

Storyettes.

HE WOULD.

The demobbed airman had been exchanging all sorts of things to his cousins, who were very inquisitive. They'd often seen an aeroplane flying, but didn't know how it was made. "What then?" asked one of his cousins. "What then?" asked the other. "I'd come straight down, the same!"

BEYOND ARGUMENT.

Quickrich, the profiteer, was enthusiastic about his new commission. He had altered the house so often, that now the contractor did not dare to proceed with anything until he had received a letter from him. "What then?" asked the contractor. "What then?" asked the other. "I'd come straight down, the same!"

A HIGHER STANDARD.

The son of the family was home on his first vacation from college. He was a day or two discussing affairs of the day, and finally the boy asked: "Must say, dad, I hope when I am as old as you are I'll know more about you than you do."

TURNUED.

Means of hard work and clever examination, the lawyer had agreed to get his client acquitted, though things looked very black against him. The opposing solicitor was very confident, and couldn't hide it when next he met his victorious colleague. It seemed to be in a club, of which were members. "What then?" asked the other. "What then?" asked the other. "I'd come straight down, the same!"

RUBBING IT IN.

There's certainly money in jam, all the more so if it isn't eaten. The manufacturer of the jam, Old Johnson, made a pile from his jam and his factory, and, having married a bride, sought to forget the loss of his wealth. The visitors put up with their host, and he had occasion to write to his neighbour, complaining that the servants had been trespassing on the Johnson grounds. This is the letter he wrote to us:—

Death Expected

New Brunswick Man Saved. Eldred Thomas, of Tilley's Road, St. John's, N.B., while expecting death, awaited himself of help that offered at random. Here is part of the letter he wrote to us:—

But he went to the doctor and was thoroughly examined—so thoroughly that he was declined. Case for Dr. Pepsia. I'm a couple of pounds down on the deal, counting loss of time; but I'm saving up for another relative now and will make a pound per cent. out of my expectation of life holds out.

THE BEST OF THE BARGAIN.

Little Johnnie had an apple, which he was beginning to munch during the lunch-hour. Another small boy sitting near him eyed him in envy. In fact, he stared so hard that Johnnie felt awkward. At last he could stand it no longer. Handing over the rosy apple, he said: "Have a bite!"

WHICH WAS WHICH?

A party of admiring friends were being shown round the young artist's studio. "Have you painted anything recently?" asked a gushing lady. "Yes," said the painter modestly. "Here are my most recent works. One picture is of my father, the other is a landscape painted on Hampstead Heath."

NO CAUSE FOR GRIEF.

The elderly, aristocratic lady met the poor but popular peer at an afternoon party. "My dear old friend," she said sympathetically, "I hear your son is determined to marry an actress." "Yes," replied the peer. "Permit me to console with you," signed the lady.

THE HINT WAS TAKEN.

On arrival at his office, the busy merchant—in funny stories they are always "busy"—found that he had left his pocket-knife at home. He asked his secretary, and the chief clerk, and one or two others for a knife, but no one had such a thing. At last he tried the office boy, who produced a battered affair, promptly. "How is it, Jimmie," asked the boss, "that you are the only member of the staff who has a pen-knife?"

JUST HINDRANCES.

"I am getting up a little sale for the benefit of the Home for Unemployed Profiteers, a sort of 'White Elephant Sale,' you know. Just bring or send along anything you don't want, or which is in the way, and I'll get rid of it for you." So Mrs. Muddle wrote to about thirty of her friends, and sat down complacently to await the replies. She had prepared her largest room for the sale, and hoped to raise quite a lot of money.

ALL FOR THE BEST.

After paying a big sum for the use of the salmon river, the English visitor was very unlucky, having got nothing for the first five days. On the last day, however, he killed a nice salmon. "Hamish," said the gentleman to the boatman, "do you know that fish has cost me about £50?" "A wheel, sir," quoth Hamish, "then it's a mercy ye didn't catch any mair!"

GALLANT HERO.

Old Mrs. Jones, who, at the best, was certainly not musical, attended church one recent Sunday morning when an anthem was sung by the choir, during which a certain Mr. Wood rendered a solo. On returning home, the old lady remarked to a friend: "Dear, dear! What a mess they made of that anthem. To be sure! Why, if it had not been for Mr. Wood, they would have broken down entirely in one part!"

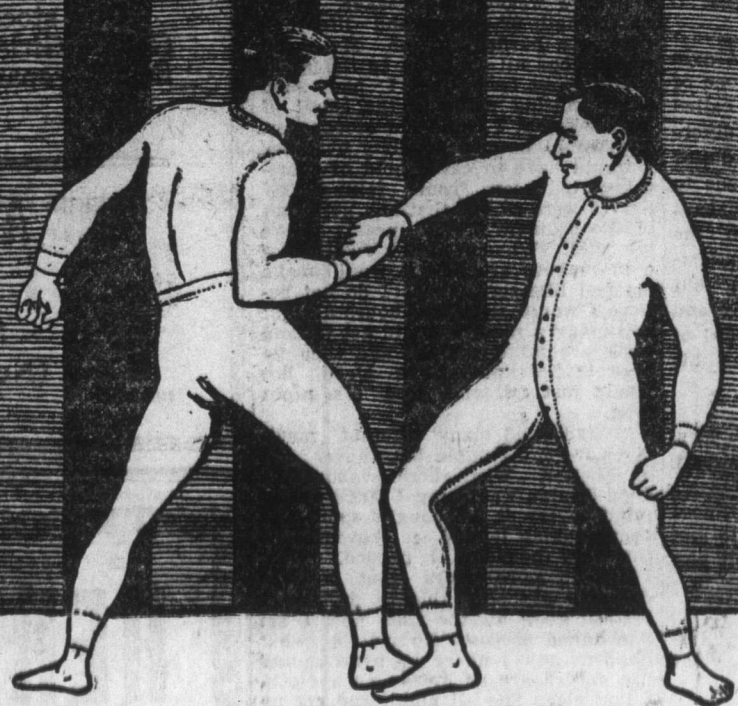
KEEPING HIM OUT.

