

Her Daughter and His Son
A Great Married Life Story by
IDAH McGLONE GIBSON

AN INCIDENT OF CHILDHOOD
I remember distinctly the first time
that I had an understandable illustration
of the attitude of the world to-

too, was new and I immediately put
down Mrs. Cameron, whom I had never
seen, as a kind of female fountain
that was always spouting words that
didn't mean anything.

"Men Do Not Try To Keep Women
Down in Business" — She Knows!

NEW YORK—Down the gangplank
of the Rochambeau, in from France
the other day, stepped a trim young
woman, not yet thirty, her golden hair
glistening in the good old American
sunshine again.



Miss Houston started at \$15 a week; now her annual salary runs into five figures.

She has the reputation of being one
of Wall street's highest paid women,
and she was just back from a vacation
in Europe. Her motor car was waiting
a few steps down from the pier.

But today she has her own stenographer
in the Wall street office where
she conducts her advertising business.

The firm, of which she is an officer,
handles the advertising accounts of
several dozen banks from Massachusetts
to California. Five New York
banks on Wall street, Fifth avenue and
Broadway, trust their advertising
problems to her firm.

Bankers in Chicago, Denver, Memphis
and Atlanta know her, for she
drops in on them every now and then
to study their local problems. And
with the experience she has acquired
in this specialized field she is able
to feel ahead of them in their efforts
to make more money for their bank
and to serve their community better.

And this specialized training of hers
brings her in an annual salary that
runs into five figures.

"How does she do it?" one is inclined
to ask of this young blonde who
blew in to the big city from Kansas
five years ago with nothing much more
than a knowledge of Pittman and a
degree from the University of Kansas.

"Please," begs Miss Houston, "say
that any woman who has the necessary
initiative and some common sense
can do what I've done. It takes me
to read accounts of successful women
who set themselves forth as so many
super-females.

"I've only found one advantage in
being a woman. I can always get a
hearing. Not once that hearing is had
I am treated just the same as a man.

"The reason why women are almost ad-
vantaged is, I think, partly an in-
stinct of gallantry, and partly of a
natural curiosity. To offset this, however, there are
some disadvantages. One of them is
that men are not inclined to take what
a woman says as seriously as they

would the statements of a compeer. So
I have to be particularly careful to
get my facts right.

"I wish I could place on a bill-board
this statement. Men do not try to
keep women down in business. There's
not a bit of truth in that suggestion.
All the men I have been associated
with have been not only fair, but per-
haps a little more kind and helpful
than I had a just right to expect."

asked me to get at the eight and nine
cent store."

"Yes, you brought the molasses all
right," said the muskrat lady house-
keeper, "but look where you left your
umbrella! In the hall, on one of the
best rugs, and your umbrella is drip-
ping wet!"

"Oh, how sassafras of me!" cried
Uncle Wiggily. "I meant to put it in
the sink. And that reminds me, Nurse
Jane, we need an umbrella stand.
That's something like an earthen wa-
ter pipe stood up on one end, and you
stick umbrellas in it, with the han-
dles up, and all the water from the
umbrella runs down in the stand, and
you can empty it out later."

"Oh, yes, one of those would be
fine," said Nurse Jane.

"I'll get one right away!" exclaimed
Uncle Wiggily, with a jolly laugh, hur-
rying out after his umbrella, which
Nurse Jane had taken to the sink, to
let it drain around with the dish rag
if it wished.

"Oh, you're not going out again, in
all the rain, are you?" asked the mus-
krat lady.

"Why not?" inquired Mr. Longears.
"A rainy day is just the proper one
on which to buy an umbrella stand. I'll
be back in a little while."

With his umbrella held over his tall
silk hat to keep his pink, twinkling
nose as dry as possible, Uncle Wig-
gily hopped over the fields and
through the woods, splashing through
the mud puddles until he came to the
eleven and twelve cent store.

There he bought a nice umbrella
stand, with flowers painted on it, and
a sort of a tub in the bottom to catch
the water that would drip off the um-
brellas.

"Nurse Jane will like this," thought
Uncle Wiggily, as he tucked the um-
brella stand under his paw and started
back for his hollow stump bungalow.
The umbrella stand was rather large,
and it was hard for Uncle Wiggily to
carry it, but he managed to get it
home at last.

"Here you are, Nurse Jane," he
cried, as he went in the hall. "No
more water on your rug. See? I'll
put my umbrella in the stand." And
with that Uncle Wiggily did.

"You are very kind," said the mus-
krat lady.

She was just walking along the hall
to look at the new umbrella stand,
when, all of a sudden, in through the
door, which Uncle Wiggily had for-
gotten to close, came the bad old Skeez-
icks.

"Ah, ha!" sneered the bad Skee.
"You can't fool me this time, Uncle
Wiggily. I followed you right in, just
as I followed behind you all the way
from the fifteen and sixteen cent store,
where you bought the big flower pot."

Dorothy Dix Talks
ARE YOU A GOOD WIFE?

By DOROTHY DIX, the World's Highest Paid Woman Writer.

Do you wonder if you give satisfac-
tion as a wife? When you see your
husband at an evening with the stars
of his cigar curling about his head, and
a far away look in his eyes, do you
ever wonder whether he is thinking
of the best instruction he ever made
in his life was when he bought you a
wedding ring, or if he is speculating
upon what the fool-kicker was doing
not to get his number on the day he
undertook to be your meal ticket for
life?

If you are curious on this subject,
apply these tests to yourself:
Have you any way to get on with
which you are at your best? You bathe
your hair with good looks, you were
always so clean, and fresh and
dainty, with your hair combed so
comingly, and your nose nicely pow-
dered, and your feet and ankles so trim
and neat. Have you grown sloppy and
slovenly and dowdy? Do you know
your hair up into a little hard knot
that would make the Venus de Milo
look like a scarecrow, because its tan-
driest way to get it up? Do you wear
cum-down at the heels, slippers around
the house and consider a much-tesol-
led kimono good enough to adorn your-
self in for a mere husband? It takes
a man with an extraordinary amount of
patience to keep a woman of a woman
who looks as if she needed to be sent
to the laundry, and whose kisses taste
of cold cream.

You also baited your hook with flat-
tery. You made the poor sucker who
nibbled at that alluring bait believe
that you thought he was the biggest,
strongest, handsomest, wisest man in
the world. When he expressed his ap-
preciation, you appeared to think it the
utterance of an oracle? You asked his
advice and let him tell you how he would
run the world if he were president of
things. You laughed at his stories and
applauded his jests.

Have you quit burning incense at his
feet? Do you remind him in the
midst of his best story to tell him that
the woman next door has got a new
hat? Do you remind him that you
read the joke he has just told in the
column of the funny paper? Do you
openly flout his opinions and criticize
everything he does, from the way he
has his hair cut to his pronunciation?
It must be a terribly disheartening
thing to marry a woman because you
think you are getting an admiring au-
dience in her, and then find out that
you have got to criticize the husband
who is the president of the amalgama-
ted order of lady knockers.

Did you let your first baby put your
husband's complete outfit out of
joint that it has never got in again?
So many women never think of their
husbands as anything but their chil-
dren's father, a confidant mercifully
ordained by providence to supply the
wants of Johnnie and Tommy, and
Mary and Janey. He has no rights
where the youngsters are concerned,
and if he has to be soiled by the
indulgence then in everything their
greedy young hearts crave, well, it's a
pity, if it has to be done.

Are you a good housekeeper? No
matter whether you have every virtue
under the sun, but are a poor cook,
and keep a messy and tidy house,
you are a failure as a wife. It's just
as much a woman's business to be
thrifty and economical and spend her
husband's money wisely, as it is his
business to make the money.

