

FINNEY OF THE FORCE

By F. O. Alexander



See Finney!

It's a strange fashion that makes a god-mother lick a child with only a silver spoon. While a dog-mother has to furnish a family tree!

THROUGH A WOMAN'S EYES

By JEAN NEWTON

Can You Solve This Problem? "Where do the girls of our day get the nerve," an outraged young swain complained, "to expect the things they do?"

"For several months I was calling on a girl who I thought cared for me. Yet every time I tried to talk marriage to her, she steered the subject to her married sister and how much it cost to live."

"This sister," he continued, "married a middle-aged man who has given her every luxury. But it never occurred to me that I was being measured by those standards. The girl I wanted to marry works for her living, and after she pays her board at home she can hardly clothe herself on what is left of her salary. So, although my income is moderate, I would have been able to give her anything she now enjoys and more, and I felt I had the right to ask her to be my wife."

"When I forced the issue and asked her to become engaged she said it would mean only hardship and unhappiness—and pointed again to how much it cost her sister to live."

"Well, my eyes are opened now and I realize that my case is no accident or exception. That's the way they all look at it—a girl who has had to slave all day to keep body and soul together counts as a requirement, when she marries, furs and jewelry and, more often than not, servants and an automobile."

"And they don't expect to marry old men—that would be mercenary! They just take for granted that the average young fellow should be able to supply the luxuries of the rich. Those are their standards."

I started to comment—but he went right on.

"When a regular girl does marry a young fellow with his way to make who will not be able for some years to give her these things, she is considered to be making a sacrifice and is pitied. In other words she is relinquishing something that she has a right to expect!"

"Can you explain how even a girl whose father has given her luxuries can expect them from a man her own age—to say nothing of the greater number who consider as their right when they marry things which they have never in their lives experienced or enjoyed? It seems preposterous. Can you shed some light?"

I can't—perhaps some of my readers can!

Telling Them What We Think of Them.

"Now that I am leaving I can let them know what I think of them," I heard a little business girl say of the people she had been working for.

"For months I have put up with the unpleasantness of the place, endured the grind, ignored the unfriendliness and antagonism and stifled my resentment at the favoritism shown and the unfairness to which I was subjected."

"I had to endure it because I could not afford to leave; but I lived only for the day when I could throw it all back at them. Now it has come."

Of course, these words were spoken in heat, in reaction after months of unhappiness. And the girl who spoke them had a good friend to dissuade her from such an unfortunate course.

But there are people who, before any good friend has the opportunity to stop them, do, on the impulse of the moment, succumb to the temptation of telling people with whom they are "through," what they think of them. Always it is some one to whom, in some way, they have been obligated or with whom they have been constrained to hold their tongue.

On the face of it, it is not a very fine thing to do—dropping of courtesy and control simply because expediency no longer necessitates it.

And it is a very unwise thing to do. For ours is a small world—the business world and the social world cross frequently, and if it does not some time prove very unprofitable to have told some one what you thought of him, it may at least prove embarrassing.

But most important of all, it is not satisfying—it never fails to bring keen regret. The things that satisfy us most are our victories over our own less worthy impulses—the laudable things we do—when we slap ourselves on the back and say to ourselves, "Well done!"

And surrender to the petty and the playful always leaves a sting that one would give much to be able to eradicate from the memory.

To have maintained courtesy and civility in an atmosphere where one was bound to remain was the part not only of policy but of refinement, of dignity, of good breeding. And the fact that one is now free to leave it does not alter this obligation to oneself.

Pertinent Question

In the locker room of one of the athletic clubs a widely known doctor was leisurely dressing after a strenuous session at handball. First one and then another of his fellow-members brought their minor ailments and injuries to his attention. One fellow who had been dressing close to the doctor turned to him and asked, "Say, Doc, just what are your locker hours?"

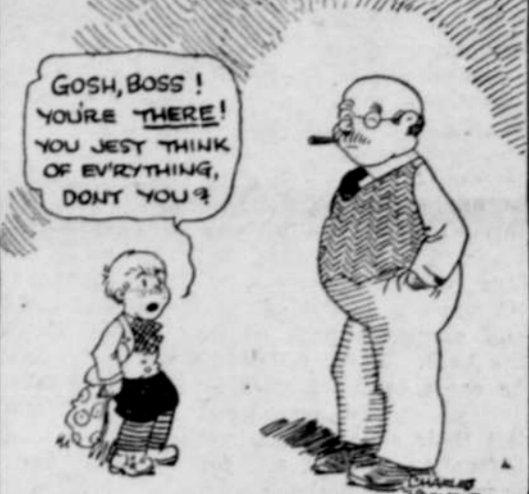
And the Cat Came Back

"Ever try to lose a cat, old man?" "Yes, once. And I hit upon a plan that I thought was sure fire. I wrote a note inclosing \$10 and tied it about the cat's neck. The note read: 'Finder may keep both the cat and the money.'"

