MAGAZINE FEATURES
CHILDREN'S STORY

DAILY MAGAZINE PAGE

DAILY COMICS
HOME PROBLEMS

Amusement Lone Cure For Milady's Ennui

BY DOROTHY DIX,
The World's Highest Paid Woman Writer.

Any doctor will tell you that one of the strangest peculiarities of human nature is that he can never induce his patients to try a common sense remedy for the ills that afflict them.

People will take nauseous drugs without even making a face at them. They will undergo dangerous and expensive operations. They will leave their comfortable homes, and their families, and go off to stay in hotels and miserable boarding houses among strangers in distant places, but when a physician tries to get them to live on plain and simple foods, and take plenty of exercise, and stay out in the open air, they simply refuse to follow the prescription. Yet ninety times out of a hundred the common-sense remedy would work a more effectual cure than the drugs or the operations, or the sanitarium.

This contempt for the common-sense cure is peculiarly characteristic of women, who have a constitutional dislike to ever looking a fact in the face, and finding a practical remedy for anything that is wrong with them, bodily or spiritually. They revel in mystery, and require to be relieved of their troubles by some strange and occult means, or to pass through some danger about which they can throw a veil of romance.

Hence the difficulty of ever helping a woman, because there is nothing mysterious the matter with most women's lives that requires a miracle worker to heal it. They have just little commonplace problems that need little homemade remedies that you simply can't force down the ladies' throats.

Take some of the complaints from which women eternally suffer, and about which they put up a never-ceasing moan.

There is the woman who has worn herself to skin and bones over her housework. She is haggard and thin, and nervous, and she tells you in one breath that her work is killing her, and in the next breath of the elaborate dishes she cooks, and how her house is run on a schedule that never varies, and that she serves every meal as elaborately as if she kept a retinue of servants instead of being her own maid of all work.

And there are the clubwomen who are nervous wrecks, hysterical and emotional, with razor-edged tempers and sharp tongues, who live with their hats on and rush madly from club meeting to club meeting and committee room to committee room, until they pull up in a padded cell or coffin.

The remedy for these women's ill health and nerves is simply to slow down to second speed. But they won't do it. There's no use telling the overwrought housekeeper to cut out the frills and get down to the simple life. She would rather die than omit one doily or fail to sweep, and bake, and scrub on their appointed days. Nor is there any use in reminding the club woman that charity begins at home and that it takes in oneself, and that the one person on earth whose ways and habits need the most reforming are her own.

There's the young woman who is eaten up with envy of the things that other people have. She sits with folded hands and lets herself get bitter and morbid dwelling upon what a cruel blow fate dealt her, when she was not born with enough money to get her the pretty clothes that rich girls have.

The remedy for her trouble is as plain as the nose on her face. All that she has to do is to go to work and put in as much concentrated energy and thought in making money as she has in wishing for it to come to her on wings. Poverty is the most easily cured disease in the world, and the one for which there is the most unfailing specific. It is work. But far too many women would rather be sick with yearning for luxuries than to take the remedy that cures it.

Sometimes a woman wakes up in the morning with the blues, and gets out of bed on the wrong foot. For no reason at all she starts a quarrel with her husband at breakfast, and spanks the baby, and shakes the children, and makes things generally unpleasant for everybody in the household.

Generally she is in for a two or three-days' orgy of melancholy, yet there is a perfectly reliable remedy for it that would relieve her in a couple of hours. All she needs to do is to put on her hat, and go out and do something that amuses her, and that will give her spirits a jolt back to normal. Sometimes buying a pretty hat, or going to the matinee, or just to a restaurant and having luncheon will do it. But she scorns the plain common-sense remedy and goes on being morbid, and wretched, and making everybody else so.

Every now and then a woman gets to the place where she loathes the domestic life, and considers matrimony a failure, and wonders what made her pick out the miserable specimen of humanity she did for a husband, and when even her children figure in her thoughts as tiresome brats instead of blessed angels, and she dallies with the thought of becoming a home deserter, or a suicide.

The remedy for this is a little trip somewhere. Family life has gotten on her nerves and all she needs is a change. Three days' absence would turn her home into a palace, her husband into a romantic hero, her children into cherubims, and hang the sun in her sky once more. But has she sense enough to buy a railroad ticket as a sure cure? Never! She stays at home and grouches and grumbles and complains and takes out her own misery in making her family more miserable still.

