BEDTIME STORIES
BY HOWARD R. GARIS

(Copyright, 1920, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

BY HOWARD R. GARIS.

UNCLE WIGGILY AND THE ANTS.

Not far from the hollow stump bungalow, where Uncle Wiggily Longears lived with Nurse Jane Fuzzy Wuzzy, some red ants had their home. The ants were tiny little creatures, not much larger than the head of a pin, but they were very lively and frisky, crawling here and there and everywhere.

They never did any harm, either, those red ants. Except now and then they crawled in Uncle Wiggily's bungalow and took tiny grains of sugar to put in their turnip coffee, or something like that. And neither Nurse Jane nor Uncle Wiggily minded what the ants took.

"Except I don't like them to crawl over my pink, twinkling nose," said Uncle Wiggily one day, when he and Nurse Jane had been talking about the red creatures.

"Why not?" asked the muskrat lady.

"Oh because they tickle me so they always make me laugh!" and Uncle Wiggily giggled when he thought of the tickling legs of the tiny red ants.

"What have you there?" asked Nurse Jane as she saw Uncle Wiggily with something in his paws, hopping out toward the ant's home in the said.

"Oh, I just have some carrot bread crumbs that were left on the dinner table," spoke the bunny gentleman. "I'm going to feed them to the red ants. To them a crumb of bread is as big as a large loaf to us!"

"Dear me!" laughed Nurse Jane. "It seems to me Wiggily, that you take a lot of trouble about just some little red ants. They'll never put themselves to any trouble on your account."

"You never can tell," spoke the bunny, "and we do not need the bread crumbs."

So he fed the ants, and one of the red insects said:

"Thank you, very much, Uncle Wiggily. If ever we can do you a favor we will."

"Don't let Nurse Jane hear you say that," spoke the bunny. "She'd only laugh at me for thinking a little red could do me a favor."

But you just wait and see, children, what is going to happen.

The summer days went by and the ants kept on living not far from Uncle Wiggilys bungalow Now and then the rabbit gentleman would take them crumbs of bread and cake and they were very thankful.

"But the ants have not done you a favor yet," said Nurse Jane.

"There is no hurry," spoke Uncle Wiggily. "Besides, I don't feed them to have them do me a favor, I feed them because I like to."

Now it happened, one day, that Uncle Wiggily went to the store for Nurse Jane to get some sugar with which the muskrat lady bungalow keeper wanted to make a cake.

"And I will not be home when you come back from the store," said Miss Fuzzy Wuzzy, as Uncle Wiggily started off "I'm going over to see Mrs. Wibblewobble, the duck lady, for the afternoon, but I'll be home in time to get your supper."

"Oh, all right," spoke the bunny, and then he went to the store for the sugar. While he was on his way back, and almost at the bungalow, all of a sudden out from behind a sassafras bush jumped the bad old Pipisewah, grabbing the bunny gentleman.

"Ah, ha! Now I have you! Now I'll get what I want!" snickered the bad chap.

"Is it sugar you want?" asked Nucle Wiggily. "If it is, take this whole bagful—I can get more for Nurse Jane. Take the sugar and let me go. It is very sweet."

"It is not sweet sugar I want, but sweet souse from your ears!" cried the Pipisewah, smacking his lips. "Souse I want and souse I will have!"

Then he just started to nibble some off Uncle Wiggily's left ear, the Pip did when, all of a sudden, he began to laugh.

"What's the matter?" asked the bunny.

"Oh, something tickled me on my left hind leg," was the answer.

The Pip gave himself a scratch, and then he once more started to nibble souse when, all at once, he laughed again.

"Now what's the matter?" asked the bunny.

"Oh, something tickled me on my right front leg," was the answer. The Pip itched himself there and once again he started to get the bunny's souse when, all at a suddenness, the bad chap laughed:

"Ha! Ha! Ho! Ho! He! He!"

"What's the matter now?" asked the bunny.

