

OF SCENERY CLEARS WOMAN'S VISION OF LIFE—ANSWERS TO HOUSEHOLD QUERIES

AWAY—IF YOU WOULD GET A NEW ANGLE ON YOUR WORK

Too Great Familiarity Causes the Significant Things of Life to Disappear—Men of New York Shy at Giving Their Ages

GOING away for a vacation is like leaving a particularly difficult picture and coming back to it. One always gets a new angle, and often, when it is impossible to decide just what is the matter with the picture one is trying to paint or the work one is trying to do, a short space of time spent away from it will, on returning, reveal the very defects which had escaped discovery before.

David Grayson, in his "Adventures in Friendship," says: "Things grow old or stale because we cease to see them. Vibrant, significant worlds around us disappear within the somber mists of familiarity."

Isn't it so? On going up somewhere into the mountains we exclaim over the view and spend long days drinking in the beauties of nature; yet with this picturesque world at their doors, how many of the natives do you suppose ever trouble to turn their heads to gaze out over hills we have come hundreds of miles to see? And if they do, is it not with an eye on the ripening grain field, just visible on the far hill, rather than the thin purple line just beyond, where the land merges with the sky?

Yet these same sons of the soil will come to the big city and gaze, open-mouthed, at the tall buildings, the crowded ferries on the river, the gushing masses of humanity—sights most city dwellers waste very little time upon. But after an absence, even if it be only of a few weeks' duration, we return to our own environment with a new appreciation of life as we are called upon to face it.

IF YOU have husbands, fathers or brothers who do not tease you about the reticence of members of your sex in regard to their ages, poke last week's New

Vyvettes



Wired ribbon, rightly placed, can always give a dash to a small hat.

Republic under their noses. It contains an interesting account of the controversy between directors of the military census in New York and suffragists assisting in the registration regarding the trouble caused by women who refused to give their ages.

One prominent suffragist called attention to the fact that in 1910 there were in New York 5194 males whose ages were unknown, while only 1194 females came in this class. Records of the Federal census of 1910 stand authority for the statement.

THE WOMAN'S EXCHANGE

Letters and questions submitted to this department must be written on one side of the paper only and the address of the writer, unless otherwise specified, should be given in full. It is understood that the editor does not necessarily endorse the sentiments expressed in communications for this department. All communications should be addressed as follows: THE WOMAN'S EXCHANGE, Evening Ledger, Philadelphia, Pa.

TODAY'S INQUIRIES

- 1. Certain often stick on the poles and do not slide easily. How can this be remedied?
2. What is the simplest way to remove hard water from a window frame?
3. How should the blades of cutlery be treated when storing them?

- 1. When an invitation is written in the third person in what form should the letter of acceptance or regret take?
2. Are many sermons and flourishes in hand-writing considered good form?
3. When using single sheets of paper for a letter should both sides be written on?

ANSWERS TO YESTERDAY'S INQUIRIES

- 1. Most medicine stains can be dissolved by alcohol.
2. Pumice should be washed in lukewarm water and pure white soap, then allowed to drip until dry, without wringing.
3. One of the small glass tumblers in which cheese comes can be substituted for the glass of a coffee percolator.

- 1. A shoe which pinches in one spot can be made comfortable by holding a sponge dipped in very hot water over it; this causes the leather to expand.
2. Lambs' wool is better than absorbent cotton as a pad to protect the foot from a shoe that rubs, as it will not lump together.
3. A piece of pumice stone should be used to remove a callous spot from the foot.

To Can Corn on Cob

Dear Madam—Will you please give directions for tanning corn on the cob. If it can be done this way, and oblige. (Mrs.) G. L.

Corrected Quotation

To the Editor of Woman's Page: Dear Madam—The poetry sent to you by S. J. should read:

You'd be others kind and true, You'd have others be to you. It sounds somewhat like Doctor Watta, but I don't place it. A somewhat similar idea occurs in my poem "Christmas at Shreveport in 1880," which appeared in the "Lamp" in 1905.