"And how did it work?" "The cat returned the following day with another note tied to its neck. The note read: 'Don't need the cat, but can use the money. Please send \$10 more.'—Boston Transcript

MICKIE, THE PRINTER'S DEVIL

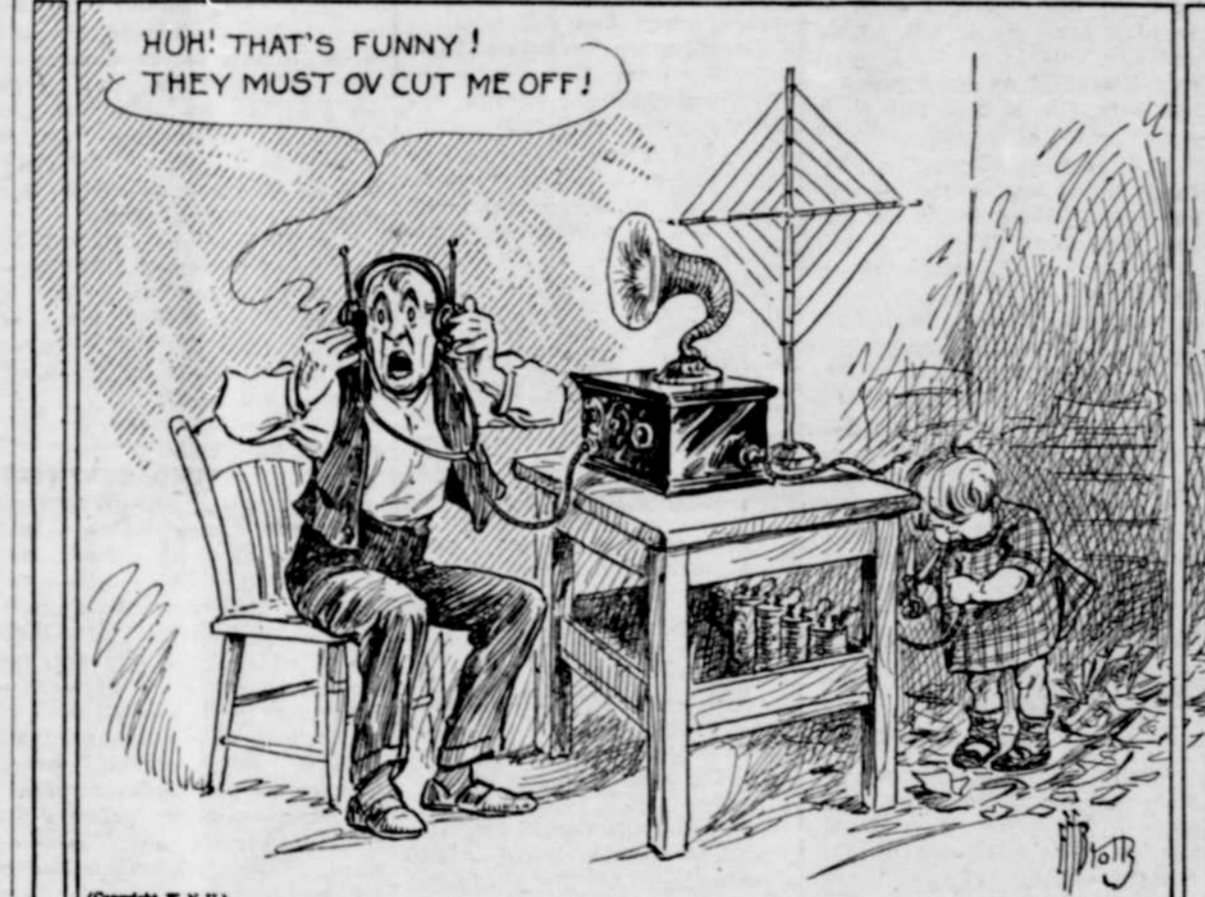
By Charles Sughroe



Hail to the Boss

Along the Concrete

Ether Waves



THE FEATHERHEADS

By Osborne



Felix Disciplines Himself

The Clancy Kids. Poor Auntie! She Was Only a Figure Head. By PERCY L. CROSBY



A Finding Confirmed. "Green is going to retire from business for five years." "Oh, I heard him say that before."

TURTLE SOUP. "Hasn't your missing brother turned up yet?" "No, poor fellow, I'm afraid he's in the soup."

Her Title. "Edgar—Why did you call that girl 'countess'?" "Is she of the nobility?" "Edmund—No, she works behind a counter in the dime store."

Girls! "Well, what did you do with your bathing suit?" "I put it in the wash basin and it just disappeared!" "But She Enjoyed It" "How did your wife like those old-world palaces?" "She couldn't resist the temptation to dust the furniture."

NO LUCK. Bug Autolist—Who said a horseshoe was lucky!

Votary of the Fleishpots. Sunday School Teacher—Now, Freddy, what happens to a man who never thinks of his soul, but only of his body? Freddy—Please, teacher, he gets fat. Her Motto. Bronson—Our new cook is the latest I've ever seen! His Wife—Yes, she thinks that too many broths spoil the cook. Every ton of coal burned involves a large waste of valuable material.