"Oh, I'm being tickled all over on my four legs and my paws and my nose and my horns and every place! Oh I have to itch myself with all four paws," cried the Pip, and to do this he had to let go of Uncle Wiggily.

"Now's your chance! Run!" cried some tiny voices, and there were about fourteen million, seventeen hundred and ninety-six thousand eight hundred and forty-two red ants. "We'll tickle the Pip and keep on tickling him, by crawling on him, until you get away," said the head red ants, and they did. They tickled the Pip all over by crawling on him so the bunny easily got away and safely back home with the sugar.

"Ha! You see the ants did me a favor" after all," said Mr. Longears, when Nurse Jane heard what had happened, and then the muskrat lady herself fed the ants some sugar. She always liked them after that. And, if the peach pudding doesn't fall down cellar when it's trying to climb out of the ice box to play tag with the cocoanut cookie, I'll tell you next about Uncle Wiggily and the pie.

HUNTING THE 'LOST CHORD'

CHICAGO.—In this picture the kiddies of the Children's Quintet are hunting the "Lost Chord"—to the delight of hundreds of tots at the weekly matinee of the Children's Civic theater at the Chicago municipal pier. But this quintet of kiddies can really sing as well as be funny. Left to rght—Jean Storckfish, Katherine Adams, Thelmas Shaonak, Elsa Storckfish and Virginia Keller. They form one of the most popular features of the matinee.

LOVE and MARRIED LIFE
by the noted author Idah McGlone Gibson

KARL'S LETTER.

Helen's glance was frankly curious as I held the letter in my hand, but I could not read the letter while she was there and so we talked in a desultory way, as women do who have something of more importance on their minds.

Just then Alice entered and Helen explained my prophecy of a letter from Karl Shepard. Alice was quite as surprised as Helen, but no more so than I myself, at my involuntary forecast.

At last Alice asked, "Is that letter really from Karl Shepard? And haven't you heard from him in months, Katherine? It is such a weird thing that you should be so sure that you would get a letter from him today, if you were not in a habit of getting one on this day of the week or month."

"It is very true, Alice," I said, "that I haven't received a letter from Karl in months. And it is also true and quite as surprising to me as to you to realize that what I said to you involuntarilly about knowing that I should receive a letter from him soon has been confirmed by this," and I held up the envelope that had been given to me by Miss Parker.

"Are you sure it is from him?"

"Yes," I answered. "It is addressed in Karl's handwriting and has come to me from Cairo, Egypt. I'll read it to you, if you wish," I said, tearing the envelope open.

"Are you sure you want to?" asked Alice.

I knew that she was very anxious to know what was in the letter and I also knew that, knowing this much, she should have the end of the story as far as I could give it to her. Besides, I had in my soul a feeling that there was something in that letter that Alice should know. Something that would, perhaps at some future time, put my case in the right way before her. Again, I remembered, with a little shudder, my exclamation in regard to John. I told myself that it must have been another woman speaking, for certainly I did not wish that John was dead. I could not be so brutal as all that. Howeve- I slowly unfolded the letter and read:

"I am sitting here, my dear Katherine, moved much against my will to write to you. I had determined never to write you again, and I think I mentioned this in my last letter. But something is saying over and over again to me. 'You must go home, Katherine needs you.' It is probable when you read this, you will laugh because my sane common sense tells me that you will be very apt to be sitting in your new home, perhaps with that blessed baby in your arms, perfectly content, if not, wonderfully happy.

"However this may be, I am coming home, for someway you seem calling, calling, calling to me, or rather something seems to be calling to me, or I would not presume to even dream that you would ask me to help you in any circumstances of your life. My only joy is that I know you realize that I would be ready to give you this help, even if you do not ask it, and because of this I am coming home. I shall sail for England as soon as possible and, notwithstanding that same common sense of which I have told you, I know that I shall be with you when you need me and I know you are going to need me more than you have ever needed anyone in your life.

KARL."

"What do you suppose the letter means?" said Alice in a mystified voice.