What sort of a dinner do you sit
your husband down to at night? Did
it come out just bugs, or is it the
kind of a meal that a man thinks
cheerfully of all the way home? Do
you buy finery that you can't afford,
or do you keep within your income?
A man can't think many nice loving
thoughts of a wife when he realizes
that she has sold him into bondage to
milliners and dressmakers, and that
his whole work goes to their enrich-
ing.

Are you a good sport? Have you
got the courage to smile, and buck
your husband up when things go
wrong with him? Do you make him
feel that no matter what happens, he
has got one loyal friend who will fight
with him, back to back, to the bitter
end? Or are you one of the whiners
and complainers who are always fret-
ting because they can't have things
like Mrs. Astor's, and who take the
last bit of nerve out of a man by tell-
ing him they don't know why he can't
get along as well as some other man?

Do you show your husband any ap-
preciation? The average man doesn't
get a thing out of his daily toil except
his board and clothes. All the bal-
ance of it goes to support his family,
and if his wife takes his tremendous
sacrifice without one word of thanks,
he is bound to feel that he is the goat

that is offered up on the domestic
altar.

Do you ever tell your husband that
you realize all of this, and how won-
derful and sublime you think his con-
duct is, and that he's one of the un-
sung heroes of the world?

Finally, do you make your home a
place of cheerfulness, or quiet of peace
and rest, a place to which a tired man
may come to either to rest or strength
and courage for the next day's battle?
Or is it a place of nagging and fretting
and quarrels and discontent that ne-
cessarily returns to him could he help
himself? Do you think the kind of a
home you make is the realization
dream of the bachelor who married?

Just when he ceased her face assumed
an expression which told me vaguely
that the incident meant more to her
than I comprehended.

Tomorrow—Conventionalities.

NO RULES FOR SUCCESS.

I have followed any rules for suc-
cess, as they call them. All a girl
needs to get ahead, I think is ambition,
confidence in herself and a little boost
at the right time, especially confi-
dence. The reason why so many girls
with ability stay in the rut is because
they lack confidence more than any
other quality.

"I've only found one advantage in
being a woman. I can always get a
hearing. Not once that hearing is had
I am treated just the same as a man.

"The reason why women are almost ad-
vantaged is, I think, partly an in-
stinct of gallantry, and partly of a
natural curiosity. To offset this, however, there are
some disadvantages. One of them is
that men are not inclined to take what
a woman says as seriously as they

would the statements of a compeer. So
I have to be particularly careful to
get my facts right.

"I wish I could place on a bill-board
this statement. Men do not try to
keep women down in business. There's
not a bit of truth in that suggestion.
All the men I have been associated
with have been not only fair, but per-
haps a little more kind and helpful
than I had a just right to expect."

asked me to get at the eight and nine
cent store."

"Yes, you brought the molasses all
right," said the muskrat lady house-
keeper, "but look where you left your
umbrella! In the hall, on one of the
best rugs, and your umbrella is drip-
ping wet!"

"Oh, how sassafras of me!" cried
Uncle Wiggily. "I meant to put it in
the sink. And that reminds me, Nurse
Jane, we need an umbrella stand.
That's something like an earthen wa-
ter pipe stood up on one end, and you
stick umbrellas in it, with the han-
dles up, and all the water from the
umbrella runs down in the stand, and
you can empty it out later."

"Oh, yes, one of those would be
fine," said Nurse Jane.

"I'll get one right away!" exclaimed
Uncle Wiggily, with a jolly laugh, hur-
rying out after his umbrella, which
Nurse Jane had taken to the sink, to
let it drain around with the dish rag
if it wished.

"Oh, you're not going out again, in
all the rain, are you?" asked the mus-
krat lady.

"Why not?" inquired Mr. Longears.
"A rainy day is just the proper one
on which to buy an umbrella stand. I'll
be back in a little while."

With his umbrella held over his tall
silk hat to keep his pink, twinkling
nose as dry as possible, Uncle Wig-
gily hopped over the fields and
through the woods, splashing through
the mud puddles until he came to the
eleven and twelve cent store.

