

THE SUNNY SIDE OF LIFE

Clean Comics That Will Amuse Both Old and Young

Children's Bedtime Story

By THORNTON W. BURGESS

"GOOD MORNING," said Danny Meadow Mouse, when he suddenly found little Miss Nanny Meadows sitting with her back to him, quite as if she hadn't the least idea that he was anywhere about. Miss Nanny pretended not to hear. "Good morning," said Danny a little louder than before. Little Miss Nanny turned her head and pretended to be very, very much surprised. "Good morning," said she in a very low voice, and appearing very shy. Danny thought it was the sweetest voice he had ever heard. "I—I've come to make a call," said Danny, because he couldn't think of anything else to say. "Oh!" said little Miss Nanny, and both laughed because it was all so very funny and foolish sounding. "Do you always chase people until they lose their breath and are too tired to run another step when you make calls?" asked Miss Nanny.

Then they both laughed again, and in two minutes they were talking as if they had known each other all ways. And every minute Danny Meadow Mouse was falling more and more in love. It seemed to him that he just couldn't live without little Miss Nanny. He wanted to take her right home with him. He told her so. He told her that she was the most beautiful Meadow Mouse



"Do you always hide when you-all see visitors coming?" asked Danny. "In the world, and a lot more foolish things which were very pleasant to hear. "If you will come home with me and be Mrs. Danny, I'll fight for you and work for you, and you won't ever have anything to worry about," declared Danny. Little Miss Nanny looked very thoughtful. "I know you can fight," said she, "because I saw you whip that important looking stranger whom you met on my doorstep. It was a splendid fight, and, do you know, all the time I hoped you would win. It was perfectly splendid!"

"Pooh, that was nothing!" said Danny. "That fellow couldn't fight." "Would you always fight like that for me?" asked Nanny shyly. "Just try me and see!" replied Danny eagerly. "I would fight twice as hard for you any time."

But little Miss Nanny hadn't lived by herself and earned her own living for nothing. She was very practical, was Miss Nanny. "Whoever I marry will have to prove his love first," said she very grandly. Danny looked puzzled. "Didn't I prove it by fighting that stranger?" he asked.

"That was only part of the proof. Most people will fight for what they very much want. How do I know that you are as good a worker as you are a fighter? How do I know that you will keep the storehouse always filled so that I will have enough to eat and not have to work for a living?" Little Miss Nanny said this quite as if she had given the matter a great deal of thought and had fully made up her mind that whoever won her love would first have to prove that he could and would take the very best care of her.

"You might try me and see. Please do!" begged Danny. "I'm very hungry right this minute," declared little Miss Nanny.

Away raced Danny as fast as ever he could make his legs go, after she had promised to wait right where she was until he should come back. He would show her what a good provider he could be. So he raced this way and that way hunting for something especially fine. If he had been at home he would have known just where to go, but this was a part of the Green Meadows with which he was not acquainted, and he really didn't know where to go. But he was bound he would find something, and sure enough he did. He ran right into a nice soft nut, and with this he was soon back. Little Miss Nanny's eyes sparkled as she saw it. Danny knew by the look in them that he had once more won her approval.

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First Spot Sun Shines On

It is said that Mount Katahdin in Maine is the first spot in the United States upon which the sun shines because this is the highest mountain in the state and Maine is the most easterly state in the Union.

Our Electoral System

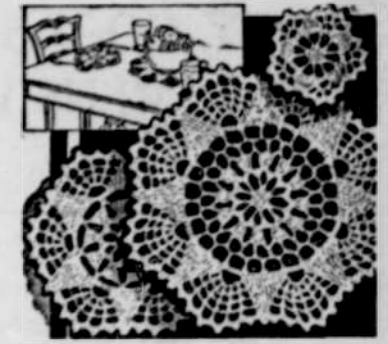
Under our electoral system a President may be elected although he receives fewer popular votes than his chief opponent. This has occurred three times, in 1824, 1876 and 1888.

