Philathea Notes

The new Quarterlies were passed out Sunday. The Philatheas should notice the beautiful cover painting reproduced from that by William Hole and in this connection should read the article on page 7 of "Young People's Weekly" for December 30, by Albert E. Bailey; also the article, "The Earliest Disciples," in the Quarterly. We have a splendid series of lessons ahead of us on the life and letters of Peter. The first lesson, for January 6, is "Peter's Conversion and Call." John 1:29-42 and Mark 1:14-39. Also read Isiah 6:1-8.

The next monthly business and social meeting of the Philathea class is to be held on Wednesday, January 9, with Mrs. S. H. Carr.

This is our first Missionary meeting of the year, and the church Missionary treasurer asks that the offering be as large as possible, in order to take care of the last payment on our apportionment for the past year. The program committee for this Missionary meeting will be Mrs. Wealtha Vail and Miss Katherine Hoff.

DARROW—In loving remembrance of our dear little sonny, who passed away one year ago, Jan. 5, 1934.

Still and quiet in the night when sleep forsakes our eyes
Our thoughts go far away where our little sonny lies.
We think of him in silence, no name we do recall,
But there's nothing left to answer but his picture on the wall.

Inserted by his grandmother and Aunt Dorothy.

PINCKNEY MASONS VISIT DEXTER LODGE

On account of the snow storm and blizzard last Wednesday which rendered many roads impassible, only a small number of members of the local Masonic lodge were able to go to Dexter last Thursday night. The officers of Washtenaw Lodge, No. 65, Dexter, were installed with Past Master Russell Livermore of the Pinckney lodge acting as chief installing officer. Following this a euchre contest took place between the two lodges which the Dexter lodge won, winning 25 games to Pinckney's 23. Dexter will play Pinckney here on Wednesday night, January 16. Those who competed for Pinckney last Thursday were W. C. Miller, N. O. Frye, Glen Slayton, Azel Carpenter, Russell Livermore, Fred Lake and P. W. Curlett.

PETTY THIEVING INCREASES

There seems to be considerable petty thieving going on in this section. R. R. Hoskins reports the theft of two head of cattle from their pasture on the Wilcox farm. Harold Doody had 21 chickens stolen from the Marion Lavey farm and Miss Bernice Isham and Fred Gardner had auto tires stolen. Aside from other thefts in this section in the last year no clues were found.

REVIEW OF 1934

Continued from first page

May 12: C. H. Kennedy and Lee Lavey buy creamery building.

May 18: High school play put on May 11. Mrs. Eliza Gardner dies May 14. Dorr Eaton, May 11.

May 23: Harris and Sprout schools tie in township play day. Roy Reason and Leo Clark injured in auto accident.

May 30: J. Roy Kennedy Post observes Memorial Day.

June 6: Rev. Bergquist resigns. Sons are born to Mr. and Mrs. L. J. Henry, Mr. and Mrs. Reynolds Wylie and Mr. and Mrs. George Knapp.

June 13: Ellery Hinckley dies at Ann Arbor. June 13. Neva Porter and Howard Hinckley married.

June 2: Pinckney senior class graduates June 22. Alumni banquet held at White Lodge June 23. Rev. Bergquist gives farewell party June 21. Dean Reason and Mary Wilson married June 21.

June 4: E. H. Porter commits suicide at White Lodge June 30.

July 11: Mr. and Mrs. Jack Green of Detroit drown at Base Lake July 8. Floyd Weeks and R. J. Carr elected to Pinckney school board.

July 18: Joseph Jensen drowns at Pickerel Lake July 15. Eleanor Szymanski and Stanley Tomasick married by Rev. Lewis Dion July 14.

July 25: Joan Rose of Dearborn drowns at Portage Lake July 22. Red Hughes defeats Howell 8-7 game for Pinckney after Howell July 29.

Aug. 1: St. Mary's Church drows a large crowd. Pinckney and Dexter tie in baseball game 4 to 4 game.

Mrs. Lorenzo Murphy dies at Jackson July 27.

