THE GEORGETOWN HERALD

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The Georgetown Herald
J. M. MOORE
Publisher and Proprietor
Member Canadian Weekly Newspaper Association

C.N.R. Time Table
(Standard Time)

Going East	
Passenger and Mail	10.20 a.m.
Passenger	6.27 p.m.
Passengers for Toronto	9.44 p.m.
Sunday's going East	
Passenger	8.12 p.m.
Passengers for Toronto	9.44 p.m.
Going West	
Passenger	8.40 a.m.
Passenger, Sunday	8.56 a.m.
Passenger	2.06 p.m.
Passenger	6.45 p.m.
Passenger, Sunday	10.15 p.m.
Going North	
Mail and Passenger	8.55 a.m.
Going South	
Mail and Passenger	6.28 p.m.

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Famous

"What's your name" the grocery-store manager asked the young applicant for a job.

"Scott," replied the lad.

"And your first name?"

"Walter."

"That's a pretty well-known name," remarked the manager with a smile.

The boy looked pleased.

"It ought to be," he replied. "I've been delivering groceries around here for two years."

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"Wait a minute... Dad's here too."
Young Joe Wilson got his first away-from-home job a couple of months ago. Though a stranger to Brantboro, he has yet to feel his first twinge of homesickness.
Each Friday night at 8.30 he puts through a Long Distance call and chats with Mother and Dad . . . a treat looked forward to by all three with the reversed charge paid for by Dad with a chuckle.
"It's a small price to pay for the pleasure it gives", he says.
Long Distance is easy to use and is always quick and dependable.
Low evening rates on Station-to-Station Calls begin at 7.00 p.m. Still lower night rates at 8.30 p.m.

A CALL

He dropped into my office with a grin upon his face.
He talked about the weather and the college football race.
He talked about the family, and told the latest joke,
But he never mentioned anyone who suddenly's gone broke.

He talked of books and pictures and the play he'd been to see;
A clever quip his boy had made, he passed along to me,
He praised the suit of clothes I wore, and asked me what the cost,
But he never said a word about the money he had lost.

He was with me twenty minutes, chuckling gaily while he stayed
O'er the mem'ry of some silly little blunder he had made
He reminded me that tulips must be planted in the fall,
But calamity and tragedy he mentioned not at all.

I thought it rather curious, when he had come and gone,
He must have had some tales of woe, but didn't pass them on.
For nowadays it seems to me that every man I meet
Has something new in misery and in moaning to repeat.

And so I wrote these lines for him, who has his share of woe,
But still could talk of other things and let his troubles go.
I was happier for his visit, in a world that's sick with doubt,
'Twas good to meet a man who wasn't spreading gloom about."

SILVER TONGUES

By
Florence Crannell Means

IT was a blue and gold afternoon in autumn, a perfect day to be out of doors.

Daphne Merriweather settled herself between Millicent and Anne and waited for the football game to begin.

"I suppose you're going to the all-college banquet with Jimmy Raymond?" Anne said to her.

"Not if I can think of a decent way out," replied Daphane.

"Well, you certainly don't have to go with him if you don't want to. Doesn't the young man recognize a no when he meets one?"

"But he's really been awfully decent And I have a miserable kind of conscience; the mildest kind of little pin sticks into me so there isn't any pleasure in it."

"Well, that's easy. Say you're engaged to us," Millicent proposed, "and then we'll go as the Three Graces in unattended feminine splendor. Oh didn't you know?" she exclaimed at Daphane's glance of surprise. "Tony is laid up with a collor bone And I decided Bob needed disciplining."

"Well, if we have to go together, let's go as grandly as we can," put in Anne. We needn't look like a boquet of wall flowers."

"No," agreed Millicent complacently. "And it isn't as if we didn't look awfully keen together."

"You two certainly are the shrinking violets!" jeered Daphane. "Now I haven't any illusions myself; I know I have freckles on my nose."

