

By C. M. Payne

Mayor Walker of Delhi

By BIDE DUDLEY
WITH CONSTABLE BROWN HE TRIES ICE SKATING AND FINDS IT NO CINCH

Mayor Cyrus Perkins Walker of Delhi, Tex., who is in New York gathering material for a reform movement in his home town, is busy to-day at his hotel writing an article for the Delhi Bazaar on "The Skating Craze as New York Sees and Feels It." The presence of the word "Feels" in the title may be explained by the fact that the Mayor and his Texas companion, Constable Pelee Brown, tried skating yesterday with anything but satisfactory results.

The Texans went to the big rink uptown and obtained skate coupons at the cashier's desk. A blond young woman was in charge.

"We're strangers in town, ma'am," said Mayor Walker, "but we're the most congenial pair of fellows you ever met and—"

"I beg pardon," said the girl. "I've never met you."

"Oh, that's so," said the Mayor. Then pointing at Brown, he said: "Permit me, lady, to introduce to you Constable Brown of Delhi, Tex. This is old Pelee Brown you've heard so much about."

"And," came from Brown, "let me knock you down to Mayor Cyrus Perkins Walker. He's the man who instituted the painless dog pound in Delhi."

"Skates to the left—first counter!" said the girl.

"Oh, we'll get some all right," replied Mayor Walker, smiling; "but what's the hurry? Skates are all right, but congeniality is much better. Like that smile?"

"My name's not Bimmie Lee," snapped the girl. "Move on! You're blocking the line."

"Aw, let's go," whispered Constable Brown to the Mayor. "I see a couple of good-looking at the skate counter."

Arriving at that counter they found two pretty girls in charge.

"Two pairs?" asked one of them.

"Yes," replied Mayor Walker, very pleasantly, "two pairs from two teachers."

"Will you have instructors?" asked the girl.

"Sure! Give us a couple of lady teachers," said Constable Brown. "How about you two?"

"Oh, we never instruct."

"This skating's going to make us mighty hungry," said the Mayor, "and Pelee and I are very congenial and good story tellers over the festive board. How about you two for a 6 o'clock dinner all covered with tango duet?"

"Now you said something," replied the girl. "Hurry back!"

The Mayor and the Constable put on their skates and asked for their instructors. Two beautiful women, each over thirty-five years old, glided up.

"We understand you want to learn to skate," said one.

"Where did you get that dope?" asked Constable Brown, taking one look at them. He said no more. His feet flew out and the ice came up and struck him ruddy in the middle of the back. It tickled the Mayor, who has a great sense of humor.

"Well, I never, Pelee!" he said, laughing. At that point he also dropped. In so doing he tripped the two hefty instructors and they fell on the Mayor. The Mayor struggled to his feet and fell again. The Constable did the same thing. They repeated the performance a dozen times, much to the amusement of a crowd of skaters who had formed a circle about them. Finally they sat still and pulled off their skates. The manager of the rink approached.

"You two gentlemen are very funny," he said. "Would it be possible to engage you to fall around like that twice a day here? I'd like to inject a comedy feature into the entertainment my patrons get."

Mayor Walker was humiliated. He ordered Constable Brown to arrest the manager. A fight followed in which the constable was knocked down four times, but he succeeded in subduing his man by choking him and yelling.

About that time Policeman Gibboney came in and arrested Brown. At the police station the officer charged the Texan with smuggling. Mayor Walker bailed his friend out and they went to their hotel very much incensed. The fight set the entire crowd of skaters to talking.

There was much indignation.

"S'MATTER, POP!"



FLOOEY AND AXEL—Well, Axel Asked the Question and Flooey Got the Answer!

By Vic



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The Great Dot Mystery

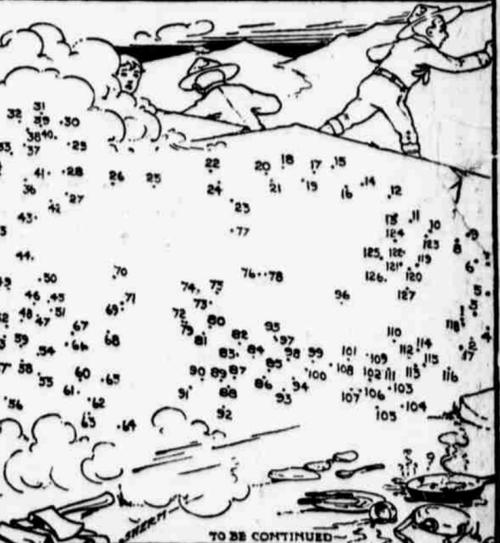
FREDDY'S BIRTHDAY GOAT DISAPPEARED—SEE IF YOU CAN HELP HIM RECOVER IT. CHAPTER XXIII.

FOOD had been rather scarce in the Boy Scouts' camp and fresh antelope steaks were more than welcome. After a hearty breakfast they started out once more to search for Freddy's goat. About noon they heard a great racket and out of an approaching cloud of dust there appeared a great...

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Got His Money's Worth.

WHEN the ballplayers are down South in the spring the old boys do not take any chances with their pitching arms, letting the youngsters prove their energies instead. One day at Little Rock, where the Detroit team was playing an exhibition, old Red Donahue, who in his day was the sharpest tongued man in baseball, was tossing them over and letting the Little Rock batters hit at will, to the great delight of the spectators.



TO BE CONTINUED—5