Aug. 8: New Board of Commerce hall opened. James Jeffreys dies at Ann Arbor Aug 2. Mrs. W. H. Clark on Aug. 8.

Aug. 15: Mrs. J. and W. Gener dies suddenly Aug. 22.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Paul Carlet, Aug. 21, a girl, to Mr. and Mrs. Boyce Amburgey, a son.

Aug. 22: Supervisors decide at Island Lake. J. W. Grigg, Pinckney baker, gets business.

Aug. 29: Livingston County Legion Council held here. Mrs. Sarah Carr celebrates 85th birthday. LaSalle police establish station in Pinckney. Sylvester Harris is beaten up by robbers. Thos. Rose dies in Arizona.

Sept. 5: Pinckney school opens.

Sept. 12: Fred Slayton chosen to head Pinckney Board of Commerce.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Claud Hawthout Sept. 14, a girl.

Sept. 19: Murray Kennedy catches escaped convict. Pinckney and Hartland tie in opening football game 0 to 0.

Sept. 26: W. W. Barnard robbed of $321. Joe Edward, suspect, escapes.

Oct. 3: Thirty-eight confirmed at St. Mary's Church. Pinckneyites attend Republican and Democratic state conventions. Mr. and Mrs. Bert Van Blaricom celebrate 48th wedding anniversary.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Wayne Carr Oct. 3, a son.

Oct. 10: Marie Darrow captures Goodrich sweet.

Oct. 17: Mr. and Mrs. Frank McKinney celebrate golden wedding. W. W. Barnard and Miss Carrie Dwyer married.

Oct. 24: 200 delegates from Ingham, Livingston and Oakland counties attend M-36 blacktop meeting at Pinckney. John Van Lief of Detroit elected chairman of delegation to state highway commission. Floyd Brown dies Oct. 14. Richard Clinton dies Oct. 22.

Oct. 31: Stanley Kozzinski killed in auto accident at Mike's Jackson farm on Dexter road. Lee Lavey buys bank building and rents it to post office dept.

Nov. 7: Nation goes Democratic, Republicans carry county.

Nov. 14: Pinckney deer hunters go north. Edward Bromingstall robbed by gypsies at Pettysville.

Nov. 21: 100 attend M-36 blacktop meeting at Lansing. Postmaster Miller brings back five deer. Mrs. Mary Haney and Mrs. Jennie Dwyer pass away.

Nov. 28: Two doctors and two nurses lose lives in auto accident on Dexter road Nov. 25.

Dec. 5: Pinckney High School football team banquetted by American Legion. Glen Slayton elected master of Livingston lodge. Mrs. Kitsey Dinkel matron of O. E. S.

Dec. 12: Hon. Henry Howlett loses life in Hotel Kerns fire. Townsend Old-Age Pension meeting held here. Walter Petras, 15, drowns at Lime Lake, Dec. 9.

Dec. 19: Sunday school and board of Commerce Christmas program announced.

Dec. 26: Community Christmas Tree draws large crowd. Howell Sanitarium gets $50,000 for fire protection.

FOR SALE & EXCHANGE

WANTED—To rent a farm to work on shares. Have been on the Fred Howlett farm the past 12 years.
John Hassenauer, Pinckney

LOST—Saturday between the L. Monks farm and the Batram farm, a Monarch stockings box, yellow gold wrist watch with a yellow band. Finder please return and receive reward.
Aloysius (Peter) Stackable.

FOR SALE: Bronze Gobbler and a Fine Wool Buck lamb.
A. T. VanSlambrook
Leach farm, Base Lake

FOR SALE: 1 thoroughbred Jersey Bull, 18 months old; 1 Bay Horse, weight 1200, 10 yrs. old, guaranteed sound to work single or double; 1 Duroc Boar; 1 Duroc Sow.
H. A. Rowe,
Honey Creek Farm.

FOR SALE: Good potato food.
F. E. Weeks

WANTED: Man with family to live on and work farm east of Pinckney, known as the Quinn Farm. 160 acres of land. Good house and barn. Cash rent or on shares. Inquire at Dispatch office or write
J. Dunn,
4725 14th St.
Detroit, Mich.

