

Smiles

Something Else
Inquisitive Employer — Ella, what's become of old Simon?
Ella (the cook)—He done died wid lead poisonin'.
Employer — Lead poisoning? I didn't know Simon was a painter.
Ella—Nossuh, he was in de chicken business.—Pathfinder.

Forgotten Age
The Son—I've got to write a theme in English on the women of the Middle ages. What do you know about 'em, dad?
Father — There aren't any. They're all girls, young matrons and dear old ladies.

Call Again
Servant (to professor in bed)—The doctor is here to see you, sir.
Professor (absent-mindedly)—I can't see him now. Tell him I'm ill!

Who's Looney?
A man in an insane asylum sat fishing over a flower-bed. A visitor wishing to be friendly walked up and said, "How many have you caught today?"
"You're the ninth," replied the nut.—The Bee-Hive.

Reverse the Charges
Taxi Driver — That'll be one buck an' a half, young feller.
Young Feller — Gosh! — Say, you'd better back up to 75 cents. That's all I've got!

CHEST COLD HAD HIM IN AGONY

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No need to suffer agony of muscular aches and pains! Thousands report wonderful soothing relief with Hamlin's Wizard Oil. Just rub it on—rub it in. Acts quick. Relieves that terrible soreness. Loosens up stiff, achy muscles. Has a pleasant odor. Will not stain clothes. At all druggists.

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MANUSCRIPT

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FOR COLDS

Nature can more quickly expel infection when aided by internal medication of recognized merit
Salicon Tablets
HAVE RECOGNIZED MERIT

... It is the DOLLARS

... that circulate among ourselves, in our own community, that in the end build our schools and churches, pave our streets, lay our sidewalks, increase our farm values, attract more people to this section. Buying our merchandise in our local stores means keeping our dollars at home to work for all of us.

what Irvin S. Cobb thinks about:

Defenders of Communism
SANTA, MONICA, CALIF.
—Every time I write a squib against communism, there follows a flood of letters from persons who begin by saying they're not communists—perish the thought.

But either I'm attacking free speech — as though free speech meant free license to undermine our government; or, by indirection, I'm trying to undermine trade unionism, although what trade unionism has in common with communism is something which I don't quite see.

One camouflaged red — or anyhow he must be reddish—states there are only 100,000 known communists among 120,000,000 of us, so why worry? But wouldn't you worry if 100,000 lepers were suffered to go at large among us, or 100,000 stinging lizards to run wild?

"Smitty's" Travels.
READING about a police sergeant who retired after forty years' service and never set foot off of his native Manhattan island made me think of a gentleman known as "Smitty" who, in my reportorial days on Park Row, was general roustabout at Andy Horn's saloon. Smitty was born in the shadow of Brooklyn bridge and grew up there. He had traveled the various boroughs, but no matter where he went was always within the greater city. Finally he took a tour to foreign parts. He went to visit his sister, who'd married a truck gardener back of Newark, and the brother-in-law, who owned a car, toured Smitty about the landscape.
I was one who greeted Smitty on his return.
"Fur me," he said, "never again! I don't like that Joisey. Why, all them towns over there is got different names."

Dolling Up Lobbyists.
WHAT ever became of the bill introduced into the Louisiana legislature requiring lobbyists to wear special uniforms while following their trade? As I recall the original act, it provided that lobbyists of less than three years' experience should wear green skull caps and rainbow-hued plaid trousers; veterans were to wear the green caps and all-white suits, which latter seemed especially appropriate, white being the color for purity.

It's just too bad if the notion has been allowed to languish. And if an amendment were tacked on requiring that a certain type of legislator must wear garments with no pockets in them and buttoning up the back, princess style, so the wearer couldn't slip anything inside his bosom—well, there you'd have an idea that any state in the Union could profitably adopt, or, anyhow, almost any state.

Styles in Women's Hats.
HAVE you noticed those sub-divisional hats the women are wearing this season? If not, kindly do so. It'll distract your attention from the part-time frocks some of them are wearing.
The average woman is wearing what looks like part of a hat—say one-half to two-thirds. I've heard the more of the original hat the milliner chopped off, the higher went the price for what was left. I suppose with hats, as in the case of a good clean appendix operation, if they'd cut the entire thing away, only very wealthy women could afford to go bare-headed.

IRVIN S. COBB.

Odd Occupations



Bob Davis Reveals

Chapters From Canada's Jungle Book—The Bear Mascot

ON A previous visit to Jasper Park in the Canadian Rockies I have always made it part of my program to drop into the warden headquarters of the park and sandbag my old friend H. S. Davis for a column dealing with the private lives of wild animals or birds, with which he holds the same sort of communion that exists between thoroughbreds and horse trainers.

Nature has no secrets that he does not share. All wild things are comrades with him. This time I asked for a bear story.

"An old or a young bear?"
"Both"

"That brings to mind," he said, "the time when a football club from Hamilton turned up in the park in search of a bear mascot."

"Securing fifty feet of sashweight cord they went into the brush and located a four months' cub, apparently alone, which they lassoed and prepared to make captive. Bad business in a bear country. Before they had time to effect a huddle or arrange means for the get-away, mother bear, accompanied by two other cubs, turned up apparently from nowhere and routed the pigskin kickers, who fled, leaving the mascot with the sashweight cord still noosed upon his neck."