The queer part of it all is that women are perfectly aware that these common-sense remedies would cure them, but they won't take them. The only thing they will swallow whole is some remedy that is expensive, or weird and mysterious.

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For the Table

Peanut Bread—Two cups of flour, one cup of peanut butter, one cup of milk, one-half cup of sugar, one teaspoon of salt, three teaspoons of baking powder, one egg.

Sift the dry ingredients together. Dissolve the peanut butter in the milk, slowly and add the well beaten egg. Add to the dry ingredients and mix well. Place in a greased bread pan and set in a warm place for twenty minutes to rise. Then bake for forty minutes in a slow oven.

Nut Bread With Yeast—Three cups of flour, one cup of chopped walnuts, one cup of rolled oats, one cup of milk, one-half cup of sugar, one teaspoon of salt, five teaspoons of baking powder, one egg.

Sift dry ingredients together. Add the milk, well beaten egg and the nut meats. Place in a greased pan and set aside in a warm place for one hour to rise. Bake in a moderate oven for 45 minutes.

Nut Drop Cakes—Two and one-half half cups of flour, two-thirds cup of chopped walnut meats, two-thirds cup of raisins, one cup of sugar, two cups of sour milk, one-quarter cup of molasses, one teaspoon of salt, one teaspoon of cloves, one teaspoon of soda, one teaspoon of cinnamon.

Sift dry ingredients together, add milk, butter and molasses, nuts and raisins. Drop on a greased pan by spoonfuls and bake in a moderate oven.

Olympus Pudding—Make cornstarch blanc mange; separate into four parts, placing white on bottom of mold; stir into second part on top of white; color and flavor third part with fruit, using diced pineapple, and lastly pour fourth over after adding yolk of egg.

When cold cut into slices and serve with whipped cream and walnuts chopped fine.

Molded Apples—Six tart apples, one-half cup water, two teaspoons gelatine, two cups sugar, juice of one lemon, two cups boiling water.

Soak the gelatine in cold water for five minutes. Make a syrup of the sugar and boiling water. Pare and core the apples and cook in the syrup, turn them often

Fashion's Forecast
By Annabel Worthington.

A popular model with the young girl attending high school or college is No. 9582 in a dark colored linen or galatea. A box-plait is laid in at each side of the front and back before the skirt is joined to the deep yoke.

The misses' or small woman's dress No. 9582 is cut in sizes 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 4¾ yards 36-inch material. Price 12 cents.

Limited space prevents showing all the styles here. We will send you our 32-page fashion magazine, containing all the good, new styles, hints on dressmaking, etc., for 5c, or 3c, if ordered with a pattern.

Our fashions and patterns are furnished by the leading fashion artists of New York city. Send orders for patterns to Fashion Department, The News Scimitar, 22 East Eighteenth street, New York city.

What's In a Name?

BY MILDRED MARSHALL

PATRICIA.

It can truthfully be stated, without fear of punning, that Patricia is a patrician name. It signifies "noble" and comes from the Latin pater (father), which was the source of "patria," the fatherland.

The patricii was the privileged class of old Rome since its members were descended from the original 20 fathers, or young Roman-British Calpurnius, who was stolen by Irish pirates in his youth and when ransomed returned as an apostle to the land of his captors, bringing the name of Patrick, which is so popular and so revered in Ireland, in memory of the patron saint.

Patricia is a Scottish invention, according to etymologists. The name made its appearance there as the feminine of the masculine Patie, which was the Scotch for Patrick. Though Patricia spread to England and won great popularity there, and later found vogue in Ireland, no attempt has ever been made to change its form of spelling.

Patty, which is often thought to be the diminutive of Patricia, has no relation whatever to the noble name. It is the diminutive of Mary, in its rightful sense, and means "becoming bitter."

The ruby is Patricia's talismanic stone. It is the gem of kings and promises for its patrician daughter courage, a dauntless ambition, success and bodily health. Wednesday is Patricia's lucky day, and 7 her lucky number.

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Note to readers: Is there a fact concerning your name in which you are interested? Do you know its history; its meaning; its derivation and significance? Do you know your lucky day and your lucky jewel? If not, Mildred Marshall will tell you.

