

CONSIDER THE ANT

The ant is quite industrious, The ancient sages say, A grim and busy little cuss Who labors all the day.

A GENTLE SOCK ON THE JAW.

The whole thing began because the lightweight champion walked daily through the park, and Norma Niles spent a fragment of her brief luncheon hour in the same place.

"I was." "That's too bad." But he added hastily, "I don't blame you. That was a big dog and he sure meant business with the little squirrel!"

"I'll surprise you to death," Norma repeated. "Oh, Eddie, it will be so wonderful!" "What?" Socker insisted. "What's wonderful? Aw, tell me. Tell me dearie."

"I don't think you'd—change." "What do you think?" "I don't know," Socker groaned hopelessly. "I just hope you won't change, that's all."

He knew they were the same dainty hands which he so loved to hold. He forgot to shake hands with his opponent and the referee had to direct him.

The famed right of Socker Dooley darted home. There was no question about its accuracy and certainly none about its power. It landed flush on the Durkon chin.