NOTICE

We, the undersigned merchants agree to close our stores at 6:00 P. M. except Saturday, starting Jan. 1, 1935 until further notice:
Reason & Sons
C. H. Kennedy
C. J. Teeple
Roy Clark.

PUTNAM TOWNSHIP TAX NOTICE

Starting Saturday, December 29, 1934, I will be at Lee Lavey's Oil Station every Saturday afternoon until 4:00 P. M. to receive taxes.
Gorman Kelly, Twp. Treas.

LOOK OUT FOR COUNTERFEIT MONEY

Considerable counterfeit money seems to be in circulation. Two ten dollar bills were taken in at the Dispatch office, one at Howell and a five-dollar one at Gregory. The imitation is said to be very good with the exception that the border on the bill is a little lighter in color than the government bills. On one the picture of Hamilton is said to have crossed eyes.

PARK VISITORS

TOTAL 8,561,016

Exceeding its record for last year, Grand Haven state park topped all other state parks in Michigan in total attendance for the season just ended with 1,642,600 visitors, according to a report released by the Park Division, Department of Conservation. The number of visitors at the Grand Haven unit in 1933 was 1,620,900.

Although its attendance dropped more than a half-million under the 1933 figure, Bay City state park retained second place in the attendance list. The five state parks with the leading attendance figures for 1934 and their 1933 records follow:

Park	1934	1933
Grand Haven	1,642,600	1,620,900
Bay City	910,223	1,42[illegible],320
W. J. Hayes	672,875	614,218
Island Lake	526,636	577,374
Holland	503,850	750,305

The total number of visitors at Michigan's state parks during 1934 failed to meet expectations. The number of visitors during the past season totalled 8,561,016. In 1933 the total attendance was 9,343,549. This is a decrease under 1933 of 8.36 percent. The number of campers, however, showed an increase of .39 percent and the number of camps built 1.07 percent.

CARD OF THANKS

I want to express my sincere thanks for the flowers and many cards sent me recently.
Mrs. Henry Klee.

LOST—Two head of cattle [illegible] Wilcox farm. Red Durham [illegible] spots and a black and wh[illegible] heifer, weighing about 6[illegible] Finder please notify me a[illegible]
Bert Ha[illegible]

FOR SERVICE: A Du[illegible] Fee $1.00.

FOR TRADE. Good [illegible] free and clear, 29 [illegible] farm near Pinckney [illegible] any mortgage.
F. E. [illegible]

FOR SALE: Young Jerse[illegible] to fresh soon.
Joseph Messersm[illegible]
Cedar La[illegible]

HOGS AND [illegible] On Monda[illegible]

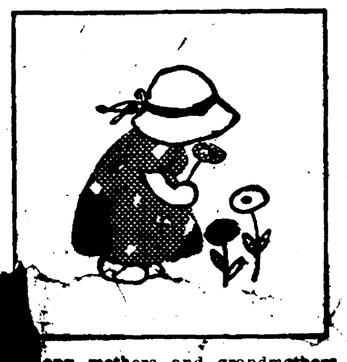
WANTED: All kinds of [illegible] hides and cow hides. Be[illegible] prices paid.
Lu[illegible]
Phone 42F2

WANTED: All kinds o[illegible] At your home or mine.
John [illegible]

WANTED TO BUY: Ne[illegible] or one due to be fresh soo[illegible]
John Hoey
Phone 10s F4 Dexter, Mich. R.F.[illegible]

CHARMING QUILT IS "SUN BONNET"

By GRANDMOTHER CLARK



...ny mothers and grandmothers ...ld get busy and make the "Sun ...nnet" quilt for a home darling if ...ould see just how cuaning it ...when finished. One of the six ...f the baby is shown here. The ...blocks are stamped on white ...al. The applique patches are ...d for cutting and sewing on ...olored beautiful prints. The ...y is in simple outline ...

...our quilt department ...mail you one complete ...e above picture, also ...ilt showing the six dif... Make this one block ... how it looks when fin... blocks, each different, ...mailed for 75c postpaid.