"Do ye to others, Jesus cried, As you'd have others do to you." In "Whisper" I have this in view: "In virtue live, in honor die."

I remember pieces of poetry that were original some so long ago that I do not remember the name. One was: "When lovely woman stoops to folly, And fondly thinks her soul enjoys, 'Tis but a piece of straw, her maidenhead is but a wren's nest; she looks like a quail, and takes her mate in the first storm that beats upon her, not so long till she is withered and bare."

"I will conclude with my first valentine received: 'I've often wished to have a friend With whom my choicest hours to spend; And mingle with my wife's a tear; For whom alone I'd wish to be, And who would only wish for me.' JACK. GEORGE WILLIAMS."

Quite Correct

To the Editor of Woman's Page: Dear Madam—Is it all right for a girl to be engaged to a man much less than a reasonable age? She does not want it announced publicly, nor does she wish to wear a ring in honor of her fiancé?

Certainly one may wear a ring in this fashion if the time for announcement is not ripe. Sometimes the ring is not given until the announcement, as the girl is afraid of losing it unless it is on her finger where she may keep her eye on it. And it is perhaps wiser to do this, as a valuable ring might be lost from a ribbon.

Ask at First Opportunity

To the Editor of Woman's Page: Dear Madam—I met a young lady recently, and liked her so much I want very much to see her. How can I do this? I have met her twice at parties. JACK.

As you have met her twice already at parties, you probably have a number of mutual friends and there will be other opportunities of meeting her at some small affair. Take the opportunity then of asking if you may call on her.

Or should you meet her in the street and she be willing to stop and say a few words, you could ask her then before taking leave if she will allow you to see her some evening. Unless she specifies an evening, do not go too soon after asking; wait about a week.

Legal Age for Marriage

To the Editor of Woman's Page: Dear Madam—Would you please be so kind as to tell me what is the legal age for a man and a woman to be married, and the law required by law?

If you would also tell me whether or not there is any compulsory physical examination at the present day, would be greatly indebted to you. Pennsylvania, N. J. HELEN C.

The "proper" age is all a matter of opinion. Generally speaking, a man when he is thirty and a woman when she is twenty-five are thought to have sufficient judgment to consider the matter seriously, although in some countries girls of fourteen or sixteen and boys of eighteen frequently marry. The legal age once which the parent's consent is small age—that they want us to see.

MAKE MOTHER WORK TO SUPPORT DAUGHTER, GERTRUDE ATHERTON ADVISES



THE AMERICAN MOTHER TOILING AT THE WASH TUB WHILE HER DAUGHTERS— AND FINALLY MARRIED. Woman Novelist in Her Book, "The Living Present," Goes Beyond the Ideas of Bernard Shaw, Who Admitted He Allowed His Parent to Support Him Nine Years While He Sought Literary Advancement

By M'LISS

BERNARD SHAW, that arrant red-head of the literary world, once wrote that he had let his poor mother slave for him for more than nine years and never regretted it. With the supreme egotism and selfishness of the genius, he let her wear herself out at the grinding work of taking in music pupils while he lived off of her for almost the decade that it took him to get a footing in the literary world.

INDEPENDENCE OR MARRIAGE? "If they deliberately prefer independence to marriage, well and good; but surely we are growing civilized enough (and this war, in itself a plunge into the dark ages, has in quite unintentional ways advanced civilization for never in the history of the world have so many brains been thinking), so to arrange the social machinery that if girls and young women are forced to work for their daily bread, and accept the bread of others, at least it shall be under conditions, including double shifts, that will enable them, if the opportunity comes, as completely to enjoy all that home means as falls to the lot of their more fortunate sisters."

stronger and more enduring than the first. Not only has her body, assisted by modern science, settled down into an ordered routine that is impregnable to anything but accident, but her mind is delivered from the hopes and fears of the early sex impulses which so often sicken the clearest of the younger women both in mind and body, filling the body with lassitude and the mind either with restless impatience or a complete indifference to anything but the tarrying price. To blame them for this would be much like cursing Gibraltar for not getting out of the way in a storm. Briefly, the formula would seem this: "Marry, have children and prepare to support them."