CLASSIFIED DEPARTMENT

SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES

MOLER BARBER COLLEGE is nationally recognized. 95% of our graduates passed recent State exams. Learn barbering and let us help you get job or shop of your own. MOLER BARBER COLLEGE, Seattle, Tacoma, and Spokane.

Lovely Doilies Can Be Crocheted in a Jiffy



Pattern 1715

Don't be lacking doilies when you can make such lovely ones as these in little time in 4 strands of string. The three sizes lend themselves to luncheon and buffet sets and to doilies. Pattern 1715 contains directions for making doilies; illustrations of them and of stitches; materials required; photograph of doily.

Send 15 cents in coins for this pattern to The Sewing Circle, Needlecraft Dept., 82 Eighth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Please write your name, address and pattern number plainly.

Unfaithfulness

The lines of suffering on almost every human countenance have been deepened, if not traced there, by unfaithfulness to conscience, by departures from duty. To do wrong is the surest way to bring suffering. Those sins which are followed by no palpable pain are yet terribly avenged, even in this life. They abridge our capacity of happiness, impair our relish for innocent pleasure, and increase our sensibility to suffering. They spoil us of the armor of a pure conscience and of trust in God, without which we are vulnerable by all the changes of life. Thus, to do wrong is to inflict the surest injury on our own peace. No enemy can do us equal harm with what we do ourselves whenever or however we violate any normal or religious obligation.—Channing.

Sublime and Ridiculous

The sublime and ridiculous are so nearly related that it is difficult to class them separately. One step below the sublime makes the ridiculous, and one step above the ridiculous makes the sublime again.—Thomas Paine.

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first day.
Headaches and Fever
LIQUID, TABLETS due to Colds in 30 minutes.
SALVE, ROSE DROPS
Try "Rub-My-Throat"—a Wonderful Linctus

Spending is an Art
"Earning is an occupation; spending is a fine art."

That Nagging Backache

May Warn of Disordered Kidney Action

Modern life with its hurry and worry, irregular habits, improper eating and drinking—its risk of exposure and infection—throws heavy strain on the work of the kidneys. They are apt to become over-taxed and fail to filter excess acid and other impurities from the life-giving blood.

You may suffer nagging backache, headache, dizziness, getting up nights, leg pains, swelling—feel constantly tired, nervous, all worn out. Other signs of kidney or bladder disorder may be burning, scanty or too frequent urination. Use Doan's Pills. Doan's help the kidneys to get rid of excess poisonous body waste. They are antiseptic to the urinary tract and tend to relieve irritation and the pain it causes. Many grateful people recommend Doan's. They have had more than forty years of public approval. Ask your neighbor!

DOAN'S PILLS

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CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING

▲▲▲ Have you anything around the house you would like to trade or sell? Try a classified ad. The cost is only a few cents and there are probably a lot of folks looking for just whatever it is you no longer have use for.

BIG TOP

"Skookie" goes out to do his act with Alta who, so far, is going through her stunt o. k.

By ED WHEELAN



LALA PALOOZA

Gonzales and Professor Zero Get Together

By RUBE GOLDBERG



S'MATTER POP

For a Second, Pop Forgot

By C. M. PAYNE



MESCAL IKE

By S. L. HUNTLEY

The Process of Law



POP—Hazard Removed

By J. MILLAR WATT



Curse of Progress



SPUR TO THOUGHT

"Bridget," said Dennis timidly, "did ye ever think o' marryin'?" "Sure now," replied Bridget, looking demurely at her shoe, "the subject has never entered my mind." "Then it's sorry I am," said Dennis, as he started to leave the room. "One minute, Dennis," called Bridget, as he was going. "Ye've set me thinkin'."

Good Enough Evidence
Manager—Where is Mr. Brown?
Clerk—Speaking on the telephone to his wife.
Manager—How do you know it's his wife?
Clerk—Well, he's been on the telephone half an hour and I've only heard him say "Hullo" and "yes" so far.—Stray Stories Magazine.

And Some Sawdust
"Darling," said young Justwed, "what did you say this stuff is?" "Cottage pudding, sweetheart," cooed the bride.
"That explains it! I've got hold of one of the beams!"

NOT HUNGRY

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS

