

Jane Ann's Revenge

By Helen Whitney Clark

Madge and Polly had been playing "keep house" all the morning with the blue china dinner-set and their dolls, Rosy and Minny.

Madge, with her mother's old water-proof cloak tied around her waist, went tramping about her household duties in elegant style as "Mrs. Dobson," while Polly, with Jane Ann's call-cooking-apron adjusted kind-side before, was equally resplendent as "Mrs. Jackson."

The mothers of the two young housekeepers, hired "next door" to each other—that is, in adjoining houses—and this was Madge's day to visit Polly.

Mrs. Dobson and Mrs. Jackson had been having a fine time under the big plum-tree in the front yard, for the day was a fine one, if it was the first of April.

They had even allowed Polly's brother, Bob, to play with them, until he got vexed at some domestic difficulty, and kicked over the cooking-stove for spite.

After this characteristic feat, Master Bob ran away, and amused himself by playing his tricks on "Mrs. Dobson."

Being the first of April, it was "All Fool's Day," and Bob teased the poor girl half to death, fooling her in all sorts of ways, until, at last, she seized the broom-stick and drove him off, declaring that, "cool or no fool, she'd have her revenge and get even with him yet."

The little girls, having shed a few natural tears over the wreck of their cherished cooking-stove, played on in peace until they got tired of doing housework, and began to wish for the runaway once more.

Bob was a terrible tease, but he was a good hand at games of all kinds, from "Old Bloody Tom" to "Chickens, chickens, craney, craney."

"Bob's gone, we would play 'Here we go round the mulberry bush,'" sighed Madge; but Polly had got another idea.

"I'll tell you what, Madge, let's bury the dolls!"

Madge clapped her hands with delight, for what little girl ever loved who has not, at some time in her life, enjoyed the mournful pleasure of burying her doll?

They were digging the grave with much energy and expedition, when a wa-whoop sounded in their ears, and Bab suddenly popped out from behind a big tree.

Seeing that the girls neither made a face at him nor declared they "would not have an ugly, teasing boy to play with them," Bob ventured still nearer.

"What are you doing?" he asked, with some show of interest.

"Burying the dolls," answered Madge, digging away with a spade made of an old shingle, and with a spade.

Bob approved the idea at once.

"Let me dig the grave," he suggested.

"You'll never get it big enough, at that rate, and you girls pull some grass or leaves to line it with."

Madge and Polly were glad enough to let Bob do the digging, but it was hard to find grass or leaves so early in the season. However, they found some mullein-leaves, which had remained green nearly all winter, and with these they lined the grave.

Having laid the dolls side by side in their narrow bed, and covered them with some more of the velvet mullein-leaves, they filled up the grave, and proceeded to mourn for their lost darlings in voices both loud and deep.

Bob, especially, howled so vociferously that his mother and Jane Ann came running to the door to see what calamity had befallen the youngsters.

"Taint nothing," explained Polly. "We're only having a funeral."

"Make less noise, then, or go into the back yard," ordered their mother.

"All right; let's go in the back yard and play Pompey is dead!" exclaimed Bob.

And away they ran, and were soon engaged playing, and singing:

"Pompey is dead and laid in his grave, Laid in his grave—laid in his grave, Pompey is dead, and laid in his grave—ha! ha! ha!

(Rising inflection after each ha!)

"There grew an old apple-tree out of the grave—
Out of the grave—out of the grave—
There grew an old apple-tree out of the grave—ha! ha! ha!

"The apples were ripe and beginning to fall—
Begin to fall—beginning to fall—
The apples were ripe, and beginning to fall—ha! ha! ha!

"There came an old woman a-picking 'em up—
Picking 'em up—picking 'em up—
There came an old woman a-picking 'em up—ha! ha! ha!

"Pompey jumped up and gave her a thump—
Gave her a thump—gave her a thump—
Pompey jumped up and gave her a thump—ha! ha! ha!

Which made the old woman go hipp-hop—
Hippety-hop—hippety-hop—
Which made the old woman go hipp-hop—ha! ha! ha!

"Hippety-hop, she went over the hill—
Over the hill—over the hill—
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They played with great spirit, imitating the actions of Pompey and the old woman, much to their own satisfaction, until they were all out of breath with their exertions, and sat down to rest.

Whether it was the reference to Pompey's grave which put the idea into Bob's head, or whether it had already been there from the first, I can't say, but, at any rate, he suddenly sprang to his feet.

"Say, Polly, you and Madge sit still and rest till I come back, and we'll play something else."

With that, Bob ran through the

house and out of the front door, then proceeding cautiously to the grave, he removed the two dolls, carefully filled up the grave again, and taking Rosy and Minny into the house, he hid them behind the sofa.

