

Daddy's Evening Fairy Tale
 BY MARY GRAHAM BONNER
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WALRUS WAYS

"We'll tell of our ways," said Mother Walrus. "Yes, we'll let them know about us."

Billie Brownie was wearing his warm, warm coat which Old Man Winter had given him. It was made out of the same material that Old Man Winter had his wardrobe made of, for no matter how cold it is, it is never too cold for Old Man Winter.

He is protected from the cold by his regular winter clothing! But he won't tell anyone just how it is made.

And Billie was wearing the shoes and the cap and the earmuffs Old Man Winter had given him, too.

"There are many of us about, as you can see," said Mother Walrus. "But, though we love to go about in big groups, we have a nice family life and are devoted to our own."

"We are great, huge creatures, aren't we?"

"Enormous," said Billie Brownie.

"If it wouldn't be rude," he added after a moment, "I would like to know how much you weigh."

"Not rude at all, Billie Brownie," said Mother Walrus. "Not rude at all. Now my Mr. Walrus is one of the grandest and most superb of creatures. He's a Walrus after my own heart and, of course, why wouldn't he be?"

Mother Walrus laughed a great, deep laugh.

"Of course," she repeated, "why wouldn't he be, considering he is the Walrus of my own heart?"

"He weighs three thousand pounds, and I weigh two thousand pounds."

"Ah, Mr. Walrus isn't one of your skinny gentlemen. No, he is fat, good and fat, and full of wrinkles, for the fat all wrinkles up, as there is so much of it."

"There is plenty of fat to spare, you see, and it just folds up and wrinkles up and lets you know that there is nothing stingy about the fatness—it's all there—plenty of it!"

"His two ivory tusks are the most beautiful I have ever seen."

"We are slow creatures when we go over the ice, but we're good swimmers."

"Gracious," said Billie Brownie. "To think of weighing three thousand pounds."

"It's a majestic thought, isn't it?"



"A Walrus After My Own Heart."

said Mother Walrus, with a Walrus smile.

"Ah, yes," she continued, "we're not small or dainty. We go in for size and little else."

"We have so much fat that there isn't much room for brains. We're not very bright. In fact, we might almost be considered stupid."

"But we're as sociable as sociable can be, and we're all very friendly with one another."

"And, as I said before, though we are so friendly with one another, our own family always comes first."

"I'm not much of a fighter. I will do no one any harm."

"But—if any one should come after my baby—then, it is very different! I should be so excited then, to protect my big little one, that I'd be afraid of no one and I'd fight, fight, fight."

"The Mother Walruses will fight for their young. They are afraid of nothing, nothing, nothing if their young are in danger."

"Such are the ways of the Walrus creatures," ended Mother Walrus, as she bellowed a good-by to Billie Brownie.

RIDDLES

What has no mouth, yet can whistle?
 The wind.

What is most like a cat's tail?
 A kitten's tail.

What has three feet but no legs?
 A yardstick.

What is the best land for young children?
 Lapland.

Why is a clock so bashful?
 Because it always has its hands over its face.

