

THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER

By RUPERT HUGHES

Deborah Larrabee is the old maid of Carthage. She is not an old maid, however, she is the only one of her generation who has not married. She is a woman of many moods, and her moods are as changeable as the weather. She is a woman of many moods, and her moods are as changeable as the weather. She is a woman of many moods, and her moods are as changeable as the weather.

spots of salt. A few big tears had welled to her eyelids and dropped into her dish. She looked at the salt. Then she turned to her neighbor and said: "Debbie, is your ice cream all right?" "Yes, it is," she murmured, frowning. "So's mine. Funny thing, there's always salt in the ice cream. Ever notice that?" "That's that's so, there usually is a little."

married, shall never be a mother, shall never be of any use or any beauty. Why? Why? Bitter, bitter were her thoughts as she sat with her plate in her hand. She hardly noticed when Josie took the plate away. She could not bear to remain. She slipped from the dining room unheeded and went out at the side door, drawing her shawl over her head. She must seek home alone, as usual. "Thank heaven, it was only a block and the streets were black."

DEB LARRABEE! Humph. You could dance with that old thing till the cows come home and I won't mind that you can't take me to a party and dance three times with Birdaline Nicker. You can't, and that's all. So there! Deborah did not linger to hear the rest of the war that was sure to be curiously. There was no strength for curiosity in her soul. She wanted to crawl into a sack and cover in the rub of a sick cat. Josie's opinion of her was a forcible condemnation for any woman-thing to hear. It was her own fault. It damned her, past, present and future. She sneaked home without and future. She sneaked home without and future. She sneaked home without and future.

There were evidences that refreshments were about to be served. Chicken salad and ice cream were not frequent enough in Deborah's life to be overlooked. Disparagement and derision were her every-day porridge. Ice cream was a party. So she lingered. The neighbors' hired girl in a clean apron and a complete armor of blueses appeared at the dining room door and beckoned. Josie summoned her more than willing children to pass the plates. She nodded to Asaph to come and roll the ice cream trolley into place and the ice cream trolley into place and the ice cream trolley into place.

He was holding out his hand. And because it commanded hers, she put hers in it, and he squeezed her long, bony fin in a big, warm, comfortable palm. And she gave her third, smiling eye into his big, smiling stare and wondered why she smiled. But she liked it so much that fresh tears rushed to her eyelids, little, eager, happy tears that could not have much salt in them, for one or two of them bounced into her ice cream. Yet it did not taste bitter now. Asaph came in then and looked around the room with defiant eyes that dared anybody to be uncomfortable. He recognized Mel drum had prospered, according to Carthage standards.



Newt Meldrum had prospered, according to Carthage standards.

SCRAPPLE



Mistress—Jane, didn't you hear the door bell? New Servant—Yes, mum. Mistress—Then why don't you go to the door? New Servant—Deed, mum, I ain't expectin' nobody call on me. It must be somebody to see yourself, mum!



LAND SAVERS! I CAN'T REMEMBER WHETHER I WAS GOING OUT OR COMING IN! NOW LET ME THINK... THAT'S SIX TIMES SHE'S BEEN AROUND!

Britain Views Greece. Halo! Concer "Tino." Always Come Back. She—Do thoughts that came to you long ago ever return? Post—Yes if I enclose a stamped envelope.

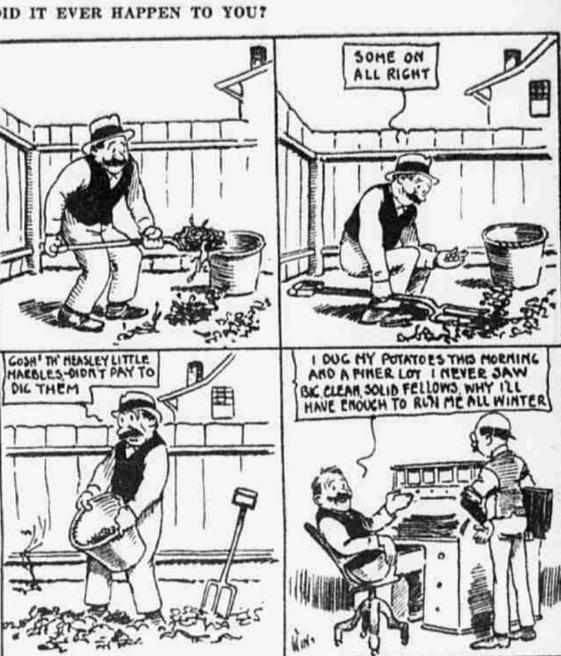
Some Difference. Tough Luck. Doctor Hare—Duodecklets. — Punch Bowl.



Always Come Back. She—Do thoughts that came to you long ago ever return? Post—Yes if I enclose a stamped envelope.



Nothing for an Answer. Teacher—Wait a moment, Tommy. What do you understand by the word deficit? Tommy—It's what you've got when you haven't got as much as if you just hadn't nothin'.



HOW A WOMAN TIES A PARCEL. Teacher—Wait a moment, Tommy. What do you understand by the word deficit? Tommy—It's what you've got when you haven't got as much as if you just hadn't nothin'.

FARMER SMITH'S RAINBOW CLUB

GOOD-NIGHT TALKS. Dear Children—What are the two most important bricks in a brick building? The first brick and the last. Suppose in your daily work you pay attention to LITTLE THINGS. A brick is a very small thing compared to a big building, but the builder must pay attention to the first little brick which goes to make a building.

Form for joining Farmer Smith's Rainbow Club. Includes fields for Name, Address, Age, School attended, and a section for 'Wanta and Kawasha' with a small illustration of a dog and a cat.



After the Raid. Tax! Quick! Drive us to the finest ruin!



Our Postoffice Box. William Pescatore and Charles Marola, of South 8th street, are doing their best to collect old toys for the Rainbow Club's Santa Claus. Thank you, boys. How do you like your picture?

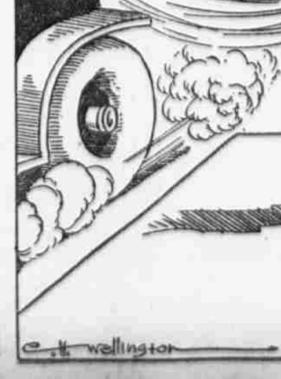


THE REASON. Mrs. Newbridge—I gave Henry a beautiful necktie I made for a birthday present. Friend—Was he pleased with it? Mrs. Newbridge—Oh, yes. He said its beauty should be for his eyes but his own and locked it up in his desk. Wasn't that lovely of him?



Do You Know This? 1. What word can you form from this sentence, "LO I DRESS"? (Five credits.) 2. What does a ship at sea do when she is in danger? (Five credits.) 3. Who invented the wireless? (Three credits.) 4. When does a ship tell a falsehood? (Five credits.)

Wanta and Kawasha. Father Sun was high in the heavens when Wanita and Kawasha started on their morning walk. The daisies nodded their heads as if to welcome them, while the little leaves on the trees fluttered a welcome. By their side trotted Tow Tow, their faithful dog, who was always by their side and who slept in their tent at night. "Where shall we go, dear one?" asked Wanita, who always called her brother "dear one."



The Reason. She—Why does Miss Yowler close her eyes when she sings? He—Perhaps she has a tender heart. She—I don't understand. He—She may not want to see how the rest of us suffer.