"Yes, and oodles of black curly hair,"

"Kinky hair," Daphane interrupted her and pressed the defiant tendril down in both hands.

"And your little pointed chin! And your eyes!" Anne was waxing enthusiastic, but Daphane interrupted her sardonically;

"Yes, and you forgot to mention that I have perfectly good teeth and a forehead. What are you girls going to wear?"

"That was exacty what I was trying to talk about." Anne was aggrieved. "We've all got thin white crepes of some kind, being freshmen with a high-school graduation somewhere in the dim scandalous offing. Well, lets wear colored slips under them and match up. I'll get orchid; and you Millicent, you'd be a dream in a sort of foam green, and Daphane in a Frenchy blue. We'd blend together so beautifully. Stockings the same color of course. And — O girls! At Syman's they have a sale of absolutely adorable pumps for ten dollars. They're silvery Paisley things with Colonial tongues and the most gorgeous buckles; they look twenty dollars at least. Let's have them all alike."

"I think the dresses would be clever and the stockings of course." Daphane hesitated. "About the pumps—well, I don't know—"

"Oh, the pumps are the best part of it," Anne said firmly.

And then the thought of satorial splendors went from their minds as the cheering began. "Romley! Romley! Rom—Rom—Romley!"

Opposite them the seats were a palpitant mass of Aggie green and gold. Their own section throbbed with orange and black, and befre them the cheer leaders were gyrating with a fervor most religious. It was to be a big game.

"Also is one of the cheer leaders today," Millicent remarked during the ebb in the clamor.

"Also?"

"Yes, you know—Ran Davidson. They call him 'Also Ran' don't you see? It's so clever, because really he always gets everything he goes in for. But he never makes a date with a girl!" Millicent sighed regretfully.

Daphane studied him with her cool, direct brown eyes. Older folk watching Ran Davidson as he carried his fellow students into mad enthusiasms of cheering probably saw him as a young Greek god, vibrant with youth and boyish beauty. But Daphane was not especially romantic, and she herself was young. So it was not a young Greek god whom she was watching a little wistfully, but only an upstanding, forthright boy with something singularly fine and clean about him that marked him out from all the rest. They were in one class together, and she had noticed him from the first. She was quite sure too that he had noticed her, and there had been a little sick ache in her heart when the weeks had passed without any growth in the acquaintanceship.

"I think he could even talk so it wouldn't bore you to tears," she had written to her mother. "Now, Jimmy's not so bad, but oh, his line of conversation! I don't mind slang; goodness knows it would be a dull old world without any. But I do like a little of the English language intersepted occasionally. Jimmy has fifteen dozen rubber stamp phrases and he's tied a can to the rest of the dictionary. He uses them in rotation— 'I'll tell the world,' 'Hot dog', 'Heard's wrist watch,' and so forth. It's awfully inconvenient not to have any kind of a boy around, but I don't think I can stand much more of Jimmy."

A new wave of sound roared round Daphane and took her thoughts from everything except football. It was a hard-held tie till the last quarter, when Romley kicked a difficult field goal and ended the game with a score of three to nothing.

By the time dinner was over Daphane's pulse had quieted enough so that her mind could return to the all college banquet and the question of dress. In the dormitories and the dining halls the excitement was doubtless still at the highest pitch. But Daphane did not live in the dormitories; she was earning her board and room by staying with a lonely old woman, Mrs. Briggs whom her mother had known.

"'Twon't hurt me a might to do the dishes tonight," Mrs. Briggs said to Daphane. "You're too tired. You look all of a fever, Daffy."

Daphane however, insisted on helping. Over the foamy dish pan she studied her little problem. The colored slip—yes, that was absurdly simple; soap dyes would transform the white into a "Frenchy blue" of Anne's suggestion. Her one pair of white stockings she could dye also. But the slippers! Ten dollars might look small to self-indulgent Millicent and to Anne with her plethoric allowance from home. But when books and paper and essential fees were cared for Daphane would have just one dollar and fifty cents left to last till the first of the month, which was exactly ten days away.

