Tike—"Dad and I are great stockholders in a big cattle ranch."

Ike—"That so?"

Tike—"Uh-huh, I hold the stock while father milks them."

—

Little puffs of powder,
Little spots of paint.
Make a girl's complexion
Look like what it ain't.

—

Taxi Driver (talking about a car to himself)—"Vot a clutch."

Voice from Cab—"Mind your own business."

—

Junior—"So you hate the editor, eh?"

Freshie—"Yeh, I wish I could kill her."

Junior—"You can."

Freshie—"Yeh? How?"

Junior—"Hand in a brand new joke for the paper. She'll die of shock."

—

A school paper's surely funny;
The school gets all the fame.
The printer's, they get the money,
And the staff gets all the blame.

—

Herman—"You were born to be a writer."

Russell—"How's that?"

Herman—"You have a splendid ear for carrying a pen."

—

Junior—"I got zero today in Math,"

Soph.—"That's nothing."

—

A fat girl sat on a strong man's knee.
Alas! It was a blunder.
He travels with a circus yet,
He is the legless wonder.

—

We know a girl who is so fat that when she fell down she rocked herself to sleep trying to get up.

—

The bridegroom was very nervous. He wanted to ask the best man if it was customary to kiss the bride. After the ceremony he said, "Is it kisstomary to cuss the bride?"

—

"Down, Fido," exclaimed a Junior as he swallowed the frankfurter.

—

He—"Which would you perfer for a birthday present, a book or a kiss?"

She—"I can't read."

—

There's nothing new under the sun.

Yes, but there's lots of old stuff pulled off under the moon.

—

Frances—"A body weighing one hundred pounds on earth would only weigh one-sixth as much on the moon."

Mary—"Hot dog, that's the place for me."

—

The following sign was lamped in a N. Charles Street laundry establishment:

Don't kill your wife—
Let us do your dirty work.

—

Luck.

Now I'll lay me down to rest,
Before I take that awful test,
If I should die before I wake,
Oh joy! I'll have no test to take.

—

Truth is elastic. Don't stretch it unless you want it to fly back and hit you.

—

"Richard," asked the teacher, "what is the plural of man?"

"Men," answered Richard..

"And the plural of child?"

"Twins," was the prompt reply.

—

Teacher Marked It 100.

"Now children," said the teacher, "you are all to write a composition on 'Responsibility.'" Then one boy handed in this: Boys have two buttons on their suspenders to keep their pants up, and when one button tears off, there's a lot of responsibility on the other button."

—

Dorsey and Julius were discussing the life of Benedict Arnold and the argument grew heated. Said Dorsey, "I'll tell you Benedict Arnold was a janitor."

"No, he wasn't. He was a statesman."

"That's not true. The history book says he lived his life in abasement."

This Week

By ARTHUR BRISBANE

Cal Overlooks Ruth—A World of Mystery We Need Airships—A Human Bluebottle—Sodom Found

President Coolidge advises American women to vote, and interest themselves seriously in politics, and in maintaining our form of government.

Good advice. Luckily our form of government will maintain itself. And women are more and more taking an interest in politics.

Mr. Coolidge might say a few words to the men, millions of whom, presently, will forget all about the oil scandal, and everything else, because of their deep interest in Babe Ruth's home runs and similar important matters.

Out in the ocean, off Cape Race, is a gigantic iceberg, more than a mile long, towering a hundred feet in the air. To bump into it would mean destruction to any ship.

In old days men would have said, "Let us pray that no unfortunate ship will strike that fearful iceberg."

Praying is good, especially when accompanied by deeds. Now this Government sends the revenue cutter Modoc, to trail along beside that iceberg as it moves slowly and majestically to its melting place near the equator. And as the big iceberg moves, the little cutter broadcasts warnings, telling ships to keep away. That's a sign of civilization.

Mr. Le Boutillier is president of the Long Island Railroad. Nevertheless, a rude Government seized his private car, stocked with choice liquids, and threatens to seize and sell the car.

That is pushing prohibition beyond the joke stage. Keeping beer from workingmen is all right. Keeping champagne from the president of a great railroad is quite another matter.

This is a world of mysteries. We send messages by electricity, and we don't know what electricity is—only what it does. We send radio music and messages through the air without wires and say it goes through the "ether." We don't know what the ether is, and cannot even prove that it EXISTS.