...is another of our good-look...quilts and, like the others, must ...worked up to be appreciated.

Address—Home Craft Co., Dept. ...Nineteenth and St. Louis Avenue, ...s, Mo.

...ped addressed en...ng for any infor...

...hen Preparing Roast Beef

...eat many people prefer rare ...beef. If your family likes it ...ay, serve it rare, but be sure ...re and not raw. Some doctors ...that raw roast beef is one ...of worms. Make sure your ...s cooked long enough if you ...to be digestible.

THE HOUSEWIFE.

Miles of Trees Planted

In an orchard near Milan, Italy, 74 miles of pear trees and 31 miles of peach trees are being cultivated under the most approved conditions. The orchard is one of the largest in Europe, having 200,000 pear and 6,000 peach bearers. Several varieties of each fruit have been planted in order to determine the best suited to soil and climate. The promoters intend to export their crops when the time seems propitious.

GOLDEN DAWN

By PETER B. KYNE

SYNOPSIS

Theodore Gatlin adopts a baby, which he names "Penelope," in a final effort to solve his matrimonial troubles. But his wife has never wanted her, and their affairs end in the divorce court. Ten-year-old Penelope is given into the keeping of Mrs. Gatlin. At a baseball game a ball strikes Penelope on the nose. Mrs. Gatlin spirits the child to Europe. Gatlin retires from business, wills Penelope all his money, and is about to begin a search for his daughter when a motor accident ends his life. Some ten years later, in San Francisco, Stephen Burt, rising young psychiatrist, is presented by Dan McNamara, chief of police, with a new patient—Nance Belden, a girl with a dual personality, for which her "saddle nose" was in part responsible. McNamara does not think she is a criminal and obtains Burt's testimony in court. Lanny, the doctor's office nurse, is won over despite Nance's hard-boiled exterior. Nance's criminal record outweighs Doctor Burt's explanation of her case and she is sent to San Quentin penitentiary.

CHAPTER III—Continued

—7—

"You'll do," Nance declared, and held out her hand. Her cell proved to be exactly what the matron had said it was—a small, neat white room, with a neat little white bed and wash stand, and a small chest of drawers, not unlike that of a room in a hospital, save for the steel door with an orifice in the center of it, and connected by a locking mechanism with all the doors in that tier of cells so that the throwing of a lever locked them all simultaneously. Nance surveyed it with satisfaction. "This will do me nicely," she said. "Thank you ever so much, Matron."

She unpacked her suitcase, stowed her few belongings in the chest of drawers, removed her hat and sat down on the bed to read the printed list of prison rules. But one of the rules interested her. She discovered she could write letters once a month and receive visitors once a month—if she behaved herself. "I must be mother's little lamb," she decided. "This is some joint to get out of, but where there's a will there's a way." And she set herself resolutely to discovering the way.

Before locking-up time she thought she had discovered it. It was the fishermen in the cove just off San Quentin point who suggested it to her. In her stroll around the grounds she inspected the fence. It was sixteen feet high, of quarter-inch steel mesh, set on steel posts bedded in concrete, and it ran along a concrete base. A barefooted woman, using her toes to cling to the mesh, could climb the fence readily enough, were it not for an eighteen-inch topping of barbed wire, strung in strands four inches apart and set inward at an angle of forty-five degrees. One could not possibly surmount that. Nor could one burrow under the concrete base in daylight, even were the means available. Nor could one do it at night, because then one was locked in the cell. But one could stroll down the main walk to the sentry box just outside the entrance and appraise the situation there. As Nance suspected, the gate was kept locked and the guard had the key; indeed, the gate was never opened except to admit a new prisoner or an official, or to provide an exit for a discharged prisoner or official. However, Nance did not despair, for the gate was narrow—two feet—and there was no topping on it. She decided she would climb over it some day when the guard's back was turned; ergo, the thing to do was to induce the guard to turn his back!

For a month Nance gave her thoughts over entirely to this problem.