The money could not come from home, for even her little monthly allowance was too great a drain on the family purse. There was no time to earn ten dollars; the extras that seemed to go with being company to Mrs. Briggs—dishwashing, dusting, errands—along with her own bit of washing and ironing and her studies filled almost all Daphane's waking hours. There was little margin for the light-hearted friendship that the other girls enjoyed, little time for the social life that Daphane loved.

"Anne and Millicent with all their money!" she said to herself, frowning at the fat vegetable dish that she was wiping. "Let 'em have their gorgeous clothes that don't cost them two thoughts; I don't care for that. But it doesn't seem quite fair that they should have all the nice times too and the chance to meet the kind of people they really want for friends. There's no use talking, if you don't have time and money, people forget you're on the map, and pretty soon you wake up and find you really aren't."

But—the Colonial pumps! To be sure they were not absolutely necessary. If it were not for the other girls, she would scarcely have cared about them. But she felt pretty certain that something kindhearted in Anne had suggested a costume in which they could all stand on an equal footing, and she longed to meet her halfway. Thus far the question of clothes had not troubled her. Mother and she both had nimble fingers and wits and the "college clothes cache," had been growing for years. Daphane's wardrobe was well selected, but it was not elastic.

"Well, I will if I can, but I certainly won't if I can't," she concluded with sound philosophy as she pinned the dish towel energetically to the line on the back porch and plunged up the stairs to her room.

There she ranged her shoes in a soldierly line and reviewed them with a judical frown; nice little snub-nosed, moccasin-tinged oxfords; tan outing boots; well-bred pumps. These were all except a pair of white satin slippers down at the end of the line; they had been the ultimate pride of her high school graduation, but some one with fresh blacking on his heels had put a period to their youth at the last party; nothing had served to efface the stain. Daphane administered a disgusted little kick to their maculate beauty.

On Monday after classes she walked down to Syman's with Anne and Millicent and watched them try on the "adorable" footgear. She held one of the slippers in her hand and studied it admiringly while the others were fitted.

"Do get yours while you are sure of them," Anne urged her. "They might sell out."

"I can't today."

"If it's money,—"Anne hesitated—"If you're short juts now, I can easily tide you over," and she half-extended her purse."

Daphane closed her lips firmly. "I am short," she admitted, "but I can't borrow. Maybe I'll manage though. Do you girls remember Amy March?"

Daphane laughed at their vexed bewilderment and refused to explain herself.

Next day she went to Syman's alone but she did not go inside. She stood long at the window gazing at the shining pump that stood in solitary splendor, satin-bedded like a crown jewel. She made a few notes in a book, gazed again and then went away. It was evident that ten dollar bills had rained from the skies.

However, when the great night of the all-college banquet arrived it was a resplendent Daphane, complete to the toe of a Paisley slipper, that dawned upon her companions.

"Oh, you did get them! Syman's hand't sold out!"

"I seem to have them," Daphane assented. "Isn't it the most realistic night, with the moon coming up like a big red dish pan behind the trees?"

In laughter and high, inconsequent spirits they hastened out to the dinner It was all that a dinner could be, with flowers and friends—and food of course—and toasts and songs across the cleared damask after desert. Daphane had a chance to learn whether Ran Davidson would bore her to tears if she were to hear him talk, for he was sitting at her right, very correct in his evening clothes.

He did not bore her to tears. Back and forth they tossed the gleaming ball of girl-and-boy badinage. Daphane felt her spirit rise light and free as thistledown; this was what she liked! And then they had a little time to talk quietly just the two of them and she found that that was what she liked too.

"We—we seem to be—what do they call it?—sort of simpatica," the boy ventured at last "Keen sobut the same kind of things, you know."