"I haven't the slightest idea," I answered. But a little involuntary shudder shook me from head to foot as I tried to picture what my gr t need might be.

"How we will laugh at him when he comes," said Alice. And then she stopped for a moment and then went on musing. "I never dreamed that Karl Shepard was such a temperamental sort of a man. It's strange, isn't it, that you can think you know a person perfectly and then something happens, which makes you understand that as far as his real character is concerned, you have not known him at all?"

"Yes, Alice, I think we are all more or less hypocrites, even to ourselves. It is very probable that Karl Shepard has never shown this side of his nature to anyone but me. I have felt that I was a kind of a safety valve through which he had allowed himself to give out his innermost feelings."

"Where are the other letters?" asked Alice. "I should love to read them."

"I gave them to John."

"What! Will wonders never cease?"

TOMORROW—"Shall I Surrender to Elizabeth?"

DR. VANCE'S DAILY ARTICLE

It is a tragedy to miss your calling. It means going through life dragging a ball and chain. There is no bigger question that comes our way than that which has to do with selecting the business in which we are to spend a life-time.

To make a mistake means failure and worse. It means prison. It means irksome confinement instead of congenial occupation.

I had stepped into a cobbler's shop for a trifling purchase. A man was working at a machine for halfsoling shoes. He attracted my attention. "Do you like your work?" I asked. "I hate it," he said with a tone that was loaded with disgust. "Suppose you could do the thing you love best, what would it be?" Instantly his face was transfigured. "Music!" he said. "Music! I worship it!"

Poor fellow! With the soul of a musician, he was wearing out life mending shoes. He probably would not have distinguished himself as a musician. He was stamped for mediocrity. But life is not a chase after fame. He would at least have been able to spend his life doing the thing he loved.

Life is too short to do anything else. One should think of something besides wages in deciding his calling. Big wages can be no compensation for stifling the best that is in you. The world is full of people who have missed their calling.

Ordinarily the thing one loves to do is the thing he is likely to do best. Nature does not lie. An appetite that has not yet been perverted is a good guide. Of course one cannot always control circumstances, but usually it is not circumstances, but the lure of quick success, that bribes us to play false to the best.

One has sold his birthright for a mess of pottage who sacrifices self-expression for a living. One must live, but existence is not living.

Give the music a chance. Anything is drudgery that you hate but drudgery becomes divine when one loves his work.

AS IT LOOKS TO ME
By THE INSPECTOR

WASHINGTON—Mr. Harding has announced that in case of his election he will invite the vice president into his cabinet and take counsel with him on all public questions.

That reminds us that President Wilson made exactly the same promise when he was running for president the first time. It also reminds us that one of the first speeches made by the vice president after President Wilson was inaugurated—a speech turned loose in Seattle—got a sharp rap on the knuckles.

Vice President Marshall was discussing possible ways for curbing great fortunes and mentioned the fact that it was always possible for congress to pass a law restricting the amount of property which might be left by will or inherited under a statute. He received public reproof from the White House and never since has said anything that a tame cat could not purr over.

One is also reminded that President Wilson once upon a time invented the terms "pitiless publicity" and "open diplomacy." Just now it takes a mattock to pry loose any ordinary news story and nothing short of T. N. T. will jar a trifling fact of a diplomatic nature out of the State Department.

The Bureau of Printing and Engraving is now turning out money and credits at the rate of 20 million dollars a day. This includes Liberty Loan certificates which will replace those whose coupons have been used up. The bureau destroys worn-out and soiled paper money at the rate of 4 million dollars a day.

Mr. Harding announces his intention to strengthen the office of presidency, when elected, by surrounding the office with strong, able advisors. A critical person sends us a suggestion for a Harding emblem, namely, a doughnut. He explains the hole will stand for Harding and the dough around it is the rest.

FISHING BY WIRELESS.

BOSTON—Local fishing firms look for a big crop of mackerel prices coincident with the activities of the United States Fisheries steamer Halcyon, which has been assigned to the prospective mackerel grounds off this coast. Equipped with wireless, the Halcyon goes on patrol duty. When a school is sighted word is flashed to the fisheries and they start out of Gloucester at full speed.

