

CURRENT HAPPENINGS PICTORIALLY PRESENTED BY DARLING

SPEAKING OF DIVESTING THE COURTS OF THEIR AUTHORITY.

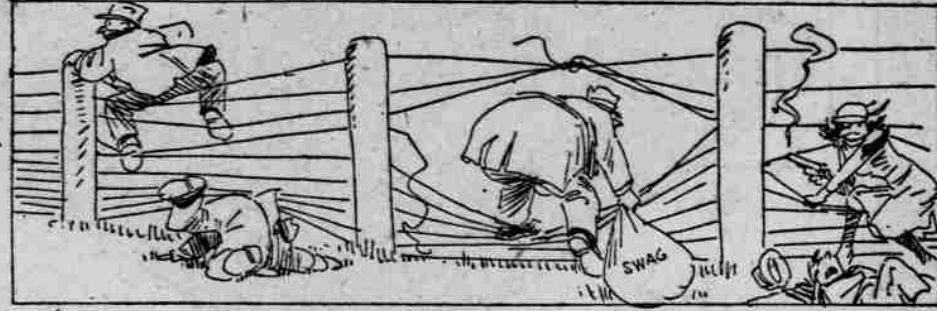


HOW LONG WOULD BASEBALL LIVE IF THE UMPIRE'S DECISIONS WERE SUBJECT TO REVIEW BY THE PLAYERS?



ANSWER: ABOUT TWICE AS LONG AS THE REPUBLIC IF THE U. S. COURTS WERE MADE SUBJECT TO THE WHIMS OF POLITICAL FACTIONS.

THE FENCE THAT BOUNDS OUR FIELD OF JUSTICE.



WHO THEN IS GOING TO DO THE DECIDING?



HAVING HIMSELF PAGED.



AND WE HAD BEEN SO IN HOPES THAT WE HAD REACHED A SAFE AND SANE PERIOD.



THE YOUNGEST BOY IN THE CLASS.



Real Love Stories

CARRISSIMA: Most beloved—yes, everywhere, at all times! The world can never be so wide but that my thoughts are with you. My dearest, my darling, be patient and brave, trustful and reliant. The days shall pass and in time the heartaches of our present parting will be forgotten and we shall only recall the magic of our dreams. The yearning year will soon pass, will it not, dearest? And the forces that take me away from my only one will later but hold us stronger together.

Asleep or awake, in darkness or broad day, I dream of you. I am thrilled by your voice, my wonder goddess. I shall read no romance hereafter; I have you—all the romance man could wish.

Your telegram came to me yesterday morning. It was lovely of you to remember me so. I am sure your angel spirit shall not fall me in any trial, with your soul so intertwined in mine, as it is! O, to make myself ever worthier and worthier of your love!

The ship sails steadily and none has as yet missed answering the bugle call to refreshment. There are

men widely declared his love and was told by a tired father to wait until he was able to support a wife. The youthful sweethearts tearfully promised each other faithfulness, and Warren gave Martha a ring, set with tiny pearls and inscribed "Forever."

Time passed, Warren was poor and left college to support his mother. He was a clever musician and formed an orchestra in the little town. Soon his music was famous and the orchestra was called for many society occasions out of the city.

In Chicago Martha had grown quiet and delicate. Her parents, thinking to amuse her, sent her to a dramatic school in New York. From the beginning she blossomed in dramatics and at the end of the term was offered a small part in a New York cast. She wrote her parents for permission and was told to return home immediately. Poor little Martha, always too obedient, came back to Chicago, her spirit broken. Warren's letters had stopped suddenly. At first Martha wrote asking the reason, but there never came an answer, and at last her bubble was broken. One day a suitor, a great favorite of the family, proposed to Martha and was accepted. The marriage was a happy one in a practical way. Martha's husband adored her and encouraged every whim. On their honeymoon in California they went to a dinner party one evening, given in a fashionable hotel. At the end of a dance, Martha stood talking to her partner and laughing.

She was standing near the orchestra, and her gaze wandered to the

man at the piano. For a moment she stood breathless, staring at Warren. His eyes met her and he bowed. Martha, astonished, only stared and then her partner carried her off in the encore.

