# The TALE of 69 Arthur Scott Bailey

# A GREAT SECRET

WHOEVER Katy was, and whatever she might have done, nobody in Pleasant Valley knew anything about her except Kiddie Katydid and his numerous and noisy

To be sure, many of the wild folkand the people in the farmhouse, too remembered hearing her name mentioned the year before.

But they had quite forgotten about her, until August came and Kiddie



Had the Best Time When Making the Most Noise.

and his relations brought her to their minds once more.

Each night the Katydids' rasping chant was repeated again and again: Katy did, Katy did; she did, she did! But since in any crowd there are always a few that want to be different from the rest, now and then some member of Kiddle's clan insisted that Katy didn't-somewhat in this fash- is thought to possess the same curaion: Katy did, Katy did; she did, she didn't!

However, there were always so many others to drown any such puzzling statement with their shrill clamor

racket. But there wasn't one of them that outdid Kiddle. He always had the best time when he was making the most noise. And since he liked to station himself in a tree near often rose plainly above that of the other Katydids.

Lying in bed in his little room under the eaves, Johnnie Green sometimes wished that Kiddle would keep

through Johnnie's open window, From nearby came Chirpy Cricket's cheerful piping. And in the distant swamp the musical Frog family held a singing party every evening. Johnnie Green liked to hear them. But he objected strongly to the weird hooting and horrid laughter of Solomon Owl, who left the hemlock woods after

dark to hunt for field mice. As for Kiddie Katydid, he paid little attention to any other of the night cries. No matter what anybody else said, he solemnly hurled back at him that never-ending refrain, Katy did, Katy did; she did, she did!

You would have thought, if you had neard Kiddie, that somebody had disputed his statement. But such was not the case at all. Since no one ex. I she starred in vaudeville before entercept the Katydids knew anything | ing pictures. She has black hair and about the mysterious Katy, nobody gray eyes. was able to say truthfully that she didn't do it. In fact, the whole affair was a great secret, so far as outsiders were concerned. And one night Johnnie Green even thrust his head out of the window and cried impatiently: "All right! All right!! I admit that Katy did it. And now do please

keep still!" Of course, his plea failed to silence Kiddle Katydid. But it relieved John-

TOUCHING FOR WARTS

In A BIG bank, in a big eastern city, there is a porter who has a reputa-

tion all through local banking circles

of being able to cure warts by "touch-

Now and then is found a man who

tive powers of touch which are ac-

credited to the bank porter of the big

city. It appears as if to certain hum-

ble individuals had descended the mi-

Mae Busch



Here is the popular "movie" star with a Buster Brown bob, in her latest picture. Miss Busch was born in Melbourne, Australia. After attending St. Elizabeth's convent, Madison, N. J.,

nie Green's mind and made him feel better, anyhow,

Kiddle told his own people about Johnnie's outburst. And they all agreed that it was a rude thing to

"Doesn't he know," they asked, "that the night belongs to us?" (@ by Grosset & Dunlap)

THE WHY of By H. IRVING KING
SUPERSTITIONS

SLAYS FATHER WITH "TOY" GUN

BABY COWBOY

# Bullet Ends Parent's Life as He Praises Child at Play.

New York .- All evening long three year-old Oazuros Manos rode through the house on a broomstick-horse, bravely clicking two cap pistols and snuffing out the lives of numberless imaginary Indians. He cried delight-

"Papa, look !--you're an Indian. I'm

A second later the father, Anostatsos Manos, dropped mortally wounded with a bullet in his heart. The child had discarded a toy pistol and picked up his father's .32-cal-

The mother, in the kitchen, screamed. The three-year-old child, shocked, dropped the smoking gun and

Patrolman Connaghton of the West Thirtieth street police station, hearing the shot, rushed to the house.

dler, had died at Bellevue hospital. Physicians telephoned the news to the Tenth avenue home. The strick-

# Scraps

# A NEW ALIBI

A colored convict had received a Bible from the chaplain, but the very next day was haled into the prison's own court, charged with petty thiev-

"How does this happen?" asked the chaplain sternly. "I just sent you a book in which there is a commandment, 'Thou shalt not steal.' Didn't you receive it?"

