as your Uncle Ned's finger. My coat was green, gray and yellow, then with great, big black dots on it. He found me on a potato vine out in the garden. I thought I was safely hidden from view, but he discovered the blue stripes down my sides, and took me to his chamber. My, but he did treat me royally!" Mrs. Hawk-Moth stopped for breath and then she went on:

"He put me in a box covered with a green down in the cellar—at least that's where your Aunt Nellie



"Well, of All Things!"

told him to put me. She didn't like my looks, and squealed when he brought me into the cellar. He put fresh earth into the box, and I burrowed into it and stayed until I launched out the moth that you see me now. My, I never shall forget how he kept me supplied with potato leaves all the time I was a caterpillar. But, dear me, I must hurry or I'll be late for the party," and away she sailed into the bright moonlight.

Doris got up and ran over to Uncle Ned's house. Uncle Ned went with her down into the cellar, and sure enough, the box was empty. The cat had knocked the screen from the box, and the hawk-moth was gone.

Uncle Ned and Doris hunted the garden over, visiting every night flower on the place, but Mrs. Hawk-Moth had taken advantage of her freedom and had sailed away over the meadows.

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## Yakota Farm Colony An Unusual Institution

Yakota is a national educational farm colony located 20 miles from Washington, 1 1/2 miles from Clifton in Southern Railway, in Fairfax county, Va.

It consists of 340 acres of land with three groups of buildings, each group established with a special purpose and particularly suited for the needs of those for whom it was built.

The unique name, Yakota, is a combination of the names of the three States in which generous donor, Mrs. La Monte Williams, resided, Iowa, Virginia and Dakota. Group No. 1 comprises an industrial school for homeless, friendless

or delinquent girls, with a capacity of 75 girls. There are industrial, educational and agricultural classes, a clinic, a training class for nurses, a cannery and other agencies aiming to train the inmates for economic independence.

In group No. 2, the Roanoke cottage is Yakota's nursery for the children, with 25 little ones in the family.

The D. A. R. victory school is a model school building, erected through the help and generous donation of the D. A. R.'s of Virginia. Here is a community center, commodious school rooms and a large assembly hall.

## Marcelling Your Hair at Home

IT IS CHEAPER and more convenient to marcel one's own hair at home if one can manage it. Unfortunately the instrument bought for the purpose is rather cumbersome and difficult for a housewife to use.

A new invention by Thomas C. Russell, of Chicago, claims to overcome this trouble by making the heating tool and the clamping tool (which holds the hair) separate, the two being brought together to perform the operation.

The clamping tool is held in one hand, and with the other hand the heater is applied. Inasmuch as the former is cool and embraces the latter there is no danger of burning.

The clamping tool has a pair of handles by which two jaws hinged together are operated. One jaw has the simple form of a trough, while the other has teeth along each of its two edges. Clamped together, they make a hollow cylinder of small diameter, the teeth providing closed spaces between which the

tress of hair is evenly distributed as a preliminary to using the heater.

The heater is a hollow metal tube (with a handle) containing a little steel rod. Around the tube is wound a spiral band of metal, which affords a series of hair-engaging flaps. The handle carries a wire and plug, so as to be attachable to the household electric circuit.

When desired for use the clamping tool is opened and its toothless lower jaw inserted beneath the tress that is to be marcelled. Then the jaws are closed together and the heating tube is inserted between them (with the same care for even distribution of the hair), and the operation is repeated as often as may be necessary to complete the effect sought. The result is said to equal that of a hairdresser.

Great Stuff.

"Gonna put Hamlet in the Bums."

"Can get so the 'hook'?"

"Faster?"

"Look at the and out."—Ju

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