During an intermission she pleaded a headache and slipped out into the garden. Her old love was burning her, and once outside her control gave way and she wept. Warren found her there. He had seen her leave the dance hall and had followed her. He took her into his arms and dried her tears.

Then came the explanation of the unanswered letters. His mother, thinking to cure the love affair, had burned Martha's letters. Warren never knew and was hurt and broken-hearted over her marriage.

And here in a tropic garden they said good-bye again. Martha slipped the ring of pearls from her finger and gave it to Warren. He returned to his orchestra.

Years crept on, Martha, a widow, having no business knowledge, was lured into poor investments and lost her income. She taught a class in dramatic art—her only way to make a living. Her delicate nature drooped under the strain.

One day while hurrying along a boulevard she felt faint, and stumbled into a hotel. Almost blind, she sank into a chair. She heard her name spoken in alarm—it was Warren's voice, the voice of her heart. The old fire soon brought back her strength, and soon they were flying home in a taxi, Martha too happy to speak.

They are married now and the wedding ring is a little ring set in pearls, inscribed "Forever." J. D.

Bright Sayings of the Children

ROSIE was told to play with her little sister while the maid finished ironing. An hour later mother stole quietly into the room and was amazed to hear her older daughter lecturing the younger one.

"Why are you so mean to little sister? She isn't doing anything wrong."

"I know her isn't, but if I don't tell her won't know who is boss; now her will be used to me and be good when I take care of her."

E. R.

I had not seen my friend and her small son for over a year, so when I saw him playing in his grandmother's yard I said, "Aren't you Charles Smith?"

"Yes, I am," said Charles.

"My, how you have grown!" I said. "I was at your house the night the stork brought you to your mamma."

"O, yes," he nodded gravely, "and you stand all night. I can just barely remember it."

H. R. R.

Dorothy went to visit her uncle who lived on a farm. The child had never before seen a peacock, and she came running into the house calling, "Uncle, do you know your chickens are in bloom?"

H. H.

Marietta, aged four and a half, was playing with her tricycle. Finally her father said to her:

"Say, Honeykins, I thought that book was supposed to be funny. Why don't you laugh?"

"Well, daddy," explained Joan, a bit disgustedly, "don't you know it's hard work reading? I can't be expected to read and laugh at the same time—but I'm laughing inside of my mind."

E. C. E.

Jack and Mary had just been to the adults' service at church for the first time. A day or two afterwards they were found playing and whispering out loud to each other.

"What are you doing, children?" the mother asked.

"We're playing church," replied Jack.

"But you shouldn't whisper in church," said mother.

"Oh, but we're the choir," said Jack.—M. E. M.

One warm evening 6-year-old Johnnie went with some friends to a neighborhood entertainment, in which many of his acquaintances took part. The following day one who had taken a leading part asked him what he liked best the evening before.

"The punch," was the gay response.

A. R. M.

Joan was curled up in the big arm chair reading. She read on and on, but never cracked a smile. Finally her father said to her:

"Now what little boy has learned the golden text in today's lesson leaf?"

"Thou shalt not commit an aggression for aggression causes nine tenths of the wars."

"auntie," so I said "You can't say 'isabel' can you? He said: 'No.' So I said, 'Say Auntie Bell' (we call her Bell). He said, 'Auntie Ding-Ding.' I consider that rather good for one so young, don't you?"

Mother, with young Thomas nearby, was telephoning to her sister about what seemed to be an unpleasant task before her. She had to spend the afternoon in company with a mutual friend's cousin, making a sightseeing visit in the city.

"And I expect it to be thoroughly dull all around," she finished.

"Mother, you could take my Ever-sharp," soliced little Tommy at her elbow.

My little neighbor came in quite often and asked for something to eat. His mother, wishing to break him of the habit, told me to refuse him.

One day he came in and said, "Dot any lookies?"

"No," I said.

"Dot any take?"

"No," again.

"Dot any pannos?"

I said "No."

He thought awhile, then said, "Well, give me a dink." M. C. S.

It Can't Be Done.

The grammar school principal went from room to room explaining what to do in case of fire. The pupils listened with respectful attention until he came to final instructions, then smiles and giggles disturbed his serenity.

"Above all things," he said, "if your clothing catches fire, remain cool."

N. K. V.