

Now We Have Eden Pegged

ADAM, our first citizen, was born in Ohio, and so was Eve, our first citizeness, so we are all descendants of a well-known Ohio family. Ohio has been called the "cradle of Presidents," when, in fact, it has been the cradle of the whole shooting match.

A prominent Boston philologist says scientific researches have proven that the Garden of Eden was located on the bank of the Ohio river. Quite a large number of descendants sprang from Adam and Eve, but they have been pushed hither and thither around the earth. Chinese, Indians, Yaps, Bolsheviks, Senegambians and Tammany politicians all belong to the same family which got its start somewhere around Cincinnati.

For many years people have had diverse opinions as to the location of the original paradise. They have discovered it in Asia, South America, Guam and Iceland. Every man who has a house and lot to sell claims Eden was located right in his yard. Real estate claim it was located in every new subdivision they open up.

Science now tells us that the "Garden of Eden, which flourished 6,000 years ago, was located at the North Pole. It has been proved that the point known as the North Pole moves entirely around the world every 25,000 years. At the time of the Adam and Eve romance it was located in Ohio.

But in all fairness we could ask one thing of science. It seems to be pretty well established that our first parents made themselves some one-piece bathing suits and the material was of fig leaves. Now, has anyone ever heard of any fig being raised in Ohio? Lemons, yes; peanuts and peanut politicians, yes; persimmons, maybe; prunes, yes, indeed. But figs? Now, we ask you.

A Few Good Ones.

Too Much of a Good Thing.

ACERTAIN society lady, who was not quite so young or so beautiful as she used to be, underwent an operation.

On her recovery she was assured by her friends that the operation had taken ten years away from her looks.

Laughingly, she complained one day to the doctor.

"If three hours on the operating table made me look ten years younger, why didn't you keep me five hours and make me into a girl again?"

"Five hours there, my dear madam," soberly retorted the doctor, "would have made you into an angel!"

Not Worth His Job.

"DADDY," piped the little darling, "is the sea a mile deep?"

Daddy, who was also an editor, glanced up irritably from a huge pile of manuscript. "I don't know!" he snapped.

The little darling looked disappointed. A little later he asked: "Is the moon really made of cheese daddy?"

Again the response: "I don't know!"

Another look of disappointment, another silence, and another question:

"Do cannibals use postage stamps?"

No less savage than the cannibals themselves was the distracted manuscript reader as he roared, for the third time: "I don't know!"

"Well, I say, daddy," exclaimed the youthful inquirer, very seriously, "who made you an editor?"

Well! Well! Well!

THERE was a youth who loved a maid;

His name was Alexander.

He wanted her to marry him—

A ring did Alex-hand-her.

So later they were truly wed,

And when the folks the papers read,

Referring to the twain they said,

"Why, there go Alex-and-her."

He Could Swear to It.

AMOTION picture actor was suing a company for an immense sum for breach of contract. Upon being asked why he demanded such a sum he replied: "Because I am the greatest actor in the world."

Later, one of his friends took him to task for so loudly singing his own praises.

"I know," replied the actor. "It must have sounded somewhat conceited, but I was under oath, so what could I do?"

POLLY---Pa and Neewah Saw That No Champagne Was Wasted

By STERRETT



Another Bank Has Failed

THE latest bank to blow up is the Lisle Silk, one of the oldest financial institutions in the country. We are told by the fashion writers that it has passed entirely out of existence on account of the general thinness and transparency to which it has come.

In fact, the stockings were getting so thin that a thug could, at a glance, read the amount of a lady's bank balance right through them and decide whether she were worth holding up. No woman wants everybody to know how much she has in the bank.

In the old days of thick stockings and long skirts the Lisle Silk was supposed to be one of the most substantial and the safest banking institutions in the world. When the skirts began to shrink the bank suffered from too much publicity and bankrolls which had stood out as prominently and conspicuously as battleship turrets began to disappear.

The great question now agitating the public is where the ladies carry their money. Certainly they don't carry it in their handbags or purses. A woman never does the obvious thing. There

would be no excitement about carrying money in a purse. Generally speaking the gowns are so tight that to carry a dime anywhere on the person would attract more attention than a rum blossom on a minister's nose.

Yet, they do carry money. We have seen them buying subway tickets and picture post cards and, on rare occasions, their own meals. However, if Sherlock Holmes could find a nickel on any one of these girls he would be a greater detective than Conan Doyle thinks he is, and that would be going some.

Pride.

MR. STUD had bought a horse, but after closing the deal he was not exactly satisfied with his purchase.

He hummed and hawed for a few minutes, then turned to the dealer.

"There is just one thing I don't like about this horse," he said. "She won't hold her head up."

The dealer looked admiringly at the animal, then sorrowfully upon the purchaser.

Pale Pills for Pink People

A MILLIONAIRE who never takes chances has just had his tombstone erected bearing an epitaph written by himself.

In one way a bank account is never disappointing. You never have a larger balance than you think you have.

A nation doesn't have to go to war any more. The war comes to it.

When any man past forty begins taking an interest in anybody's baby stare it is time to sweep out the padded cell.

Marriage is like eating mushrooms. You don't know whether you are right until too late.

One cannot help wondering what the Haig boys are going to do for a living when England goes dry.

Love is the only thing that makes the world go round since prohibition set in.