"Young bruin, glad of freedom, bolted for a jack pine and swarmed into the branches fifty feet aloft, the cord trailing behind. Mother bear, bewildered by the long, flapping cord attached to her offspring, shinned up after him and made an investigation, which developed nothing to her satisfaction. She tried to coax him down, to rejoin brother and sister bear waiting at the bottom of the tree."

Young Bruin Hangs Himself.

"Stubborn at the outset, but finally allowing himself to be persuaded, the mascot, cautiously at first, began backtracking downward through the thick branches, coming presently to grief when the sash cord, entangled, yanked him from the lower limbs and tightened as he slipped into space, leaving the cub suspended—that is to say, hung. Quite so."

"Mother bear, already down and waiting with the other two cubs,

heard the mascot's first wild howl, suddenly silenced as the noose drew together. Above, apparently self executed, the cub, snorting intermittently, writhed upward, using his paws, got a straddle of another limb, there to recover his breath. Up the bole of the jack pine the old bear again scrambled, further adding to her perplexities. She couldn't understand why her cub, making manly efforts to descend at her request, toppled from his perch and all but hung himself four times hand running. In each instance she boosted him back to safety, but could not get him free. An Indian who witnessed the preliminary confusion following the disappearance of the football team, came in to Jasper Park and notified the game wardens of the unfortunate bear's predicament.

"Mystified by what was occurring midst the branches of the gallow's tree, she was not inclined to allow any one to approach the scene of action."

An Aerial Rescue

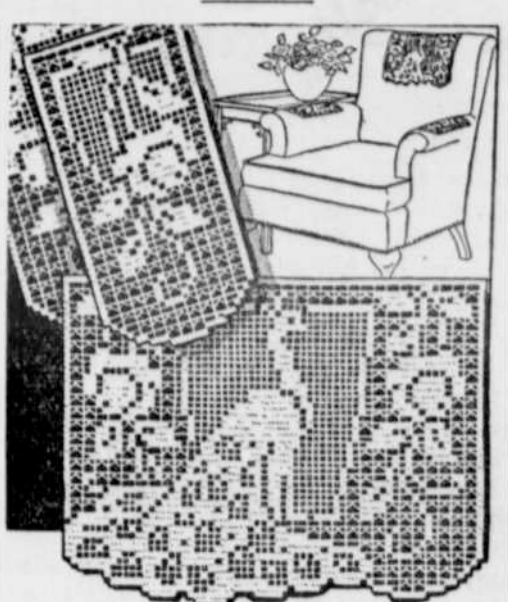
"Ten feet distant from the tree occupied by the mascot stood another pine. Whatever of rescue was to be tried must be done from there by the climbing expert, who was ready with a long pole to which had been woven a sharp hunting knife. Mother bear resented his every attempt to reach the tree and scale it. As a last resort those present, armed with brickbats, rushed the mother bear, pelting her until she changed her position long enough for the pole lineman to get out of the danger zone and install himself in the tree which adjoined the cub's quarters."

"Every attempt on the part of the rescuer to cut away the sash cord entanglements was frustrated by the cub's repeated slapping at the blade tied on the pole. Great caution was necessary to avoid wounding the captive, violently opposed to the efforts that were being made for his preservation."

"Again the old bear returned to the tree and made a final attempt to reach her now highly inarticulate cub, still enraged in battling at the knife which the lineman adroitly kept out of range. Presently, in the midst of our joint maneuvers the mascot—endowed with good luck—twisted himself into a knot and was rendered helpless to strike at the long-handled knife designed for his liberation. With one swift thrust forward and upward the blade severed the cord close to the cub's neck, freed the tension and gave young bruin his liberty. With a howl of joy the football mascot started down, slipped, landed on his mother now half way up the jack pine, and knocked her loose. They hit the welcome earth of Alberta Province with great violence, the mother recovering first, only to begin licking her offspring."

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It's Easy to Crochet This Set of Lace Filet



Pattern 5520

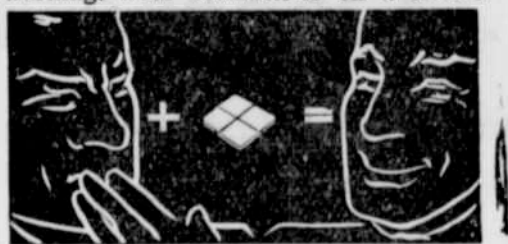
A bit of humble string—this gorgeous peacock pattern — and presto—you're the proud owner of dainty filet lace chair sets, scarf ends, or buffet sets! Fascinating needlework, the K stitch sets off the design effectively. Even beginners will find this pattern an easy way to add to their prestige as needlewomen. In pattern 5520 you will find instructions and charts for making the set shown; an illustration of it and of all the stitches needed; material requirements.

To obtain this pattern send 15 cents in stamps or coins (coins preferred) to The Sewing Circle, 259 W. Fourteenth St., New York, N. Y.

Write plainly your name, address and pattern number.

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