CRACKLINGS

A seven-passenger car holds six relatives and a seat box.

The married man's club has a flat fee for a fraternity pin.

There is more dust on the library table than on the card table.

It takes more than a mathematician to solve the eternal triangle.

A hack writer is a fellow who writes a book on how to starve so he can eat.

The bull in the china shop has nothing on the bull in a Wall street bucket shop.

Fifth av. architects never advertise the plans they draw for lunatic asylums.

Movies for schools suggested. Then the kids will be playing hookey from the picture shows.

The fellow who sits down front at a burlesque show usually occupies the front pew in church.

There are more deadly weapons on the table of a pacifist banquet than a battlefield ever saw.

A hospital session is a college education to an auto speeder. A jail term is a postgraduate course.

WISELY SAID

It's the under dog that howls for the peacemaker.

Many a man has kept his peace of mind by not giving advice.

Some people who have more money than brains are not considered wealthy.

Politeness yields large dividends, but it is an investment often overlooked.

Homebrew has a peculiar way of getting a man down after he gets it down.

When a woman doesn't come downtown for a week what a lot of things she has attended to!

A man never realizes how little he knows until a little child begins to ask him questions.

When there is a spot on the tablecloth at the guest's place and the hostess makes no apology for it, it is time for the guest to take the hint.

DEFINITIONS

Temperament—More than half temper.

Reticence—One of the rarest forms of sense.

Fame—Being known by a lot more people than you know.

Spinsterhood—A flirt's punishment for contempt of court.

Highbrow—One who thinks he knows more than you do.

Philander—A man who has the courage not to propose.

Faith—Believing the dentist when he says he isn't going to hurt.

Economy—A way of spending money without getting any fun out of it.

WHEN IN LOVE

With a girl who likes sheiks, wear a sheet when you call on her.

With an old-fashioned girl, don't turn out the lights in the parlor.

With a lady cashier, eat at the restaurant where she works.

With the boss' daughter, don't let him know about it.

With an athletic girl, don't try to pull any cave-man stuff on her.

With a baker's daughter, don't tell him that you like his dough.—Chicago American.

WE WANT TO KNOW

When was Hector a pup?

How dead is a doorknob?

How pale is a sheet?

How white is a ghost?

How scared is an Indian?

How blind is a bat?

How wise is an owl?

—Cincinnati Enquirer

POINTED PARAGRAPHS

Money talks—and the chap who has it is usually a man of few words.

Nothing ventured nothing gained—but you may be able to keep what you have.

People care little how you got your money. They are interested in the way you spend it.

It's All in the Game

By MORRIS SCHULTZ

(© 1931, Western Newspaper Union.)

"IT'S the old one who sits in the third row," said Leslie J. Estrange, the leading lady of the company. "Sixty if he's a day, and never takes his eyes off me. Imagine his sending a mash note to a respectable wife and mother. Listen, Jim: I want to have a chat with you. Will you meet me at the stage door and have a little dinner tonight?" And unsigned.

"Now don't get sore, Jim, darling," she added to her husband. "It's all in the game. We'll have some fun out of this. I'll suggest Byronico's for dinner, and you be waiting there, and I'll introduce you as my husband. But no roughhouse. I can't afford to figure in the police news with Mr. Carson, that English manager, coming over here to look things over and maybe give me a swell job in London."

Jim was furiously indignant, but as Leslie outlined her scheme he began to see the amusing side of it and laughed. Finally he fell in with his little wife's suggestions.

It was no wonder the old gentleman was taken with Leslie, for she was as pretty as a peach. Leslie and Jim were devoted to each other and their little boy. Mash notes were not infrequent, and until now Leslie had just laughed and flung them away. Now she meant to teach the old gentleman a lesson.

