

THE DAYS OF REAL SPORT

By Briggs



A BACK YARD HAIR CUT - SATURDAY MORNING

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Bobby's Play Circus

Once there lived a boy. His name was Bob. One day he thought he would have a play circus. He had \$20 in the bank. He invited all his friends whose names were John, Frank, George, Fred, David, and Willie. He got his money out of his bank. When he asked his mother, she said, No, that he had no money to fool away. He had to put his money back in his bank. He did not get to have a circus. After that he asked his mother before he invited any of his friends. George Thompson, 3A grade, Whitewater school.

Just for Fun

O-o-f!

Heard in English class:
"Name a concrete noun."
"Sidewalk."

A pupil entered the zoology laboratory. He handed a note to the instructor. It read:
"Admit to zoo."
"Very well," said the instructor, "find a seat with the right variety."

He Needed the Grammar.

"Richard," asked the teacher, suddenly, "have you learned your history lesson?"
"No," answered the idle boy slowly, "I ain't had no time for nothing but my grammar lesson yet."

Teacher (in English)—"There can be no sentence without a verb."
Johnny—"I know of a sentence that hasn't a verb."
"Name it."
"Thirty years."

A Sad Alternative.

Tommy—Mamma, have gooseberries got legs?
Mamma—Of course not, Tommy.
Tommy—Then I have swallowed a caterpillar.

Miss McMillan—"Walter, tell what you know about the Mongolian race."

Walter—"I was not there; I went to see the sophomores beat the seniors in a baseball game."

In Satan's Grip.

"Young man," said Mr. Manley, as he grabbed a frisky "freshie" by the shoulder, "I believe Satan has got a hold on you."

"I believe he has," replied the youth.

Teacher—"I have a paper here with no name on it. Does anyone know whose it is?"

Johnnie—"What is the grade on it?"

Talk About Fun—

What if a kind fairy appeared before you today, and said, "Junior, if I will grant you a wish, what would you most desire?"

Perhaps you'd like a watch or camera. Or would you wish for a dandy vacation trip?

You can win a free trip to Cincinnati. You will see all the strange animals at the Cincinnati Zoo—you will view the Kentucky Highlands—and just think, a personally conducted trip through the largest warm-air furnace factory in the world.

This fine wish will be granted to the boy or girl between 6 and 14, who writes the best essay or story about that wonderful heating system, the Caloric Pipeless Furnace.

There are so many interesting things to write about the Caloric, that when you come and get our free books, it will be very easy for you to write a little essay. And, you may get someone to help you. Why not ask the lady or gentleman whom you will choose as a guardian when you go to Cincinnati? Remember, all expenses of yourself and guardian will be paid for by the Caloric Furnace people.

Better get in your essay soon, Juniors, if you want to take that trip to Cincinnati.

CONTEST CLOSING NEXT FRIDAY, JUNE 10. Call at 7 S. 7th St. with your parents, or write for free books that will help you to win.

The CALORIC Store
7 South 7th St.

BILLY WHISKERS

by FRANCES TREGO MONTGOMERY

"So, it was I they were talking about," thought poor Billy when the firemen had tied him to the pump. "Had I only known, they would have had a fine time catching me, and more than one man would have had bruises and torn clothes."

"Gee whiz!" he thought a moment later, "but this water is cold that they are pumping upon me, and won't I get even with them all when I get loose!"

"Ouch!" cried one of the men, for Billy suddenly tossed his head, giving him a bump on the nose. Then two of the men began to use brushes, one on each side, while a third kept the pump going; so squirm and wriggle as he might, Billy got a generous supply of water and was drenched and shivering in spite of his efforts to free himself.

At last the firemen thought he was clean enough and they stopped scrubbing, while one of them said,



"Well, Billy Jr., how do you find yourself?" Billy glared at him and shook his head in answer, but there was murder in his eye.

Next the men drew cuts to decide who should untie him and, strangely enough, it fell to the lot of the fireman who was always cracking his whip at Billy and tormenting old One-horn. When this man found that he was to untie Billy, he said, "Very well, boys, you all get inside of the engine house and shut the big door, leaving the little one open for me to run through, but be sure to shut it

quickly behind me or Billy will be inside as quickly as I am."

"All right," they answered, and away they went to do as bidden. Then the fireman who was to do the untying, approached cautiously and first untied Billy's legs, leaving his head still tied to the pump; then with a sharp knife he cut the last cord with one swift slash and ran for the engine house. Quick as he was, our Billy was not far behind, for with one bound he covered half the distance that lay between them while with another he went bang against the little door through which the fireman had but just disappeared.