More mackerel vessels are equipped with motor power this year than ever before, according to figures obtained at Gloucester, the city made world famous by Kipling's "Captains Courageous."

"Wind and tide wait for no man," runs the old saying, but the up-to-date Gloucester fishermen of 1920 waits for neither wind nor tide—he waits only for gasoline.

WALKS IN SLEEP, FALLS FROM MILL TO DEATH

BURLINGTON, Ia.—R. A. Graves, sixty, wealthy Henry county farmer, has walked the last time in his sleep. He received fatal injuries when he fell from the top of a windmill, to which he climbed in the middle of the night.

LITTLE BENNY'S Note Book
By LEE PAPE

Puds Simkins and Leroy Shooster pritty neer had a fist fite this aftirnoon, Puds saying, Wait till I see Leroy Shooster, Im going to nock his block off, jest wait till I see him, thats all.

Wy, Puds? Wat did he do, wats the matter? us fellows sed, and Puds Simkins sed, I herd he made a insulting remark about me and Im going to make him prove it, jest wait till I see him thats all, I herd he sed I was a sawed off peece of cheese and Im going to make him prove it. I dont take insulting remarks off of enybody, I dont.

I wouldent either, neither would I, us fellows sed.

Wich pritty soon who came up but Leroy Shooster looking innocent, and us fellows sed, Hello Leroy, and we all got in a ring erround him and Puds and Puds sed, Hay you, wats you meen by making a insulting remark about me

About who? Wat insulting remark? You dont know wat your talking about, sed Leroy Shooster.

O I dont, dont I, well I herd you sed I was a sawed off peece of cheese and you got to prove it, sed Puds.

I didnt say enything of the kind, sed Leroy Shooster, if you wunt to know wat I sed, I sed you was a hammered down hunk of mush, thats all I sed, wats you going to do about it?

I accept your ipology, sed Puds.

Aw heck, sed all us fellows. And we got up a game of prizners base.

HEALTH
BY UNCLE SAM, M. D.

Health Questions Will Be Answered If Sent to Information Bureau, U. S. Public Health Service, Washington, D. C.

The high cost of board and lodging for Mr. Rat is one of the big problems in economics for the United States today.

Years ago, when even a rat could get his rations and a place to sleep at a nominal sum, a careful survey was made of the situation. It developed that the rat population kept pace with the human population. There was a rat for every person in the United States. Investigations in feed stores, poultry stores, the farm, etc., established the further fact that each rat cost each person in the United States one-half of one cent each day.

Estimates today by experts of the United States public health service place the daily cost of the rat at one cent for each person in the United States, or $3.65 a year, just double the pre-war cost, a conservative figure if the increased value of food stuffs since 1910 are taken into consideration.

A produce dealer stored 100 dozen eggs in his warehouse for two weeks. On opening the tub in which they had been placed he found rats had gnawed a hole through the bottom and removed 71½ dozen eggs. Similar depredations happen throughout the United States, to growing crops of grain, the stored grain, fruit, vegetables, young poultry, pigeons and merchandise in general, which it destroys.

Then to add insult to injury the rats now and then transmit to man through their fleas the dread bubonic plague. This disease has made its appearance in a number of gulf ports this summer. While the public health service feels that its experts have been able to control the plague and prevent its spreading, state and city boards of health throughout the United States have been asked to begin an active war against the rat, not only as a health precaution but as an important economic measure. Already a number of seaport cities and even communities widely removed from plague ports, have determined to get rid of the rat.

Of all measures the most effective, according to the United States public health service, is starvation. This is accomplished principally by constructing buildings so that rats cannot get to the food in them.

ADVENTURES OF THE TWINS
BY OLIVE ROBERTS BARTON

MR. FROG COMES BACK.