"Yes, next thing you'll be telling me you loved Little Woman—the book, I mean." She laughed back at him.

He leaned nearer and lowered his voice to a hoarse, dramatic whisper: "Will you guard the secret with your life, gurrrl? Well, then I used to sneak out and read that thrilling book in deep seculsion and the haymow. I had two older sisters, you see, as well as the two kids, and they had all of Louisa M. But I must say my interest always fell with a thud when the lady authoress made Jo give Laurie the grand bounce. I never could rouse any enthusiam for old Bhaer."

"I either!" Daphane said eagerly. "I don't think even these gloomy old Russian novelists we're studying—bw I 'ate 'em!—give me such a sense of the dark futility of life as I had when Amy got Laurie."

Just then the chairs were pushed back and, laughing like two children who share a delightful secret, they walked into the next room together.

(Continued on page 4)

GOING FROM NOWHERE TO NOWHERE

Editor Duncan in the Canadian Echo, Wiarton, writes the following interesting sketch of present conditions in the world:—

"Dinner was over. A rap came to the kitchen door. Mother answered it. A young chap "wanted something to eat." Yes, come in, she says, dinner is just over, but we can find something for you. There was still some soup in the pot, good wholesome vegetable soup, a bowlful of which is enough for any man. Then there was some cold meat, some bread and tea, and there was still a good-sized helping of apple dumpling in the pudding bowl. We sent him off with his stomach full and he was appreciative. Twenty-four years of age and during the last couple of years had only worked the odd day wherever he was lucky enough to find it. Last night he slept in the town lockup, to-night he will sleep, "God only knows where." He said he was southward bound, just south, no particular destination. His folks were all dead and he had no home. For supper he will try the first homely looking door and nine chances out of ten he will meet with a friendly charitable response to his query for "a bite to eat"' He is a bum, a victim of the depression.

His daily diary is something like this. Breakfast in the kitchen of a likely looking farm house. Then onwards for a few hours on the road by foot. Repeat for dinner, then onwards. Likewise supper. For bed, in the lockup if he happens to be near a town, if not in the hay mow of a farm barn.

And so his time goes, day after day. No home, no friends, no job, no money—a floater on whom the police look with suspicion and see that he is kept moving onwards to anywhere so long as it is out of town—out of sight.

As it just happens I have just finished reading Les Miserables by Victor Hugo for the third time and in this man I see the prototype of Jean Valjean. It was a crime to be poor, out of work, no particular place of habitation and society shunned such—and persecuted him. But today Canada and the United States have thousands of just such floaters going about. Yes, in a census of the citizens of this country made to-day, many, many honest, willing men would be listed in that column allowed for occupation, as "going about" daily from nowhere to nowhere.

And as we respond to their knocks at our kitchen doors let us be sure and meet them in the spirit of Him who said: "As ye have done it unto the least of these my brethren ye have done it unto Me."

MOTOR LICENSE FEES TO BE REVISED

Revised motor marker registration fees which the Department of Highways under Hon. Leopold Macaulay will put into operation this month will, it had been authoritatively learned, increase the annual revenue of this department by $150,000 to $200,000.

Although the revised schedule has been drafted for several days, it still awaits cabinet consideration and order-in-council ratification. The new rates will be as follows:

No change in the present for four-cylinder cars.

A charge of $12 for six-cylinder cars, up to 28 h.p.

A charge of $15 for six-cylinder cars beyond 28 h.p.

A charge of $15 for "small" 8-cylinder cars. For big "eights" the charge will remain at $20.

No change in the fees for 12 and 16-cylinder vehicles.

These proposed prices apply only to passenger vehicles. There will be no raise nor reduction for small truck markers. A graded scale of increase for large truck registration in accordance with reported recommendations of the Duff Royal Commission on transportation problems may be effected.

In brief it is learned, the department is endeavoring to "even" the registration fees and has brought the small "eight" into the same class as the big "six." At the present time all "eights" are assessed $20 and all "sixes" $12.