Send self-addressed and stamped envelope with your queries, to Mildred Marshall, The News Scimitar.

Household Hints

Homemade Soap—Lye, one pound can; grease (strained), five and one-half pounds; household ammonia, one-half cup; borax, one-half pound box.

Dissolve lye in three pints of cold water in large stone jar. Stir into this the melted grease. When cool add ammonia and borax, stirring with a stick constantly.

When mixed, pour into pasteboard boxes lined with oiled paper. Cut into bars to suit. Improves with age.

Easy Maple Custard—Two eggs, two cupfuls of milk, one-half cupful of maple sugar.

Beat the eggs well, add the milk and maple sugar. Pour into buttered custard cups and bake in a slow oven until firm.

DISCOVERIES.

If last year's black straw hats are given a coat of black enamel, they will have the gloss that the present day fashion demands. Old black ribbons may also be treated in the same way. One coat applied with a flat brush gives it the appearance of the shiny ribbons so much used. Two coats give a patent leather effect.

The can of enamel should be put in a warm place for two or three hours before using, but must be kept away from an open blaze. Black bone buttons may be given a satin finish in the same manner.

To remove paint from windows and mirrors, use a safety razor blade. Paint and varnish can be cut off windows in a minute and without leaving a scratch.

UNCLE WIGGILY BEDTIME STORY

UNCLE WIGGILY AND JIMMIE'S JUMBLES.

(Copyright, 1920, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

BY HOWARD R. GARIS.

"Jimmie! Oh, Jimmie!" called Mrs. Wibblewobble, the duck lady, to her little boy as he was hurrying on to school one day.

"Yes, mother, what is it?" he asked, turning around.

"On your way home stop at the baker's and bring some cakes for Uncle Wiggily's supper," said Mrs. Wibblewobble.

"All right, I will," promised Jimmie, and then he ran on to have a game of marbles with Jackie and Peetie Bow Wow, the puppy dog boys, before the Lady Mouse teacher should ring the bell to call them in to the hollow stump school.

"I hope Jimmie doesn't forget the cakes," said Mrs. Wibblewobble as she and Nurse Jane began to do the dusting and sweeping.

"Well, if he does forget I'll remind him of them," said Uncle Wiggily, who was twinkling his tail, silk nose, and getting ready to go out and loog for an adventure. "I'll be passing the hollow stump school about the time the animal boys and girls will be coming out," said the rabbit gentleman, "and I'll speak to Jimmie about bringing the cakes."

"That will be very kind of you," spoke Mrs. Wibblewobble, and then she and Nurse Jane went on with the housework, while Uncle Wiggily hopped over the fields and through the woods, looking for an adventure.

But adventures seemed to be scarce that day, or at least the bunny rabbit gentleman did not find any, and, after a while, Mr. Longears found himself near the bake shop.

"It is nearly time for school to be out," thought the rabbit gentleman. "I'll just step in here and ask if Jimmie got the cakes his mother told him to buy. If he has forgotten them I'll bring them."

"Oh, yes, Jimmie, the duck, was here a little while ago," said the baker cat when Uncle Wiggily asked her about it. "He got out of school early, because he was a good boy, I guess, and he took his bag of jumbles and hurried out."

"Oh, jumbles, eh? Is that what he bought?" asked the rabbit gentleman.

"Jimmie likes jumbles," spoke the baker cat. "They are all sorts of little cakes mixed up together—jumbles are, you know."

"Yes," said Uncle Wiggily; "I know."

So, feeling glad that the duck boy had not forgotten what his mother told him, Uncle Wiggily hopped out of the baker shop and started back toward the Wibblewobble house. On the way he met Sammie Littletail, the rabbit boy.

"Did you see Jimmie and his jumbles?" asked Uncle Wiggily.

"Yes," answered Sammie; "he's down the path playing marbles with Jackie and Peetie Bow Wow. Oh, Uncle Wiggily," went on Sammie, "are you ever coming to live with us again?"

"Maybe, some day," answered the bunny gentleman. "Just now I am visiting Lulu, Alice and Jimmie Wibblewobble. And I must hurry along after Jimmie to see that he does not forget and leave the bag of jumbles somewhere on the road."

Bidding Sammie good-by, Uncle Wiggily hopped on, and pretty soon he came to a place where, as he could see, Jimmie had been playing marbles with the two puppy dog boys.