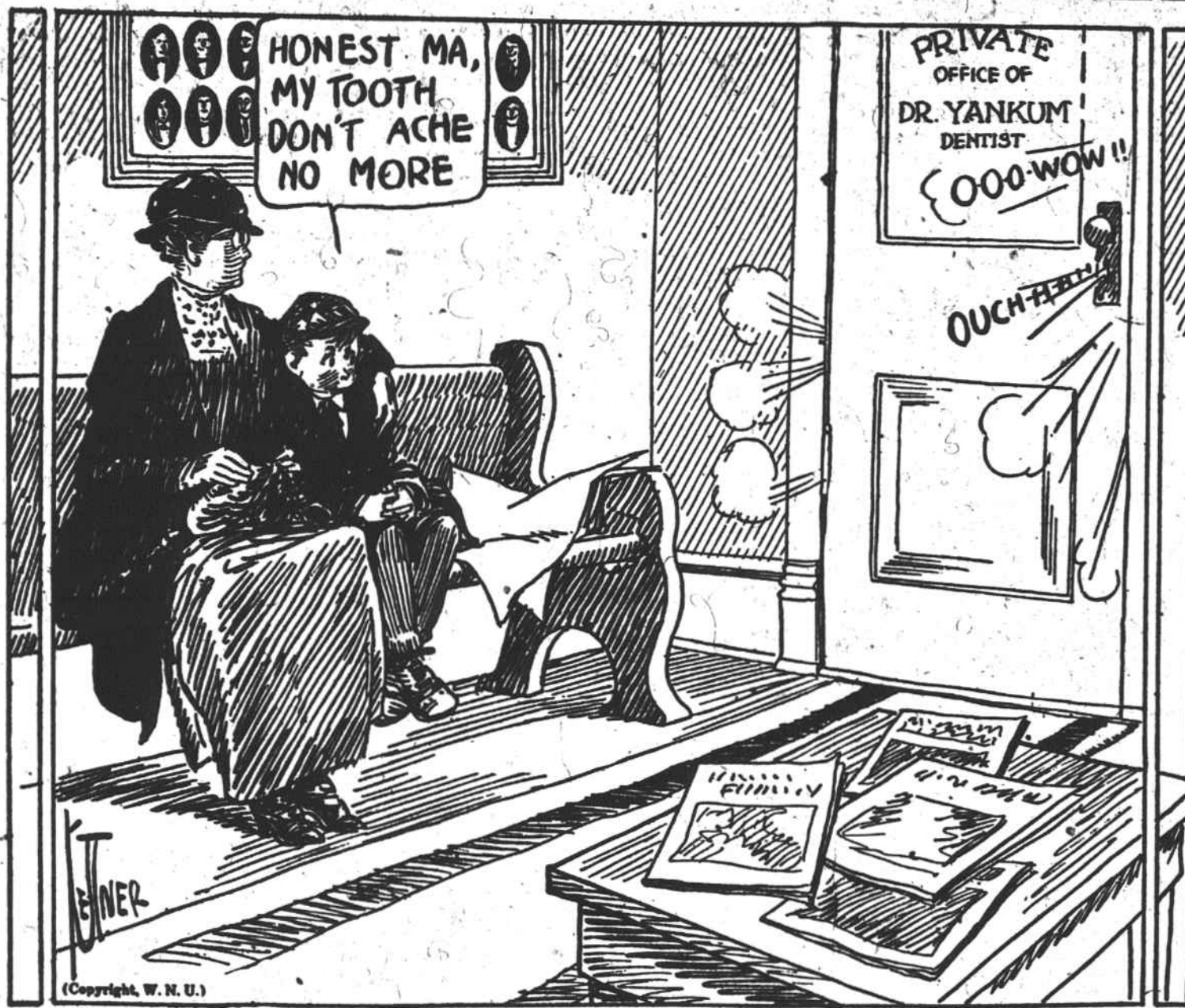
If a bear went into a dry goods store what would he want?
 Musalin' (muslin).

When may a man be considered to be over head and ears in debt?
 When he owes for his wig.

Which is bigger, Mr. Bigger or Mr. Bigger's baby?
 The baby is a little bigger (a little Bigger).

