

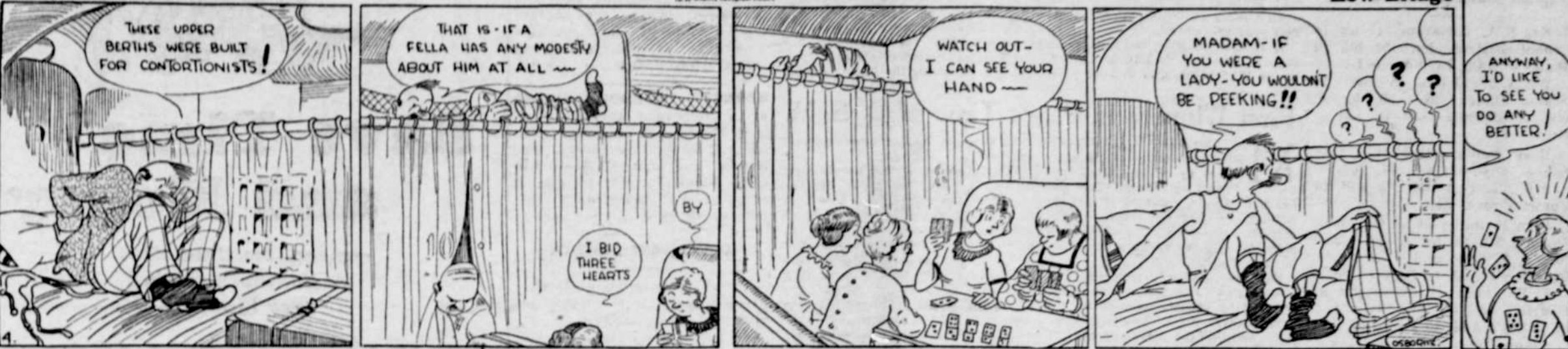
FINNEY OF THE FORCE

By F. O. Alexander
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THE FEATHERHEADS

By Osborne
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Laggards



Off the Concrete



MICKIE, THE PRINTER'S DEVIL

By Charles Sughroe
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The Clancy Kids

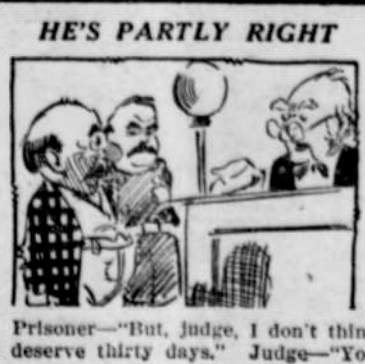


Where She Was Sick
A little girl was spending her first night from home. As the darkness gathered she began to cry.
The hostess asked: "Are you homesick?"
"No," she answered, "I'm heresick."

A Gentle Hint
Reggie—You any you detest Lewis?
Did he lend you that \$5 you asked him for?
Clarence—Yes; but he lent me his memory course along with it.



HE'S PARTLY RIGHT
"Ought to be a good place to get a bite then."
"Is it true, daddy, that there are women inventors, too?"
"I should think so! You will find that out at every tea party."—Dorff-barber, Berlin.
"Do you think a man ought to vote the way he thinks?"
"Yes," answered Senator Sorghum, "but not necessarily the way he talks."—Washington Star.



Some Excuse
"No, I don't want anything to do with you. You turned your back on me when I was down in the world."
"But, my dear fellow, I wouldn't have done it had I known you were ever going to get up again."

Coming Events
Reld—Do you believe it bad luck to put up an umbrella in the house?
Lewis—It's going to be bad luck for my landlord if he doesn't fix our roof so we won't have to.

Given Title by Mistake
The fact that the duke of Devonshire owns neither a cottage nor a yard of land in Devonshire has brought to light the amazing discovery that he is duke of Devonshire by a mistake! The duke's ancestor, Sir William Cavendish, was first of all created Baron Cavendish of Hardwick in 1605. Later it was intended to confer the title of earl of Derbyshire upon him, but a clerk at the Herald's college misread it as Devonshire. The mistake was never corrected.—London Tit-Bits.

NEARBY AND YONDER

Off the Beaten Path to Unusual Places and Things

By T. T. MAXEY
WNW Service

The Pageant of the Raisin

THE raisin industry of America is mainly limited to a few counties in California, where the climatic and irrigating conditions are ideal—Fresno county producing the major portion of the crop or some 60,000,000 pounds annually. As a natural consequence the city of Fresno determined to make the most of the situation, set itself up as the Capital of Raisinland and annually celebrates the fact by holding the Pageant of the Raisin.

Fates were scratched, histories searched, the tale of the raisin unearthed and around it there was woven a story which reaches back to the Garden of Eden.

The Bible intimates that "old man Noah" planted the first grape vine near Mt. Ararat. The first dried grapes or raisins of which accurate account was found likewise had to do with Armenia.

The valley of the San Joaquin, reasoned the Fresnoans, is "The Garden of the Sun." Therefore, why not a pageant "From the Garden of Eden to the Garden of the Sun?" Accordingly, an annual raisin day—usually during the latter part of April—was decided upon and the people of the valley set about to bring the raisin and Fresno into their own.

When King Grape, preceded by the blare of bands and accompanied by his followers, arrived in "Main Street" Fresno had become the mecca of so many people who happened in to see what all the excitement was all about that it scarcely knew what to do with them. Obviously, they "did it again" next year. Now, most folks know that Fresno is the home of the raisin.

The Veiled Prophet

IT LONG has been the custom of some of our southern cities to have an annual jollification in the shape of a mystical parade or carnival. In 1878 a band of good fellows in the city of St. Louis, who loved and missed these good times, laid the plans for an organization by virtue of which the Veiled Prophet has mysteriously appeared, usually on Tuesday evening of the first week in October, annually ever since.

The prophet and his followers are unknown, but they have been so enthusiastically received that the steady growth of the importance of the event has kept pace with the great progress of the city.

No one knows from whence the prophet comes or whether he disappears. At the appointed time, preceded by the blaring of trumpets, he slips into the city and appears gayly arrayed on a brilliantly decorated float, surrounded by his followers, and followed by a number of floats depicting some historic event parades the principal streets—the whole constituting a pageant of splendor the like of which is seldom witnessed.

No expense is spared in the preparation of this celebration, which is free—for the good people of the city and surrounding territory who care to come and witness this spectacle.

The parade is usually followed by a grand ball. The lady whom the prophet selects to lead the grand march is made queen of the ball and accorded marked social distinction.

The ball of 1887 was graced by the presence of President and Mrs. Grover Cleveland.