

Happy Lives

Giggly and
May Basket

Edward R. Garis.

Longear, the nice old man, who could twinkle like a sunflower, went on Grandpa Goosey's bill with the epizootic, girl, told Nurse Jane, and that she would come flowers.

While Uncle Wigley, a Goosey's house, and a man was doing his up the old gentleman Grandpa felt very tickle. Nothing the bunch seemed to cheer.

I shall do," said Uncle. "I shall sing for you a funny song."

He even thought would quacked Grandpa

Uncle Wigley set his tall floor, and then stuck and blue striped then on top of the hat, and

just wish you could Grandpa Goosey laugh

much better now!" pa Goosey. And then got down off his crutch and

Grandpa Goosey. And friends were very much

up took a long sniffy turn

the PIP act so you let him smell them?"

Lulu, "You see these flowers?" she said. "But they

when I put some of perfume on them they

So I brought them to a very kind of you."

Uncle, "But they are all dead and have no life in them."

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MAGAZINE FEATURES

Give The Opposing Sex Their Rights

By Ring W. Lardner.

To the Editor:—Ladies and others of the female sex that is always thrilling for equal rights with men. I wish I could enjoy the privilege of shaving myself every day, and a special ly going shopping in a barber shop once in a while for a hair cut or something, but unfortunately most of the fair sex is like the Russians and either don't, or don't half to, do neither one, and won't ever know what they are missing. Only some of the gals that is in the business of pairing finger nails can even guess at the delights of a barber shop.

Shaving yourself is sport enough and always keeps me laying in bed a couple of extra hrs. looking forward to it, but the real treat comes when the hair begins to drape itself down around the ears and you get a

some if he hadn't of started a fascinating conversation in the original garb.

"Was you to the convention?" he says and I said, "Yes."

"What did you think of it?" he says, "Nobody that was there could think."

I say: "Well," he says, "It wasn't no surprise to me."

"No," I said, "All us experts know how it was going to come out like the recent war between Germany and Turkey vs. the Allies, but everybody was pretty cautious all it come out."

Then he asked me what I thought of the White Sox and the Cubs and Jack Dempsey and George Carpentier and the Democrats in the order nam-

ed and I said I thought they would all lose and finally he asked me did I want a shave and I told him I didn't never want one but that was a certain part of that insisted that I better get one



WELL HE STARTED OUT WITH THE CLIPPERS AT THE ONE OF THE SKULL AT PER ORDER.

"Well he started out with the clippers at the base of the skull as per orders."

hint from some reliable source that it would be feasible to her if you

spent the lunch hr. in a tonsorial parlor, because what is the use of looking

like a virtuoso when you have got a name that can be pronounced?

Well I was out in old China few weeks ago tending the concrete convention

that cemented the Republican party and the lady with me give me a hint

along these lines the day after the convention wound up in a alleged

stampede, and to show you what I went through I will tell you what I

went through. In the last place I

remained into a shop which is like most other barber shops on acct. of the

bers all being natives of the country where the national flower is the garlie,

and I clumb into a steamer chair and D. Amundson tied on my napkin and

leant over me so as we was on intimate terms and asked me what did I

want. As soon as I got so as I could breath I says I wanted my hair trimmed and also myself and a shave be-

sides. And I says: "Just trim my hair around the edges and don't use the clippers on the sides and don't take even a little

bit off the top."

"No," he says, "You look like you needed some gut on."

A Complimentary Barber.

the old days of chivalry and

times they couldn't be none of

PIPE THE DUTY THE GROWIN'

the real treat comes when the hair begins to drape it self around the ears—"

the former that could turn a more delicate complexion than a barber.

What this wop meant to rubly convey was that he had noticed me

enough to see that some of my hair had fell down like London Bridge and the Philadelphia Nation.

Well he started out with the clippers at the base of the skull as per

orders, but the next thing I knew he was way up above the ears with

the same utensil and had the right side of the old been pretty near shorn

near before I could say Jack Robinson, which incidently I didn't no desire to say, a specialty to a barber.

Well, when the right side of the head gets shorn you have to get to let the left side know what the right

side has been having said it so I told him to go ahead and when I got

through with the hair trim I looked like a left handed pitcher from W. Gamaliel Hesthings's home town, Mar-

fan, Ohio.

Maybe I could of stopped him in

Stymie, Jan.

TO "RAISE" CHILDREN.

Grammarians generally are agreed that it is not correct to apply the term

"raise" to the rearing or education or bringing up of children. The verb

"raise" is applied with propriety only to crops or cattle, never to human

children. "She raised a family of eight boys," "She raised a charity report," it should have said, "She reared" or "she brought up."

The Standard Dictionary ridicules the expression, attributing it to a Southern snooty. "She raised thirteen head of children."

The term "brought up" is the more modern of the two; the term "reared" is older. The misuse of the term is common in some of the Southern and Western states.

Some authorities criticize the use of the verb "grow" in connection with crops, suggesting that we should not say, "We grow wheat on our farm," but should say, "We raise wheat."