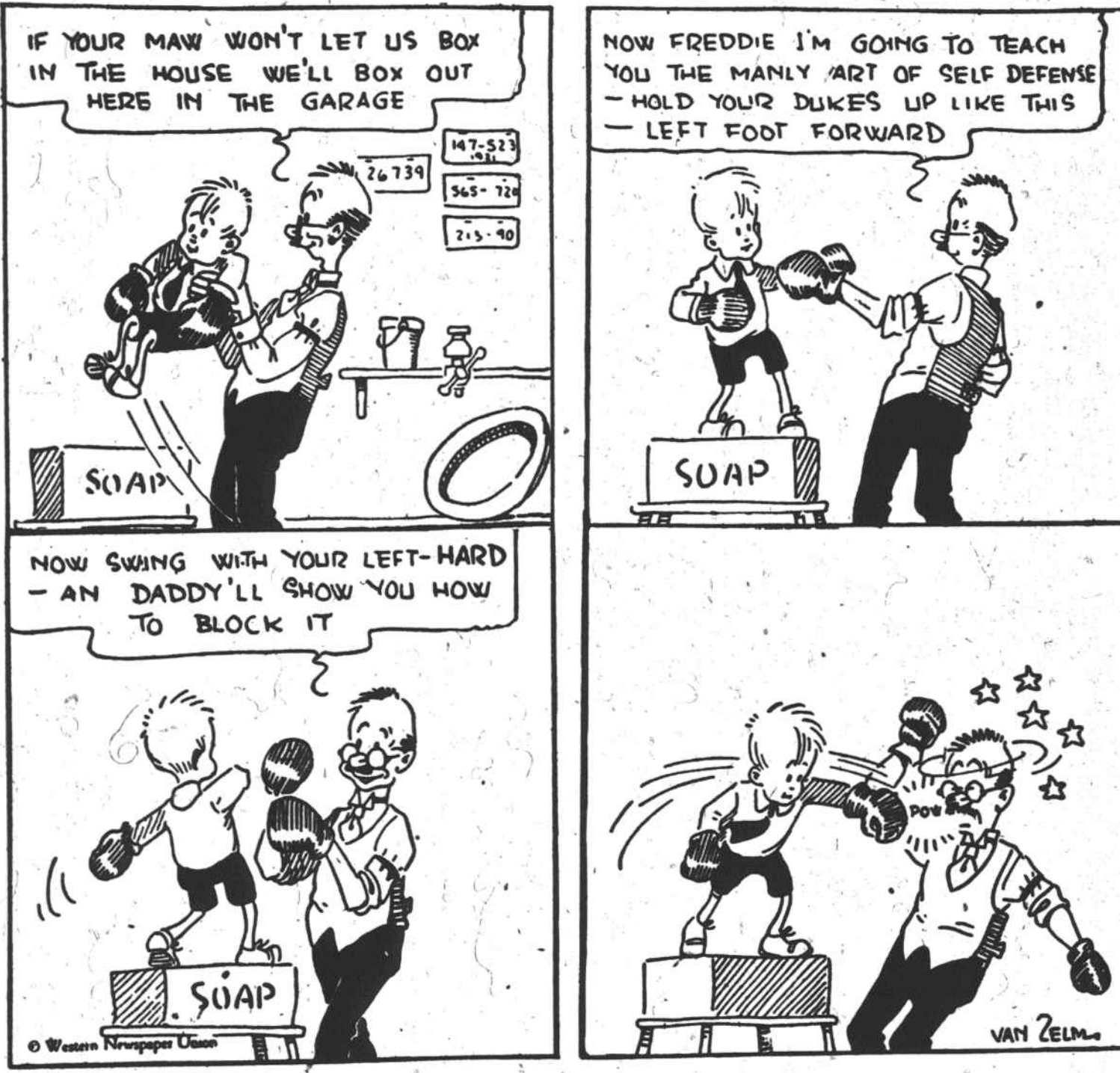
OUR COMIC SECTION

Events in the Lives of Little Men



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And Felix Blocked It



If This Ain't Lese Majestic, What Is?



Wit and Humor



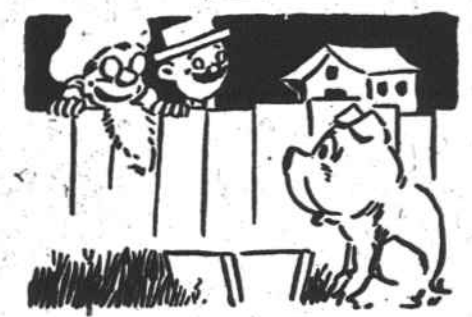
ONLY A MOVIE MAN

Two men were fishing in the river. For some time they sat in silence smoking their pipes and watching their lines. Suddenly one of them uttered an excited exclamation and dropped his rod into the river.