She hurried to her dressing-room as soon as the play was over. It was no difficult matter for Leslie to transform her appearance without any too evident aspect of make-up. Under a frizzled red toupee, palpably dyed, she added twenty years to her age. She rouged her face, after inserting a few dozen wrinkles, and descended to the stage door, a wrinkled old crone, to meet her admirer.

The old gentleman, waiting with a bouquet, was staggered at her appearance. Leslie looked at least fifty.

"How do you do?" she simpered. "My, I was delighted to get your letter. It ain't often the gentlemen write to me now—I'm thirty-nine, you know—but in the good old days—Oh, my, you should have seen the letters I used to get.

"Where are you going to take me?" she added. "How about Byronico's? They do you fine there, and we'll have a loving little chat. Come along, old dear."

Leslie pitied the old gentleman as, clinging to his arm, she almost dragged him toward a taxi. The old gentleman was better than she had imagined. His horror at the company of this rouged and painted thing with the false hair was no manifest. Nevertheless, she soon had him hustled into the taxi. Then, seated beside him, she slid her hand into his.

"I'm a very lovely disposition," she confided. "My, I've been thinking about that letter you sent me ever since it come. Can you love truly? I believe love should last for ever, don't you?"

"My God!" muttered the old gentleman under his breath. This was worse than anything he had ever imagined.

He tried to think of some subterfuge by which to make his escape. It was simply impossible to be seen in Byronico's with this painted hag. He would be humiliated into the ground. And while he was meditating the taxi stopped outside the famous restaurant.

Leslie, scanning the sidewalk with an eager eye, caught sight of Jim waiting. He recognized her and dipped her the wink. Then his glance fell on the old gentleman, and a queer expression came over his face. He started forward.

Leslie, afraid that Jim's jealousy had overcome him, and that he was contemplating something rash, slipped hastily out of the taxi and moved toward him to intercept him.

And that was the old gentleman's cue. Rendered desperate by the predicament in which he found himself, he turned to the driver.

"Drive me out of here!" he whispered. "Drive like the devil—anywhere, so long as you get me away."

"I get you, boss," answered the driver, grinning.

And the next instant the old gentleman had slipped into the vehicle and disappeared from the scene for ever.

Leslie, perceiving his maneuver, went into peals of helpless laughter.

"Oh, Jim, Jim," she sobbed, "it's the funniest thing I've ever seen in my life. His face—Oh, Lord, Jim, if you could have seen! Say, I've got to get somewhere where I can get rid of this makeup."

"You thundering idiot!" Jim was growling.

"Why—why, Jim, what's the matter?"

"Matter? Don't you know who that was? It wasn't a mash note at all. That's Carson, the English manager, and—you've lost your chance of a London reputation, that's all."

Birds That Have "Speech."

The North American blue jay is an admirable mimic and can be taught to imitate many sounds of the human voice.

Jackdaws and some other crows can be taught to talk, but in all the crow tribe, except the piping crow, the reproduction of human speech seems to be a trick of mimicry than an effort to acquire a substitute for song.

The magpie, whose name has a place in ancient mythology, can sometimes be taught a few words.

The raven has been known to acquire the command of a few words.

The Family Feud

By MORRIS SCHULTZ

(© 1931, Western Newspaper Union.)

THERE was a feud between the Rabinowitz and the Epstein families. One of them had done something to one of the other in the past, in the old country. Ephraim Rabinowitz, a stern, bearded patriarch, guarded his Becky like the apple of his eye from Jacob Epstein. What mattered it if Jacob had been to college? One of Jacob's ancestors had offended one of his ancestors in the old country.

Ephraim was reputed wealthy. He sat all day long in Mirowitz' place, playing chess, challenging all comers. No one could beat Ephraim. He had one wonderful move, half-way through the game, a gambit no one could follow. It always won.

On the day after Becky eloped with Jacob Epstein the old man was in his corner as usual. One of the bystanders, who had not heard the news that was percolating through the East side, asked him how his daughter was.

"Daughter! I have no daughter," replied old Ephraim mildly.

Ephraim was like that, mild in manner, bitter at heart. He never acknowledged that he had had a daughter, even though Jacob was making good as a salesman and they lived in a fine apartment uptown.

Day by day he continued to sit playing chess in Mirowitz'. It was a point of honor with him to take on all comers. Once Becky used to stand beside his chair and watch. Now there was no Becky. But.

There were stories of a Becky who had come to the apartment with a child in her arms and seen her father face to face. "No, no, I do not know you, madam," Ephraim had answered. That "Madam" was the crowning insult. It signified that she was no longer of his race. Even on Yom Kippur, when Jewish people are reconciled, he had denied Becky.

He was sitting in his corner. Suddenly the onlookers gasped. Jacob Epstein, looking very prosperous and pale, had pushed forward. "I will play a game with you, Mr. Rabinowitz," he said.

For a moment old Ephraim was nonplussed. He could not give vent to anger, for, according to his hypothesis, he had never heard of Jacob. He hesitated and glared.

"Sit you down," he said coldly.

"But, Mr. Rabinowitz, shall we not have a little stake on the game?" asked Jacob.

Ephraim shrugged his shoulders. "What you will."

"Listen then. If you win, I pay you a thousand dollars. If I win—my wife and I adopt you as our father."

Ephraim looked thunderstruck. Then a boisterous mood seized him. "Sit you down!" he roared. "What is your name, my future son?"

"Jacob Epstein," replied the other.

Ephraim chuckled. It was evident that he meant to give Jacob the trimming of his life, daughter or no daughter.

Everybody watched with bated breath. The game proceeded along strictly orthodox lines until Ephraim's move was due. He made it. What happened? A lightning change in the situation, the sudden hurling of his forces forward?

No! Something had happened. Ephraim looked bewildered. He had made his famous, mysterious move, and Jacob had countered. He sat gnawing his beard in perplexity. Then he looked up at Jacob. And suddenly he burst into such oaths as had never been known to come from his lips before. With a single motion of his hand he swept every piece from the board.

He sank back in his chair, daring defiance about him, at Jacob—at Becky, who had appeared, who had come forward into the circle of spectators.

"My game," said Jacob coolly. "This lady is my wife, Mr. Rabinowitz. I call upon you, as a man of honor, to fulfill the terms of the compact."

Old Ephraim's bloodshot, haggard eyes passed from Jacob's to Becky's. Becky was standing where she used to stand beside her father. Nobody stirred.

"Do you honor your word, sir?" Jacob asked.

Old Ephraim looked at Becky, and a spasm took him. "Oi, oi!" he moaned. "You taught that fellow my gambit, traitress."

"But, father, I was no longer your daughter," pleaded Becky. "Oh, father, say that you will forgive us."

Ephraim rose up from his chair. "I forgive," he muttered. "Come home, children. We've got to keep that gambit in the family."

Uses for Skimmed Milk.

It is said that in France 20,000 quarts of skimmed milk a day is used for making substitutes for horn, ivory, amber and such things. The casein in the milk is precipitated by a chemical process and then mixed with formalin. This produces galalith, or petrified milk, a hard, elastic, insoluble substance that is easily worked. The French dairy experts think that the demand for the skimmed milk for this purpose will be great enough to increase the profit in the butter-making business by producing a ready market for the by-products.—Washington Star.

Prepared.

"I don't see where we can put up this lecturer for the night."

"Don't worry—he always brings his own bunk."—Pittsburgh Tiger.

Reflections

Debt is a friend, with the hoop-end towards you.

Oftentimes the man who uses his head haven't lost much.

It's easy enough to be cheerful with the other fellow's troubles.

If king power were wisdom we know some kings who'd never lose an digit mind.

It doesn't take a wife long to discover that there's a lot of the baby left in a grown-up man.

Misery loves company, but we're not sure that the company is pleased with the tale of woe.

If work were always easy and pleasant ability would be out looking for something irksome and difficult to do.

