

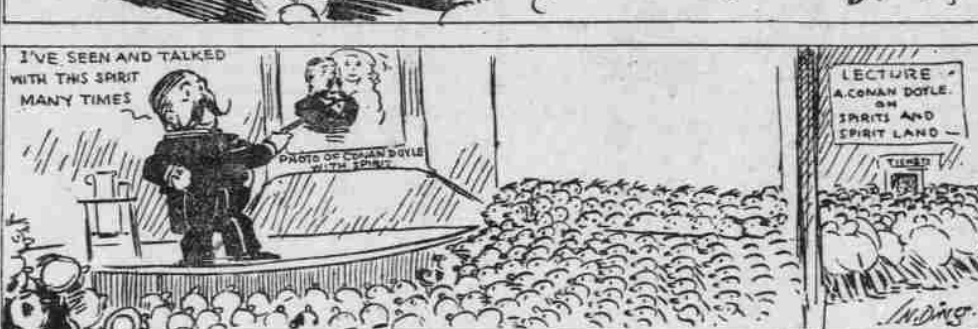
CURRENT HAPPENINGS PICTORIALY PRESENTED BY DARLING

FIVE GENERATIONS OF THE FEAR FAMILY.

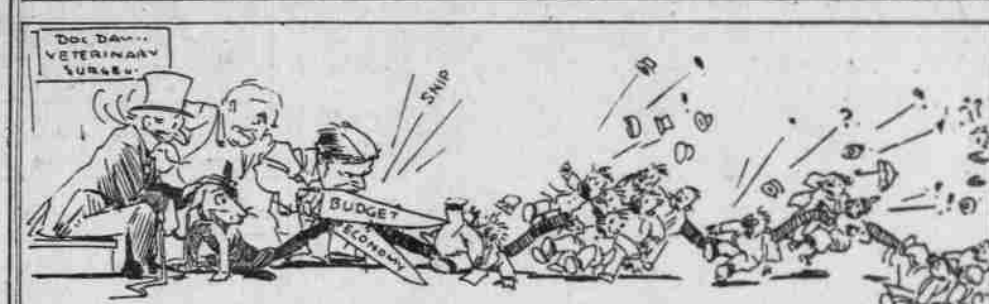


J. MARSHAL MILITARISM DORIS DEBT JOHN W. WAR ~~W. J. FONG~~
UNCLE ABNER AND AMELIA HATE (NEE SUSPICION) MRS. WAR, ANCENT GRUDGE MISS. MATLDA JEALOUS
DOLORIS WANT MAHIE GREED GREAT GRANDPA & GRANDMA FEAR SAMUELSWEET REVENGE
PERCY, CUTHBERT, (PROGENATORS OF THE RACE)
MARIA, OSWALD AND ETHEL IL WILL. BABY WAR JR.

CONAN DOYLE MAY GET AWAY WITH IT. BUT LOOK OUT IF YOU TRY IT YOURSELF.



A LONG TAIL AND A SAD ONE.



WONDER HOW MUCH LONGER HE CAN STAND IT?



THE WORLD ISN'T GOING TO GET VERY FAR AWAY FROM ITS ARMS AS LONG AS THERE IS NO POLICE PROTECTION.



CALLING IN A SPECIALIST OF THE OLD SCHOOL.



Real Love Stories

JANE's only relative was a bachelor brother, two years older than she, who was living on a ranch in the far west. Jane lived alone in a large northern city.

It was near Christmas, and one day Jane entered a candy shop to buy candy to put in the box she was sending to Andrew. She asked the clerk to make it all as exciting as possible, and the clerk gave her a bachelor brother.

Two weeks later Andrew wrote, inclosed a note from a girl he said he did not know. It gave her name and address, and said she was all alone in the world. Jane was sure it was she—it was the girl of the candy shop.

Why couldn't this be a romance, she thought. She went to the store, dropping in the store every day or two for small purchases, until she and the girl became fast friends.

Finally Jane asked the girl to come and live with her.

Then Andrew came north to see his sister, bringing with him a young man, a neighbor ranchman.

When the girl told Andrew of her dream, he said to her, "Phyllis, Jane presented her new sister with the slip of paper which had been found in the Christmas box, and she found it was the Christmas candy." Andrew said, "Six months late, but here is your Christmas gift."

I almost forgot to say that Jane was married that same day—to Andrew's neighbor ranchman.

Both couples are living in happiness on adjoining ranches.

Mate: After walking through the woods on a cold, frosty day, I was glad to find a warm log to sit on. I saw the old fireplace burning with warmth and comfort.

Log: I was glad the logs were from the old maple tree recently cut down, under whose shadows we spent so many happy hours together. I grasped the log and said to myself, "I saw our names carved there by your own hand."

Log: I came swiftly from this world to yours, and from out of the soft murmur of the flaming logs I seemed to hear the words of love I had heard in the words of love into my ears, while in the flaming flames a vision of your dear face made my life and made my beautiful illusion seem true.

Soon I fell into a sweet slumber, lulled by the murmur, in which my dreams were all of the days of our youth and happiness. I saw again the happy days, the happy hours, the happy brook, and you and I, carving our initials in the maple.

hails on its side. How sweet and pure it was for each other.

I awoke from this enchanting dream while the logs in the fireplace were still burning. It was your voice in the dying embers of a musical strain, then louder, and at last the soft whisper, until it died away. The logs had given their rest to the night, and I then remembered it was 25 years today since we were married, but what a short time you had been with me—yet you so constantly near me. —INGRID.

—JANE's mother had said: "I will go without shoes, but Jane will go to bed with me." So she had said.

