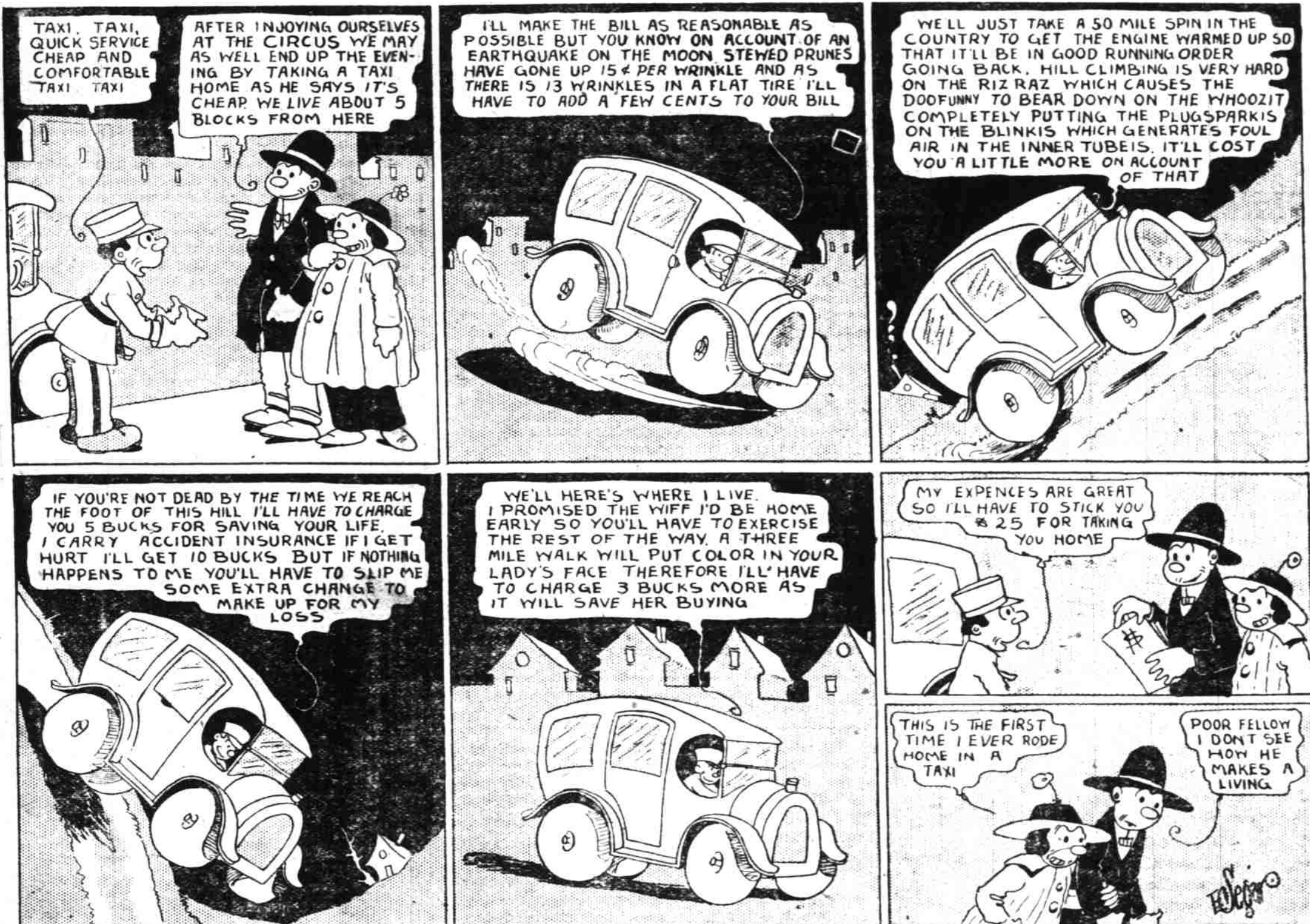


And They Get By With It

[The Taxi Driver]

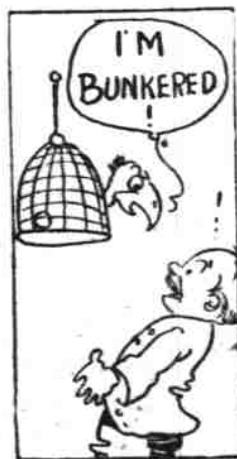
By E. C. Segar



THE WEEK'S BEST STORIES

A Novel Egg.

