

SCRAPPLE

The Young Lady Across the Way



We asked the young lady across the way how her father's trial was coming on, and she said she hadn't the slightest fear that he would be acquitted.

Proof of the Pudding Woman (purchasing purse)—Are you sure this purse is genuine alligator skin? Clerk—Yes, madam, I shot the alligator myself. Woman—Well, I'd take it if it didn't look so soiled. Clerk—But, madam, that's where the alligator hit the ground when he fell out of the tree.

THE PADDED CELL



TODAYS BEAUTY HINT - RESTRAIN YOUR LAUGHTER - IT MAKES "CROWS FEET" ABOUT THE EYES.

HA! ONLY \$100 A BUNCH OF BEETS? THAT'S FUNNY! HA HA HA HA HA!

S-S-SAM, HERE'S THIS WEEK'S STORE BILL!

HAYWARD

SCHOOL DAYS



Can't you come out and play?

I'll ask my mamma

March 1

Correct Fresh hesitates at the word "connoisseur." English Prof.—What would you call a man who pretends to know everything? Twenty—A professor.—Sel.

Sous Belesheim Contributes Romeo—Oh, Juliet, I don't feel preddy well now; I have a horse in my throat. Juliet—Nain, das ist not right. You mean you haf a colt in your head.—Lehigh Burr.

The Retort Courteous

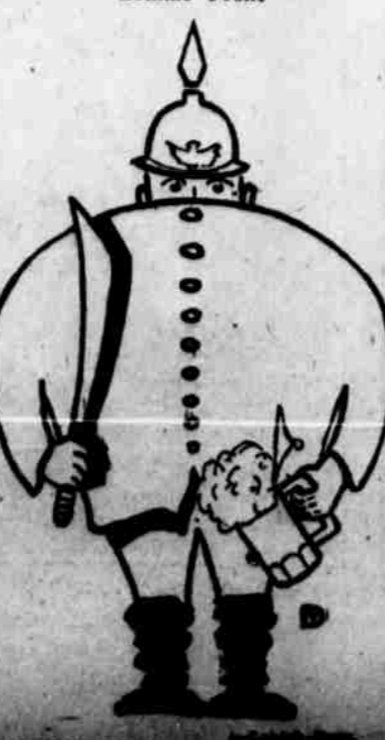


—Pearson's Weekly. Fat Gent (in loud voice, looking across at lady with dogs and thinking of dog economy)—Umph, I wonder how much it costs to feed those two? Lady (calmly looking gent up and down)—Not half so much as it costs to feed you, sir!

Well?

She—Oh, thank you so much, Bill, for cutting in! Jim is such a terrible dancer, and I thought no one would ever come to my rescue! (Ten minutes later, in the hall.) Jim—Thanks, Bill; it was great of you to cut in! Here's that dollar I promised you. Gee, I thought I never would get rid of her!—Record.

Somme Front



—Friston Tizer, with apologies to Life.

THE AFTERGLOW

A Sequel to "Beyond the Great Oblivion." By GEORGE ALLAN ENGLAND

SUMMARY OF PRECEDING STORIES

Allan Stern, consulting engineer and Beatrice Kestel, his stenographer, wake from a long sleep in his office in the tower of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Building, New York city, they look about them and see the office in ruins. They find a note below them which tells of a vast forest of great trees in the city of New York, which were the survivors of a catastrophe that had swept the city and its suburbs into a vast wilderness. They find a note which tells of a vast forest of great trees in the city of New York, which were the survivors of a catastrophe that had swept the city and its suburbs into a vast wilderness.

THE STORY THUS FAR

Once more on earth, Allan and Beatrice bury the patriarch who was their friend in the abyss and with the help of the old world, only to die at the first touch of the sun. Around the patriarch's body a cloud of insects and other creatures which were the survivors of the catastrophe, they find the records of the past. They find the records of the past, they find the records of the past, they find the records of the past.

CHAPTER IX—(Continued)

MORNING found them early astir and at work. Together they traversed the tropic-seeming woods, aflame with brilliant flowers, dank with ferns and laced with twining lilacs.

In the treetops—strange trees, fruit laden—parakeets and flashing green and crimson birds of paradise disturbed the little monkeyfolk that chattered at the intruders. Once a coral-red snake whipped away, hissing, but not quick enough to dodge a ball from Stern's revolver.

Stern viewed the ugly, triangular head with apprehension. Well he knew that venom dwelt there, but he said nothing. The one and only chance of successfully transplaning the Folk to regions warm as these. All dangers must be braved a time till they could grow acclimated to the upper air. After that—but the vastness of the forest deterred even the most optimistic. Perils were inevitable. The more there were to overcome the greater the victory.

"On to the cliffs!" said he, clapping the girl's hand in his own and making a path for her. Thus presently they reached the edge of the canyon. "Magnificent!" cried Beatrice as they came out on the overhang of the rock wall. With their feet on the ruins of some city that river in front, and these natural fortifications for our home, what more could we want?"