There he bought a nice umbrella
stand, with flowers painted on it, and
a sort of a tub in the bottom to catch
the water that would drip off the um-
brellas.

"Nurse Jane will like this," thought
Uncle Wiggily, as he tucked the um-
brella stand under his paw and started
back for his hollow stump bungalow.
The umbrella stand was rather large,
and it was hard for Uncle Wiggily to
carry it, but he managed to get it
home at last.

"Here you are, Nurse Jane," he
cried, as he went in the hall. "No
more water on your rug. See? I'll
put my umbrella in the stand." And
with that Uncle Wiggily did.

"You are very kind," said the mus-
krat lady.

She was just walking along the hall
to look at the new umbrella stand,
when, all of a sudden, in through the
door, which Uncle Wiggily had for-
gotten to close, came the bad old Skeez-
icks.

"Ah, ha!" sneered the bad Skee.
"You can't fool me this time, Uncle
Wiggily. I followed you right in, just
as I followed behind you all the way
from the fifteen and sixteen cent store,
where you bought the big flower pot."

ADVENTURES OF THE TWINS

BY OLIVE ROBERTS BARTON

COBBY COON IN LUCK.
Cobby Coon couldn't suddenly see
Scribble Scratch, the fairy school mas-
ter, asked the next question. It was
obligingly being the teacher's desk for
Scamper Squirrel's turn to answer, but
Scamper wasn't there.

"If you get out of a tree," said
Scribble Scratch, "now do you get
down?"

If Scamper had been there he'd
have answered promptly as he had
been told to do, "Off a goose!" But
not being there, the farman nodded
to Cobby to answer.

visitors think? And Noney had to turn
her back, she felt so sorry for Cobby,
and the Magical Maharoom (who was
teaching) being the teacher's desk for
Scamper Squirrel's turn to answer, but
Scamper wasn't there.

"If you get out of a tree," said
Scribble Scratch, "now do you get
down?"

If Scamper had been there he'd
have answered promptly as he had
been told to do, "Off a goose!" But
not being there, the farman nodded
to Cobby to answer.

visitors think? And Noney had to turn
her back, she felt so sorry for Cobby,
and the Magical Maharoom (who was
teaching) being the teacher's desk for
Scamper Squirrel's turn to answer, but
Scamper wasn't there.

"If you get out of a tree," said
Scribble Scratch, "now do you get
down?"

If Scamper had been there he'd
have answered promptly as he had
been told to do, "Off a goose!" But
not being there, the farman nodded
to Cobby to answer.

visitors think? And Noney had to turn
her back, she felt so sorry for Cobby,
and the Magical Maharoom (who was
teaching) being the teacher's desk for
Scamper Squirrel's turn to answer, but
Scamper wasn't there.

"If you get out of a tree," said
Scribble Scratch, "now do you get
down?"

If Scamper had been there he'd
have answered promptly as he had
been told to do, "Off a goose!" But
not being there, the farman nodded
to Cobby to answer.

visitors think? And Noney had to turn
her back, she felt so sorry for Cobby,
and the Magical Maharoom (who was
teaching) being the teacher's desk for
Scamper Squirrel's turn to answer, but
Scamper wasn't there.

"If you get out of a tree," said
Scribble Scratch, "now do you get
down?"

If Scamper had been there he'd
have answered promptly as he had
been told to do, "Off a goose!" But
not being there, the farman nodded
to Cobby to answer.

visitors think? And Noney had to turn
her back, she felt so sorry for Cobby,
and the Magical Maharoom (who was
teaching) being the teacher's desk for
Scamper Squirrel's turn to answer, but
Scamper wasn't there.

"If you get out of a tree," said
Scribble Scratch, "now do you get
down?"

If Scamper had been there he'd
have answered promptly as he had
been told to do, "Off a goose!" But
not being there, the farman nodded
to Cobby to answer.

visitors think? And Noney had to turn
her back, she felt so sorry for Cobby,
and the Magical Maharoom (who was
teaching) being the teacher's desk for
Scamper Squirrel's turn to answer, but
Scamper wasn't there.