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Just Folks
by Edgar A. Guest

THE FIRST TEE GOLFER.

It takes all sorts of men, I know, to make the golfing clan. And who pursues the Royal Game meets every kind of man. I think that I have met them all, and most of them are fine. It makes no difference how they play, I call them friends of mine. But there's one golfer that I shun, he holds no charm for me. The golfing shark who wins his games right on the starting tee.

Some men there are will play for fun, and some for exercise. Some hold that in a battle grim the joy of going lies. The Royal and the Ancient game unless he's sure to win. And so he argues long for strokes, from 18 down to three. And has the match decided ere a ball has left the tee.

He's always sadly off his play, or very tired or ill, With him it is a game of strokes, and not a game of skill. "How many do I get today?" his rivals hear him roar, And if they offer six or seven, he wrangles long for more. He will not take a chance himself, his right for victory is never made upon the course, but on the starting tee.

Oh, let me play with "hundred" men or spend my days with dubs, I will not care so long as they seek victory with their clubs. I care not who the golfer be, nor what his swing or stance, I'll play with him if only he gives every man a chance. I'll play with him forevermore that crank, who'er he be, Who wins his matches every time right on the starting tee.

Ran-Don Reels

TIBERIUS.

Tiberius was one of the few Roman emperors who succeeded in living out his term of office. In early times it was a very difficult thing to become a Roman emperor and live long enough to collect two instalments of taxes, but Tiberius excelled them all, and died in bed and entering the bottomless pit at one and the same time. From all accounts Tiberius was one of the meanest persons who ever sat for his picture on the Roman throne. He had a low forehead and a high temper, which would explode every now and then with a noise like a blow-out in a 39 x 4 tire. Whenever Tiberius exploded in this manner the members of his immediate family adjourned to some quiet retreat and felt of their windpipes. It was considered dangerous to argue with Tiberius when he had been fully incited, and few people attempted to do so without being impaled on a fence post or drowned in a vat of kerosene oil.

Tiberius was a married man, but his wife was a great disappointment to all concerned, as she was of a giddy nature and would rather flirt with perfect strangers than do house work and make jelly. She treated Tiberius with the utmost contempt and commented heartily upon his bald-headed condition, and it was a great relief to Tiberius when he was given a divorce at the October term of court.

Tiberius ruled Rome with a high hand and a heavy whip, and probably killed more people with whom he was not personally acquainted than any other man of his times. He was a bloody-minded despot who lacked both the equine nose and handsome, opalescent complexion of the Roman conquerors, and there were more plain drabs in the streets of Rome than he did than can be found at a modern street carnival. The fact that he was allowed to die in one jump, instead of in fragments, shows that justice was looking the other way.



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THE FRIEND WHO STANDS BY

By William T. Ellis.

The International Sunday School Lesson For July 11, Jonathan Befriends David.—I. Sam. 20.

"I had a friend," was the celebrated answer of Kingley, when asked the secret of his success.

A friend is the best fortune.

In a western city a lonely old

millionaire, made notorious by the

marriage of his daughter to a foreign

nobelman, sits day by day in an artist-

studio, replying bitterly to all

who will listen about his hard lot in

life. He has retired from business,

has no taste for literature or cultural

pursuits, and is now without home

ties or friends.

He has nothing but money.

Rightly he calls himself the most

miserable man in the city; and open-

ly bemoans that he has not the cour-

age to end his own existence. For he

was not learned to live in other lives.

In youth, he had no high order of

friendship; he was too busy making

money to bother about idealistic con-

cerns—and now he is a pitiable and

friendless old millionaire, who would

give a fortune for a friend, or for a

real interest in his life.

David and Jonathan, whose

friendship the Sunday School mil-

lions today study, are history's most

notable instance of friendship be-

tween men. They represent the

childhood glow of youthful ardor and

unselfishness which fulfilled to the

second generation its pledges of de-

votion. All the great qualities of

friendship were in this ideal union

of two knightly hearts. The story

is the best of starting points for a

consideration of what Dr. H. Clay

Trumbull called "Friendship, the mas-

ter passion."

A Romance of Youth.

Usually the best part of a college

education is the friendships made

between students, some of them last-

ing throughout life. It is in youth

that hearts take fire most easily,

and glow with the noble impulses of

love and patriotism. When a young

person finds a friend, a kindred spirit,

it is like taking a treasure and

ideals, and keeps that friendship in

repair throughout the years he has

made the richest of all investments.

To carry into age the crown of

youth is one of the wisest man's

wards. No later fellowship can take

the place of those shaped and cement-

ed in the plastic years.

David and Jonathan united in the

covenant of friendship when they

were young. It was a case of hero

worship upon Prince Jonathan's part.

His first vision of David was

as the young champion of Israel stood

with Goliath's head in his hand. His

heart leaped with youth's instinctive

admiration of great courage. David be-

came his hero, and he "loved him as

he loved his own soul." What a tre-

mendous capacity for affection and ad-

miral friendship Jonathan possessed!