And there, surely enough, lying on the ground, was a bag.

"Well, I do declare!" exclaimed Uncle Wiggily. "Jimmie has gone and forgotten his jumbles after all! He was so busy playing marbles that he hurried off and forgot the cakes. It's a good thing I came after him. I'll slip them in the kitchen and he'll probably remember them just before supper and be anxious."

So Uncle Wiggily picked up the bag he found on the ground, near where the animal boys had been playing marbles a short time before.

"I hope Jimmie's jumbles are nice and fresh," thought the rabbit gentleman as he heard something rattling and clinking inside the bag. "Some of them sound rather hard, but perhaps it is because of the chocolate and sugar frosting on them."

So carrying the bag he had found, Uncle Wiggily hopped on through the woods, thinking how nice the jumbles would taste for supper. Then, all of a sudden, the queer old Crozokus jumped out from behind a next year's Christmas tree.

"Stop! I have you now! What have you there?" asked the Crozokus, as he grabbed Uncle Wiggily by the ears. "I have you!"

"Yes, I see you have," sadly said the bunny gentleman. "But what are you going to do with me?"

"First, tell me what you have in the bag," snapped the Crozokus.

"Jimmie's jumbles," answered Mr. Longears. "He bought them at the bakery and forgot them."

"Jimmie's jumbles, eh?" spoke the Crozokus, musing like and reflective. "Well, I'll tell you what I am going to do. First, I am going to eat Jimmie's jumbles, and then I am going to have some of your souse. Now for the jumbles."

Most impolitely he grabbed the bag away from Uncle Wiggily, and, without stopping to open it, the bad chap took a large and untidy bite from the outside. But, no sooner had he taken a chew than he cried:

"Oh, wow! Oh, trolley cars! Oh, jitney balloons!"

"Why, what's the matter?" asked Uncle Wiggily, as the Crozokus dropped the bag and started to run.

"Matter? Matter?" howled the Crozokus. "Matter enough, I should say! You call those Jimmie's jumbles? Just look at them!"

Then, as the Crozokus ran away, Uncle Wiggily opened the bitten and torn bag, and what do you think he saw? Why, Jimmie's marbles, of course.

The duck boy had picked up the bag of jumbles he had laid on the ground and flopped home with them, leaving some hard marbles behind, in another bag. And it was these Uncle Wiggily picked up, and it was marbles the Crozokus bit on. And it served him right, I'll say.

So everything came out all right, and Jimmie's jumbles were very good for supper, and the duck boy was glad the bunny brought home all the marbles the Crozokus did not chew. And if the bottle of mucilage doesn't try to crawl up the piano stool to get a free merry-go-round ride, I'll tell you next about Uncle Wiggily and Lulu's lollypops.

SHE FOUND OUT.

Pangs of jealousy were in Miss Coldfoot's heart when she heard that her late admirer had been accepted by Miss Lovebird, and when she happened to run across her in the bargain rush she could not resist giving her a thrust.

"I hear you've accepted Jack," she gushed. "I suppose he never told you he once proposed to me?"

"No," answered Jack's fiancee. "He once told me that there was a lot of things in his life he was ashamed of, but I didn't ask him what they were."

Mrs. Solomon Says:

BY HELEN ROWLAND.

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My daughter, a woman without tact is as a street car with a flat wheel—a constant jar upon the nerves. But a man with tact is as a pearl in the oyster, or a proposal of marriage at 20—a rare and refreshing surprise.

For, in his wooing, what man considereth the time, the place, the psychological moment—or anything save his own mood?

Go to! As thrilling as an income tax report, as exhilarating as near-champagne is a man that talketh golf in the moonlight, "shop" in the conservatory, and sentiment before luncheon.

And he that kisseth a damsel at the first opportunity is as one that applaudeth in the middle of the sonata. He breaketh the charm.

As a telephone that ringeth when thou art in the bath tub, as an ice bill in January, as a tea gown at a funeral, so is a man that seeketh to dry thy tears with pleasant platitudes and "Oh, cheer up," and endeavoreth to dispel thy sorrow with a "funny story."

But he that holdeth thy hand and avoweth that thou art "the most abused little woman in the world" is an anodyne to the soul.