HEALTH

BY UNCLE SAM, M. D.
Health Questions Will Be An-
swered if Sent to Information
Bureau, U. S. Public Health Ser-
vice, Washington, D. C.

TREATMENT OF CHLOROSIS.
Please let me know something
about the disease, chlorosis, and best
treatment for same. I have a lady
friend suffering from it; has had it
several years. Doctor told her there
was her trouble, but she does not seem
to get results from medicine. She is
27 years of age.

In the treatment of chlorosis is
often used, as well as other drugs is
often used with benefit, the medicines
are usually required to be supple-
mented by careful attention to the
bowels. In fact, I believe it was Osler
who said that if he were restricted
to one remedy in the treatment of
chlorosis, he would choose a cathar-
tic. This, of course, does not mean
that Osler did not believe in other
drugs as also being of service in the
treatment of chlorosis, but indicates
how strongly he felt on the need of
proper elimination.

In the case of your friend, it is sug-
gested that she discuss the matter
frankly with a physician, and, if
necessary, have him refer her to some
specialist for further examination and
aid.

ULCERS OF THE LOWER BOWEL.
Q. Will you please tell me if ulcers
of the lower bowel can be cured with-
out an operation?
A. Replying to your inquiry, you
are advised that everything will de-
pend upon the nature of the ulcers of
the lower bowel. Some ulcers heal
spontaneously, provided the patient is
placed under proper conditions. Some
ulcers demand surgical operation, and
some are not amenable to either medi-
cal or surgical treatment. A person
suffering from ulcers of the lower
bowel should be under the care of a
good physician.

EPIDEMIC OF DOG
STEALING IN BERLIN.
BERLIN.—An epidemic of dog steal-
ing has been ended by the police.
Hans Peters, arrested on the charge,
confessed he stole dogs at the rate of
thirty a day and sold them to butch-
ers.

UNCLE WIGGILY AND THE UM-
BRELLA STAND.
(By Howard R. Garis.)
"Dear me, Uncle Wiggily! Look
what you've done!" exclaimed Nurse
Jane Fuzzy Wuzzy one day, when the
rabbit gentleman came hurrying into

the hollow stump bungalow from
the rain which was pouring outside.

"What have I done, Nurse Jane?"
asked Wiggily, wiping some drops of
water off his pink, twinkling nose
with his tall, silk hat. "I didn't for-
get to bring the jar of molasses you

asked me to get at the eight and nine
cent store."

"Yes, you brought the molasses all
right," said the muskrat lady house-
keeper, "but look where you left your
umbrella! In the hall, on one of the
best rugs, and your umbrella is drip-
ping wet!"

"Oh, how sassafras of me!" cried
Uncle Wiggily. "I meant to put it in
the sink. And that reminds me, Nurse
Jane, we need an umbrella stand.
That's something like an earthen wa-
ter pipe stood up on one end, and you
stick umbrellas in it, with the han-
dles up, and all the water from the
umbrella runs down in the stand, and
you can empty it out later."

"Oh, yes, one of those would be
fine," said Nurse Jane.

"I'll get one right away!" exclaimed
Uncle Wiggily, with a jolly laugh, hur-
rying out after his umbrella, which
Nurse Jane had taken to the sink, to
let it drain around with the dish rag
if it wished.

BEDTIME STORIES

BY HOWARD R. GARIS

UNCLE WIGGILY AND THE UM-
BRELLA STAND.
(By Howard R. Garis.)
"Dear me, Uncle Wiggily! Look
what you've done!" exclaimed Nurse
Jane Fuzzy Wuzzy one day, when the
rabbit gentleman came hurrying into

the hollow stump bungalow from
the rain which was pouring outside.