"Nothing except caves," Stern answered. "Let's call this New Hope River, eh? And the cliffs?" "Settlement Cliffs," she exclaimed. "Done! Well, now let's see." For the better part of the morning they explored the face of the palisade. Its height, they estimated, ranged from two to three hundred feet, shelving down in rough terraces to the rocky debris through and beyond which flowed the strong current of New Hope River, a stream averaging about two hundred yards in width.

Up-current a broader pool gave promise of excellent fishing. It carried the water in violent rapids, with swift, white waters noisily cascading. "There, incidentally," Stern remarked, with the practical perception of the engineer, "there's power enough to run a city, if harnessed, to light a city and to turn machinery ad libitum. I don't see how we could better this site, do you?"

"If you think there are good chances for cave-dwellings," she made answer. "From what we've seen already, it looks promising. Of course, there'll be a deal of work to do; but there are excellent possibilities here. First, rapids." Fortune seemed bent on favoring them. The limestone cliff, fantastically eroded, offered a score of shelters, some shallow and needing to be scaled up in front, some deep and tortuous. All was in utter confusion.

Stern saw that the terraces would have to be blasted and leveled, roads and stairs built along the face of the rock, and down to the river, stalactites and stalagmites cut away, chambers fashioned, and a vast deal of labor done. But the rough framework of a cliff colony undeniably existed here. He doubted whether it would be possible to find a more favorable site without long and tedious travels.

"I guess we'll take the apartments and sign the lease," he decided toward noon, after they had clambered, pried, explored with improvised torches and penetrated far into the recesses of the rock. "I think it is worth considering is that we can find darkness and humidity for the Folk by day. They mustn't be let out at first except in the night. It may be weeks or months before they can stand the direct sunlight. But that, too, will come. Patience, girl—patience and time—and all will yet be done."

NIGHTMARE OF A MOTORIST



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Farmer Smith's Column

BLAMING OTHERS My Darlings—The other day I onto a street car and sat down conductor. By and by a woman and paid her fare. Suddenly she that she was on the wrong car, we turned off when the dear wanted to go straight on, and give it to that conductor? The very idea of that car going wrong direction! She was furious. What good did it do to get furious conductor did not care and the were perfectly delighted, for the pleasant change for them. There something attractive about a (when you are not one of the I wish to ask you, why did that blame the conductor for her own Because she was a coward. It is one of the noblest things in world to step up and say, "I am am willing to take the blame." Eng coward who blames things on when you are not one of the Poor, tired mother! She did breakfast on time and I was late I had to dress him. That made me When you feel like blaming the others who are innocent, just think woman and the conductor, and—peace. Your loving editor, FARMER

BILLY'S FAST

By Farmer Smith Everybody was hustling and the the Goatie police station. It was after Billy Bumpus escaped. Sergeant Jonah Goat confessed had captured Billy and had let him. She had been expecting would come for her dear Billy wanted to be ready for him. "Welcome, Obadiah," began Mrs. Bumpus. Then she suddenly caught his new coat with the sergeant's added: "So you are a sergeant and now I am glad, for I know you'll brave goat." "It has come for you and Billy of you," said Obadiah. "Very well," answered Mrs. Bumpus. It seemed to Sergeant Obadiah to stay in the police station for a time in getting ready, but finally all on their way to the police station. As soon as they entered the Judge Goat was sitting Billy said "Stand up in the presence of the commanded the judge, who was a big chair. Billy jumped up so fast that he over the chair he had been sitting on. "Silence," shouted the Judge. "I haven't said anything," answered Billy Bumpus, who has escaped from one of our cells. If I am to stay in the police station for a while, where you emerged. That would be only an unnecessary waste of time and energy. I'm positive the chain extends all the way up and down what was once the Mississippi Valley; and that the Great Central Sea is fed by that and other rivers. In that case, by striking almost due west, I can reach the rim. After that I can voluntarily easily till I sight the water." "And then?" "Then the power goes on again and I scout for the west shore and the village. The sustaining power of that lower-level air is simply miraculous. I realize perfectly well it's no child's play, but I can do it, Beta. I can find the place again. You can't reach the rim of the first time it was all new and strange. This time, after all those months in the abyss, why, it will be almost like getting back home again. "The chief getting back to his tribe, eh?" He tried to speak lightly, but his lips refused to smile. She frankly wept. "There, there, little girl," he soothed her. "Don't cry. I'll have to reckon by that you're all right and safe. Then I'll be going. Remember on the third night to kindle the big fire we've agreed on just outside your door on the terrace—the best confide, you know. I'll have to reckon by the chronometer, so as to make the return by night. The risk of bringing any of the Folk into daylight is prohibitive. And the fire will be tremendously important. It can light it a long way off. It will guide me home—to you!"