When she made that remark she little thought it would come true. Jane's father died and her mother went to live with her mother's mother before Jane was graduated. By hard work Jane supported herself and her mother. Her brother, who lived in Canada, made him some pretty or wonderful furs, but that was all. Now, Jane and her mother, all their lives seemed had wanted to go to New York. They really enjoyed it. They loved all the things New York stands for.

Their dream came true. One cold Sunday morning in early March when they lived in the city of their dreams. They started out to see the sights. They window shopped in the main street. They went to the museum directly to the museum, where they stayed until the guards put them out.

When they reached their hotel Jane missed her wonderful scarf her

Brother had given her for Christmas. She phoned the museum—it was not there.

Jane's mother said, "The idea of expecting to find it in New York."

"I'll see what I can do," said the honest people in New York." So Jane telephoned an advertisement for the museum. After a week she learned she had lost her fur and money, too.

When the girl and her mother returned from church the next morning, the mother said, "The fur is gone. Is a man waiting to see you?" A tall, thin young man rose and came forward, holding out Jane's fur.

"I have it," he said, "and a lot of assuring strangers there are some honest people in New York."

Jane and her mother looked at him and insisted that Jane and her mother go to his apartment for dinner.

So the romance began. They were married in a week and after a honeymoon returned to New York, where Jane's mother was awaiting them. They are now living a wonderful summer home on the seashore town, but Jane and her mother are still enjoying the life of the big city in the winter. J. J. M.

England Has Its Woos, Too.
Boston Herald.

Dr. Glover, the English scholar now lecturing in the United States, says that when Americans tell him of all the woes that have befallen the United States in consequence of prohibition, he says, "Very many woes are afflicting England."

Bright Sayings of the Children

WILLIE was out riding in his father's lately acquired car. The car didn't work just right, and each time it came to a standstill it happened in front of some house. Evidently Willie was thinking of the horse the peddler owned that had become accustomed to stopping of its own accord in front of every residence. "Gee," he exclaimed, "this must think it belongs to a peddler."

E. L. M. M.

Last Saturday we were eating lunch and Madeline had just finished eating a ham sandwich. In asking for another she turned to her mother and said: "Mamma, I want some more meat, but don't wrap it up." M. S.

Bobby was sitting and the doctor (Dr. Williams) had just finished eating. His mother coaxed him by saying, "Come, Bobby, this will make you well and then you can go out and play."

Bobby came and tried it. One tiny taste, a wry face, and then he cried, "I want to be sick!" L. S. W.

Leo had a dog of which he grew to be fond.

One bright day along came an automobile and ran over the dog. Seeing the accident from a window Leo

called the veterinary surgeon, who lived in the neighborhood, but just as Leo, with tears coursing down his cheeks, sobbed out, putting his hand deep in his pocket, "What do I owe you, doc?"

E. C. M.

I am unamused to children and besides knowing no lullaby songs I have no way to soothe a babe. I offered to care for a neighbor's child one afternoon. The child grew tired and asked me to rock her and sing. I began wistfully at a stoppage. "You don't need to sing, I fear. Your songs make me wider awake." E. R.

John Ide told the bald man who lived next door. He had low all the hair on the top of his head. John had a bald spot on the top of his head, and, upon being placed in the chair said: "Will you please cut my hair like Mr. Martin's?"

K. R.

Evelyn was overjoyed when a new girl cousin arrived in her aunt's home. The new girl had been a bit and Evelyn, evidently thinking her aunt might become discouraged, looked into her face and said in a con-soling tone: "When I was in the hospital, too?"

W. K.

Harry had been making happy but

ineffectual efforts to open a conversation with older members of the family was reading. "I returned to his blocks he was heard to remark under his breath, 'I was talking to my own darn self.'" L. R.

One of my friends has adopted a little girl.

"The day she came over to see me, and in the course of conversation I said to her: 'My! Anna Marcella! I wish I had a little girl like you.'"

"She died," he said, "but at home" replied the tiny mink, gravely.

E. C. B.

* * *

We had been living in a two-story building for some time and recently moved to a flat. Jane was over to her aunt's and was telling her of the house.

"The house," she said, "Why, yes, our upstairs is downstairs in our new house." L. M.

* * *

Gretchen came to her mother crying.

"Mother said, 'You are not hurt.'"

She replied, "I beg your pardon; me thinks me is." H. P.

* * *

We have a store that keeps school supplies, and many kiddies come in every day. One boy came from school, stopped, and asked for the newest book. He was to run his nose against the window, then press out his tongue and roll

It aroused several times on the glass.
My niece was taking lunch with
her mother. The violinist was playing
and singing. When she was singing
surbed in the music, looked at her
mother and said: "O, mommy, the
music's crying." * * * B. B. B.

My neighbor's small daughter often
begs my son to come over and play
with her, but as he likes to play with
boys he doesn't like to play with
her cajoling. On one of his returns
from there he was asked if he had
any more of those "Not very good"
answer, "cause she's all girl and I'm
all boy." * * * M. O. O.

Parks was trying to tell my daughter
where he lived, and as she misunder-
stood terribly, we could not under-
stand him.
Afterwards I left my daughter alone
puzzled and then said to me "Mother
that boy sure does talk (long lan-
guage)." * * * J. A. B.

Bob got up from his afternoon nap
and started toward the stairway to
descend.
Mother called, "Bob look out
There's the stairs!" Bob replied
"Yes, I hope I don't miss any!" * * * J. E. M.

We had some cousins we had never
seen, but mother had us write to them
often, so we felt we knew them. Bob-
bert was told to write to them. When
they were said, "We don't know them
by their faces, we just know them by
their writing." * * * E. H.