"What have I done, Nurse Jane?"
asked Wiggily, wiping some drops of
water off his pink, twinkling nose
with his tall, silk hat. "I didn't for-
get to bring the jar of molasses you

asked me to get at the eight and nine
cent store."

"Yes, you brought the molasses all
right," said the muskrat lady house-
keeper, "but look where you left your
umbrella! In the hall, on one of the
best rugs, and your umbrella is drip-
ping wet!"

"Oh, how sassafras of me!" cried
Uncle Wiggily. "I meant to put it in
the sink. And that reminds me, Nurse
Jane, we need an umbrella stand.
That's something like an earthen wa-
ter pipe stood up on one end, and you
stick umbrellas in it, with the han-
dles up, and all the water from the
umbrella runs down in the stand, and
you can empty it out later."

"Oh, yes, one of those would be
fine," said Nurse Jane.

"I'll get one right away!" exclaimed
Uncle Wiggily, with a jolly laugh, hur-
rying out after his umbrella, which
Nurse Jane had taken to the sink, to
let it drain around with the dish rag
if it wished.

HICKORY
WAIST AND GARTERS
FOR GIRLS AND BOYS
TAILORED TO EXCEL

Hickory Waists, like Hickory Garters for girls and boys,
are tailored to excel. They must give your children
the utmost service and comfort—and they must prove
the most economical for you to buy—that's our ideal!

The body of the Hickory Waist is made of fine mer-
cerized sateen—wears well and washes wonderfully.
The sensible front breast strap holds the waist comfort-
ably and securely. All sizes 2 to 14—and each fits
perfectly. All buttons are genuine unbreakable bone
and the pin tube attachment prevents the garter pin
from bending or breaking.



You'll find them in the notions, boys' and infants' departments

A. STEIN & COMPANY
MAKERS OF
PARIS GARTERS
for men
CHICAGO NEW YORK

Sister Mary's Kitchen

Copyright, 1920, N. E. A.
When making a bed, tuck the bot-
tom sheet under at least a foot at the
top of the bed.

The sheet will keep much smoother
with a deep turning under at the top
than at the foot.

More weight comes at the head of
the bed and more strain is brought to
bear on the smoothness of the bed-
ding.

The covers take care of the foot of
the bed and help to keep the uncer-
tainly smooth.

Menu for Tomorrow.
Breakfast—Broiled bacon, corn
cake, apple sauce, coffee.
Luncheon—Cream of corn soup,
toasted crackers, sweet potato pie, tea.
Dinner—Tomato bouillabaisse, filet of
sole, saratoga potatoes, succotash, cu-
cumber salad, sliced peaches, fudge
cake, coffee.

My Own Recipes.
When broiling bacon, if you don't
want to grease the entire broiler, put
a pie pan under the slices of bacon.
The fat drips from the meat into the
pie pan. To put the bacon in the pie

pan is practically the same as frying
it.

CORN CAKE.
2 cups corn meal.
1 1/2 cups hot water.
1 tablespoon butter.
1 teaspoon salt.
2 eggs.

SWEET POTATO PIE.
2 cups grated cooked sweet po-
tatoes.
1 tablespoon butter.
1-3 cup sugar.

1 egg.
1 1/2 cups milk.
1 teaspoon cinnamon.
1/2 teaspoon ginger.
1/2 teaspoon salt.

Line a pie pan with pie crust. Cook
potatoes and when cold grate them.
Beat eggs, butter and sugar till very
light. Add milk, seasoning and pota-
toes. Pour into crust and bake in a
rather slow oven until the custard is
firm to the touch.

Anyway, the woman officeseeker
won't have to set up the drinks.

some molasses had spilled from the
jug, and the Skee stepped in this
molasses and he slipped and went
down the steps bumpy-bump.

"Oh, this is no place for me!" cried
the Skee. "There is something wrong
here. I guess Uncle Wiggily has gone
far away with his house!" Then the
Skee ran to his den and Nurse Jane
was wondering where Uncle Wiggily
was when, all of a sudden, the bunny
rabbit rose up from down inside the
umbrella stand!