From the Shavian point of view this was as it should be. But I never heard of any one else who thought so, and I remember reading the passage with a distinct shock. Looking out for one's mother has seemed the first law of civilized man or woman.

But the modernist declares that this is all wrong. There are cases, according to the new viewpoint when it is eminently fitting for mother to stand behind the counter or sit in front of the typewriter, Gertrude Atherton says so. In one of the chapters of her new book, "The Living Present," a feminist consideration of the woman of the day, she deplores the economic dependence upon the American mother toiling for the support of her children, the forth of hordes of the young women of the nation to factory loom, shop counter and office drudgery.

Not only has her body, assisted by modern science, settled down into an ordered routine that is impregnable to anything but accident, but her mind is delivered from the hopes and fears of the early sex impulses which so often sicken the clearest of the younger women both in mind and body, filling the body with lassitude and the mind either with restless impatience or a complete indifference to anything but the tarrying price. To blame them for this would be much like cursing Gibraltar for not getting out of the way in a storm. Briefly, the formula would seem this: "Marry, have children and prepare to support them."

MOTHER AS BREADWINNER

"Far be it from me," she writes, "to advise that young girls refrain from doing their part in the general work of the home, if servants are out of the question; that won't hurt them, but if some one must go out and support the family it would better be the mothers or the maiden aunt."

Every healthy and courageous woman's second vitality," she points out, "is

There used to be volumes of indignation expended upon the American mother toiling in the home, at the wash tub for hire or trudging daily to some remunerative task, while her daughters, after a few years' education, idly flirted and danced and read and finally married.

Every healthy and courageous woman's second vitality," she points out, "is

"Now although that modus operandi sounds vulgar and ungrateful, it is, biologically speaking, quite as it should be. Girls of that age should be tended as carefully as young persons, and for this reason, it would be well if women, until they have passed the high water mark of reproduction, should be protected as much as possible from severe physical and mental strain."

Every healthy and courageous woman's second vitality," she points out, "is

"If women are ever to compete with men on anything like an equal basis it is when they are in their middle years, when nature's handicaps are fairly outgrown, childhood's intervening years of lassitude over."

Every healthy and courageous woman's second vitality," she points out, "is

Everybody speaks biologically nowadays, it seems, so I suppose it is all right; but can't you see mother trudging off daily to her job, and her daughter, with heart-breaking flat to make fudge and run ribbons through, against the coming of Prince Charming?"

Every healthy and courageous woman's second vitality," she points out, "is

Not that Mrs. Atherton relegates all young women to the idle, vacuous life.

Every healthy and courageous woman's second vitality," she points out, "is

"When it comes to working like men for the sake of independence, of avoiding marriage, of doing something that is neither matter," she writes, "to my mind it is admirable that society is so constituted

Every healthy and courageous woman's second vitality," she points out, "is

"BABY MINE" GAY, RISQUE; MISS CLARK COPIES DOUG

Goldwyn Comedy Has Rare Decorations, Fine Leader Sense and Much Fun

Marguerite Dons Trousers and Cuts Up a la Fairbanks in "Amazons"

By the Photoplay Editor

"BABY MINE"—Goldwyn photo-comedy, with Madge Kennedy and John Cumberland. Story adapted from the novel by Margaret Mayo. Directed by Hugo Ballin and John S. Robertson. Private screening.

