## USTRATE 

PICTURES ESCRAPPLE







Not Inherited Johnnle Jones was doing penanco inf
the corner. Presently he thought
aloud pensively "I can't help it ir I am not perfect? "I can't help it if I am not porfoct.
ho stghed. "I have only heard of ond perfect boy in my whole info.
"Who was that"" asked his tather "Who was that?" asked his
thinklag to polnt out a moral. "You,", came the reply plaintivels,
"when you were ilttee."