Bob then ran back to the girls, who were quite rested now, and soon they were absorbed in another game, playing and singing:

"I've come to see Miss Jinny Ann Jones,
And how is she to-day?"

Bob was somewhat uneasy throughout the game, and cut it short as soon as possible.

"Spose we go and dig up the dolls," he suggested, artfully.

And with red cheeks and flying curls the two bereaved mothers rushed to the lately made grave, followed by Bob, with mischief in his eyes.

Madge and Polly proceeded hastily to resurrect their treasures, Bob watching eagerly, to enjoy their surprise.

The girls shored off the gravelly mound, carefully removed the mullein-leaves, and both gave little screams of delight at beholding their lost darlings peacefully reposing side by side, their china-blue eyes staring straight forward as usual.

But Bob! He was the one to be surprised. He almost gasped as he beheld the evidence of his senses.

Was he dreaming, or had he only dreamed of rifling the grave not half an hour ago?

His head was almost whirling; he stood gazing, half-dazed, as the two girls, who were kissing and cuddling the staring-eyed dolls as if they really had been dead and had come to life again, when suddenly, Jane Ann put her head out of the front window.

"April fool, Bob!" she cried, mockingly; and Bob saw through the mystery at once.

He knew then who had watched him hide the dolls, and had secretly slipped them back into the grave again. And he knew Jane Ann had kept her word and got even with him, sure enough.

Discovers Reason Why Candy Causes Decay of Teeth

The familiar idea that candy makes children's teeth ache or decay is denied, at least in the ordinary form of the idea, by experiments carried out under the direction of Dr. Edward Mellanby of Sheffield University, and reported in a recent publication of the Medical Research Council of Great Britain. Selecting dogs with poorly developed teeth especially likely to decay, Dr. Mellanby fed these animals for times as long as eight years large quantities of candy, of starchy foods and of similar materials often blamed for bad teeth in children. No relation was found between these diets and either tooth decay or acidity of the mouth, so long as reasonable amounts of other foods like fresh vegetables and milk were fed to the dogs at the same time. Cultures of bacteria supposed to produce mouth acidity and to be introduced into the dogs' mouths occurred. Tooth decay is found, however, to be caused quickly and almost invariably by absence from the diet of some of the vitamins supplied by fresh vegetables, fresh milk or butter, fresh eggs and similar foods. The reason why bad teeth so often are blamed on eating candy probably is that candy between meals tends to decrease the appetite for such fresh foods so that the child gets too little of the needed vitamins. It is the lack of these, not the surplus of candy, that makes the trouble.

Famous Survivor

A special appeal is being made for the funds still required to make H.M.S. Implacable a permanent institution as a holiday training ship for boys. She is the last survivor, apart from the Victoria, of the fleets that fought at Trafalgar, and the oldest warship afloat. A large sum has already been contributed to the fund for her preservation—the King and the Prince of Wales being among the subscribers. Originally, the Implacable was a French warship, and it was on the French side that she fought at Trafalgar. She was then named the Duguay-Trouin. Captured by the British in that famous sea fight, she was added to the British fleet and rechristened "Implacable."

Washing Socks

This will have the family bill for men's socks: cut two pieces of stiff cardboard slightly larger than the sole of the foot, and place one inside each sock when washed, then hang up until dry. Socks will then remain the same size until they are worn out.

Our Own Company

No man can avoid his own company—so he had better make it as good as possible.

DISCONTENT

Much of our discontent in life is due less to any lack of our own lot than to the seeming overabundance of that of our neighbor. If he had not so much we should discover few or no deficiencies for ourselves. We are not so greatly dissatisfied with what we miss as with what he has.

MUTT AND JEFF——By BUD FISHER.

LET'S SEE WHAT DID THE PROFESSIONAL TELL ME? GRAB THE CLUB FIRMLY BUT LOOSELY—THE FIRST THREE KNUCKLES OF THE LEFT HAND MUST SHOW!

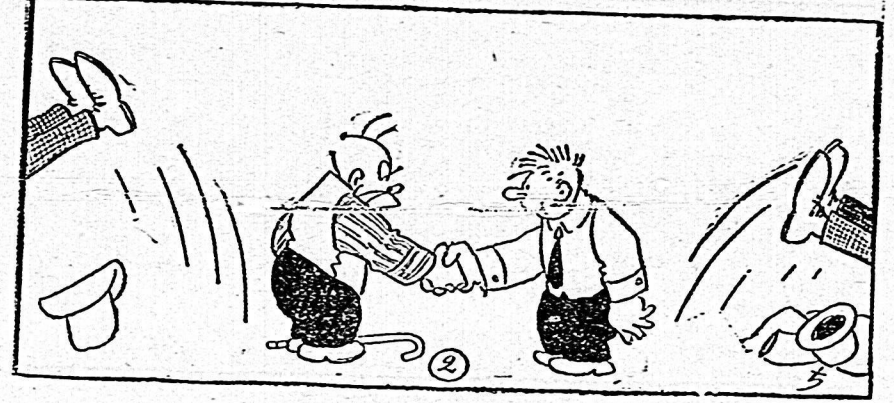
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KEEP THE HEAD DOWN AND THE ARCHES UP—AND THE LEFT ARM STRAIGHT—AT THE TOP OF THE SWING BREAK THE WRISTS—LET'S SEE—THERE'S SOME OTHER THING—

