

The Fun Shop

By MAXSON FOXHALL JUDELL

CROSS WORD LIMERICKS

A Fable
A boy took a girl to the—(1)
Each seat cost him four bucks
a—(2)
Back home, when the—(3)
Put her lips up to—(4)
He said: "I just love to spend
—(5)

1. A performance, sometimes rotten. 2. To hurt, or sting, as a fit. 3. What a normal fellow will always look at. 4. Nothing divided by two. 5. What the baker kneads and everybody else needs.

The Exceptional Case
A girl with a car tried to—(1)
The crossing ahead of the—(2)
With triumphant—(3)
She beat the train—(4)

MOTHER!

"California Fig Syrup"
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Hurry Mother! Even constipated, bilious, feverish, or sick, colic Babies and Children love to take genuine "California Fig Syrup." No other laxative regulates the tender little bowels so nicely. It sweetens the stomach and starts the liver and bowels without griping. Contains no narcotics or soothing drugs. Say "California" to your druggist and avoid counterfeits. Insist upon genuine "California Fig Syrup" which contains directions.—Adv.

Now wouldn't that give you a—? (5)

1. What men go into business for. 2. What a locomotive or bride pulls around. 3. Loud noise made by excited people; opposite of whisper. 4. Where the cat is put at night. 5. What paying bills give you.

Short Hours
"Why did Fisher's business go to the dogs?"
"He thought too much of his personal appearance."
"Dressed too extravagantly?"
"No. He neglected his business while waiting his turn in the bar-bar shops."
—Judith

The Same All Over
"Our new minister is such a great big man; why, he fills the pulpit!" exclaimed Mrs. Peck recently at a dinner party.
"How big is he at home?" inquired Mr. Peck, meekly.
Mrs. T. S. Hemingway.—
"It's on the eraser," was the quick reply.
—Edwin J. Bachman.

DR. BALDPLATE ON BALLOON TIRES

It is hard to tell whether our old friend, Dr. George A. Baldplate, is kidding or not when he writes A. E. Millig regarding his experience with balloon tires.
"As you have noticed," says the doctor, "balloon tires are getting larger and larger. Wheels are decreasing all the time in favor of tires."
"On my new scream-line Cadillac, there are nothing but hubs about the wheels; no spokes at all, the rest is tire. I recently tried the experiment of inflating my tires with air that had been slightly heated. This, I calculated, would increase the buoyancy. Did it?"
"Well, to my amusement I soon found the car gliding along so smoothly, that, looking over the side, I saw that we were not touching the ground at all. I had just left the top of a high hill and soon I was floating over the valley beyond."
"I don't know how I should have gotten down had not nature

assisted me. I rose steadily until the colder air of the high levels and the absence of friction both had their effect on my tires, when I gradually floated down, and made my way back to the road again."
"Since then I have not experimented with hot air, at least not in connection with automobile tires."
Perfect Accord
Mrs. Payne: "I don't believe you intend to give me any money."
Payne: "That's once we believe alike!"
He Was Halted!
Curtis: "I got a ten dollar raise last month."
Martin: "Let me sell you a—"
Curtis: "Not so fast—it was my rent."
—L. V. Longway.

And She Is
Henry (in restaurant): "How do you happen to be working here?"
Alice (waitress): "When my friend went away he made me promise that I'd wait for him."
—Ella Harris.

Nobody loves a fat man.

THE TRICKY TRIANGLE COUNTER

The Electric Moment
She was about to get a kiss. Emotion thrilled her to her toes; Oh, moment of celestial bliss! She was about to get a kiss. This rather old and shop-worn Miss Long had she waited, goodness knows!
She was about to get a kiss— But had to stop to blow her nose.
—Hazelidine Krug.

Slangy Susan
He asked her: "Do you take this man?"
To be your mate for weal or woe?"
Before the whole assembled clan He asked her: "Do you take this man?"
A shiver through the bridegroom ran; Her face with glory seemed to glow.
He asked her: "Do you take this man?"
And she replied, "You said it, Bo!"
—John A. Carson.

Bill Says—
"It ain't th' latitude," said Bill Bralle, the well-known navigator, who has gone in for cross word puzzles, "it ain't th' latitude so much as the longitude uv this one that gets my goat."

Clearing the snow, "Dad" Felix, veteran of the corner lot in Denver, where he has played Sundays for 22 of his 48 years, opened his winter baseball season on January 25, in sun-tempered weather by taking on "Pop" Daly's aggregation before 5000 fans.

Being poor is sometimes more of a habit than anything else.

MY MARRIAGE PROBLEMS

Adèle Garrison's New Phase of REVELATIONS OF A WIFE

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CHAPTER 399

WHY HARRY UNDERWOOD'S PRESENCE DOUBLY PERPLEXED MADGE.

I made a good breakfast in spite of the fact that I knew Harry Underwood in his disguise of the Castilian grande, Don Ramon Almiraz, was covertly watching both Claire Foster and me with, I guessed, distinct amusement mingled with the concern which had brought him to this mountain resort. And Claire, with her anxiety upon the score of Herbert Pettit relieved by my assurance that nothing more unpleasant should come near her, ate almost heartily.

I saw, with satisfaction at my own success in calming her, that her youth and resilient spirits were fast reacting to the rescue from gossip my coming to the Barker house had afforded her.