"Heavens!" he ejaculated. "Did you see that fellow fall off that cliff over there into the river?"

"Don't get excited, Tom," answered his companion soothingly. "It may be a movie actor doing one of his stunts. They often make films in these parts."

IF A GOOD PEN ARTIST



Farmer—There's my prize pig. Don't you think he ought to make a fine picture at the show?

Visitor—Well, if he's a good pen artist he may.

No True Friend.

I backed my "judgment" to the end. Luck bids my heart repine. A horse is called "man's truest friend." He's never one of mine.

Washington Means Lot.

Wife—John, "Washington" means a whole lot in our life.

Husband—How so?

Wife—Well, the laundry man always weighs us heavy on the first syllable and the coal man cuts us short on the last.

Husband—Spring's here! Stick an "S" on the second syllable and be merry.

A Truce.

Deris—I hear you and Tom have made up again. I'm so glad.

Kate—Yes, but it's only temporary; we get married next month.

And There You Are.

"Money isn't everything," sighed the rich man.

"And I find you are nothing without money," growled the poor man.

Taking Stock.

Policeman—What are you doing in this store?

Burglar—Can't you see I'm taking stock?

NO CAUSE FOR ALARM



"Maria, there's scarcely a single person left in this place."

"Oh, John, what can have happened?"

"Nothing, nothing, my dear; only I think I've married about all of them now."

Home-Biding.

One step. It does not take us far! 'Twas not intended we should roam. But view, each night, the evening star. From garden plots of home!

Selection.

"Do you like music when you dine?"

"No," replied Miss Cayenne. "If I don't enjoy something on the menu I needn't have it; but an orchestra compels me to take whatever it has on hand."—Washington Star.

Striker Out.

"Our second baseman would make an excellent swimmer."

"Why so?"

"He strikes out so badly."

Discussing a Friend.

Flora—Did you know Miss Oldsmith wears false teeth?

Fauna—Well, they may be false to others, but they're true to her.

Knocking Our Hooch.

Punch—We have just heard of an American who drank a quantity of prussic acid in mistake for bootleg whisky. It was a merciful escape.

Cause for Doubt.

Clara—You may not believe it, but I said "No" to seven different men during the past summer.

Maude—What were they selling?

Same Old Thing.

Prominent Society Woman (to popular lecturer)—Don't you get tired of saying the same thing over and over again?

Lecturer—Yes; don't you?—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Time and Change.

"Why, what in the world has become of your watch? The one you used to have had a handsome gold case."

"I know it did, but circumstances alter cases."—Philadelphia Telegram.



Good to the last drop
 Next to cloudless skies, nothing sends the day off to such a glorious start as the right sort of breakfast cup.
 Most women prefer
MAXWELL HOUSE COFFEE

It was one of London's gray days when one American greeted another American in Piccadilly.
 "Lil' ol' London's got no skyscrapers yet," remarked one.
 "Pity, too," answered the other, gazing heavenward. "I never saw a sky that needed scraping more."

MOTHER! GIVE SICK CHILD "CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP"

Harmless Laxative for a Billious, Constipated Baby or Child.

Constipated, bilious, feverish, or sick, colic babies and children love to take genuine "California Fig Syrup." No other laxative regulates the tender little bowels so nicely. It sweetens the stomach and starts the liver and bowels acting without griping. Contains no narcotics or soothing drugs. Say "California" to your druggist and avoid counterfeits! Insist upon genuine "California Fig Syrup" which contains directions.—Advertisement.

If there be no good feeling, the very name of friendship vanishes.

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Retains its great leavening strength in every climate to the very last spoonful. Always dependable and pure.

Sales 2 1/2 times as much as that of any other brand

BEST BY TEST