Marguerite Clark is going to escape the awful stigma of "merely cute," or "know the reason why." In "The Amazons" she not only escapes the stigma with heart-rending pictorial results, but climbs walls, takes flying leaps into taxis and generally gives as complete an impression of the whole body of feminine fairbanks as could be wanted. You all know "The Amazons," or ought to. It is a bright little comedy, last seen in the legitimate with Billie Burke and Shelley Hull, when, naturally, the wall-scaling feats weren't possible. Director Kaufman has turned out a nice, neat cinema version of the original play, with plenty of good continuity—in fact, perhaps a bit too much—attractive setting that don't in the least suggest rural England, and a quota of handsome girls and boys and two adequate character actors for the very roles done on the stage by Frits Williams and Ferdinand Gottschalk. Miss Marion has made a good, workable script from Sir Arthur's play. But she must be warned against the habit of putting suspicious, forty-second and Broadway cant into the mouth of Britons. As a sample of Paramount lighting and photography "The Amazons" is bull's-clear, fresh sunshine in the proper medium for the less tragic moods of life. All in all, it is a fine release and a welcome note of realistic farce on the screen, playing with the repression and fineness that mark the work of our fellow actors. But will, oh will, "Baby Mine," with its mockeries and risqué dialogue and action, pass the censor's small eye—that they want us to see.

Dear Madam—Is it all right for a girl to be engaged to a man much less than a reasonable age? She does not want it announced publicly, nor does she wish to wear a ring in honor of her fiancé?

Marguerite Clark is going to escape the awful stigma of "merely cute," or "know the reason why." In "The Amazons" she not only escapes the stigma with heart-rending pictorial results, but climbs walls, takes flying leaps into taxis and generally gives as complete an impression of the whole body of feminine fairbanks as could be wanted. You all know "The Amazons," or ought to. It is a bright little comedy, last seen in the legitimate with Billie Burke and Shelley Hull, when, naturally, the wall-scaling feats weren't possible. Director Kaufman has turned out a nice, neat cinema version of the original play, with plenty of good continuity—in fact, perhaps a bit too much—attractive setting that don't in the least suggest rural England, and a quota of handsome girls and boys and two adequate character actors for the very roles done on the stage by Frits Williams and Ferdinand Gottschalk. Miss Marion has made a good, workable script from Sir Arthur's play. But she must be warned against the habit of putting suspicious, forty-second and Broadway cant into the mouth of Britons. As a sample of Paramount lighting and photography "The Amazons" is bull's-clear, fresh sunshine in the proper medium for the less tragic moods of life. All in all, it is a fine release and a welcome note of realistic farce on the screen, playing with the repression and fineness that mark the work of our fellow actors. But will, oh will, "Baby Mine," with its mockeries and risqué dialogue and action, pass the censor's small eye—that they want us to see.

Dear Madam—Would you please be so kind as to tell me what is the legal age for a man and a woman to be married, and the law required by law?

Marguerite Clark is going to escape the awful stigma of "merely cute," or "know the reason why." In "The Amazons" she not only escapes the stigma with heart-rending pictorial results, but climbs walls, takes flying leaps into taxis and generally gives as complete an impression of the whole body of feminine fairbanks as could be wanted. You all know "The Amazons," or ought to. It is a bright little comedy, last seen in the legitimate with Billie Burke and Shelley Hull, when, naturally, the wall-scaling feats weren't possible. Director Kaufman has turned out a nice, neat cinema version of the original play, with plenty of good continuity—in fact, perhaps a bit too much—attractive setting that don't in the least suggest rural England, and a quota of handsome girls and boys and two adequate character actors for the very roles done on the stage by Frits Williams and Ferdinand Gottschalk. Miss Marion has made a good, workable script from Sir Arthur's play. But she must be warned against the habit of putting suspicious, forty-second and Broadway cant into the mouth of Britons. As a sample of Paramount lighting and photography "The Amazons" is bull's-clear, fresh sunshine in the proper medium for the less tragic moods of life. All in all, it is a fine release and a welcome note of realistic farce on the screen, playing with the repression and fineness that mark the work of our fellow actors. But will, oh will, "Baby Mine," with its mockeries and risqué dialogue and action, pass the censor's small eye—that they want us to see.

Dear Madam—Is it all right for a girl to be engaged to a man much less than a reasonable age? She does not want it announced publicly, nor does she wish to wear a ring in honor of her fiancé?