She was a most attractive picture, I decided as I looked at her with eyes sharpened by the realization that Harry Underwood was taking in every detail of her appearance. I would have been less than human, other than feminine, if there had not come to me the humorous remembrance of that last hectic time when Dr. Pettit and Harry Underwood had met each other. After the physician had left, I had told Mr. Underwood of his engagement to Claire Foster, and that something had broken it off.

"Probably Claire came out from the other," Harry Underwood had drawn, and in the next minute had exclaimed with a dramatic flourish:

"And the man breathed the same air as you, and then became engaged to a western girl!"

The words had annoyed me because they recalled the fact that before Claire Foster appeared on the horizon Dr. Pettit had fancied himself in love with me, and had given me many unpleasant minutes by the exhibition of his feelings. But, inconsistently enough, I found myself wondering if Mr. Underwood would pronounce the same verdict upon us now that he had seen Claire.

Madge Pays Both Bills.

With a little start and mental

cutting of my own ears, I subdued the absurd mental vagaries in which I had been indulging, and rose from the table.

"Finish your coffee," I said to my breakfast companion. "I'll settle with Mrs. Barker for both of us, if you don't want to talk to her."
"I'll be so glad not to," she said, opening her purse and handing me some bills. "There's only this last week, anyway. She paid up until then. And there will probably be some extras. But I won't question her bill. Pay her anything she asks."
I don't fancy she'll overcharge," I returned.

"You're an incurable optimist," Claire retorted, and I heard a faint sound, which I was sure was a suppressed chuckle from Harry Underwood's table.

"I'm Glad to Do This."

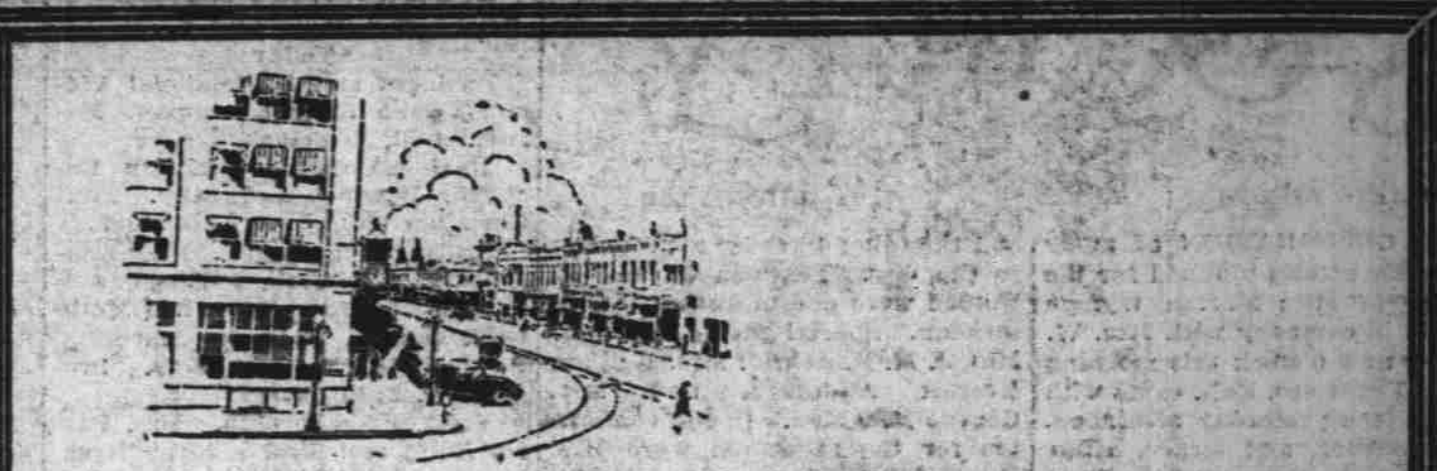
I walked down the room to the door, and was compelled to pass within two feet of the table behind which sat the pseudo Don Ramon Almiraz, looking every inch the Castilian grande. I kept my eyes strictly averted from him, however, for I knew that Claire Foster's eyes and brain were keen, and I did not care to have her suspect the disguise.

Mrs. Barker was at her desk in the front hall, and when I paid both bills, I guessed that she had hard work to keep back the caustic comments concerning Claire which I knew were near her lips. But she contented herself with a single sentence: "I'm glad to do this," as her pen made a vicious flourish under her signature re- cepting the girl's bill.

Wisely, I made no comment upon her little speech. Instead, I tried to express my thanks to her for the indubitable kindness she had shown me. But she waved them away imperatively:

"I do what I think is right," she said crisply. "Don't waste time trying to thank me. I think you said you had a note you wanted to give me."

I signalled her to silence, for Claire Foster had left the dining room, and was coming along the hall. She would not have to pass the desk, for the corridor turned abruptly a few feet from us, but



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she was within earshot, and I was not yet ready to confirm the girl's suspicion that Herbert Pettit was in the office.
(To be continued)

Wife—Do you know that you haven't kissed me for six weeks?
Professor—Good heavens, who have I been kissing then?—Wise- consin Octopus.

Straw votes don't always mean anything, but the fact that very few babies have been named after Bob La Follette this year may yet prove significant.

Will Take Off All Excess Fat

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