

CLAIMS THERE IS MORE TO A MOLE THAN YOU MIGHT THINK

(New York Sun)

Away back in 1805 a little book was published by Ashwell Stoddard at his "print office and book shop" in the town of Hudson, N. Y. Mr. Stoddard took great pride in his enterprise and issued several copies of the book, with the announcement that its contents would "provide invaluable information concerning matters of interest to every family."

While on a motor trip through the Pocono Mountains recently the writer came across a copy of Mr. Stoddard's publication, discovering it among a number of other rare old volumes on the bookshelves in a home.

Perhaps the most interesting chapter in the little book is the "Treatise on Moels," written in all seriousness, and which, according to Mr. Stoddard, was "compiled from the opinions of learned authors." The owner of the book would not part with it at any price, but permitted the writer to copy down the chapter in question—and here it is:

A mole on the left side of the stomach denotes a luxurious person.

A mole in the very middle of the stomach foretells a dangerous affliction.

If a mole appears on the right side of the forehead it is a promise of riches and general prosperity. And if on the right temple is signifies fame.

When there is a mole on the left corner of an eye, the person having that mole is subject to melancholy and the diseases that proceed therefrom.

A mole on the lower tip of the right ear threatens its possessor with drowning.

When a mole is situated at the bottom of a nostril it predicts misfortune.

The person having a mole on the right breast is very talented.

A mole on the left side of the belly denotes affliction. On the right side it means the approach of good fortune.

A mole on the left buttock signifies that trouble may be lurking nearby.

The person with a mole on the right foot possesses wisdom and eloquence. The person with a mole on the left foot is in constant danger.

A mole on a knuckle bone means good luck. So also does a mole on the right side of the groin.

But a mole on the left side of the groin means that its possessor is likely to experience hard times.

Those persons who have moles on their eyebrows will have speedy marriages and obtain desirable mates.

A mole on the lip signifies that its owner is much beloved and very amorous.

A mole on the right thigh foretells wealth to be attained through an advantageous marriage.

A mole on the right cheek also denotes a successful marriage, although somewhat late.

The woman having a mole on either knee will be blessed with a loving husband. The man having a mole on the knee will be successful in business.

A mole on the forehead, just between the eyebrows, means that the party possessing such a mole will be favored by some great and influential personage.

A mole on the ear betokens sound judgment and much prudence.

A mole on the chin foretells an early wedding, with great contentment to follow.

The person having a mole on the lower lip will have much difficulty in selecting the right mate.

And a mole on the nose signifies that its possessor is one who is highly capable of making a success of any love affair.

Chicago doctor warns ministers to beware of "unmarried middle-aged women who are prone to be hysterical." Why only the middle-aged ones? And why only—

HAD A HARD TIME TO GIVE AWAY \$1,000

(New York Sun)

Giving away money in New York city is no easy job according to a story with a real O. Henry touch which has just been told and to which a Sun Rays reporter is able to furnish additional proof gathered from his own reminiscences.

The story had to do with the distribution, in the haunts of the down-and-outs of the city, of the sum of sixty one-dollar bills, which were to be given out one by one to men who had sought refuge for the night in the so-called flop houses of the lower East Side.

The person who undertook that charitable mission met with a good deal more trouble than ever might have been expected, many of the men visited feeling quite suspicious of the mysterious benefactor. But his trouble were small indeed as compared with those encountered on a similar mission by Frank Ward O'Malley, famous reporter for The Sun, who died recently in France.

O'Malley came to work one night in the Christmas week to find a curious and novel assignment awaiting him. A member of one of the fashionable clubs of the city had taken a stroll down Fifth avenue in a blinding snow storm and in the comfort and warmth of his fur coat had come to think of the misery of those who, in the festive season, had no protection against the elements and were out in the streets not just to take a stroll, but because they had no other place to which to go.

Charitably inclined, this clubman had stopped to think what he could do about it and finally hit upon the scheme of asking his favorite newspaper to undertake in his behalf a mission of mercy among the unfortunate.

"I would like," he had said in substance in his talk over the phone with the city editor, "to do my share and have the following suggestion to

make: If you will send some one to see me, I will give your representative the sum of \$1,000 to be distributed in small amounts, possibly of \$1 or \$2 each, to those who on this terrible night find themselves without shelter in the city. The sole condition is that in whatever is said or written about this my name must not be mentioned."

The assignment quite naturally fell to O'Malley, and after receiving the cash and embarking on what he thought was to be one of the easiest jobs ever tackled—in addition to being one of the most pleasant of his career—he soon discovered that he had bitten off a good deal more than he could chew. Not that he met with any one who objected to the offering of some real cash, but down-out-ers were few and far between on that inclement night, even in the worst parts of the city. Even after the office had heeded his request for an assistant the job still proved too much, particularly as it had to be carried out before edition time.