Marguerite Clark is going to escape the awful stigma of "merely cute," or "know the reason why." In "The Amazons" she not only escapes the stigma with heart-rending pictorial results, but climbs walls, takes flying leaps into taxis and generally gives as complete an impression of the whole body of feminine fairbanks as could be wanted. You all know "The Amazons," or ought to. It is a bright little comedy, last seen in the legitimate with Billie Burke and Shelley Hull, when, naturally, the wall-scaling feats weren't possible. Director Kaufman has turned out a nice, neat cinema version of the original play, with plenty of good continuity—in fact, perhaps a bit too much—attractive setting that don't in the least suggest rural England, and a quota of handsome girls and boys and two adequate character actors for the very roles done on the stage by Frits Williams and Ferdinand Gottschalk. Miss Marion has made a good, workable script from Sir Arthur's play. But she must be warned against the habit of putting suspicious, forty-second and Broadway cant into the mouth of Britons. As a sample of Paramount lighting and photography "The Amazons" is bull's-clear, fresh sunshine in the proper medium for the less tragic moods of life. All in all, it is a fine release and a welcome note of realistic farce on the screen, playing with the repression and fineness that mark the work of our fellow actors. But will, oh will, "Baby Mine," with its mockeries and risqué dialogue and action, pass the censor's small eye—that they want us to see.

Dear Madam—Would you please be so kind as to tell me what is the legal age for a man and a woman to be married, and the law required by law?

Marguerite Clark is going to escape the awful stigma of "merely cute," or "know the reason why." In "The Amazons" she not only escapes the stigma with heart-rending pictorial results, but climbs walls, takes flying leaps into taxis and generally gives as complete an impression of the whole body of feminine fairbanks as could be wanted. You all know "The Amazons," or ought to. It is a bright little comedy, last seen in the legitimate with Billie Burke and Shelley Hull, when, naturally, the wall-scaling feats weren't possible. Director Kaufman has turned out a nice, neat cinema version of the original play, with plenty of good continuity—in fact, perhaps a bit too much—attractive setting that don't in the least suggest rural England, and a quota of handsome girls and boys and two adequate character actors for the very roles done on the stage by Frits Williams and Ferdinand Gottschalk. Miss Marion has made a good, workable script from Sir Arthur's play. But she must be warned against the habit of putting suspicious, forty-second and Broadway cant into the mouth of Britons. As a sample of Paramount lighting and photography "The Amazons" is bull's-clear, fresh sunshine in the proper medium for the less tragic moods of life. All in all, it is a fine release and a welcome note of realistic farce on the screen, playing with the repression and fineness that mark the work of our fellow actors. But will, oh will, "Baby Mine," with its mockeries and risqué dialogue and action, pass the censor's small eye—that they want us to see.

Dear Madam—Is it all right for a girl to be engaged to a man much less than a reasonable age? She does not want it announced publicly, nor does she wish to wear a ring in honor of her fiancé?

Marguerite Clark is going to escape the awful stigma of "merely cute," or "know the reason why." In "The Amazons" she not only escapes the stigma with heart-rending pictorial results, but climbs walls, takes flying leaps into taxis and generally gives as complete an impression of the whole body of feminine fairbanks as could be wanted. You all know "The Amazons," or ought to. It is a bright little comedy, last seen in the legitimate with Billie Burke and Shelley Hull, when, naturally, the wall-scaling feats weren't possible. Director Kaufman has turned out a nice, neat cinema version of the original play, with plenty of good continuity—in fact, perhaps a bit too much—attractive setting that don't in the least suggest rural England, and a quota of handsome girls and boys and two adequate character actors for the very roles done on the stage by Frits Williams and Ferdinand Gottschalk. Miss Marion has made a good, workable script from Sir Arthur's play. But she must be warned against the habit of putting suspicious, forty-second and Broadway cant into the mouth of Britons. As a sample of Paramount lighting and photography "The Amazons" is bull's-clear, fresh sunshine in the proper medium for the less tragic moods of life. All in all, it is a fine release and a welcome note of realistic farce on the screen, playing with the repression and fineness that mark the work of our fellow actors. But will, oh will, "Baby Mine," with its mockeries and risqué dialogue and action, pass the censor's small eye—that they want us to see.