Lanny came into Doctor Burt's office and laid a letter on his desk. It was dated from San Quentin, on the cheap prison stationery and read:

"Dear Miss Lanning:

"I can receive visitors next Sunday. Won't you please come over and visit me? I'm so lonely, and you were so kind to me when I visited Doctor Burt's office. I have never forgotten you and never shall. Sincerely,

"Nance Belden,
"No. 43,231."

"Just think, Stevie," Lanny declared proudly. "She hasn't forgotten me, the poor dear."

"I suppose you'll go over."

"Indeed I shall. It would be terrible if I didn't. You'll send her something, won't you, Stevie? I think that might please her. I think she'd appreciate a portable phonograph and a couple of dozen records. I understand model prisoners are permitted such luxuries."

Stephen smiled. "Well, I'll stand for that expense, too, Lanny. And I shall await with interest the report you will have to make on your return." Lanny beamed.

The following Sunday afternoon, therefore, the matron admitted Lanny to the visitors' room and sent for Nance, who arrived on the run and cast herself joyously into Lanny's arms. Then Nance led the latter into a corner, and speaking swiftly and in a low voice, said:

"We aren't permitted to be alone with our visitors, Lanny. You'll notice the matron remains in the room. She won't listen to what we have to say but she keeps her eyes on us. Will you smuggle a letter out for me? I've got one all written, but the matron reads all our letters before posting them—and I can't have her read this one. It's to a very dear friend and I just couldn't bear to have her read it. Besides, if she read it, she wouldn't mail it."

Lanny's face grew grave. "Do you realize, my dear, what you are asking me to do?"

"Certainly, I wouldn't ask anybody but you to do it, Lanny dear. You're so understanding. If you can smuggle the letter out for me it will mean that within a month I'll be out, too. I'm sorry I cannot give you all my confidence, Lanny, but I just can't. You're the only woman on earth I'd trust, the only woman who has ever been kind to me. And oh, Lanny dear, I do appreciate your friendship so."

Lanny comforted the girl and considered her request. Considered it sympathetically, too, for at heart she was an outlaw herself. She knew Nance Belden did not belong here; that if the girl had had a fair chance, if she had not been the victim of a code of justice born of ignorance and lack of sympathy, she would be in a sanitarium instead.

"You can read the letter when you get home, Lanny," Nance pleaded, "and if you do not approve of it, you need not mail it. That's fair, isn't it?"

Lanny fell into the trap. "Yes, that's fair," she agreed, for she had unbounded confidence in her own judgment of what was right and what was wrong.

"You old sweetheart," Nance breathed, and kissed her—and at that moment a tall, handsome brunette who had repaid her lover's faithlessness by killing him, and who had been standing around in the hall near the entrance to the visitors' room, moved off down the corridor towards the recreation room. At once a shrill scream penetrated the visitor's room; then another and another—a woman cursed—and cried: "Stop them or they'll hurt each other."

The matron immediately left the visitors' room to quell the disturbance. Instantly Nance Belden drew a thick

Instantly Her Guest Opened it and Abstracted the Letter.

envelope from her bosom, unlocked Lanny's hand-bag and thrust the envelope in. She beamed proudly upon Lanny.

"I staged that ruckus," she confessed. "We have to play the game with each other here, you know—and two lifers obliged me. Good behavior doesn't mean time off for them, you know—and a hair-pulling match isn't taken too seriously here. Oh, by the way, what's your address—I mean your home address and telephone number?"

"It's in the telephone book," Lanny replied, and wondered why Nance had requested the information.

"Kiss me again, you dear thing," Nance commanded. Then she was out of the visitors' room, running for the scene of the excitement in the recreation room. She met the matron hurrying back to the visitors' room, after having quelled the fight by her mere appearance.

"You left me alone," Nance explained, "and that's against the rules. So I followed. I didn't want you to think I'd take advantage of you."

The matron smiled and pinched the girl's cheek. "You funny girl," she said. "You don't belong here and it's a shame you have to be here. You have a fine code of honor, Nance, even if they hang it on you for shoplifting."