Round the tea-table sat the mother and her children, awaiting the father's return from work. At six o'clock he came in tired and hungry. In the course of the conversation with his wife, he was telling her how hard he had to work to keep the wolf from the door. After a time there was a knock. The mother said: "Who's there?" Then little Freddy, aged six, said: "Don't go, mother. Perhaps it's the wolf!"

TOO MUCH SPARE CASH.

They were going to get married some day. In the meantime, daydreams were their chief occupation. "John, dear," she said. "I've heard of a lovely flat we might be able to get." "What is the rent, dear?" he asked. "£250 a year." The young man slipped into deep

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Rubber Footwear.

We have Rubbers to fit every shoe style going. Mail orders receive prompt attention.

F. Smallwood, The Home of Good Shoes, 218 & 220 Water St.

kept the news of his rise from his wife because he felt he would have to offer her some of it as soon as she knew, and he wanted a bit of a fling. Not being one of the interfering sort, this mother-in-law felt very distressed. She really thought that Elaine should know the truth, but she didn't like to tell her. "If I broach the subject to Tom he'll think his wife has been grumbling, and he's never been a lad to take reproach kindly," ran the older lady's

thoughts as she pondered again and again what course to take. Eventually she decided to keep her own counsel, and let the two young folks work their lives out in their own way. But how hard the awakening will be for that wife, if the keeping this small secret from her develops on Tom's side a habit of perpetual deceit, none can say.

thought, and the fair maid said, rather nervously: "Do you think it extravagant?"

"It is not that," returned the young man slowly. "I was wondering what I should do with the other £150 of my salary!"

HE'D FORGOTTEN!

A well-known preacher was giving one of his stirring discourses, when he remarked: "Ah! that reminds me of something I shall never forget." Then he stopped and thought; and, after thinking and waiting a long time, greatly to the astonishment of the congregation, he said: "Dear me, I can't think what it is!"

HIS TIME WAS OCCUPIED.

A big, strong, healthy-looking fellow knocked at the kitchen door, and asked for something to eat, but the woman was not charitably disposed.

"Why don't you get some work?" she snapped. "I haven't time, ma'am."

"No, ma'am, I'm busy." "Busy, indeed!" she said sarcastically. "I'd like to know what keeps you busy?"

"Tearin' round from house to house, ma'am."

"What?"

LET "DANDERINE"

BEAUTIFY HAIR

Girls! Have a mass of long, thick, gleamy hair

Let "Danderine" save your hair and double its beauty. You can have lots of long, thick, strong, lustrous hair. Don't let it stay lifeless, thin, scraggly or fading. Bring back its color, vigor and vitality.

Get a 35-cent bottle of delightful "Danderine" at any drug or toilet counter to freshen your scalp; check dandruff and falling hair. Your hair needs this stimulating tonic, then its life, color, brightness and abundance will return—*Quickly!*

There are different processes in vogue at the various studios. In connection with one of the leading companies, a famous newspaper cartoonist works with the assistance of a talented corps of artists.

Before a single reel of one thousand feet is completed, this cartoonist has to sketch between four and five thousand outline drawings on tracing paper. These are then inked in by four artists, after which a week is consumed in photographing them.

To make even one error with the pen would ruin the whole film, so all have to take great pains over the very exacting work. The drawings, when seen on the screen, are twenty-five times larger than the original sketches.

Another method employed is to draw each "move" on cardboard, and then place the boards together one by one. After this they are separately photographed. It is the showing of these in rapid succession that gives action to the cartoons. But the plan is so tedious that the preparation of each drawing occupies upwards of

twenty minutes, hence the reason why the output of one cartoonist seldom exceeds two hundred and fifty feet weekly. There is also a considerable amount of time consumed in planning out a subject.

Should a Mother Tell?

MANY OF OUR READERS MUST HAVE PONDERED OVER THIS DIFFICULT QUESTION.

"Good gracious, child, how white you look! Why don't you send some of the big things to the laundry?" Elaine looked up at her mother-in-law asked this question, and her eyes told more even than her stooping frame that she was working too hard. "Can't afford it, mother. It's as much as the housekeeping money 'I spin out till the week-end, anyway," replied the girl-wife, with a very poor attempt at a smile. Then she added brightly: "Don't look so serious, dear. The firm's promised to give Tom a decent rise, but I wish to goodness they'd be quick about it!"

TRUE TO THE LETTER.

"How did you obtain the chickens the officer found in your possession?" sternly asked the police magistrate.

"I—I raised 'em, your Honour," stammered the prisoner.

"Tell me the truth."

"That's the truth, your Honour," persisted the crime-stained creature.

"I reached down through a hole in the roof of the hen-house!"

Making "Movie" Cartoons.

It Takes Thousands of Drawings to Amuse You for a Few Minutes.

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It has been asserted that the drawings are thrown on a silhouette screen, another camera being used to film them. Number two discovery is that a manikin is used, manipulated by invisible strings. Yet another maintains that moving cardboard figures are photographed.

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