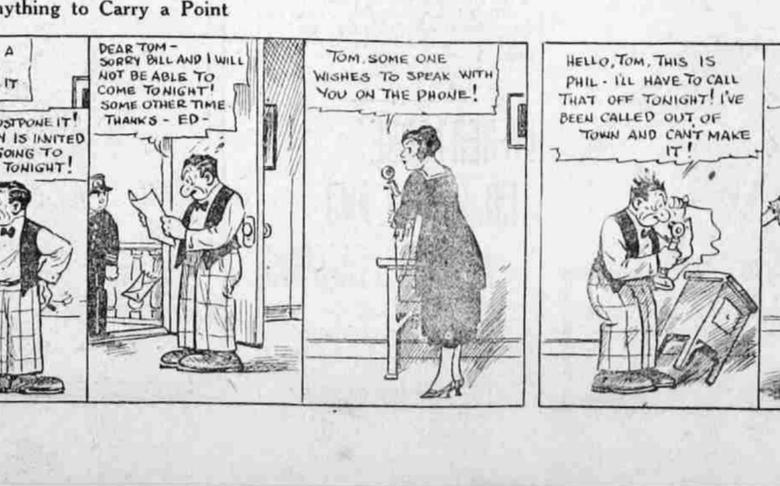
"Ha! Ha!" laughed the bunny. "I
was hiding there all the while the
Skee was looking for me! He didn't
see me get in with the umbrella! Ha!
Ha! Ho! Ho!"

Then Nurse Jane laughed 'oo, and
she said it was wonderful to have an
umbrella stand in the bungalow to fool
Skeez with. And if the cloud doesn't
sprinkle a lot of rain on the rubber
plant, and get the gold fish all wet,
"I'll tell you next about Uncle Wiggily
and the mullen stalks."

GIVES FREE ADVICE
TO COLD SUFFERERS
(By International News Service)
Boston.—To those thousands of Mas-
sachusetts men, women and children
who are suffering from "this preva-
lence of colds," Dr. Lyman A. Jones,
of the state department of health, gave
this advice:

"Colds are highly communicable.
Isolate yourself. Take a day or two
off. Rest up. Resort to any of the
old-fashioned treatments." While the
health department is concerned pri-
marily in contagious and infectious
diseases, Dr. Jones said that, as a
preventing physician, there has come
to his attention "the existence of a
great prevalence of colds." And he
gave gratis the above advice.

BOY IS DROWNED IN WINE.
PARIS.—Juanita Fernandez, 14, fell
into a wine vat in the Algeria district,
according to word received here and
overpowered by the fumes, sank be-
neath the wine and was drowned.



NO, YOU'RE NOT GOING TO HAVE A
POKER PARTY IN THIS HOUSE
TONIGHT! YOU CAN POSTPONE IT
UNTIL NEXT WEEK!

DEAR TOM—
SORRY BILL AND I WILL
NOT BE ABLE TO
COME TONIGHT!
SOME OTHER TIME
THANKS—ED

ARE YOU A GOOD SPORT? Have you
got the courage to smile, and buck
your husband up when things go
wrong with him? Do you make him
feel that no matter what happens, he
has got one loyal friend who will fight
with him, back to back, to the bitter
end? Or are you one of the whiners
and complainers who are always fret-
ting because they can't have things
like Mrs. Astor's, and who take the
last bit of nerve out of a man by tell-
ing him they don't know why he can't
get along as well as some other man?

HELLO, TOM, THIS IS
PHIL. I'LL HAVE TO CALL
THAT OFF TONIGHT! I'VE
BEEN CALLED OUT OF
TOWN AND CAN'T MAKE
IT!

MR. BROWN'S LITTLE BOY
JUST CAME TO THE DOOR
AND SAID HIS MOTHER WAS
SICK AND THAT
HIS FATHER WOULD
NOT BE OVER
TONIGHT!

SOLITAIRE

BY ALLMAN