Dear Madam—Is it all right for a girl to be engaged to a man much less than a reasonable age? She does not want it announced publicly, nor does she wish to wear a ring in honor of her fiancé?

Marguerite Clark is going to escape the awful stigma of "merely cute," or "know the reason why." In "The Amazons" she not only escapes the stigma with heart-rending pictorial results, but climbs walls, takes flying leaps into taxis and generally gives as complete an impression of the whole body of feminine fairbanks as could be wanted. You all know "The Amazons," or ought to. It is a bright little comedy, last seen in the legitimate with Billie Burke and Shelley Hull, when, naturally, the wall-scaling feats weren't possible. Director Kaufman has turned out a nice, neat cinema version of the original play, with plenty of good continuity—in fact, perhaps a bit too much—attractive setting that don't in the least suggest rural England, and a quota of handsome girls and boys and two adequate character actors for the very roles done on the stage by Frits Williams and Ferdinand Gottschalk. Miss Marion has made a good, workable script from Sir Arthur's play. But she must be warned against the habit of putting suspicious, forty-second and Broadway cant into the mouth of Britons. As a sample of Paramount lighting and photography "The Amazons" is bull's-clear, fresh sunshine in the proper medium for the less tragic moods of life. All in all, it is a fine release and a welcome note of realistic farce on the screen, playing with the repression and fineness that mark the work of our fellow actors. But will, oh will, "Baby Mine," with its mockeries and risqué dialogue and action, pass the censor's small eye—that they want us to see.

Dear Madam—Is it all right for a girl to be engaged to a man much less than a reasonable age? She does not want it announced publicly, nor does she wish to wear a ring in honor of her fiancé?

Marguerite Clark is going to escape the awful stigma of "merely cute," or "know the reason why." In "The Amazons" she not only escapes the stigma with heart-rending pictorial results, but climbs walls, takes flying leaps into taxis and generally gives as complete an impression of the whole body of feminine fairbanks as could be wanted. You all know "The Amazons," or ought to. It is a bright little comedy, last seen in the legitimate with Billie Burke and Shelley Hull, when, naturally, the wall-scaling feats weren't possible. Director Kaufman has turned out a nice, neat cinema version of the original play, with plenty of good continuity—in fact, perhaps a bit too much—attractive setting that don't in the least suggest rural England, and a quota of handsome girls and boys and two adequate character actors for the very roles done on the stage by Frits Williams and Ferdinand Gottschalk. Miss Marion has made a good, workable script from Sir Arthur's play. But she must be warned against the habit of putting suspicious, forty-second and Broadway cant into the mouth of Britons. As a sample of Paramount lighting and photography "The Amazons" is bull's-clear, fresh sunshine in the proper medium for the less tragic moods of life. All in all, it is a fine release and a welcome note of realistic farce on the screen, playing with the repression and fineness that mark the work of our fellow actors. But will, oh will, "Baby Mine," with its mockeries and risqué dialogue and action, pass the censor's small eye—that they want us to see.

PATSY KILDARE, OUTLAW

By JUDD MORTIMER LEWIS

Playing Tricks

WHEN Rowdy and I started for school the strongest kid in the school." She said, "That is good, for you have got to show how strong you are before you can play with us."

So we all went into the basement and she showed me the pipe and it was up high. The girls pulled a bench underneath it and I got on the bench and they said, "You jump up and catch it and pull yourself up as many times as you can." Red said, "You can't pull yourself up once." So I got on the bench and jumped and grabbed the pipe. Then I let go of it and the bench turned over and I got a bump that made my brain rattle, for the pipe was hot.