She nodded to Lanny as the latter passed out of the building. The guard at the entrance took up her pass, looked her over with a pretense of suspicion, opened the gate and let her through. She climbed into her little car and had just started it when a good-looking but somewhat flashy young woman came to the side of the car and said:

"Are you driving to Greenbrae, madam?"

Lanny nodded. "I wonder if you'd give me a lift that far. The bus doesn't leave for an hour and I—"

"By all means," the generous Lanny agreed, and opened the door. The girl thanked her smilingly and climbed in. Half way down to Greenbrae, her guest said: "I think one of your rear tires is flat, madam."

"I was beginning to think so, too. It's bumpy, isn't it? Oh dear, I loathe changing a tire."

Lanny pulled up to the side of the road and got out, leaving her handbag beside her on the seat. Instantly her guest opened it, abstracted the letter Nance had given her and tucked it in her own hang-bag; then got out and with Lanny surveyed the flat tire.

"I'll help," she promised eagerly. "The least I can do to repay your hospitality."

Between them they shifted the wheel and resumed the journey. At Greenbrae the girl got out and thanked Lanny. No sooner had her little car disappeared behind a curve than the girl waved to a sedan parked in back of the little station and climbed in beside a young man who sat behind the wheel.

"Well?" he queried, apparently without interest.

"It worked," she replied. "Let's go."

CHAPTER IV

Arrived at the little bungalow she occupied in St. Francis Wood, Lanny put her car in the garage, entered her home, and sat down to read Nance Belden's letter. And when she failed to find it she did some of the logical thinking of which she was so eminently capable in situations where her emotions were not being preyed upon.

"Good work," she decided finally. "That girl I picked up on the road to Greenbrae stole it out of my hand-bag when I got out to look at the flat tire. She must have visited Nance before I got there. She was a flashy sort of damsel, too, now that I think of it. An underworld huzzy, doubtless; doubtless, too, known to the police. So Nance had no opportunity to slip her the letter. The matron watched too closely. Nance feared that would be the case, so she had an alternative plan. What a shrewd judge of human nature that girl is! She knew she could work on me, and oh, what a fool I was to permit it! Why, I'm as lawless as she is, only I'm a responsible member of society and she isn't. Nance knew I wouldn't fail to visit her; so she described me to her confederate, who spotted me when I drove up to the main gate and parked my car.

"When the confederate saw me coming back she drove a nail about an inch into my rear tire—simple as two and two are four. The nail was driven all the way in and the air was out before we'd gone a mile. Oh, dear, dear, dear, what a simpleton I am! I suppose I ought to do something about this, but then if I do, how can I explain my conduct to the prison officials?"

She realized thoroughly now the extent to which she had been an accessory before the act. What act, she wondered. Well, she would have to keep the details of this adventure to herself. Even Stephen Burt could not share her confidence in this, for Lanny was justly proud of her intelligence and integrity and loathed the thought that a suspicion of either might obtain in the mind of her beloved Stevie. She feared, should he learn of her adventure, that he would never quite trust her again. And that would be unbearable.

That sly minx—telling her she could read the letter before mailing it; that if she did not approve of its contents she was free to destroy it. That was the point upon which the susceptible Lanny had impaled herself.

"Well, it can't be anything so very important," she decided finally. "It couldn't be part of a plan to escape, because escape from that place is impossible. Besides, no woman convict has ever succeeded in escaping from San Quentin. In all probability it was just a private message to one of her old underworld friends. That girl is too intelligent to dream of formulating plans for escape. Why, she couldn't get out of the front gate. She'd have to swim the bay to escape, even if she succeeded in getting through the exit from the woman's quarters and past that suspicious guard in the little house there."

So Lanny made herself a highball and resolved to dismiss all thought of the incident. She also resolved to give Nance Belden a piece of her mind if and when she decided to visit her again. And she was not at all certain she would make Nance another visit.

Two weeks later, while she was sitting before the fire, reading, her telephone rang and a man's voice said:

"Is this Miss Rebecca Lanning?"

"Yes. Who is this?"

"Never mind. You wouldn't know me if I told you who I am. I'm a friend of Nance Belden's."