NOT A PERSONAL MATTER

Success and failure are not altogether personal matters. Whether you fail or succeed, any number of other lives are affected for good or for ill. When a high school student fails in his finals, his family is grieved, his close friends are humiliated. When a business man fails, his employees are thrown out of work. Nobody can fail anywhere without casting a shadow of that failure across other lives. That is the reason young people should resolve to be a success in the true sense of the word. Just as your failures harm others, so your successes holds help and inspiration for more than you dream.—Ex.

OPINIONS

"A Government in the long run responds to what the great masses of people insist. Statesmen alone are not responsible for war."—Sir Norman Angell.

"I believe that as long as the right people continue to produce intelligent plays we need not worry about the future of the American stage."—Katherine Cornell.

"The past has shown us that crime ill health and loss of morale are expensive."—Newton D. Baker.

"Unfortunately, business is ruled by feelings rather than by figures."—Roger W. Babson.

"The worst troubles are probably past and economic recovery is beginning."—Calvin Coolidge.

"I prefer a concrete result rather than a mere formula."—Lord Reading.

"If you don't like depression, don't want depressions, stop wars. All great depressions have followed a great war."—Carrie Chapman Catt.

"The measure of a man's real character is what he would do if he knew he would never be found out."—Macaulay.

"The rewards of life depend upon diligence; and the mechanic that would perfect his work, must first sharpen his tools."—Confucius.

"Deliberate with caution, but act with decision; and yield with graciousness or oppose with firmness."—Colton.

"Some have wished . . . that they might be troubled no more with either hills or mountains to go over, but the Way is the Way, and there is an end."—Bunyan.

"The four grim horsemen of the economic apocalypse are over-taxation, unemployment, the fall in prices owing to the cornering of gold, and trade restrictions."—Mr. Churchill.

FIRST AID FOR FLAPPERS

The callous indifference of the public to the hardships endured by the modern flapper is simply appalling. Now that winter has come something must be done quickly to relieve the suffering of those whose mission it is to brighten the corners where they are—the street corners, in Toronto.

Any morning now flappers may be seen at car stops, pitifully perched on one foot, which is protected only by a near-cheesecloth stocking and a near-paper shoe, making pathetic attempts to complete their hairdressing, rouging, and lipsticking with the aid of a mirror the size of a quarter, held at arm's length. A heart-rending sight that should bring tears of pity to male eyes and result in prompt measures for the provision of suitable windbreaks and mirrors at all car stops.

But does anyone concern himself with the suffering and embarrassment occasioned by club beautification efforts. No! Instead, the heartless males laugh and the elder females look askance. No appreciation of the plight and difficulties of the hapless flapper whose life, beauty energy and cosmetics are devoted to the amusement and entertainment of the race, is evidenced.

This great, growing and urgent problem is dismissed with a sneer and a shrug. If the flappers want to appear in complete make-up they can rise ten minutes earlier and apply it decently at home, is the opinion of the hardboiled critics. Is that fair?

Consider what is expected of the modern flapper. Her home looks to her fr its laughter and sunshine her office expects her snappiest appearance and brightest mood, her boy friends demand all of her spare time. From the moment she rises fifteen minutes before time for the last street car to work until she returns, footsore and exhausted from a round of wiggles and giggles at the dance hall, at 2 a.m. her waking hours are filled to the over-flowing with good humor, snappy comebacks ,pert performances and unfailing gaiety.

Can it reasonably be expected that the flapper shall rise in time to rogue, perfume, powder, lipstick and primp before her own mirror, when the wonder is that she is able to rise at all? It is not to be expected. Some other remedy, provided by those whose lives are brightened by the flapper's art, must be found. The transportation commission, also, has a duty and an interest in the matter. If the merry flapper is to be compeled to apply her makeup at the curb, she will wangle some way of providing transportation by auto if the boy friend has to journey four miles out of his way to get her. Tramway traffic will suffer and morning street cars will lack the illuminating presence of the cheerful flappers who make the company of their dull and drab elders sufferable. In fact it is suspected that this switch from street cars to boy friends' autos has already gone far if the number of early motors which are used for make-up purposes may be accepted as a sound indication of the trend. Something really ought to be done about it.—Record, Oakville.

