

Dinner Stories

Cutest Thing

Mother: "How did you lose your teeth, son?"

Teacher: "What is your father's occupation?"

Jimmy: "I can't tell you."

Teacher: "Well, I must have this information."

Jimmy: "Well, er... well, he is the fat lady at the circus."

Still in Stock

"Know where I could get some if I could?"

"Well," replied the latter, "ye might try Mrs. McGinty down the street here."

"Some left?"

"Yes, they say her husband only got two glasses of it before he fell over dead."

A Different Viewpoint

"Charlie," said the girl nervously, "really think you should be going."

"Oh, it's only one o'clock," her reticent swain protested.

"Perhaps you can," returned the girl, "but I can see the head of the clock from where I sit."

Bad Off

It seems a lady in Baltimore was talking along the street leading a tie dog at the end of a ribbon.

"Yes, Jeremiah, Alice said last night she dreamed she was dancing with you."

"You thrill me all to pieces, Hezekiah."

"—and she woke up to find her kid rother, pounding her feet with a thorn."

"Edith," said a mother to her little daughter as the latter had finished saying her prayers, "you didn't tell God how naughty you had been today, did you?"

"No, ma'am," replied Edith, "I do not believe in telling our family affairs to outsiders."

I took my little girl to the zoological park. While standing there she noticed a great white bird standing in a cage.

"Oh, Mother, what kind of a bird is this?" she exclaimed.

"It's the stork," she dear.

"The stork?" she cried, enthusiastically. "O, Mother, do you know, he actually recognized me!"

Irate mother (at dinner)—Tommy, I wish you'd stop reaching for things. Haven't you a tongue?

Tommy—Yes, mother, but my arm is longer.

Who's to Blame?

Stanly News-Herald

The Smithfield Herald relates how a little boy while playing on the streets of Goldsboro ran under a passing automobile and was almost instantly killed.

That it was brutal, the writers say, is proved by the black eye.

Of course this mail doesn't get as far as the President but he knows it's pouring in. It was to have been expected, too—such a chance for people who consider it wrong for two men to get together and "beat each other up!"

Mrs. Coolidge read the fight story in bed—of the grip.

Her friends quote her as saying she was "amused but would have been more so if John had won."

DIVINE PROVIDENCE

The clouds hang heavily around my way. I cannot see;

But through the darkness I believe God leadeth me.

'Tis sweet to keep my hand in His while all is dim;

To close my weary, aching eyes and follow Him.

Through many a thorny path He leads my tired feet;

Through many a path of tears I go, but it is sweet.

To know that He is close to me, my Guard, my Guide;

He leadeth me, and so I walk quite satisfied.

To my blind eyes He may reveal no light at all;

But while I lean on His strong arm I cannot fall.

—HENRY ALFORD.

USE PENNY COLUMN—IT PAYS

Stewart's WASHINGTON LETTER

Pa Coolidge Is Thumbs Down on Son John's Fistic Spotlight

Washington, March 8.—President Coolidge always is sore when his son John breaks into the newspapers.

He doesn't want him to get an exaggerated idea of his own importance.

Furthermore, he doesn't like to have any member of the Coolidge family made to look "ridiculous."

What those write-ups of John's (three) round mill at Annapolis, in which he acquired a black eye and lost the decision on point, did, to some extent.

So it's safe to say the presidential temper was upset when his owner read accounts of the fight.

He grumpily refused to discuss it when correspondents asked him to.

Maybe he believes in boxing, as exercise, for his son, but there's a pretty well authenticated report that he's written to him to do it strictly in private after this.

Another thing, the White House has received about a cord of letters protesting against the President's son participation in such "brutal sport."

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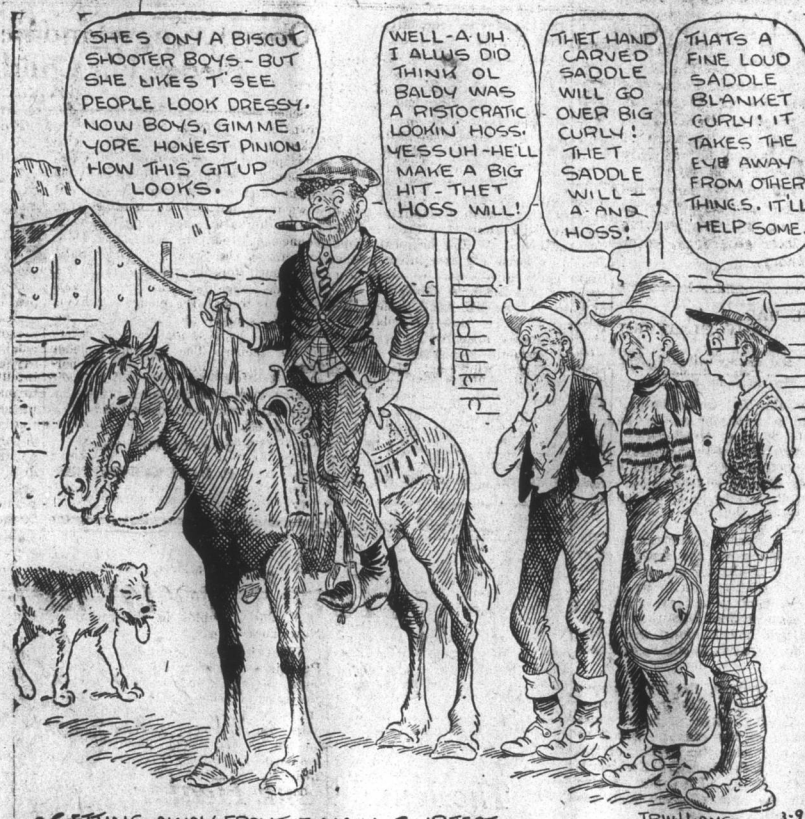
He's Off Again



THAT MUST BE POWERFUL STUFF — EH UNK?

OUT OUR WAY

BY WILLIAMS



GETTING AWAY FROM THE MAIN SUBJECT.

MOM'N POP

BY TAYLOR



Concord Paint & Paper Company advertisement for property protection.

Lighting Fixtures of Merit advertisement.

Advertisement for Louder! featuring a man shouting.

Advertisement for Eastman Kodaks and accessories.

Robinsons advertisement for baby chicks and cash feed store.

Mr. Farmer! We Want Your Poultry. advertisement.

DELCO LIGHT advertisement for light plants and batteries.

ROTTER BORING BAR advertisement for auto supply and repair.

H. B. WILKINSON advertisement for refrigerators.

Hot Water advertisement for E. B. Grady.