Doctor says married men suffer more from heart disease than do the bachelors. Sure, were it not for heart trouble in the first place they would not be married.

A New York man making \$25 a month has just got married. He claims he couldn't live on that.

They speak of the equality of the sexes, but look at the difference in the length of the stockings they hang up for Christmas.

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More Progressive.

FIRST BOY—Say, Joe, where are you in Sunday School?

Second Boy—Oh, we are in the middle of original sin.

Give Him a Chance.

"**NO,** I can't go out of town now for even a day, I might lose one of my patients."

"Aw, come on! Even if he does get well you'll get another some time."

Ears Are Coming Out

THE first things to blossom forth this fall will be ears ladies' ears. They are coming out very soon and some of them have already appeared. They are a great curiosity in this country.

A short time ago a suffrage speaker got up to address an audience composed entirely of women. She began: "Friends, suffragists and countrywomen, lend me your ears."

Then she looked about the hall

and was chagrined to note that there was not an ear in the place.

Although ears have been out of style for many years, there has always been a suspicion in the male mind that the ears were still in existence for the ladies seemed to hear just as much as ever.

If a woman can hear twice as much as a man, with her ears muffled, how much more will she hear when they come out of hiding and begin functioning again? That is a question for every man to take home and try on his wife.

It is a matter of regret that ears are going to be seen again in public places, for the reason that the ear probably is the least beautiful of all human features. It has all the charm of contour possessed by the blue point oyster and a great deal of it doesn't seem to mean anything.

But here is the secret. They must come out of hiding and take their places in the limelight again for the reason that earrings are coming back into style and the women must have something to hang the earrings on. A woman with a swell pair of earrings and no ears is in as bad shape as an aviator five miles up in the air without any airplane.

But Not In America.

TWO rival public-houses were getting together teams to play a football match, and each landlord was desirous that his team should win.

One called his players together and told them that there was a gallon of beer for every goal scored. The other landlord overheard this, and, not to be outdone, promised his team the same reward—a gallon for each goal.

At half-time both landlords rushed onto the field calling frantically for the game to be stopped. The score was 24 goals against 22!

Unnatural History

JOHAN ALDEN approached Priscilla Mullins bashfully to propose by proxy for Miles Standish. He had never proposed before, and he sang the praises of Miles long and faithfully, turning his face away, although he could feel the eyes of Priscilla Mullins burning into the back of his neck, which turned very red.

At length, when John could go no further in behalf of his friend, Priscilla said coyly:

"Why do you not speak for yourself, John?"

"Well, you see, Priscilly, it's like this. I would of proposed for myself, but the high cost of living with eggs at ten cents a dozen and butter at eleven cents a pound and all that. Miles is a soldier and a hero and doesn't care what happens to him. He is brave, take him."

"It isn't as bad as it will be in 1920, John, dear," said Priscilla, "and I know the cutest little two-room kitchenette and—" she bent upon him one of those looks which women had even in them ancient days, and another poor fish was hooked.

Charles I of England was led to the scaffold amid the scornful cries of the multitude. On each side was a priest and behind him a great array of Cromwell's favorites. It was an impressive moment. He was confronted by the block and the mysterious headman with his gleaming broad-axe.

"Is there anything you wish to say, Charles," asked the Master of Ceremonies, quietly approaching the fallen king.

"Yes," replied Charles, "there is," and he calmly faced the excited and jostling multitude.

"I only wish to say this," he continued in a firm voice, "I am not to be the last autocrat in the world to lose his head." And in 1920 his prophecy came true in America.

From Here and There. Everything Is Comparative.

THE scene is a country National School in Antrim, Ireland. The teacher is exhibiting a class of tiny boys to an inspector. She asks the top boy: "Johnny McDowel, who is the Supreme Being?"

Johnny, in a tone of pleased conviction and certainty: "Sir Edward Cairson, miss."

"Wrong—next boy."

Second boy, in a surprised tone: "Sir Edward Cairson, miss."

"Wrong—next."

Third boy, thinking the teacher either absent-minded or trying to catch them: "Sir Edward Cairson, miss."

"Wrong."

A small boy at the end of the class mumbles out, "God, miss."

"Right—go up."

Just then teacher and inspector are summoned for a moment into an adjoining room. As they disappear through the door, three clinched fists are raised, and three small voices chorus: "Ye bloomin' little Sim Feimer—wait till we get ye outside."

One to the Males.

MABEL and Ethel, having been engaged as clerks in the service of a bank, were instructed how to comply with the wishes of those customers who wrote asking to have their bankbooks made up and returned to them.

All went well for a time, but gradually their occasional five minutes' leave from the office broadened into half-hours.

This caused some indignation among the male members of the staff, until one of them had a bright idea.

Mabel and Ethel, adjourning as usual to their cloakroom one morning for a quiet chat, were confronted with the following notice pasted prominently across the mirror:

"Please make up and return!"

Call the Doctor.

THE telephone bell rang and the bookkeeper answered.

"Yes, madam, this is Wilkin's market."

"This is Mrs. Blank. I want you to know that the liver you sent me is most unsatisfactory. It is not calf's liver at all; calf's liver is tender and—"

"Just a moment, madam, and I'll call the proprietor."

"What is it?" Wilkin's asked.

The bookkeeper surrendered the telephone.

"Mrs. Blank," he said. "Liver complaint."