RED CROSS NEEDS YOUR HELP

There was a banging at the door of a Red Cross Outpost Hospital in Northern Ontario early one winter morning. So early it was that the sky was still dark except for a few pale streaks in the east, and so cold that the blowing snow felt like sharp needles on the cheeks.

"Come quick, please Nurse, my boy is very sick," said a man standing on the steps, stamping his benumbed feet and slapping his hands together. The nurse asked him to come inside and, while he warmed himself at the stove, she questioned him as to the child's symptoms. Then quickly preparing for the journey and picking up her bag, always packed for emergency calls, she strapped on her snowshoes and followed the man to the railroad tracks. A bitter wind howled over the frozen and little settlement. The snow creaked underfoot.

At the railroad track there was no comfortable passenger coach to take her down the line. A speeder or gas jigger was to be her conveyance for ten miles against the wind. The nurse was equal to the occasion and stepped aboard. She pinned a heavy blanket about her and ducked her head against the blast. Away they sped. The folk in the little cabins along the track hearing the "chug" of the speeder would peer out of the windows.

"Who's sick at Tom's" or "There is the Nurse; the lad will be all right now," they would say as it tore past.

At last they arrived, almost numb with cold, at a small section cabin. A little lad, his cheeks flushed with fever, lay tossing and fretting in one of the bunks. The nurse lost no time in attending to him. In less than five hours after her arrival the child fell into a peaceful sleep and awoke with fever greatly abated. The Nurse stayed until the crisis seemed passed and then had to get back to the Outpost, for in the little settlement there were other patients needing her. She left instructions as to diet and care, and treatment in conditions that might arise, and, promising to return if needed, made the journey back.

An unusual set of circumstances? "Oh, no," said the Nurse, "All in the day's work up here."

The nurse went on to say that, when at the cabin, she noticed another child, a little fair haired girl, who played listlessly, had a hacking cough, and too bright eyes. She feared the child had some serious trouble, possibly tuberculosis. The next time the doctor was near she would ask him to see the child. Through the Red Cross the little girl could have whatever treatment was necessary, whether in sanitarium or at home—if there were funds. Also the nurse went on to say the mother had told her of a family with three small children still further down the line who were facing desperate poverty. There, also, lay work for her. The Red Cross stood behind their nurses and supplied necessities and comforts to those in need, if funds were not exhausted.

The need for the work of the Outpost nurses is acute at the present time and funds are getting low. These 24 Red Cross Outpost Hospitals are serving an area of hundreds of miles in the new sections of Ontario, where there is no other available hospital or nursing care for the people in sickness, childbirth, accident and emergency. There has been a great call on the funds of the Red Cross for this work. Some of those Hospitals, therefore, may have to close. Keep them open, people of Ontario. If everyone who is in sympathy with this splendid work will send what they can to the Red Cross Headquarters, 410 Sherbourne St., Toronto, little children, men and women will be saved a great deal of suffering this winter.

I ASK

I do not ask for life's most costly things,
Nor scramble for the jewels fortune brings,
Nor yearn for painted hours of fitful glee,
Nor yet for fame far-flung from sea to sea;
I only ask for mine a blue-gold day,
The dear enchantment of a woodland way,
My own a kingdom fair and azure-rimmed,
A day with autumn magic over-brimmed,
And just we two—my highbred horse and I,
Skimming the plain and clearing the hedges high,
Within our veins an exultation rare,
A wild exuberance beyond compare;
O, Destiny, one promise would I ask
When all is done, each homely earthly task,
When I tread in lone years the sunset trail
With weary earth-worn feet, and eyes that fail,
In heaven's vastness may I find a stall,
And know my comrade dear awaits my call.