We don't know anything about it but we imagine that the husband of a rich wife has a lot to contend with.

The worst thought about failure is that we are sure it wouldn't happen if we could have the same chance over again.

Now and then we wonder if the grouch really accomplishes anything worth while with the time he saves by being disagreeable.

There will always be a market for automobiles so long as everybody continues to look forward to the day when he will have one of his own.

APROPOS OF NOTHING

Cultivate hunger and appetite will take care of itself.

Trivial bad habits are usually a form of safety valve.

Worry sometimes becomes so dominating that one would almost welcome disaster.

When a dog lays his head in your lap, it is his way of putting an arm around you.

There are excitable thermometers, and like all of the excitable people, unreliable.

If you let a boy alone who is fond of his first job, he will work himself nearly to death.

As to auto suicides, if it is done with extreme deliberation, at any rate it doesn't cost much.

Adam started the practice of getting a new fall suit, because the autumn leaves were so much prettier.

It is hateful to put one's heel on the neck of the oppressor, but not so much as to have the oppressor's heel on yours.

LOST LINKS

A cross-eyed oculist.

A chorus girl who can sing.

Soup served without thumbs.

An alligator with false teeth.

What rolls under the bureau.

A chaperon at a poker party.

A hair restorer that restores.

A church choir smoking cigars.

Publicity agents for pickpockets.

Baby carriages in the opening rite.

A hair ribbon on a bobbed-haired girl.

Bootleggers who go into bankruptcy.

Hat check boys without whisk brooms.

An annual testimonial dinner given by truck drivers to the police force.

FESTUS PESTER

Some men's heads are all stuff.

The man who boasts that he has never been fooled usually looks it.

A joke is not a joke when it is told the second time to the same victim.

The wisest of men are often confounded by the antagonism of wise-fooled fools.

I do not talk to instruct my fellow men, but merely for the pleasure of hearing my own head roar.

I sometimes feel that I made a mistake in not going to the legislature instead of trying to make an honest living.—Kansas City Star.

APROPOS OF NOTHING

If repartee is witty it is hard for one to restrain it because it is also impudent.

When one runs for office, he can't complain if people want to know all about him.

There is doubt whether the ostrich fraternity is always speaking out the truth, regardless of place or time, in sticking the conventional head.

When They Found Love

By JOHN WORTHINGTON

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THE Man heard the party long before the Girl came through the pine woods. In the dim moonlight he had rushed on the risky to find himself indignant.

He was an unremarkable enough writer. He was writing a romantic book, a book which constituted his beauty in all the world. In a year, when it was finished, he was going back to the world of men.

He was this book he wanted only two things—love and solitude. He had yet to come to the end, and the book was incomplete that he had the solitude of the woods and starry nights, in them he was sensible that he had built. He was very happy there, two months among the waters from the Great Lakes.

Then the party came to camp on the island and spoiled it. It was a company of strolling players whose camp was set up on the south side of the lake opposite. They were very cheery, rather interesting in the moonlight, and perhaps [illegible]

Dolly, the ingenue, wandered away from them. She had quarreled with her sweetheart, who was the leading man, and was [illegible] to be left alone. So, when she had finished a home and wilderness. Now that she was, loving life and quietness, began to pall on her.

Then face to face among the pines she saw the Man.

The Man and the Girl looked at each other.

"Are you a lunatic?" asked Dolly.

"No, a poor writer."

"Writing [illegible]"

He told her that all the [illegible] the book would be ruined had he spoke of it.

"And you are here alone?"

"Till the book is completed. Then I have solitude and—"

"And?"

"Love," he said, with a [illegible] that hadn't [illegible]

"Will it come, Dolly?"

"Think it over, [illegible]"

[illegible]

"Dolly, [illegible]"

"Oh, [illegible]"

"Dolly, [illegible]"

"Dolly, [illegible]"

"Dolly