"I blew on my hands and they were all laughing fit to split themselves. I said, 'Gee! that was a good joke on me.' Red said, 'Are you going to tell the teachers?' Red said, 'I should say not. Hot pipes are nothing to me. I just let go of that pipe because the rest of you. Do you want to see me hang on to it while somebody counts a hundred?' They said they did, so I showed them the electric socket and I said, 'You one of you push your finger into this and ring the bell when you are ready for me to jump off the bench and grab the pipe.' Red said, 'I will do it, Smarty.'

I got on the bench and said, "Ring the bell whenever you are ready." Red pushed his finger in and then she hollered and held her finger with the other hand and hollered and told me until first one teacher and then another, and then all of them came running. Red told them that his finger was smashed and they looked at it and it wasn't. I was laughing and blowing on my hand until the principal told the children they had better let me alone, for I was too smart for them, which wasn't news to me.

Nothing else happened all day, but our lesson, and they are easy. I went swimming after school and got home just after my father had gone and just in time to find Wilbur and Dutch in my house fixing a pail of water over the door. Rowdy and I hollered and told me until first one teacher and then another, and then all of them came running. Red told them that his finger was smashed and they looked at it and it wasn't. I was laughing and blowing on my hand until the principal told the children they had better let me alone, for I was too smart for them, which wasn't news to me.

"War bread" made its first appearance in Philadelphia today. Crisp and a light golden brown, four loaves were taken from the ovens of the Hotel Wilton.

Nothing else happened all day, but our lesson, and they are easy. I went swimming after school and got home just after my father had gone and just in time to find Wilbur and Dutch in my house fixing a pail of water over the door. Rowdy and I hollered and told me until first one teacher and then another, and then all of them came running. Red told them that his finger was smashed and they looked at it and it wasn't. I was laughing and blowing on my hand until the principal told the children they had better let me alone, for I was too smart for them, which wasn't news to me.

"WAR BREAD" TO GRACE BIG HOTEL'S MENU CARD

One Pound of Wheat Saved in Baking Every Four Loaves by Adoption of New Recipe

Nothing else happened all day, but our lesson, and they are easy. I went swimming after school and got home just after my father had gone and just in time to find Wilbur and Dutch in my house fixing a pail of water over the door. Rowdy and I hollered and told me until first one teacher and then another, and then all of them came running. Red told them that his finger was smashed and they looked at it and it wasn't. I was laughing and blowing on my hand until the principal told the children they had better let me alone, for I was too smart for them, which wasn't news to me.

Nothing else happened all day, but our lesson, and they are easy. I went swimming after school and got home just after my father had gone and just in time to find Wilbur and Dutch in my house fixing a pail of water over the door. Rowdy and I hollered and told me until first one teacher and then another, and then all of them came running. Red told them that his finger was smashed and they looked at it and it wasn't. I was laughing and blowing on my hand until the principal told the children they had better let me alone, for I was too smart for them, which wasn't news to me.

Nothing else happened all day, but our lesson, and they are easy. I went swimming after school and got home just after my father had gone and just in time to find Wilbur and Dutch in my house fixing a pail of water over the door. Rowdy and I hollered and told me until first one teacher and then another, and then all of them came running. Red told them that his finger was smashed and they looked at it and it wasn't. I was laughing and blowing on my hand until the principal told the children they had better let me alone, for I was too smart for them, which wasn't news to me.

Nothing else happened all day, but our lesson, and they are easy. I went swimming after school and got home just after my father had gone and just in time to find Wilbur and Dutch in my house fixing a pail of water over the door. Rowdy and I hollered and told me until first one teacher and then another, and then all of them came running. Red told them that his finger was smashed and they looked at it and it wasn't. I was laughing and blowing on my hand until the principal told the children they had better let me alone, for I was too smart for them, which wasn't news to me.