Nancy and Nick sat quietly while Mr. Tingaling, the fairyman landlord, looked around Philip Frog's house, as he said, for repairs, but really hunting for Phil himself. He'd a pretty good idea that Philip's vacation hadn't taken him either so far as Atlantic City or Niagara Falls, or even so far as Ripple creek.

And he wasn't far wrong, for down under the mud Philip was waiting patiently for the "Ker-chunk" (three times) that was to be his wife's signal that the fairyman had gone.

Up he popped as quick as a wink.

Tingaling looked first in the cupboard, examining it carefully. "Empty!" he exclaimed coming out quite crestfallen.

"What's that?" asked Mrs. Frog surpiciously.

"I mean—it's all right," explained Tingaling. "Locks all in fine shape, hooks and knobs, too! Now for the chimney!"

And he poked up as far as he could reach with a cat-tail which grew in Mrs. Frog's garden. "Empty, too!" he declared in dismay.

"Why of course!" answered Mrs. Frog indignantly. "Why shouldn't it be?"

"Now for the pantry," said Tingaling quietly, pretending not to hear. "I'll have to see if the sugar barrel and flour bin are in good repair." And he poked into each one of them determined to find Mrs. Frog's missing husband.

But for all Tingaling was so smart, Mr. Frog would have fooled him completely, had it not been for an accident.

The fairyman tripped and upset the pepper. And Mrs. Frog had to sneeze.

"Kerchoo, kerchoo, kerchoo!" she went loudly, and it sounded exactly like three "Ker-chunks" under the mud where Phil was.

Up he popped quick as a wink, and when he saw what had happened it was too late to go back.

"My," he said, trying to hide his chagrin, "I see I've just returned in time. Here's my rent, Mr. Tingaling."

And he meekly handed it over.

Rippling Rhymes
By WALT MASON

THE BATHING BEACH.

I view the heaving ocean, that sighs of sailors' graves, and have no foolish notion of splashing in its waves. For men in bathing garments, when they are old or fat, are silly looking varmints, there is no doubt of that. The human form's a winner when it is neatly drest, when all around one's dinner there is an ample vest; when pants have tailored creases, and coats are trim and net, men loom up to their nieces as something cute and sweet. But man's no more a dandy, when, from his garments free, on scrawny legs and bandy, he limps to the sea. I see fine men and stately go by my punk abode and I admire them greatly, and frame them in an ode. Their linen's nicely laundered, their duds inspire the muse, and money they have squandered for shining of their shoes. I say, "Their sons and daughters must view such dads with pride;" and then, into the waters, I see the fine men slide. They splash among the billows with idiotic glee, and look like cheap gorillows escaped from some musee. I watch fat men, denuded, go frisking to the sea, and my old tub, secluded, is good enough for me.

Of ten average farmhouses in the United States, according to government figures, eight have no bath rooms.

JUST FOLKS
By Edgar A. Guest

THE ROAD TO LAUGHTER.

This is the road to laughter—
Hands clean from the grime of shame,
No sin that may follow after,
No smudge on an honored name,
Kindness and open dealing,
And though you may weep awhile,
In days when the laughter's pealing
You shall be free to mile.

This is the road to gladness—
Courage in time of test,
Faith in the hours of sadness,
Believing that all is best;
With never a wrong behind you
And none who may doubt your worth,
When the glorious joys shall find you
You may give up yourself to mirth.

For laughter and joy are treasures
Which those who are false must lose,
Shame offers men tawdry pleasures
But better the hurts which bruise,
And better the failures burning
Which pass in a little while,
If down where the road is turning
They leave us the right to smile.

For this is the road to laughter—
Honor and truth, my boy,
For never, if shame comes after,
Can man know an hour of joy,
Sorrow shall set you weeping,
And burdens shall fret awhile,
But in the name you're keeping
Lies ever your right to smile.

JUST JOKING

HADN'T TRIED THAT.

Father—That young roller comes here too often; I want it stopepd.

Daughter—I'm sure, father, I do all I can to discourage his visits.

