

Star Seattle Story Book

By Mabel Cleland

Page 107
A FUNNY STORY

When the story of Wallulah was finished, Peggy was almost in tears, and even David was solemn.

"I'll tell you what we will do," grandmother promised. "After dinner I will tell you a regular Seattle story, not a two or three hundred years ago one, but one I can remember."

So when they were out on the porch and mother and daddy were settled down, the kiddies drew grandmother to one side into the swing and said, "Now, What do you remember?"

"What do I remember? My thinker is pretty rusty, and it doesn't seem to go back to my little-girl days tonight, but I'll tell you about one day when I was just grown and we were going to an Aid society meeting."

"You remember about that one street car line?"

"Well, this meeting was going to be a way out of town at the end of this line, on Lake Union."

"We were taking a picnic lunch and everybody had a basket or a parcel or something to carry, because it was going to be a picnic sort of meeting and we were in a gay good humor."

"The car was boarded at Madison and First was the one driven by old George, the negro, and you remember how we didn't have any electricity then, but depended on horses to pull the cars?"

"Well, this car didn't even have horses, but a big old balky mule!"

"They say that nobody can handle a mule as well as a darky, but for some reason or other the mule and the negro didn't understand each other that day."

"We joggled along laughing and talking for several blocks, and then the car stopped."

"That didn't surprise us, however, because George often left the passengers sitting in the car while he ran into a store on a little errand, or while he talked to some friend on the street."

"We talked on and joked for quite awhile before there was a silence. Then we heard the driver's voice:

"Git on dar, you good-for-nothing mule, you. Think these ladies has got all day to set while you stand in your tracks ruminatin'!"

"But the mule planted his feet solidly and moved not an inch."

"Git up, I say," George's voice sounded as if his patience was nearly gone. "What the city hire you for? You lazy beast!"

"But the mule didn't budge. He only lifted one ear and looked back at George, as much as to say, 'You needn't pull on my bits or slap me with the lines. I've balked.'"

"Presently the negro put his black face in at the door."

"I'm afraid you ladies got to have to give up, 'cause the mule's here just now." Which was perfectly true, as William, of course, had no husband at all! It was the only thing he knew to say, being as Mrs. Woodpecker had taken all the rent money with her when she went out. He hadn't a penny!

I don't know what Tingaling was going to say then, but he was about ready to tell William it was all a joke they had been playing on him after all, and that he would explain everything to Mrs. Woodpecker when she returned, so she wouldn't be cross any longer, when crack! crack! crack! went something that sounded like tiny pistol shots. Everybody jumped.

DOINGS OF THE DUFFS

Tom Gets a Double Order.

By ALLMAN



WEDLOCKED

Annie Gets One Over on Peter.

By LEO



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS

They Aren't So Bad at a Jitney Apiece!

By BLOSSER



YESTERDAY AND TODAY

By K. C. CASEY



OTTO AUTO

Jasper Caught Clem Napping Off First.

By AHERN



ADVENTURES OF THE TWINS

By Olive Roberts Barton

MR. WOODPECKER IN TROUBLE



"We're after the rent, Mrs. Woodpecker," explained the landlord, pretending not to know that it was William who was sitting on the eggs.

William Woodpecker looked as sheepish as Mary's lamb, when his wife took all his money away from him and flew off, making him keep the eggs warm until she returned.

But he just had to do as he was bid, for knowing what a temper Mrs. Woodpecker had, he thought it better to humor her and let her have her own way. Besides, it would never do to let the eggs get chilly, he knew, for the lives of their children (to-be) depended on it.

So there he sat thinking things over, and what a pickle he'd be in if Mrs. Woodpecker spent all his money, when suddenly there was a rat-a-tat-tat on the front door.

"Come in," he called, for, of course, he couldn't get off the eggs. Mr. Tingaling, the fairy landlord, and Nick and Nancy, the twins, and the Magical Mushroom came in at once.

"We're after the rent, Mrs. Woodpecker," explained the landlord, winking at the others and pretending not to know that it was William who was sitting on the eggs.

William blushed to the roots of his feathers. "I'm sorry, sir," he stammered, "but my husband isn't here just now." Which was perfectly true, as William, of course, had no husband at all! It was the only thing he knew to say, being as Mrs. Woodpecker had taken all the rent money with her when she went out. He hadn't a penny!

I don't know what Tingaling was going to say then, but he was about ready to tell William it was all a joke they had been playing on him after all, and that he would explain everything to Mrs. Woodpecker when she returned, so she wouldn't be cross any longer, when crack! crack! crack! went something that sounded like tiny pistol shots. Everybody jumped.

Morning Nausea

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"I was just wishing that I could fly like Flitter the Bat."

—just wishing a foolish wish, that's all.

"You're foolish most of the time, aren't you, Peter?" asked Jimmy Skunk.

Peter Rabbit made a face at Jimmy Skunk, a good-natured face, you understand. "Anyway, I don't spend half my time wishing I could find

some bottles and bothering every one I meet by asking them if they've seen any," replied Peter.

It was Jimmy Skunk's turn to look at the others. Then he slapped Peter Rabbit on the back.

"Tell us, Peter, what that foolish wish is," he cried.

Peter Rabbit smiled. "It's too foolish to tell," said Peter.

"Come on! Out with it!" shouted Johnny Chuck.

"Well, if you must know, I'll tell you," replied Peter Rabbit. "I was wishing that I could fly like Flitter the Bat."

Everybody began to laugh as they tried to picture to themselves how Peter Rabbit, with his long ears and long legs, would look flying, and Peter laughed, too.

Now, Reddy Fox, who is very, very sly, as you all know, had been watching Peter Rabbit all this time and gradually creeping nearer and nearer. "Peter will never suspect danger here," thought Reddy Fox, and crept a few steps nearer. While every one was laughing at Peter Rabbit's foolish wish, Reddy Fox crept up behind a bunch of tall meadow grass, just behind Peter Rabbit. Reddy began to lick his lips, for at last he had Peter Rabbit within reach. Just as Reddy prepared to spring, something black passed over his head and close to Peter Rabbit,

A funny, squeaking little voice cried in Peter's ear, "Jump, Peter Rabbit! Jump!"

Peter jumped. He didn't wait to ask why. He did what he was told and kept the body strong and healthy. To make up for this deficiency I usually prescribe organic iron like Nuxated Iron which by enriching the blood and creating thousands of new red blood cells helps renew the wasted tissues and build strength and energy to withstand the ravages of time. I know of no more simple means by which a person can find out if his blood needs iron than by making the following test: See how long you can work or how far you can walk without becoming tired. Next take two five-grain tablets of Nuxated Iron three times per day after meals for two weeks. Then test your strength and see how much you have gained. Nuxated Iron will increase the strength, power and endurance of delicate, nervous run-down people in two weeks' time in many instances. You can procure Nuxated Iron from your druggist on an absolute guarantee of satisfaction or your money will be refunded.

Middle Age at 35 or 60?

Physician Explains Why Lack Of Iron In The Blood Saps The Strength and Vitality and Often Makes Men and Women Look and Feel Old Before Their Time.

By Dr. Ferdinand King, New York Physician and Medical Author

NUXATED IRON

For Health Strength and Energy

Then Reddy Fox started after Peter Rabbit, but somehow every one seemed to get in his way. He bumped into Hobby Coon. He had to jump over Jimmy Skunk. He was tripped up by Digger the Badger. Meanwhile, Peter Rabbit had safely reached the Dear Old Brier Patch. Who had told Peter to jump? Why, Flitter the Bat, of course.

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