—Gertrude E Forth, in Our Dumb Animals.

OUR BREAD AND BUTTER

Newspaper men, as a rule, have two things to sell, space and subscriptions; and it would be just as consistent to ask your grocer for a dozen oranges "just to fill up," as to ask an editor for a dozen lines in his paper to boost business, or some project whereby the promoters will realize a revenue, with the idea that you are doing a kindness in helping to "fill up" space. Try getting a free dinner at the hotels or restaurant "just to fill up."

115 MILLIONS DOMINION CASH FOR RELIEF

The depression has cost the national treasury $115,631,700, Hon. Wesley Gordon, Minister of Labor announced in the House of Commons, Nov. 25, when he came to the defence of the Government's unemployment relief record. The figures represent the Dominion's outlay on direct and indirect relief, loans to provinces and industries and the Western wheat bonus.

"And this Government," he said "will make every effort, will pledge every dollar, to see that those not able to care for themselves will not suffer. We will continue to see that people will not suffer for fuel, food and necessities of life."

PARTY PLATFORMS

Party platforms are all right in their place. Their place is for the party to stand on, and for the people to know how it stands. It should be so used, or repaired, or taken down.

It has been said that a party platform is a very good thing to get in on, but a poor thing to stay in on. Too many politicians forget their principles and professions. They steer clear of them.

As one would-be-statesman declared:

"A party platform is a mighty important consideration."

"Yes," replied the other, "a party platform in politics is a good deal like a bumker in golf. The rules require it, but you show your skill in avoiding it."—Exchange.

A BUSINESS MAN'S REPLY

A live wire merchant in a neighboring town who is a firm believer in newspaper advertising and who backs up his belief with good sized advertisements in the paper every week, reports that he is sometimes asked why he doesn't cut down on the amount of advertising space and thus save enough money to sell his goods for less. He replies:—"We can sell merchandise at less overhead by advertising consistently, because it increases volume materially. We must have more volume—and volume means more sales and a smaller proportion of expense per sale."

Which hits the nail squarely on the head and shows how this merchant, as well as other courageous ones, are keeping up their sales volume by steady and consistent use of newspaper advertising.

THE LAUGH CORNER

The Other Half

"Yes," said Martin, "it was a sad case about Hayes. Since he lost all his money half his friends don't know him any more."

"What about the other half?" asked his neighbor.

Martin smiled.

"They don't know yet that he has lost it."

The weatherman dreamed that himself was dead;
That he stood by his monument, tall, and read
The message thereon—and he hung his head,
For "Probably Warmer" was all it said.

Sweet Young Thing—"I have brought this book back; mother says it isn't fit for me to read."

Librarian—"I think your mother must be mistaken."

Sweet Young Thing—"Oh, no, she isn't. I've read it all through."

Maurice—"Don't you think my mustache is becoming?"

Maureen—"It may be coming, but it hasn't arrived yet."

First Pessimist—"It's hard to make both ends meet nowadays."

Second Pessimist—"Yes, and just when they are about to meet some fool comes along and moves the ends."

Mrs. Murphy—"How are things in Ireland?"

Mrs. Grogan (who has just returned from the Emerald Isle)—"Things are terrible in Ireland! You see we have had three eras there."

Mrs. Murphy—"What three eras?"

Mrs. Grogan—"We had the Pagan era, and the Christian era, and now we have de Val-era.

Couldn't Enjoy It

There once was a man who saved up for the Future,
And put in his money-box all he could spare.
But, ah! for the poor, economical moocher,
The Future arrived and the man wasn't there.

Newspaper Reporter—"Have any of your childhood hopes been realized?"

Millionaire—"Yes, when my mother used to comb my hair, I always wished that I didn't have any."