Nothing else happened all day, but our lesson, and they are easy. I went swimming after school and got home just after my father had gone and just in time to find Wilbur and Dutch in my house fixing a pail of water over the door. Rowdy and I hollered and told me until first one teacher and then another, and then all of them came running. Red told them that his finger was smashed and they looked at it and it wasn't. I was laughing and blowing on my hand until the principal told the children they had better let me alone, for I was too smart for them, which wasn't news to me.

Nothing else happened all day, but our lesson, and they are easy. I went swimming after school and got home just after my father had gone and just in time to find Wilbur and Dutch in my house fixing a pail of water over the door. Rowdy and I hollered and told me until first one teacher and then another, and then all of them came running. Red told them that his finger was smashed and they looked at it and it wasn't. I was laughing and blowing on my hand until the principal told the children they had better let me alone, for I was too smart for them, which wasn't news to me.

Nothing else happened all day, but our lesson, and they are easy. I went swimming after school and got home just after my father had gone and just in time to find Wilbur and Dutch in my house fixing a pail of water over the door. Rowdy and I hollered and told me until first one teacher and then another, and then all of them came running. Red told them that his finger was smashed and they looked at it and it wasn't. I was laughing and blowing on my hand until the principal told the children they had better let me alone, for I was too smart for them, which wasn't news to me.

Nothing else happened all day, but our lesson, and they are easy. I went swimming after school and got home just after my father had gone and just in time to find Wilbur and Dutch in my house fixing a pail of water over the door. Rowdy and I hollered and told me until first one teacher and then another, and then all of them came running. Red told them that his finger was smashed and they looked at it and it wasn't. I was laughing and blowing on my hand until the principal told the children they had better let me alone, for I was too smart for them, which wasn't news to me.

Nothing else happened all day, but our lesson, and they are easy. I went swimming after school and got home just after my father had gone and just in time to find Wilbur and Dutch in my house fixing a pail of water over the door. Rowdy and I hollered and told me until first one teacher and then another, and then all of them came running. Red told them that his finger was smashed and they looked at it and it wasn't. I was laughing and blowing on my hand until the principal told the children they had better let me alone, for I was too smart for them, which wasn't news to me.

Nothing else happened all day, but our lesson, and they are easy. I went swimming after school and got home just after my father had gone and just in time to find Wilbur and Dutch in my house fixing a pail of water over the door. Rowdy and I hollered and told me until first one teacher and then another, and then all of them came running. Red told them that his finger was smashed and they looked at it and it wasn't. I was laughing and blowing on my hand until the principal told the children they had better let me alone, for I was too smart for them, which wasn't news to me.

Nothing else happened all day, but our lesson, and they are easy. I went swimming after school and got home just after my father had gone and just in time to find Wilbur and Dutch in my house fixing a pail of water over the door. Rowdy and I hollered and told me until first one teacher and then another, and then all of them came running. Red told them that his finger was smashed and they looked at it and it wasn't. I was laughing and blowing on my hand until the principal told the children they had better let me alone, for I was too smart for them, which wasn't news to me.

Nothing else happened all day, but our lesson, and they are easy. I went swimming after school and got home just after my father had gone and just in time to find Wilbur and Dutch in my house fixing a pail of water over the door. Rowdy and I hollered and told me until first one teacher and then another, and then all of them came running. Red told them that his finger was smashed and they looked at it and it wasn't. I was laughing and blowing on my hand until the principal told the children they had better let me alone, for I was too smart for them, which wasn't news to me.

Nothing else happened all day, but our lesson, and they are easy. I went swimming after school and got home just after my father had gone and just in time to find Wilbur and Dutch in my house fixing a pail of water over the door. Rowdy and I hollered and told me until first one teacher and then another, and then all of them came running. Red told them that his finger was smashed and they looked at it and it wasn't. I was laughing and blowing on my hand until the principal told the children they had better let me alone, for I was too smart for them, which wasn't news to me.

Nothing else happened all day, but our lesson, and they are easy. I went swimming after school and got home just after my father had gone and just in time to find Wilbur and Dutch in my house fixing a pail of water over the door. Rowdy and I hollered and told me until first one teacher and then another, and then all of them