--:-- A PAGE OF FUN AND FROLIC IN PICTURES AND PARAGRAPHS --:--

Just Folks

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THE BETTER MAN

I didn't understand it then,
When I was eight or nine or ten
And little troubles came my way
My kindly father used to say:
"Sorrow must come to man and boy.
Don't cry about a broken toy,
Don't fret too much because you lose,
Don't whimper over every bruise;
Remember when they knock you flat,
You'll be a better man for that."

When I had older grown, he'd say:
"Life's not a constant round of play
And there is work for all to do
And many an irksome task for you.
The time will come when you will find
That duty often seems unkind;
You will be told to work when you
Have something else you'd rather do,
But just forget your ball and bat,
You'll be a beter man for that.

"This is a lesson you must learn:
Joy is a thing which all must earn,
And it's beneath the heavy blows
That courage at its finest shows.
When you have something hard to do,
Don't quit until you've seen it through;
Though happier you would be at play,
Never from duty run away.
Then, though you sprawl on failure's mat,
You'll be a better man for that.

Now I am older grown and I
See with a somewhat clearer eye
Just what my father saw back then
In all the troubled lives of men.
Hardships are builders of the race,
Strength grows by what it has to face;
He only meets life's sternest test
Who gives the irksome task his best.
Care does what pleasure never can
In fashioning the better man.

Ye TOWNE GOSSIP

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By K. C. B.

FOR THREE months past.
IT'S BEEN quite dreary.
THIS ROOM of mine.
IN WHICH I work.
DESPITE THE fact.
THAT ON its walls.
ARE PHOTOGRAPHS.
OF MANY friends.
THAT BRING to me.
RARE MEMORIES.
OF PLEASANT days.
AND PLEASANT nights.
IN OTHER fields.
AND SOME of them.
SMILE DOWN at me.
FROM OUT their frames.
AND OTHERS stare.
AND RIGHT in front.
OF WHERE I sit.
FRANK BACON.
IN A thoughtful mood.
WITH TOUSLED hair.
SMOKES AT his pipe.
AND I light mine.
AND SWING my chair.
AND TILT it back.
AND IN the smoke.
WITH GAZE intent.

I SEARCH my mind.
FOR THEME.
THAT I may write about.
AND THEN.
I HEAR a creaking door.
AND TURN my chair.
THAT I may find.
WHO DARES intrude.
AND SHE come in.
ALL BY herself.
UNSTEADILY.
BUT ON her cheeks.
AND IN her eyes.
RETURNING HEALTH.
AND BRINGS a smile.
INTO THE room.
WHERE I have sat.
FOR THREE months past.
IN SOLITUDE.
BUT FOR my friends.
WHO GAZE on me.
FROM OUT their frames.
AND I'M so glad.
THAT SHE is here.
I'VE CEASED to search.
FOR FRUITFUL theme.
TO WRITE about.

I THANK you.

MUTT AND JEFF—This Sounds Halfway Plausible, at That

By Bud Fisher

POLLY AND HER PALS—Well, Ashur Hung on to the End

By Cliff Sterrett

BARNEY GOOGLE—But Mrs. Google Thinks Otherwise

By Billy De Beck

Abe Martin

In India th' girls marry at th' age o' ten, but in this country they don't git t' paint up an' scout around till they're thirteen. Contractor Al Bilzard wuz fined $500 an' thirty days in jail t'day for allowin' empty cement bags t' blow over th' streets. He got off easy.

Little Benny's Note Book

By Lee Pape

Sid Hunt was in his father's automobeel and it bunked into another automobeel, causing a axsident, and Sids name was in the paper amung those injured, and this aftirnoon wen I went erround to Mary Watkinses who was setting on her frunt steps but Sid with with his hed all tied up like a axsident, and Mary Watkins was looking at him as if he was a grate hero or somebody, me thinking, Aw heck, enybody can get in a axsident.

Giving me a ideer, and after suppir I tied a peece of wite stuff erround my rist and put some red ink on the outside for blud and stuck my arm between the buttins of my coat as if I couldent hold it rite and went erround to Marry Watkinses and who was erround there setting with her agen but Sid Hunt with her hed still tied up, and I wawked up and Mary Watkins sed, Wy Benny watever are you holding your arm like that for?

Its a wonder I wasent killed, I sed. And I took my arm out and showed her my rist tied up with the red ink and all, her saying, O mersey, wat a looking objeck, however did you do it?

I was rescuing some little dog from being ran over by a trolley car, I sed.

Aw, was your name in the paper? sed Sid Hunt, Me setting down without saying weather it was or not, and just then Puds Simkins came up holding his neck away over on one side with 2 big hunks of sticking plaster on it, Mary Watkins saying, Wy Puds, my goodness, I declare, did you get hert too?

Good nite, I should say I did, but wat do I care, I saved some ladys life, sed Puds, and Sid Hunt sed, Aw, was your name in the paper? And Puds sat down with his neck on one side and I kepp setting there with my tied up arm stuck out and Sid kepp setting there with his hed tied up, and Mary Watkins jumped up saying, My lands, peeple will think this is a hospittle, Im going in. Wich she did.

SUNSHINE PELLETS

By W. F. Thompson

"May I ask the cause of this excitement?" said the stranger in the little village.

"Certainly," replied the countryman. "We're celebrating the birthday of the oldest inhabitant. She's 101 today."

"Indeed! And may I ask who is that little man with the dreadfully sad face walking by the old lady's side?"

"Oh, that's her son-in-law. He's been keeping up the payments on her life insurance for the last 30 years."

An old man was walking along a road one night when he was confronted by a burly stranger.

"What do you want?" he asked.

"We're going to have a game of put and take, old chap," replied the stranger.

"Put and take!" gasped the old man, shivering with fright.

"Yes," said the burly one. "You put yer hands up and I'll take yer watch!"

They were talking about a mutual acquaintance and the first man was full of praise.

"Smart chap, that, and a nice fellow to boot," he said.

The second man had just received evidence of the smartness in question and was still sore about it.

"You're quite right," he said. "He would be a nice fellow—to boot!"

"THAT LITTLE GAME"

By B. Link

CASEY THE COP—Shoot It All

By H. M. Talburt