YOU CAN'T PLAY HERE—YOUR DUES AIN'T PAID UP!

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ADAMSON'S ADVENTURES



Claims Longevity Runs in Families

"Living Quietly Prolongs Life Span" Professor Declares

The pedigree of a remarkable family in which long life seems to be so well inherited that the members studied have lived an average of 24 per cent longer than a corresponding sample of the general population, is reported by Professor Raymond Pearl of Johns Hopkins University in the current issue of his quarterly review, Human Biology. Two second cousins belonging to this family married each other. Professor Pearl reports, in 1881, when the pedigree was prepared, in 1889, these two had just celebrated the 78th anniversary of their marriage, both being approximately 95 years old. They had five children, all of whom were then still alive at ages between 73 and 63. There were 14 living grandchildren and 17 great grandchildren. The husband of this remarkable marriage had been a clerk all his life, took a little alcohol but had given up smoking 50 years before. His record of freedom from illness was good but not at all exceptional. The wife, on the other hand, had never been very strong and suffered several severe illnesses and injuries during her unusually long life. Both husband and wife were born in cities and had always lived in them. Nothing in the habits of life conditions of the pair seems adequate to explain their longevity of living to be old. It is worth noting, however, that both parties to this marriage apparently lived quiet and unexcited lives; something which agrees with Professor Pearl's conclusion some years ago from experiments with fruit flies that inactive lives are likely to be longer than very active ones.

Peace

There is a green land hid away Within the hearts of all. A pleasant land of light and shade Where happy voices call. Beneath its wide and azure skies Its cool, clean houses rest, In gardens wide where roses blow Upon the warm soil's breast.

And wide-eyed women sit and spin Beneath the tall trees' shade. And in the fields the men at work Are strong and upright made.

A river flows through that fair land By meadows lush and green, No boat with oar piles thereupon, Nor ship with sail is seen;

But cattle lie along its banks Or stand in shallows calm, And woolly sheep with tinkling bells Soothe heart and ear with balm.

And every home is full of song, And every back unbowed, And every head is lifted high, And every face is proud.

There is the hush of eventide When purple shadows fall, The shepherds on the billtops high Across the valleys call.

And men let go their pleasant tasks, And children cease from play, And beating kids run to their dams, And homeward all things stray.

Then, when the silver moon is flowered, And fireflies gem the breeze, The silver-throated nightingales Give tongue in all the trees.

In praise of Him who loveth all, The flower, the man, the beast, And guardeth all, and guideth all, The greatest and the least. —Charles Grenville Wilson in "The Christian Science Monitor."

In Planting Grass

The fine seeds of grasses and legumes require a firm soil that is fine in tilt, and moist. They are very small in size and if seeded too deep will produce plants which either lack in vigor when they emerge above the ground, or are completely smothered. The soil should be firm so that the seed will not be buried too deeply and so that moisture will be near the surface to facilitate the germination of the small seeds before the nurse-crop becomes sufficiently well established to smother the small seedlings.—Experimental Farms Note.

CALM OF NATURE

It seems as if were Nature's ain Sabbath, and the terra waters were at rest. Look down upon the vale profound, and the stream is without motion! No doubt, if you were walking along the bank, it would be murmuring with your feet. But here—here up among the hills, we can imagine it asleep, even like the well-within reach of my staff.—Prof. Wilson.

Springtime Touches For the Home

New Paint for the Front Door
In driving through the country what is more pleasing to the eye than the lovely, freshly painted front door at some farmhouse?

One house owner re-enameled his door in white. The surface was in fair condition, but that part of it which was exposed to the weather was badly blistered. First of all the door was thoroughly scrubbed with a solution of sugar soap and hot water. Sugar soap can be purchased at a drug shop. About half a pound in half a gallon of water is sufficient.

When the paint was thoroughly scrubbed the door was washed off in clean water. This removed every trace of the strong alkali which was used in the scrubbing process. After the door was washed had been completed the surface was wiped with clean rags. The next process was in scraping the surface. This was done with an old knife, care being taken that no cut was made into the wood itself.

