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TOM SIMS Suits

One winter resort which promises to be popular in spite of the great cost is the kitchen stove.

When a man comes home all tired out he takes off his coat. A woman removes her shoes.

The man who doesn't talk much may be keeping his mouth closed so you can't see he has a lot of sense.

This is a terrible world. But it could be worse. That if they allowed flippers to run on the sidewalks.

The best argument for your side is the kind of people who advocate the other side.

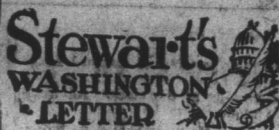
Half the engagement rings are bought with money raised hurriedly (Copyright 1925, NEA Service, Inc.)

Boat-Owner's Life a Hard One

The Pathfinder.

Early this year a Minnesota man was convicted of bootlegging and sentenced to six months in jail. At the end of six months it was discovered that the man who had served the term was not the convicted man at all but a tramp who had been hired to substitute for the former.

When the boot-keeper admitted the change in federal court, recently the judge decided that a 12-month term for contempt of court should be added to the original six months term making a total of nineteen months which the man will have to serve before he can resume his business.



Stewart's WASHINGTON LETTER

Washington, Nov. 29.—The success of the Italian war debt settlement negotiations came as no surprise to official Washington. The tip was passed out in advance that Count Volpi di Misurata had his orders from Premier Mussolini to come to terms with the United States—to get the best terms he could, but on no account to let the negotiations fall through, as the French negotiations did.

To be sure, agreeing to pay a debt and actually paying it are two quite different things. Nevertheless the Italians did an excellent stroke of business simply in agreeing to pay. Unless and until they default, this country is bound to assume that they mean it. Thereby their credit is greatly strengthened, their money increases in value, their financial position is improved all round and—especially to the point—they're able to do some more large scale borrowing here.

All this redounds to the Mussolini government's glory. It redounds to it all the more by reason of its contrast with France's balkiness. Nor is it a bit likely that the wily Signor Mussolini failed to think of this detail. France, of course, is decidedly a stronger country than Italy. If the former couldn't pay it seemed reasonable to guess that the latter couldn't.

And then she "came through" and surprised, not those "in the know," but most people. Immediately "Good little Italy," exclaimed everybody.

It's true that the compact between Count Volpi and Secretary Mellon will have to be ratified by the Rome government and by Congress here in Washington, but indications are that there will be no hitch about this.

College Girl's Escape from Disgrace

A COLLEGE girl, prize-winner in a recent true experience contest, tells dramatically how a sudden turn of fortune saved her from expulsion by her Dean.

Jim, her special man, had invited her to go with him to a dance. By a queer twist of luck she found herself accompanied by her friend Rose's escort. In November "Smart Set" also thus describes her plight:

"Before I realized it, it was 11:15, and I reminded my partner that I must be in at 11:30. He only put his head a bit closer to mine than his considered good taste by Miss Weatherpoon, and whispered that he could dance on like this forever. At 11:20 I noticed that nearly all the students had gone, and insisted upon leaving, as I well knew the fate of any girl who was not within these doors at the stipulated time.

Although loathe to go, he eventually did so, and I inwardly breathed a prayer that he would drive fast, and not try to kiss me, as he was acting much more familiar than I liked. I looked at my watch—we had just six minutes. I peered out to see how much farther we had to go, and HORRORS! We had missed the turn and were going down an avenue leading out of town. I clutched my companion's arm and told him of my mistake, but instead of turning around, he drove up the curb and stopped. As I reached to dim the lights, he gripped me. I seized his arm, but he tore it from me and placed it around my shoulders instead.

I wriggled and fought, but my efforts seemed only to amuse him. All in a moment I saw myself locked out, summoned before the Board, and sent home in disgrace.

The next few seconds seemed an eternity, and then I heard the most welcome sound I have ever listened to in all my life—(I believe to my dying day that the sound of howling brakes and sliding wheels will bring joy to my heart)—and there beside us, a long, low-bungy vehicle of a yellow racer slid to a stop, and Jim leaped out. I sprang into the arms of Jimmie, and he half-carried, half-dragged, me to his car.

I raced up the dormitory steps and frantically tried the door—LOCKED! "Oh, Jimmie!" I cried, "I've got to get in at midnight—the hall-walker will look to see



"If you ever had to face the Deaf of Women you'll know why I was desperate!"

that each girl is in bed, and if I'm not back within words failed, but it kept as well as that it meant

idea. Oh, Jimmie, secure the keys, and let me in, but no need for such violence. Old Bingo was safe and sound in bed. "In bed"—that phrase, and Jimmie's inspiration came simultaneously.

Wildly we raced to Bingo's bungalow behind the school. He slept near an open window, and there, on a chair, lay his old coveralls. With the stealth of a cat, Jim slipped them out, together with his old slouch hat. In the light, I pulled them on over my blue chignon—it would be ruined, but nothing mattered now except to be in my bed at MIDNIGHT. I frenziedly

and my wifful curls up under the old hat, and back we dashed. Jim outran me, and by the time I reached him, he had pulled off his coveralls. "Put 'em on," he ordered. "Your janitor don't usually wear French-heeled blue satin pumps."

"Now sit in just like old Bingo, and throw his things out of your window," he said, as he helped my shaking fingers to unlock the door.

Two minutes to twelve, and the moon saw "old Bingo" raise a tear-stained face, kiss Jimmie, whisper "I love you," and disappear within doors. As the clock struck the first chime, he saw an old slouch hat, two shoes and a coverall suit float silently down from room thirteen, and as it struck the twelfth, the hall-walker opened the door, peeped in, and saw me safe in bed, and fast asleep, maybe (?!).

Robinsons

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OUT OUR WAY



MOM'N POP



What Premier Mussolini says "goes" in Rome, and since he wanted "an agreement" and now he's got it, it's safe to predict that he'll "go, K. I. T."

On the other hand, the Italians have made themselves extremely popular here, so Congress appears reasonably certain to strain every possible point in their favor. (Copyright 1925, NEA Service, Inc.)

Cleveland Extends Its Rural Lighting

Shelby, Nov. 29.—Within a short time almost 2,500 people of rural Cleveland will be enjoying the comforts and conveniences of electric lights. That's the record of the first farm county in America to start a rural electric lighting program. The contract has been let for the erection of the Double Springs power line, John Blanton, of Lattimore, receiving the contract. The material has been ordered and work on the line will begin at an early date. The completion of the line that will furnish power to the Double Springs section will make the sixteenth community in rural Cleveland county to be lighted with electric lights, and Cleveland's lighting program has been under way only one year.

"Why do you rise so early in the morning?"

"I have to get downtown early in order to find a parking place for my car."

"But do you not then have a good deal of time hanging on your hands?"

"Oh, then, I take the street car home and have breakfast."

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