"Yassuh, yassuh," replied the negro. "But Ah ain't had time to git dat fur

Advance Information Narcissa-Looky heah, black man,

what's you all gwine gimme for my birthday present?

Black Man—Close yo' eyes, honey. She did and he said, "Now whut you Narcissa-Nothin'!

Black Man-Well, dat's whut yo' all gwine get.

Respectfully Declined

"Ben, I'll give you \$10 to have your picture made in the cage with that "No. suh, boss, not me."

"He won't hurt you. He hasn't any "Mebbe so; but I ain't going to be

Rain on the Diamonds

gummed to death by an old lion."

Madge-Do you think Mr. Phan loves you more than he does baseball? Maude-I really don't know. Last night he told me that my eyes were like diamonds.

Madge-That is a sign of affection. Maude-Then a little later he said that when I cried it made him feel like a postponed game.

# SIMPLE ENOUGH



"Why would you sooner be here than at the seashore?" "Oh, how foolish! Why, simply because you are not at the seashore."

Keep on Swatting

Swat the fly where'er he's at.
And don't forget to swat the rat
And while you're in the swatting
Hand the bloomin' cockroach his.

Preparedness "I'll take that touring car, and I want you to send up another one in about two weeks."

"In two weeks?" "Yes, my wife has made up her mind that she is going to learn to drive."-American Legion Weekly.

A Bit Confusing

"Judge Flubdub doesn't seem to know half the time whether he's going or coming."

"That's probably because he's been reversed so much by the higher courts."

# QUITE SO



"This book says a swallow can travel six thousand miles without

"He'd have to travel further than dropped the receiver on the hook a that nowadays."

> Talk Is Not Cheap I scorn the man who hollers That talk is cheap. Oh, Fudget It cost me fifty dollars

To say, "Good morning, judge?" A Kick

The chairman of the house commit-

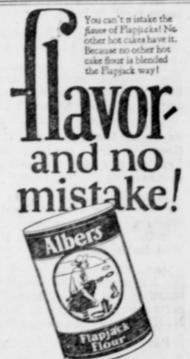
tee sighed. "What's the matter now?" asked a

are not exactly square." These Jazz Tunes

Sobels-Gosh! ain't that drummer

wonderful with his traps? Whosis-That's not the drummer; that's the ivory buttons on my spata.





# Garfield Tea Was Your

Grandmother's Remedy For every stomach



and intestinal ill. This good old-fashloned herb home remedy for constipation, stomach ills and other derangements of the sys-

tem so prevalent these days is in even greater favor as a family medicine than in your grandmother's day.

# Coughs-Colds!

Before Patenting, Convince Mfra.; our plan protecting, marketing improvements brings cash. Patent Enterprises, 279 Edwy., N. Y.

Dickey's OLD RELIABLE Eye Water relieves sun and wind-burned eyes.
Doesn't burt. Genuine in Red Folding
Bex. 25c at all drugglists or by mail.
DICKEY DRUG CO., Bristol, Va.-Tenn.

Rarely Served Diner-How did you happen to bring me such a delicious tender steak, walter? Walter-Why, sir, it was a rare

# DEMAND "BAYER" ASPIRIN

steak you ordered, wasn't it?

Aspirin Marked With "Bayer Cross" Has Been Proved Safe by Millions.

Warning! Unless you see the name "Bayer" on package or on tablets you are not getting the genuine Bayer Aspirin proved safe by millions and prescribed by physicians for 25 years. Say "Bayer" when you buy Aspirin. Imitations may prove dangerous.-Adv.

Many a dangerous temptation comes to us in fine, gay colors that are but skin deep.-Henry.