The surface was a bit uneven and it was rubbed down with a piece of pumice stone and the door was given a coat of filling. This coat is not essential, though it is useful where the door is exposed to bad weather, as it makes a good foundation for the coats that follow. Filling is made up of red lead, white lead and boiled oil. It can be purchased ready for use.

For white enameled nothing is better than white lead flitting for an undercoat. This may be bought already prepared. It will dry very quickly, and so must be applied fairly rapidly. Under coating does not spread well and it shows the brush marks, but this is all to the good, as it gives one excellent practice for the actual enameling. If you can get a good surface with the undercoating there is no fear of failing with the enamel.

Britain Has More Millionaires Than America, Statistics Show

London.—There are a greater number of individual fortunes, and some of these are greater in extent, in Great Britain than in America. Official figures for the year ending March 29, 1929, showed that there were between 500 and 600 people in Great Britain who ranked as millionaires and that means "pounds," not "dollars." They include the Duke of Westminster, who probably ranks in the \$100,000,000 class. His wealth dates back to the days of Queen Bess.

Prepares to Study Sun Eclipse in '32

Path Sweeps Across Canada and New England—Visitors Plan to View Phenomenon Scheduled for August 31

New York.—Plans are already being made in connection with the total eclipse of the sun which occurs on Aug. 31, 1932, and will be visible in Canada and Maine, declares Mary Proctor in the N.Y. Times. The eclipse begins at sunrise north of Siberia, passes within about five degrees of the North Pole, sweeps down across Hudson Bay, the Province of Quebec, Northern Vermont, New Hampshire, Southwestern Maine, the eastern portion of Massachusetts, and ends at sunset in the Atlantic Ocean.

Trains May Be Built With Stream Lines

Produces Faster Travel With Same Power

Future generations, and even the present, may find themselves some day riding in electric trains whose coaches are shaped somewhat like the famous "Golden Arrow" of Sir Malcolm Campbell which recently broke the world's speed record for motor cars. Recent tests at the Westinghouse laboratories by Dr. O. G. Tietjens on the effect of streamlining in a neglected field of transportation have shown that the power necessary for high speeds with this equipment may be reduced one-third or more.

An expert in aerodynamics, Dr. Tietjens has applied these principles to the form of trains and has found that speeds may be increased without an added increase in the present power in a manner comparable with that obtained in airplane and zeppelin construction.

Wind resistance plays the most important part in the problem of attaining high speeds, for the resisting effect of the air increases as the square of the velocity; that is, if the speed is doubled the wind resistance increases to four times the original amount.

Another factor, and the only one which engineering design can control, is a constant, which depends on the shape of the train. It is this constant which must be reduced to a minimum if high speeds without great power become a reality.

Experimental tests were made in a specially constructed wind tunnel in which models of various types of coaches were subjected to a strong blast of air whose velocity could be accurately measured. The backward thrust of the air on the train could be obtained by suitable recording instruments, and in this fashion actual conditions could be approached. Experimentally it makes no difference in the result whether the train moves through still air at sixty miles an hour or if the train stands still and the wind blows past it at sixty miles an hour. The relative motion of the air and train is all that is required.

From this program of research it is expected that new styles in high-speed cars and trains will develop which will be revolutionary in character and appearance as well as notable for their efficiency and economy of operation.

Cheshire Tales

Once upon a time, it is said, Cheshire Cheeses were made in the shape of a cat, bristles being inserted to represent the whiskers. But people have queried whether it was a cat. It is said that it really was a wolf's head, as the armour of Hugh Lupus, one of the earls of Chester, had a wolf's head on the coat. A cat's face is seen on the arms of the city of Chester, but the old drawing of a wolf, or, as some say, a leopard, in the city arms, might easily have been taken for a grinning cat, hence the saying, "Grinning like a Cheshire cat."

Totality at Good Time

Totality occurs at a convenient time in the afternoon. The central line of totality reaches from Pierreville, Que., to Biddeford, Me., and passes over the White Mountains. The northern limit reaches from St. Jean de Chailions, Que., to Richmond, Me., while the southern limit extends from Montreal to Salem, Mass. Suitable stations are Three Rivers and Sherbrooke in Quebec; Portland, Me., and Portsmouth, N.H. Montreal is too near the track except for investigations of a special character. On the other hand, Boston is very close to the track but outside it.

"The trouble about life is you can't avoid unpleasant things without lying."—Sinclair Lewis.

When a saucupans is burnt, never put soda in the water in which it is soaked: if so, it will burn again. Put a small handful of salt instead, leave in soak till next day, then bring to the boil slowly and clean.

Golf Is a Memory Course.

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