

SCHOOL STUDY SPORTS

THE JUNIOR BRITISH WHIG

BIGGEST LITTLE PAPER IN THE WORLD

HUMOR PLAY WORK

IN THE PIRATES' CAVE

BE INTRODUCED TO SIX PIRATES SOLD

Here are the fellows who comprise the Pirate Six. Chief of the Six, Squee Mather. Chief of the Six, Freckle-faced. Extra large feet. Leader of the neighborhood. Won't wear a necktie on any day except Sunday. Likes horchid.

At Stubb, Squee's assistant. Keeps records of Pirate Six meetings. Small in stature. Likes books. Studies hard. Collects stamps. Good sport.

Sam Finney. All that a fat boy should be. Nose turns up like a acid runner. Mealtime and bedtime are his favorites.

Herb Woods. Plays all kinds of ball. Has a detective uncle. Does a little gun-shooting himself occasionally. Furnishes the shack in which the Pirate Six meet weekly.

Ollie Clark. Rather frail. Toe-headed. Jolly. Always has a package of chewing gum in his hip pocket.

Joe Taylor. "Hard Luck" is his middle name. Always in bad. But he is the envied Pirate; has a new suit with long pants—long ones.

Squee rose to his feet slowly. His head barely cleared the low roof of the Cave—white by the way, isn't it a cave at all, but an old shack at the end of Herb Woods' backyard.

As Squee straightened up he carefully surveyed the faces of his five Pirate comrades perched on soap boxes before him. He surveyed what he could see of the faces, that is, for the old lantern Sam Finney had salvaged from his dad's junk box wasn't burning just right.

"Feller Pirates," Squee paused to "be-hem." "I guess you know why we organized ourselves into this meetin' of the Pirate Six as Chief of that organization?"

"Why?" of the Pirate Six "I guess we all understand perfectly why we organized ourselves into this here band. Not because we want to go out and do a lot of plunderin' and killin' like the pirates of old did, but because we want to get together and have some place where we can go to tell stories. Every one of us fellers has got some kind of a good adventure story up his sleeve. Trouble is we don't never have a chance to tell 'em. Maybe it's a ghost story. Or maybe it's a detective story. Or maybe it's a story about travelin' some place. Where do we get a chance to tell it? No place. So that's why we organized this here Pirate Six.

"An' I guess you know maybe why essential to proper education, for the world's store of wisdom was hidden in dead languages. But now there are printed translations of the wise things written when the world was young, and the modern world has developed wonders of which the ancients did not dream.

An educated man is one who can do some useful thing well, and while serving humanity to earn his bread, understand that all fellow travelers in this vale of tears are brethren.

ONE REEL YARNS

GREEN EYES

"There's no use calling my eyes blue, or hazel, or gray or anything else," mourned Teresa. "They're green. That's all. Just plain, everyday green. Like cats' eyes."

"They look that way at night," admitted Teresa, "but they're green, just the same. Wish I had nice, sky-blue eyes, or big, leaf-brown eyes like Nelda Foster."

"She's the one who has green eyes," said Teresa's roommate. "Why, the idea," said Teresa, "she has— Then she changed the subject, for Nelda and Marie Holmes were passing down the hall and they dropped in to chat a while.

"How nice your room looks," said Nelda. "But you really got the best room on the hall. You're mighty lucky. How did you happen to get it?"

"Madeline Fisher had it," explained Teresa, "and when she moved over to the other dormitory she asked if we couldn't have it."

"Well, I don't know that I'd want anything of Madeline's," said Nelda with a toss of her head. "She beat me out of a part in the spring play. Every one said I should have had it. And she overdoes, too. Just being so nice she has money to waste on spending so much. Of course I admit she has a nice complexion, but she's always making so much fuss over what she can't eat because it's bad for her complexion. She's almost as bad as Wilda Crawford. You'd think Wilda was a queen."

A bell rang. Visiting hour was over, and Nelda and Marie hurried off. When they were gone Teresa and her roommate sat silent for a moment. Teresa broke the silence.

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TO-DAY'S PUZZLE TART. LOUSS. RACY. SDPRO. LETAS

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Answer to yesterday's: Elegant, taste, easy, yarn, name. Answer to to-day's: Start, steal, souls, prods, carry, Diagona's spell "Study."

Nite: "Have you ever seen a meo-quito weep?" Day: "No, but I've seen a moth ball."

HULLY GEE JIMMY—THINK O' THE TIME HE MUST HAVE WASHING TH' BACK OF HIS NECK!

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Small Town School

BY ROBERT QUILLEN

Education. A great deal of time and energy is wasted to acquire an education that has no value. It is a man's purpose becoming a surgeon. It is folly to devote three of his best years to the study of woodcraft or the folklore of the Incas. For no man can absorb the whole of human knowledge, and the time he devotes to the acquisition of useless information serves only to deprive him of the opportunity to acquire information that he can use in his business.

Every man who is worth a hill of beans is a specialist, whether he is a bricklayer or a painter of pictures, a musician or a printer. And if the specialist would devote the highest skill of which he is capable, he must devote the whole of his energies to studying the technique of his trade, and study other matters, if at all, only as a diversion.

It may be argued that concentration upon one line of endeavor will make a man narrow; but this is not sound argument. For the need of getting a living will bring him into contact with the problems that concern all men, and he will, without conscientious effort, study the problems of his day and form opinions concerning them. Moreover, if he is an indifferent craftsman, he will be different in all other particulars; while if he is an excellent workman, conscious of his skill, self-respect will teach him to be a citizen of the world. Self-respect is the foundation of all progress.

When our civilization was young, study of the dead languages was essential to proper education, for the world's store of wisdom was hidden in dead languages. But now there are printed translations of the wise things written when the world was young, and the modern world has developed wonders of which the ancients did not dream.

An educated man is one who can do some useful thing well, and while serving humanity to earn his bread, understand that all fellow travelers in this vale of tears are brethren.

Uncle Gus. Uncle Gus spread his newspaper on his lap, sighed heavily, and looked at me over his spectacles. "The handmaiden's virtue," said he, "is a blackeye."

I looked my bewilderment. "That," he continued, "is what you writin' fellows calls philosophy an' what I call horse sense. Th' ain't nothin' helps a feller to be good 'like gettin' the houn' beat out of 'im. When I was a yodin' feller, I was a purty good fightin' man an' I felt my oats right sharply. Th' wa'n't no rules then like the' is now. When a feller fought, he used such weapons as God give 'im. He used his fists, maybe, if he didn't need nothin' else; but if he got in tight, he kicked or used his teeth. I had pow'ful good teeth in them days, an' when I fastened a feller, he mos' always hollered calf rope.

"You know how it is when a feller can lick ever'body he knows. He gets to thinkin' he's about the best man the' is, an' he's all the time huntin' trouble. I was in a rukus ever' Saturday night that come, an' if I got scratched up some, the other feller Deacon Hardtop. "So many rascals have put on sales advertising goods below cost that it's hard for an honest merchant to fool people any more."

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INDIGESTION In five minutes "Pape's Diapepsin" ends Acidity Gases Heartburn Sourness Flatulence Palpitation

Liver Pains Pains under the shoulder blades tell of liver derangements. Other indications are sallow complexion, indigestion, constipation, biliousness and bilious headaches.

CUNARD ANCHOR ANCHOR-DONALDSON SUMMER SAILINGS 1932

NEW PRICES EFFECTIVE JANUARY 1st, 1933 McLAUGHLIN BUICK 1932 MODELS

Blue Garages, Limited Cor. Bagot & Queen Sts. McLAUGHLIN-BUICK