The Bowery flop houses yielded, of course, quite a few men happy to receive a charitable offering, but not enough to exhaust the available capital. Finally, the reporter hit upon the idea of paying a visit to the municipal lodging house, and there the remainder of the fortune was dispensed.

BRITAIN'S POET LAUREATE ON A VISIT TO CANADA

Montreal, Feb. 16—John Masefield, England's poet laureate, stepped down from a train in the Bonaventure Station this morning, shivered as the wind blasted a spray of sand-like snow in his face, and warmly defended King's description of Canada as "Our Lady of the Snows."

"The average Englishman does think that Canadians spend their lives on snowshoes, and that between November and May you're wrapped in the skins of polar bears," he later amplified his defence of the man who was his closest rival for the laurel wreath of English poetry.

Not Personal Opinion

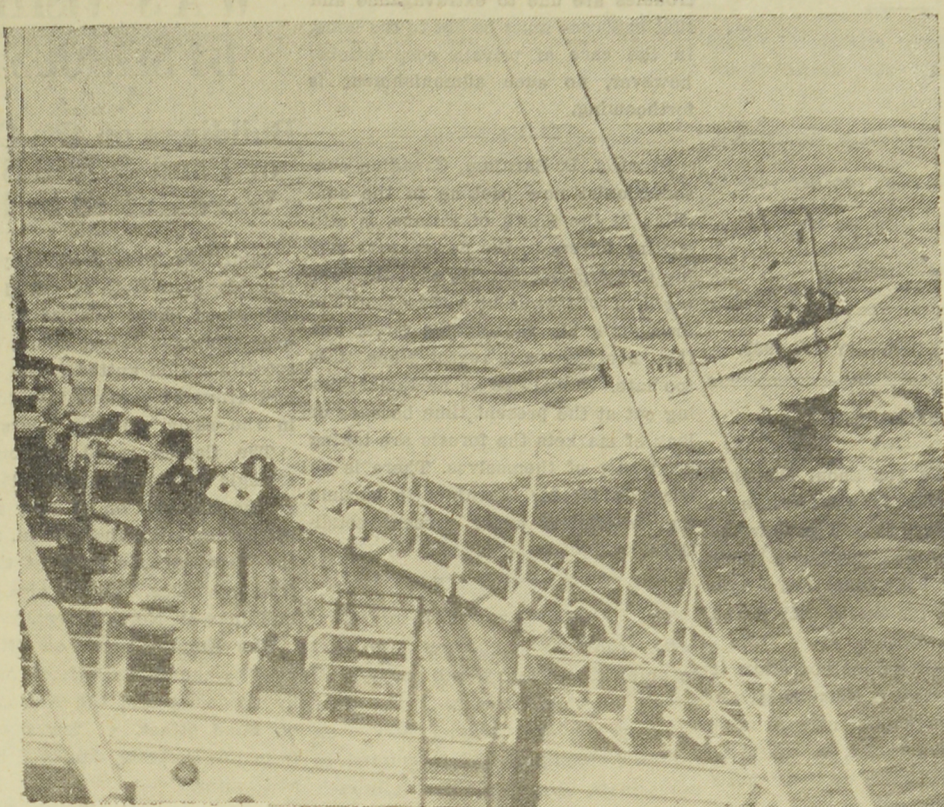
This of course is not Mr. Masefield's own opinion of Canada and its winter weather. Mr. Masefield knows a thing or two about the climate of this continent, for he spent two and a half years—"depression years"—in New York when he was a young man, when jobs were scarce, and when factories bore signs that said "No Englishmen wanted."

But Mr. Masefield, pleasant, smiling, a former newspaperman himself knows how to play the game with other journalists. He knows how to speak to them, and how to give 'em something nice with which to start a story.

Like most other poets he looks like a business man. Except for a single touch of oddity he would not draw a second glance. But he does, apparently, think it quite right to wear a green shirt—a dark green that is almost black—with a white collar and a green bow tie. It is, however, generally understood that poetic license extends to haberdashery.

Going to Queen's

The poet gave an interview in the



JUST IN TIME! A RESCUE IN THE PACIFIC!

Queen's Hotel, where he waited until some of his own poems in the Windsor the train came in that was to take Hall in the evening. him to Kingston and Queen's University, whose students he will address. Few matters annoy the witnesses today. Tomorrow afternoon he returns more than a man and wife quarrelling to Montreal in order to speak and read in public.

Are You Among Those Who Say "I never read Advertisements"

TO SAY "I never read advertisements" would be much like saying, "I never use soap" or "I never read newspapers," or "No one can teach me anything," or "I know everything."