Father—Nonsense! I haven't heard you sing for him once.—Boston Transcript.

HO, HUM!

First Liar—"Pretty warm today."

Second Liar—"Warm? Say, boy, it was so warm that awhile ago I saw a dog chasing a cat and they were both walking."

First Liar—"That's funny, I saw the same dog and cat awhile later, only they both had sat down awhile to rest."—American Legion Weekly.

RUMANIA PUTS EMBARGO ON WOOL; STRIKES AT PROFITEERS

(By International News Service)

BUCHAREST, Aug. 22.—It is learned here that the Rumanian government has placed an airtight embargo on all wool exports. The restriction is aimed at cloth and clothing profiteers who have taken advantage of the scarcity of wool in the country to boost prices far beyond a reasonable level. It is the intention of the government to control the entire wool industry, fixing the price of raw materials, standardizing the grades of cloth, and setting rock bottom prices on all men's and women's clothing. Merchants and tailors selling woolen commodities above the government fixed rate will be liable to prosecution.

The scarcity of wool in Rumania, which is responsible for the government's drastic action, is the result of war conditions. During the enemy occupation of the country the industry was crippled by the requisition of nearly all the sheep in Rumania. Moreover, the industry was never large. The poorer classes in Rumania wear, as a rule, little or no woven wool clothing, preferring, in the country districts, to dress in cured sheepskins prepared at home.

The mobilization of the army created a huge demand for woolen uniforms, which took up all the available raw wool on hand. With the disappearance of sheep from the Rumanian pasture lands the peasants have been deprived of the source of their primitive sheepskin garments and a demand has grown up for woven, wool clothes.

The only unpreventable source of forest fires, lightning, caused 2457 such fires in the United States in 1918.

Sister Mary's Kitchen

(Copyright, 1920, N. E. A.)

If one does much deep fat frying it is advisable to keep a small pail of sand in the kitchen near the stove.

There is danger of the fat being overheated. When cold or a bit damp articles of food are dropped into it, overheated fat wil bubble and may go over the kettle.

Many fires have been started and housekeepers badly burned by just this sort of thing.

Sand is a sure and quick extinguisher. Nothing else will smother the flames and smothering is the only means of putting out a fire of burning grease.

MENU FOR TOMORROW.

Breakfast—Melons, cooked cereal with top milk, toast, coffee.

Luncheon—Corn, mock oysters, sliced tomatoes; huckleberry pie, tea.

Dinner—Lamb chops, baked potatoes, string beans creamed, endive salad with bacon dressing, sliced peaches, Spanish bun, coffee.

MY OWN RECIPESS.

If string beans are of the stringless variety, and very tender, they are most delectable if a rich cream sauce is poured over them. The beans should be cooked in as little water as possible until perfectly tender, drained and reheated in the sauce.

CORN MOCK OYSTERS.

6 ears sweet corn.
2 eggs.
½ cup milk
1 teaspoon salt.
¼ teaspoon pepper.
Rolled cracker crumbs.

Grate corn. Beat eggs with milk. Add corn. Add salt and pepper and enough cracker crumbs to make stiff enough to drop from a spoon. Fry in hot lard.

SPANISH BUN.

1 cup brown sugar.
½ cup butter.
½ cup milk.
1½ cups flour.
2 teaspoons baking powder.
½ teaspoon each cinnamon, cloves and nutmeg.
2 eggs (save white of one for frosting.)

FROSTING.

1 cup granulated sugar.
3 tablespoons water.
1 teaspoon vanilla.
White 1 egg.

Cream butter and sugar. Add one whole egg and the yolk of one egg well beaten. Mix and sift dry ingredients. Add alternately with milk. Bake in one sheet. Cook sugar and water till a soft ball is formed in cold water. Pour slowly on the white of one egg beaten till stiff and dry. Spread over cake.

It's a notable fact that the Prodigal Son didn't come home till he got hungry.

TOOTS AND CASPER—Their "Travels" Are So Interesting to the Neighbors. —By J. E. MURPHY