

The TALE of KIDDIE KATYDD by Arthur Scott Bailey



A GREAT SECRET

Whoever Katy was, and what ever she might have done, nobody in Pleasant Valley knew anything about her except Kiddle Katydid and his numerous and noisy family.

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.



Had the Best Time When Making the Most Noise.

and his relations brought her to their minds once more.

Each night the Katydds' 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 fashion: 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 that Katy really did it (whatever it was) that nobody paid much attention to those who didn't agree.

On warm, dry, midsummer nights the Katydds all made a terrific 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 Farmer Green's house, his uproar often rose plainly above that of the other Katydds.

Lying in bed in his little room under the eaves, Johnnie Green sometimes wished that Kiddle would keep quiet long enough to let him go to sleep in peace.

To be sure, the balmy breezes wafted many other night sounds

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., she starred in vaudeville before entering pictures. She has black hair and gray eyes.

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 do.

"Doesn't he know," they asked, "that the night belongs to us?"

(© by Grosset & Dunlap)

BABY COWBOY SLAYS FATHER WITH "TOY" GUN

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 delightfully:

"Papa, I'm a cowboy!" "Isn't that nice!" "Papa, look!—you're an Indian. I'm going to shoot you!"

A second later the father, Anostatos Manos, dropped mortally wounded with a bullet in his heart.

The child had discarded a toy pistol and picked up his father's .32-caliber revolver.

Mother is Shocked. The mother, in the kitchen, screamed. The three-year-old child, shocked, dropped the smoking gun and started to cry.

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

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

Within a half-hour Anostatos Manos, forty-three, a chestnut peddler, had died at Bellevue hospital.

Physicians telephoned the news to the Tenth avenue home. The stricken

THE WHY of SUPERSTITIONS

By H. IRVING KING

TOUCHING FOR WARTS

IN A BIG bank, in a big eastern city, there is a porter who has a reputation all through local banking circles of being able to cure warts by "touching" them.

Now and then is found a man who is thought to possess the same curative powers of touch which are accredited to the bank porter of the big city. It appears as if to certain humble individuals had descended the miraculous powers which formerly, and for many centuries, were supposed to be possessed by the kings of France and England—especially of England—when they "touched for the king's evil," otherwise scrofula.

"What about?" wondered Jazbo, 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 the 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. Hardist conversed with Mrs. Fernjow across their mutual back fence.

"I don't know what we're comin' to a-tail, with servants gettin' so impudent and independent," Mrs. Hardist was saying. "Would you believe it, Mrs. Fernjow, the little hussy says to me only this morning, she says, 'Mrs. Hardist, she says, 'I know Mr. Hardist 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."

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(© by George Matthew Adams)

Scraps of Humor



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 thievery.

"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 yet."

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 what you see?"

Narcissa—Nothin'! Black Man—Well, dat's what yo' all gwine get.

Respectfully Declined "Ben, I'll give you \$10 to have your picture made in the cage with that lion."

No, suh, boss, not me. He won't hurt you. He hasn't any teeth.

Mebbe so; but I ain't going to be gummed to death by an old lion.

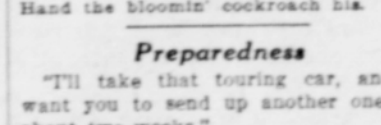
Rain on the Diamonds Madge—Do you think Mr. Phan loves you more than he does baseball?

Maude—I really don't know. Last night he told me that my eyes were like diamonds.

Maude—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

Sweat the fly where'er he's at. And don't forget to swat the rat. And while you're in the swatting biz 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.

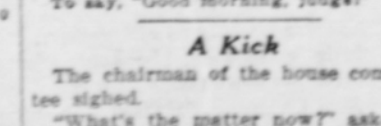
In two weeks? "Yes, my wife has made up her mind that she is going to learn to drive."—American Legion Weekly.

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 stopping."

"He'd have to travel further than 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 committee sighed.

"What's the matter now?" asked a club member.

"A member has just complained vigorously to me because our ice cubes are not exactly square."

Thought Dead

Philadelphia.—Given up as dead by his family, after he had disappeared while on a trip to Coney Island four months ago, Samuel Tusshan, thirty-five years old, a Brooklyn druggist, was located in the private sanatorium of Dr. H. L. Randall, at Cheshnut Hill. He was identified at the sanatorium by Michael Ross, a former business associate

3 handy packs for 5¢



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Fits hand ~ pocket and purse More for your money and the best Peppermint Cheewing Sweet for any money

Look for Wrigley's P. K. Handy Pack on your Dealer's Counter

A good intention clothes itself with sudden power.—Emerson.

Flavor and no mistake!



Albers stands for Better Breakfast.

Garfield Tea

Was Your Grandmother's Remedy For every stomach and intestinal ill. This good old-fashioned herb home remedy for constipation, stomach ills and other derangements of the system so prevalent these days is in even greater favor as a family medicine than in your grandmother's day.

Coughs—Colds!

Break up with Mustomerole. The oil of mustard gives quick relief. Mustomerole is gently with your lungs.

Before Patenting, Convince Mrs.; our plan protecting, marketing improvements brings cash. Patent Enterprises, 219 Edwy. N. Y.

Dickey's OLD RELIABLE Eye Water

relieves sun and wind-burned eyes. Doesn't hurt. Genuine in Red Folding Box. 25c at all druggists or by mail, DICKEY DRUG CO., Bristol, Va.—Tenn.

Rarely Served

Diner—How did you happen to bring me such a delicious tender steak, waiter?

Waiter—Why, sir, it was a rare steak you ordered, wasn't it?

DEMAND "BAYER" ASPIRIN

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.

Sure Relief

BELLANS FOR INDIGESTION 6 BELLANS Hot water Sure Relief

W. N. U., San Francisco, No. 3-1928.

"WHAT'S IN A NAME?"

By MILDRED MARSHALL

Facts about your name; its history; meaning; whence it was derived; significance; your lucky day and lucky jewel

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 different forms.

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 veil and drive through the fields in a car with golden wheels.

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 here. All fearless of your barb and sneering scoff. As long as I've for allies Faith and Cheer.

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 varnish.

AN ABBREVIATED STORY

TALKING LADIES

What do the Earthwomen talk about?" wondered Jazbo, 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 the conversations of its various classes of women. I will start at the bottom."

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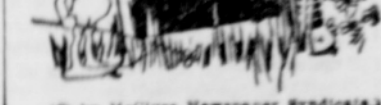
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Fortune Only needs WUNT, THEN SHE BOOTS



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