Now Dr. Banting, a brilliant young scientist who discovered insulin, cure for diabetes, says that having discovered it, he is doing his best now to find out what it IS. One thing is sure, it is an expensive product.

Pure insulin, enough to make a nice little pile on a twenty-five cent piece, would cost half a million dollars.

Pacifists and those who favor the League of Nations please read. The British House of Commons has just been informed that Japan is building 36 fighting craft, 13 of them submarines.

Japan goes ahead quietly with determination and intelligence. And she knows enough to build SUBMARINES. For what purpose do you suppose she is building them? Not to take the Mikado for a little trip, certainly.

The future war will be by submarines and flying machines. And this country should have plenty of both. More than any other nation. We can't afford it. They CAN'T. So much the better for peace.

The learned M. G. Kyle, on behalf of the Xenia Theological Seminary of Missouri, has carefully and scientifically explored that part of Palestine around the Lower Dead Sea, and announces discovery of the location of Sodom and Gomorrah.

Some graves there date back to Abraham. The discovery should fully confirm the Bibical story of the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah, says Mr. Kyle.

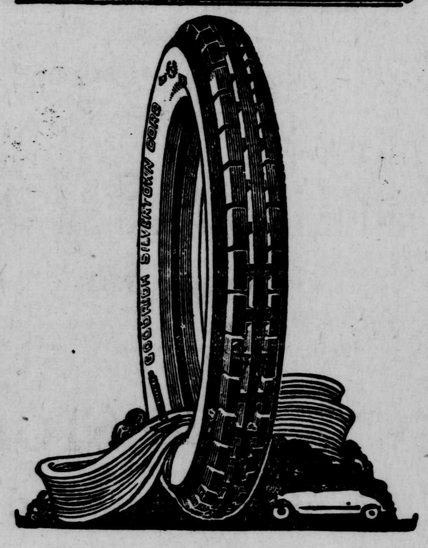
First it's the jaw bone of the missing link. You're told the gorilla is your cousin. Then comes proof of Sodom and Gomorrah, and you are comforted and so is the gorilla.

In the Sing Sing death house, where murderers are kept, lives Mrs. Annie Buzzi, convicted of killing a man named Schneider. She has appendicitis, so a first-class surgeon will operate on her, and endeavor to save her life for the electric chair.

That reminds you of the little boy scolding his sister for killing a big bluebottle fly. He wanted to kill the fly himself.

If Mrs. Buzzi had killed no one and were living at home she might die of appendicitis forty times, for all great New York State would care. But when she's sentenced to death it's different. She must not spoil that plan.

"BEST IN THE LONG RUN"



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—BY— WHIT HADLEY

Elmer Lawrence, a Massachusetts boy with no chance, made $5,000,000 before he was sixty.

Elmer was born in Billerica, a township of 1,000 farmers, 19 miles N. W. of Boston, in 1864. In 1865, his father died from injuries received in the Civil War. His mother then sold cookies, washed laces, and raised pigs to make a living. Elmer, at two, hovered between life and death from burns, the result of scalding water, and was crippled in looks for life.

He learned to read and write at his mother's knee, and at 10 went to work in the freight yards of the Fitchburg Railroad. He was a cinder sifter. His salary was $5 a month and maintenance. This he sent to his mother.

Unknown to him she saved it, and when he was 18 and needed money to buy a two-thirds' interest in a new cinder sifting mechanical device, surprised him by handing back $710. With it he bought out the invention, built a shanty, rigged up a steam power plant and started out for himself.

Twelve years later he was general contractor for the Boston & Maine Railroad, with offices in Lowell and plants at Boston, Cambridge, Charlestown and Fitchburg. His mother, a cripple from paralysis, directed and encouraged every move he made. At 32, he had saved $10,000, had educated himself and passed entrance examinations to Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and studied law.

A strike and then fire destroyed his plants and machinery and left him helpless, but his $10,000 enabled him to start again.

Unknown to anyone, he systematically bought stocks and bonds and when the crash of Northern Securities came and the Wall Street panic followed, Elmer went into the Boston Stock Market with his holdings, sold them at the peak and cleaned up $4,100,000 in one day.

He is now a construction and technical engineer in Boston and has a palace on Commonwealth avenue.

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