As a taxicab window that will not shut in a rainstorm, as a fat man on the aisle seat, as a pin in the back of the collar, so is a man that hearkeneth half-heartedly when thou speakest, and hasteneth to spring his own joke.

But he that hangeth upon thy words and applaudeth thy bon-mots is as firelight upon a diamond; he causeth thee to scintillate.

As a footstool in a dark passage, as a doorbell that awakeneth thee in the middle of the night, as a telegram at dawn, so is a man that calleth without warning, and he that "droppeth in" before luncheon is as welcome as a thunderstorm at a garden party.

As a homely face under blonde hair, as an unbecoming spring hat, or an unflattering face veil, so is a handsome man without sentiment. There is no real cause for his existence.

But a homely man without a sense of humor is the last straw.

As a tack in the heel of a dancing slipper, as a scientific lecture on a hot night, as a fog at a picnic, as salt in the coffee, so is a man that seeketh to "improve" thee, and "remodel" thee.

But a lover that adoreth thee blindly, as a Californian adoreth the California weather, is sweeter than music on the water.

Yea, verily, better far the devotion of a Cyclops that admireth thee with one eye, than the criticism of an "uplifter," who seeth thy defects with both eyes.

Go to, go to, my daughter! A discreet woman is subtile in all her ways. But what man knoweth when to be tender, and when to be stern; when to be sympathetic and when to be jealous; when to jest, when to sigh, when to bully, when to beg—and when to kiss a woman?

For, alas! they are all as motorcars, which balk upon a car track, run at top speed down hill, and skid upon a precipice.

"Perversity" is their middle name—and there is no subtility in them.

Selah!

AW, HAROLD!

"Mamma, I lost my gum," cried little Harold.

"Hush, darling," she cut him off, then smiled apologetically at her guests.

"Mamma, I lost—" this time the mother, smiling vacantly over her portion of the chop suey lunch, effectively stopped Haroid with a sharp pinch on his leg under the table.

When the guests had all gone Harold pouted the explanation:

"All I wanted to tell you, mamma, was that I lost my gum in your chop suey, but you wouldn't let me finish."

Teachers Believe Dignity Offended

BY MRS. ELIZABETH THOMPSON.

Dear Mrs. Thompson—We are two young school teachers in a nearby town, who like to have a good time. We have been going with an older man here just for the good time we can have with him, for neither one of us is in love with him.

One night while at the picture show with him, we got to laughing and talking and the next night the management put on the screen a slide saying: "All noisy people will be introduced from the stage." Everyone thinks it meant us and we feel our dignity has been offended. What shall we do?
MARIE AND JANIE.

I'm sure that young ladies who have enough dignity to teach school have enough to conduct themselves properly in a public place. So I should judge that if you behaved so improperly at the theater as to cause the management to take such a decided course, it was through the influence of your company; the man you speak of. Tell him of the embarrassment you felt over the affair, of the position you must sustain in the life of the town and inform him that if you both so far forget yourselves when with him as to call for a public reprimand, you had best deprive yourselves of his company.

Dear Mrs. Thompson—I am a high school girl and, on account of illness, have had to stop school this term. I don't want to lose any time and would like for some teacher to take me for about an hour some time during the day. I would be willing to go to her after school hours, if more convenient.
ANXIOUS.

Send me your correct address and I will send you a list of teachers who do tutoring.

Dear Mrs. Thompson—I have been driving miles through the country to see a girl whom I dearly love. Recently I have been so situated that I could go only on Sundays and then she always has a date. We seem to be the best of friends, but she never will save me a date on Sunday, although that is the only day I can go. Do you think if she cared much for me she would act this way?
BOLIVAR.

Many girls keep "open house" on Sunday, that is, entertain all their friends and have no particular date with anyone. If the girl does this, you could hardly expect her to give up the arrangement and have a date with you alone. But if she deliberately makes a date with someone else, knowing that this is the only time you can see her, I think she cares little for you or your attention.

Dear Mrs. Thompson—Please give me the address of the Pictorial Review Co.
BROWN EYES.

Address is 200 W. 39th street, New York city.

Dear Mrs. Thompson—I am 17 and my parents object to my going with boys. Don't you think I am old enough to pick my own friends? The other night I met a boy I like uptown and he asked me for a date and I refused. Did I do right? What colors would be pretty for a girl with blue eyes and light hair?
MARY.