Many good—but not very wise persons seem to think that all advertisements are just the vainglorious braggings of those who publish them—designed to part fools and their money. The truth is that most advertisements are incitements to their readers to do or be or buy or use something for their immediate or prospective advantage. Advertisers, to be successful and to live long, have to offer something of value or of desire—something really wanted or needed by the public. Advertisers, to live long, must not cheat the expectations or confidence of those who buy what they offer or propose.

Here are some questions to be answered by those who say "I never read advertisements"—

- 1.—What alarm clock would you buy if you needed one?
- 2.—What camera would you buy, for your own use, or to give to a son or daughter?
- 3.—What motor car possesses your favor?
- 4.—What face cream or shaving soap or cream, or tooth paste did you use today?
- 5.—What laundry soap (or flakes) is in your kitchen right now?
- 6.—What brand of tobacco would you buy if you were a user?
- 7.—The watch on your wrist—what name does it bear?
- 8.—What theatre is presenting the best program?
- 9.—Your life insurance policy—what company issued it?
- 10.—The ginger ale which you serve to guests—what brand is it?
- 11.—The tea which you buy regularly—what brand is it?
- 12.—The baked beans and the tomato catsup now on your pantry shelves—what brands are they?

YOU SEE! Whether or not you consciously or habitually read advertisements, you buy, by preference, what advertisements have recommended to your confidence and what experience has proven to be satisfactory.

The things which we DON'T buy and which have a sickish life, are those which are not advertised, and which try to ride onto public favor on the backs of well-advertised products.

It is to one's discredit to say, "I never read advertisements"

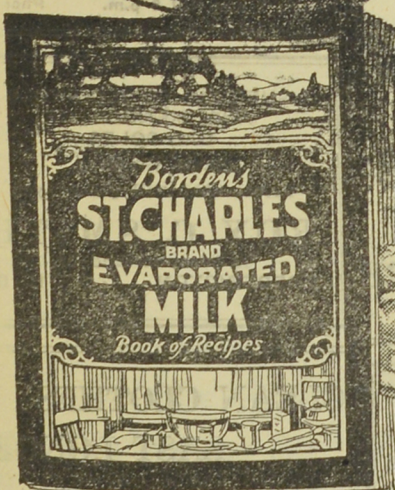
THE DAILY MAIL with its large quality circulation is a first-class advertising medium!

Recipes!

Free



Clip and try these tempting recipes to learn how much more appetizing and nourishing such foods are when made with doubly-rich and creamy St. Charles milk! Be sure to use St. Charles milk, though! Also mail the coupon and you will receive FREE beautifully illustrated book with 85 tested recipes.



Borden's ST. CHARLES BRAND EVAPORATED MILK
Book of Recipes

POP-OVERS

3 eggs; 1 cup Borden's St. Charles Milk; 2 cups flour; ½ small tspn. salt; 1 cup water.

Beat the eggs ten minutes and then add the milk. Gradually add the flour, sifted, and the salt. Beat until absolutely smooth. Turn into hot, well-oiled gem pans and bake quickly.

LEMON MERINGUE PIE

¾ cup Borden's St. Charles Milk; ¾ cup hot water; 1½ cups sugar; 4½ tbsps. corn starch; 1 tspn. butter; 2 eggs; juice 2 lemons; grated rind 1 lemon; few grains salt; 1 cooked pastry shell.

Combine the milk and water in a double boiler top, add the sugar and cornstarch, thoroughly mixed together, and cook fifteen minutes, stirring occasionally. Separate the eggs, beat the yolks light, combine them with a little of the hot milk, stir into the thickened mixture and cook five minutes longer, stirring occasionally. Then add the salt and when somewhat cooled stir in the lemon juice and rind, pour into the pastry shell, heap with a meringue made of two egg whites, and a third cup of powdered sugar, and cook in a slow oven for ten minutes until the meringue is firm and delicately browned.

CREAM OF ASPARAGUS SOUP

1 bunch or can asparagus; 4 cups cold water; 2 slices onion; ½ tspn. sugar; blade of mace; 2 tbsps. butter; 2 tbsps. flour; 1 tspn. salt; 1-8 tspn. pepper; 2 cups Borden's St. Charles Milk; 1 egg yolk; dash of paprika.

If fresh asparagus used, remove tips and cook them in a little boiling salted water until tender; if canned, cut off tips and lay aside. Cut up stalks. Cover with cold water. Add onion, sugar, and mace. Cook until tender. Strain through sieve, pressing asparagus well to extract flavor. Melt butter in saucepan and stir in flour. Add salt, pepper, and asparagus puree. Continue stirring until thickened. Add one-and-a-half cups St. Charles Milk and the asparagus tips. Bring to boiling point, and simmer five minutes. Combine beaten egg yolk with the remaining milk and add to mixture. Let come to boil. Serve each portion with a dash of paprika over top.




Borden's ST. CHARLES MILK
(Unsweetened)