W. N. U., San Francisco, No. 3-1926,

## raculous powers which formerly, and that Katy really did do it (whatever for many centuries, were supposed to it was!) that nobody paid much at- be possessed by the kings of France tention to those who didn't agree. and England-especially of England-On warm, dry, midsummer nights when they "touched for the king's the Katydids all made a terrific evil," otherwise scrofula. The custom of "touching for the king's evil" in England can be traced back to Ed-

ward the Confessor definitely, and is probably of a much older date. It was continued by the British mon-Farmer Green's house, his uproar archs up to and during the reign of Queen Anne and the ritual for the "touching" was retained in the English Prayer Book until well toward

The "touching" of the bank porter echo of this old-time royal practice; upon investigating the methods of the

the middle of the Nineteenth century.

By MILDRED MARSHALL

sleep in peace.

quiet long enough to let him go to and his congeners is apparently an To be sure, the balmy breezes

wafted many other night sounds porter in effecting his "cure" it was

HAT'S IN A NAME?

HULDAH THOUGH some etymologists claim that Huldah, the prophetess of the Old Testament, should not be identified with the Swedish Huldr, the evidence seems almost conclusive in favor of the assertion that they are one and the same name in differ-

The old mythical Holda, or Huldr (the faithful or the muffled) was a white spinning lady, who makes her feather bed when it snows. According to the legend, she brings presents at the year's end; rewards good spinners, and punishes idle ones. She is supposed to have a long nose, wear a blue gown and white vell and drive through the fields in a car with gold-

en wheels, In the Scandinavian countries,

her Huldr, the propitious. Germany

# A LINE O' CHEER

By John Kendrick Bangs.

DEFIANCE COME on Black Care! I shall

not put you off.
Come on and do your worst
to me—I'm hers,
All fearless of your barb and
sneering scoff.
As long as I've for allies Faith
and Cheer.

Come on! I'm ready for you, with no mind To put you by until some other

I'll take you as you come, what-e'er your kind, Nor let you wax the stronger for delay. My weapons are but laughter

and belief
That I am Master of my Boul's
Domain
Not you, and as its Bovereign
Lord and Chief Hold all usurping Woes but rebels vain.

(8) by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.) ŏ0000000000000000000000000000

Facts about your name; its history; meaning; whence it was derived; significance; your lucky day and lucky jewel prefers Holda. Often she is confused with Hilda. Though the latter name has great vogue in England and also in this country, Huldah is equally prevalent. Its Scandinavian ancestry is almost lost sight of here, though it is noticeably more prevalent in Swedish communities, and for some reason has quite a bit of popularity

in the South. Amber is Huldah's talismanic gem. It will protect her from disease and give her great physical strength, Friday is her lucky day and six her

lucky number. ( by Wheeler Syndicate.)

# Materialistic Modern Man

Bishop Walter Taylor Sumner of Oregon, defending the modern girl-Bishop Summer believes that the modern man, and not the modern girl, is reponsible where she is very popular, they call for the petting party, the bared knee, cosmetics, and so on-said at a New

Orleans luncheon: "Modern woman, .for all her freedom and frankness, is more spiritual than woman ever was before, Modern man is more materialistic.

"Tell the modern husband that his love is growing cold, and he won't so much as lift his eyes from the comic

# room like a streak of lightning." ----

"But tell him his dinner is growing

cold, and-zip!-he's off for the dining

Refurbishing Floors Varnished floors that have sustained scratches and other marks of rough usage may be made to look quite new by merely touching the spots with a little linseed oil, or, in some cases, varnish, which is to be removed from the surface with a rag. Sandpaper is sometimes necessary, and after all is done apply a coat of good floor var-

nish After a hardwood floor has been renovated and touched up for a few years it will require a more thorough overhauling, by cleaning off with varnish remover and steel weel or steel wire brush and cloth. Closn off clear down to the bare wood and build up anew,

| found that his "touching" consisted in rubbing the warts with his fingers from right to left-or sunwise, which action clearly indicates a survival of sun-worship. The chief value of a study of modern superstition is in patching out our imperfect knowledge of the past, says Maspero, and as in the touching of the bank porter for warts there is clearly a lingering remnant of sun-worship; the facts point to a similar origin for the royal touchto a similar origin for the royal "touching for the king's evil."