AN ARDENT golfer, Sir Edward Morris, premier of Newfoundland, has a fund of good golfing stories. Here is one he tells of a fellow golfer who by way of a joke dropped a golf ball into a nest his parrot had built in the corner of its cage.



Polly sat with exemplary patience on her novel egg and appeared pretty well heartbroken when the weeks went by and she found herself unrewarded.

At last the parrot could stand it no longer. A terrible screeching brought her owner downstairs at 3 a. m.

"What's the matter, Polly?" he asked, as he noticed the bird's beak was chipped in trying to get at the egg's interior.

"Matter!" screeched the bird. "Great Scott! I'm bunkered!"

Near the Mark.

THE minister of a Scottish village being away on holiday, a young deputy took over his duties.

During his long journey north he had caught cold and arrived at the village inn late on Saturday night with a husk-

iness which threatened to spoil his preaching powers next morning.

After being shown to his room he suddenly decided to have a glass of hot lemonade, and rang the bell, which sounded rather undecidedly. When the servant appeared he remarked pleasantly:

"That bell seems to be like myself—a bit hoarse."

"Ay," replied the girl calmly, "it's cracked."

He Knew Her.

"JOHN—John," screamed Mrs. Smith, "there's such a fierce looking dog in our garden chasing our cat!"

John rose majestically and went forth to remove the dog. Alas! the dog tackled him instead, and presently Mrs. Smith heard wild yells and saw her husband trying to make the animal leave go of his trousers.

The heroic woman at once seized a huge stone and prepared to settle that dog. But Smith is a man of much presence of mind.

"Mary," he shouted, "don't throw it at the dog; aim it at me!"



Watch Your Step.

THE Higgins family were moving from Twenty-sixth street to Thirty-sixth street. Three vans had carried all their belongings during the afternoon except Mrs. Higgins' mother's cut glass bowl, which Mrs. Higgins wanted to carry because it was not easy to pack, and the grandfather's clock that was never trusted to the moving vans. Higgins always carried it. Holding it with both arms Higgins walked down the front steps like an amateur tight rope dancer and started up the avenue. It demanded all of his strength.

At Twenty-eighth street Higgins set the clock down carefully and mopped his face.

"Shay, old man," said a bleary-eyed individual who had been staggering up the avenue behind him. "Shay, why don't you get a watch?"

A Wife's Reason.

HUSBAND (with irritation)—Why is it that you women insist on having the last word?

Wife (calmly)—We don't. The only reason we get it is because we always

have a dozen arguments left when you stupid men are all run out.

He'll Hear About It.

LITTLE Johnny was carrying home the empty bowl that had contained his father's dinner when suddenly there loomed in front of him the massive figure of Tommy Snooks, the bully.

"Ulo, Johnny," he exclaimed, "d'you mind if I kick that bowl?"

"Not a bit," replied the boy.

"D'you mean," persisted Tommy, who saw himself likely to be disappointed in his hopes of hurting somebody, "that you don't mind if I kick that bowl?"

"No," said little Johnny; "in fact, I should like to see you kick it very much."

"Oh, would you?" retorted the exasperated bully. "Then watch me!"

A moment later he had smashed the bowl.

"Now do you mind?" he asked.

"Not a bit," reiterated Johnny. "You see, my mother borrowed that bowl from your mother this morning. Perhaps you'll hear about it when you get home!"