You are never old enough to disregard the wishes of your parents in any matter, Mary, especially in picking friends, who, at your age, will largely influence your character, habits and view of life. If they think you are too young to go with boys, abide by their decision, for it is for the best. You certainly did right in refusing to go with the boy, if it was against the orders of your parents. Light blue, pink or golden brown are becoming to blondes.

Dear Mrs. Thompson—Please tell me what would be nice to give a girl for a birthday present. She is about 18.
JACK.

Flowers, candy or books are always acceptable presents

Dear Mrs. Thompson—Please translate the following for me: "Respondez tout de suite s'il vous plait."
I. E. P.

"Answer at once, please."

Dear Mrs. Thompson—We are three young girls and we want to know the harm, if there is any, in letting boys kiss us.
O. L. L.

It brings about an intimacy that soon breeds contempt; it loses for a girl her own self-respect and the value and sacredness of her person and it lowers, for the boys, the whole high standard of young womanhood.

Dear Mrs. Thompson—Are Easter lilies ever worn as a corsage? How is the time for Easter Sunday decided upon?
LILLY.

Easter lilies are seldom worn because they are too stiff and too easily broken and bruised. Easter is the first Sunday of the full moon after the vernal equinox.

U. S. Girl Takes Part In Pageant

Miss Lois Fox in her parade costume and holding her pet fox.

Miss Lois Fox, American war worker known as the ukulele girl of the A. E. F., was honored in the great fashion parade staged in Paris recently. In this fete a representative of every village marches in a costume regarded as that village's choicest. Miss Fox was dressed as "Brittany." Her apron is a Marie Antoinette handkerchief, once the queen's, given Miss Fox by the Baroness de Butler.

As a Woman Thinks

BY EDITH E. MORIARTY.

"GET THE PROPER LIGHT."

The evening was rather warm for March, and the street car was just crawling along. It was not a pleasant errand one woman was bent on, and it was a far from pleasant ride. The route lay through the dirty, smelly market district with its odors of strong meats and dead fruits and vegetables and its littered streets. At least the section was quiet and the stalls closed for the night. Then the car made its way over the bridge that spanned the dirty sluggish river.

This, indeed, was a sorry place. On sloping bank was covered with rubbish heaps, a huge city dump with squatty ramshackle old huts rising here and there like structures sprung from the very filth about them. Here and there were little crooked winding streets more like alleyways and far in the distance a church spire. Directly beneath the bridge were many railroad tracks with engines puffing and blowing their way to foreign parts. Mills and factories were crowded together and the smoke and fog made their outlines hazy on the dark sky. Large and small craft were lying in the river, some fast to their docks, others in mid-stream. Most of these were nondescript river craft, fishing boats, dirty tugs, freight steamers and a few passenger boats.

Myriad little lights twinkled here and there in the smoke and darkness. Green lights, red lights, electric signs some with many bulbs gone, and then down the river were the strong lights of the light house.

The woman was wondering how long before they would finally be over the seemingly endless bridge and away from the smoke and dirt which was pouring into the car windows when the voices of two women sitting behind her caught her attention. They must be strangers in the city was her first thought for this is what she heard:

"I wonder what this is. Isn't it a beautiful scene? There seems to be such a mystery and charm about the shadows, the little lights struggling to be seen, the huge buildings, the water and the peaceful boats. I'm coming here in the daytime and see what it is like."

The woman looked out of the window again. The scene was beautiful after all. It merely depended upon the point of view and heretofore she had always looked and thought of the stark ugliness of the same scene in daytime.

Perhaps all life is like that, just a matter of the point of view. Perhaps the proper light will turn even the most monotonous, the most humble, the most sad, the most ugly and sordid thing into glory.

But, oh, how the woman wanted to turn and ask the stranger not to come back in daylight and have her ideal shattered!

SHORT CUTS.

"You should keep to the straight and narrow path."

"True," said Mr. Chuggins with great earnestness. "The journey of life, like every other journey, seems to be at its worst in the detours."

BRINGING UP FATHER —By George McManus

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LITTLE MARY MIXUP—She Hurls a Wicked Bowl

JOE'S CAR—At Least Ten Miles Shy of What JOE Needs