

The Fun Shop

By MAXSON FOXHALL JUDELL

CROSS WORD LIMERICKS
Was—(2) to the city hospital;
You see, the poor—(3)
Took his—(4) on his lap
And found that his legs were too
—(5). . . .

Some Jazz Baby
A girl with a corn on her—(1)
Went out to a dance with her
—(2)
In a lively fox—(3)
Her corn got too—(4)
And burned through her slipper,
Oh—(5)

1. What you sometimes have to do to the mark.
2. What any normal girl wants to have.
3. What a horse does, sometimes.
4. What a well-known mamma is supposed to be.
5. What a girl should say the first time she is kissed.

A dapper young man, rather—(1)
1. Not large.
2. Taken with great speed.
3. What goes up the tree in the spring.
4. What every Sheik has.
5. (Answers Tomorrow)

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"Then I'll try some pork chops."
"No pork chops today."
"How about ham?"
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So Mary had a little lamb!
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The note of dread in Claire Foster's voice as she pronounced Herbert Pettit's name lingered with me uncomfortably during my rapid walk to the mountain station, which, almost hidden by evergreen trees, was, as Mrs. Barker had said, but a short distance from her house.
Was this fear perhaps the reason back of Claire Foster's steady refusal to see anyone before my arrival at the farmhouse? Had she, knowing his moods and temper as few others could, anticipated the spectacular dash Dr. Pettit was even now making to the scene of her escape?
Looking back over the hours since my arrival at the Barker house, I read a new meaning into the relief which the girl had shown at my attitude toward her. She had been deathly afraid that Herbert Pettit would arrive upon the scene, wild with jealous anger, and irresponsibly ready for any sort of violent action. And she had faced such a possibility alone, with every woman's voice in the place gossiping about her!
I had a sudden vision of what an ordeal such suspense must have been to the sensitive girl, and in the sympathy which swept me there was no hint of censure, although there was no getting around the truth that her own recklessness was responsible for her predicament.
"Are you Mr. Boyce?"
The knowledge of her terror lent speed to my feet, and I was almost running when I came to the little station. I halted outside the door for a second or two to get breath and tuck my blown hair under my hat. Then I pushed open the door and entered the station, almost knocking over a stout, ruddy-faced, youngish man in a railroad uniform, who was coming out.
"Oh, pardon me!" I gasped. "I didn't see you. Are you Mr. Tim Boyce?"
"That's my name," the man replied with a genial smile which I imagined must be a distinct asset to him if it affected other patrons of the road as favorably as it did me. "I'm the one at fault. I should have been watching that door. What can I do for you?"
"You can tell me what other railroad or branch of this road goes to New York within say 50 miles of this," I answered promptly.
His reply was also without hesitation.
"You can get the A. V. & W. at Nantucket, 25 miles southeast of here. What train do