"Oh, indeed." Ironically. "And who might Nance Belden be?"

Lanny was nobody's fool. On the instant every sense was alert, for if this was a trap set by the authorities, who, in some mysterious way, had gotten wind of her escape, she was resolved not to walk into it.

"Are you going to be at home for an hour, Miss Lanning?" the voice pursued. It was a pleasant enough voice, Lanny reflected.

"I am, but what business is that of yours?"

"Oh, well, if you're going to be such a cutup," the voice rejoined, "I'll not bother to argue with you over the phone. I'll come out. Good-by."

He hung up, leaving Lanny in a state of acute mental perturbation, which did not subside until she heard her doorbell ringing some ten minutes later. It subsided then. Her courage always mounted when there was an immediate situation to face. "Nance Belden's friend," she decided instantly.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Memories of Youthful Years

Our memories of youthful years are distorted by all sorts of glamor.

...was the meals my wife cooked when we were first married. I realized right off I'd have to earn enough to hire a cook if I didn't want to die of indigestion."

HIGH CLASS BEGGING

Lord Blessus—My solicitor will call on you to arrange the marriage settlements.

Mr. Multirox—He'll hafta do some expert solicitin' to make me come across with more'n I promised you.

Busy

Caller—I would like to see the Judge, please.

Secretary—I'm sorry, sir, but he is at dinner.

Caller—But, my man, my errand is important.

Secretary—It can't be helped, sir. His Honor is at steak.—Pearson's Magazine.

She Was Willing

Curate (admiring a bowl of bulbs)—How lovely to think it will soon be opening time, Mrs. Bird.

Mrs. Binks—Well, now, and whoever would have thought of you sayin' a thing like that! But I'm game to pop out for a quick one if you feel like it.—London Tit-Bits.

Not What They Ought to Be

"Would you like some pickles?" said Marjorie's aunt, who had asked her to luncheon.

"No," said Marjorie.

"But these are sweet ones," replied auntie.

"But I don't like sweet things that ought to be sour," Marjorie insisted.

Why the Old One Is Comfy

"What would your wife say if you bought a new car?"

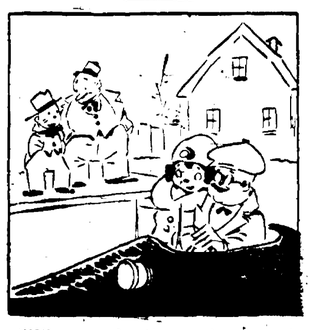
"'Look out for that traffic light! Be careful now! Don't hit that truck! Why don't you watch where you're going? Will you never learn?' And a lot more like that."—Boston Evening Transcript.

Thrown Back

Sea Captain (to new midshipman)—Well, me lad, I suppose it's the old story—the fool of the family sent to sea.

Midshipman—Not at all, sir; that's all altered since your day.—Pearson's Weekly.

HEFTY ENOUGH



"What made them give up that trip to California?"

"His wife happened to hear some one say that travel broadened one."

'Twas Ever Thus

"You look worried. What's the matter?"

"Ding it, my doctor just told me I've got to quit worrying or else."

...Depar... ...enteenth Stree...

NO...

"Well," the re... "what have you... became a man's...

"That there a... about it besides... to the eyes," she...

Don't Be...

Visitor—And w... my good man?

Prisoner—9742.

Visitor—Is that...

Prisoner—Naw, ...—Santa Fe Magazi...

Woof!

"This is a retai... asked the old lady.

"Certainly, madam...

"Well," said she, ... gave my grandson th... has had its tail cut o... retailed, please."

Cookie's Flow...

Blinks—It always s... see a big, ... fell... shudder ... thunder.

Jinks—It always ... what I get at h...

Defi...

Wee Betty—Mot... 'cited!

Mother—Excited... think you know wh...

Wee Betty—Wh... hurry all over.

Ha...

"That certainly is a ... licity stunt of Judge Burt's."

"What's that?"

"Well, the paper... wouldn't sit again ...

Let Him...

Servant—The docto...

Absent-minded Ma... him; tell him I'm ill.