The door was slammed shut in double-quick time, and had Billy's head not been a hard one it must surely have split in two when it struck the door. However, it was made to withstand hard knocks and so, undismayed, he backed off to gather impetus for another rush; and then with a last plunge he split the door from top to bottom and landed in a confused heap right in the midst of the astonished firemen, who scrambled in all directions with more haste than grace, thinking only of getting out of reach of Billy's avenging horns. One man climbed up on the high seat of the fire engine, another ran down cellar, while the third, the particular one Billy was after, bounded up the stairs that led to the firemen's bedroom. Billy kept on after him.

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YES—SLIP ON ONE AND TRY IT

"What kind of leather makes the best shoes, Eddie?"

"I don't know, sir, but I guess banana peels make the best slippers."

The Coming of Spring

Spring is here
With its good cheer,
Good-bye to winter toys,
Spring brings the joys.

Carols ringing,
Birds are singing;
April showers
Bring May flowers.

—Robert Shelley, 4B, Starr School

Last Appearance of Davy Jones' Mule

"What'd you say, Pete?" asked Sanford Mills, looking up from his paper.

"I said it was 'bout time for Davy to come for his mail," replied Pete drowsily.

"Yes, I guess so," Mills said, as he knocked the ashes from his corn-cob pipe.

"He's thinkin' of gittin' a job at that there gasoline place," said Pete, leaning against a pole.

This took place in a little country town, called Metzville in a little store owned by Pete. This store, like all country stores, handled hardware goods and mail, besides groceries.

"By golly, if I don't think this is Davy Jones comin' up the road there," Mills said, pointing to the woods.

Davy Jones was a man of about forty years. He was dressed like any farmer usually is, with blue overalls and an old straw hat.

As Davy walked up to the porch of the store, Pete said, "Well, 'ave you got that job you were talking about the other mornin'?"

"No, not yet, but I'm goin' up thar this afternoon an' see about it," replied Davy, spitting a wad of tobacco out on the ground.

"Wall, I hope you get it," said Pete.

After getting the articles he wanted, Davy walked out of the store and went home.

The place Davy called home was a shanty, not very large, that he had made when he first came to town. He lived there by himself.

"I sure would like to have a job," thought Davy, sitting down at his dinner table.

That afternoon, Davy Jones hitched an old gray mare to a rig that looked as if it had seen better days, and rode on toward the place where he was hoping to get work.

In about fifteen minutes, a man with a tobacco-stained beard, raised his head from his desk, and said, "Do you think you can handle this job now?"

"By George, if I can't handle a job like this I ought to let that old mule kick me as hard as he can."

"Well, you look like a fellow that could do almost anything," said the old man.

"Yes, sirc, I can! Why, I could lay right down beside all the work

there is, and go to sleep," laughed Davy.

So he got the job and the next morning reported, ready to begin.

"All right, go out in the shed and hitch up Jerry," said the boss.

Davy went out in the shed, expecting to see a nice big, strong horse that held his head up in the air as if he were king of all the world, but—Oh, luddy, if you could have seen Davy's face when, to his surprise, there lying in the stable, was a mule, whose ribs, if you had wanted to, you could have counted.

"Wall, I guess there is nothing for me to do, except do as the boss told me to do," said Davy, scratching his head.

After about half an hour's punching and pulling, Davy got the mule to stand up. Then he went to fill his tank with gasoline. (I don't mean that Davy has a tank, but I mean the one on the wagon).

Davy had to go through a woods to get to the next town, and as he was about three-quarters of the way through it, the mule stopped.

"Giddap, there, what's the matter with ya," yelled Davy, grabbing the whip and giving the mule a hard hit with the whip.

At once the mule showed some of the liveliest life it could ever show.

"Whoa, now, baby," said Davy, beginning to show signs of fear.

Presently, another wagon drove up and a farmer jumped off and said, "Let's see, maybe I can help you."

So, the farmer started to do all sorts of things to try to get the mule to go, but to no advantage.

Pretty soon the farmer walked away saying, "You'll have to start a fire under that ol' mule before he'll even budge," and drove away laughing all the time.

"Say, that wouldn't be a bad idea," said Davy, thinking the farmer had really meant it.

Davy soon had a fire going under the mule, which walked about five steps, just enough to be away from the fire.

It so happened that Jerry had stopped right where the wagon with all the gasoline was over the fire.

Davy pulled with all his might on the mule, but it would not move.

[The End.]

P. S.—I do not think that Davy ever went back to that gasoline company to tell his story.—Lloyd Slifer, Junior High school.