(© by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.) BBREVIATED

=STORY

TALKING LADIES "WHAT do the Earthwomen talk about?" wondered Jazzbo, the man from Mars. "It would be impossible for me truthfully to reflect the life on this planet in my forthcoming book unless I gain an accurate impression of the distinction in conversations of its various classes

of women. I will start at the bottom. And he betook himself to the poorest section of the great city and he hearkened eagerly as Mrs. Hardfist conversed with Mrs. Fermjaw across

their mutual back fence. "I don't know what we're comin" to a-tall, with servants gettin' so impudent and independent," Mrs. Hardfist was saying. "Would you b'lieve it, Mrs. Fermjaw, the little hussy says to me only this morning, she says, 'Mrs. Hardfist,' she says, 'I know Mr. Hardfist gets \$4.50 for every 20 bricks he lays now, and I won't come in and help you with the dishes any more

for less'n a dollar an evenin'," she says. "Most interesting," reflected Jazzbo. And he hied himself to Mrs. Van Booster's sumptuous drawing room where an informal tea party was in progress, just in time to hear Mrs. Peyster-Luggs remarking, "Rully, ladies, what the end of it all will be I rully don't know. My maid Celeste

demanded another increase of \$10 a week yesterday, rully." "Odd, very," thought Jazzbo, and wafted himself to a meeting of the Ladles' Browning and Shakespeare club, where Mrs. Highbrow-Specks, the president, was saying, "The situation is one not to be lightly dismissed, you know. My cook gave notice today because I refused to give her \$5 more a week and the use of

the automobile." "I think I'll omit that chapter," said Jazzbo apologetically to himself, and went to take a lesson to change the

(6) by George Matthew Adams)





"Papa, I'm a cowboy!" "Isn't that nice?" going to shoot you!'

Mother Is Shocked. started to cry.

"Mamma, I'm hurted." The mother rushed in and carried her husband to the bed.

Within a half-hour Anostatsos Manos, forty-three, a chestnut ped-

The Gun Exploded. en wife fainted. The child, unable to

realize what had happened, laughed. Held Great Fun. He thought it had been great fun. All evening he had been proudly exhibiting his two cap pistols. They clicked and looked like regular revol-

He romped through the house, "slaying all who crossed his path." Tiring finally, he wandered around

looking for new experience. His father's 32-caliber revolver lay on a box nearby. It looked familiar. This made three guns he had now. Attempting to imitate his former play, he looked around for the enemy.

"Oh, papa, look!" He pulled the trigger. The gun exploded. That was all. Except that police are in a quandary. They do not know what disposition to make of the child.

He saw his father.

# cusses in detail what happened. Stork Leaves Triplets:

who answers all questions and dis-

Electrician Is Shocked New York.-Louis Brodsky, master electrician, was upset when he was obliged to work, knowing that his wife had just given birth to a baby boy. Brodsky was expected to buy the baby a pair of shoes and some other things.

and it was necessary to work without taking time out. Needless to say, his mind was not on his work at all. The Brodskys already had two children, and Louis congratulated himself on the birth of the third. The nurse had telephoned him at the Broadway theater in Long Island City.

"Louis," cried the nurse in giee, "it's

"Yes, of course, and I am very

happy," replied the electrician. "No, you don't know," contradicted the nurse, "It's another boy-it's twins, Louis. Ain't that grand?" Louis arowed that it was, but he

ringing again. "I know all about it," said the elec- ; so trician, "Another boy," "You don't know," said the voice, "It's a girl. It's triplets, Louis, two

boys and a girl."

trifle dazed. But the telephone was

Philadelphia.-Given up as dead by eigh member. his family, after he had disappeared "A member has just complained while on a trip to Coney Island four vigorously to me because our ice cubes months ago, Samuel Tushban, thirtyfire years old, a Brooklyn druggist, was located in the private sanatorium of Dr. H. L. Randal, at Chestnut Hill. He was identified at the sanstorium by Michael Rose, a former business associate

Brodsky rushed home in a cab. Thought Dead