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## DEMOCRATIC TICKET

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WILIMM MM AUKRBMAN

## EDITORIAL

## 


Unoonfrmed reports are that Amertran pllots


When the War Department calls its irst draft
 of viluturaty nenlistemen
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DESTROYERS FOR SECURITY



 So far as we know, there es no paraluels for the




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In additton, the base on Trintadd affords an ad.


Short circuit in the kilowatts


 they dont know fust what to make of th.
could ane statemet has proved truer than anyone
could have expected.





















 to has ben sin in hition maxim that a candidato
never belongs in the shace. WIIke is "aliferent."
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 ofer them whith they elther need or want.

When not even willte knows what hes stands can the poopile know?


Hut may bo the King of Killowat in wall strees


The Old Fashioned Nightshirt
(Pubuilnhed in this column in a previous hasue and
ume by request).

| (Published in this column in a previous issue and repea by request). <br> How dear to my heart is my old fashioned nightshirt <br> When keen winter breezes recall it to mind; Its length and its breadth, and the soft fuzz upon it <br> Caressing me gently in front and behind. Enfolding me close with complete satisfaction <br> Enfolding me close with complete satisfaction, Designed to protect from the toes to the chin, <br> With a slit up each side to give lots of knee action, "Twas the most perfect garment I ever was in. <br> That old fashioned nightshirt; <br> That flannelette nightshirt: That loose, easy nightshirt I used to sleep in. |  |
| :---: | :---: |
| How ott on the tarm when the weather was zero When going to bed was the att of a hero. <br>  To creep off alone upa a cold, ereaking statr. Then strip to the skin, with the goose-pimples growing And snatch that old nightshort with joy from a chair |  |
| That old fashioned nightshirt: That soft, fuzzy nightshirt;That life-saving nightshirt Awatting me there. |  |
| How oft stince I strayed from the farm of my tather. Pajamas TVe cursec-heirelr strings, buttons, and bother1 And mourned the olid night robes that 1 loved so well <br> 1 married-and even my wite wears, pajamasi 1 . <br> o. 1 wish shed do back to n nikhte like Grammas, |  |
| Those soft, flowing night robes: Those loose, easy night robes;Those long, gracefut night robes For her and for me! |  |
| Slips That Pass in The News Fort Smith, Wis, Tribune) <br> g. R. Diegre, telephone Saurday afternoon when he accidentally came in contact with |  |
|  |  |
| And How |  |
| him. <br> "I ain't bin feelin' right," sald Pat, "an' that's why. An" say, Father is neuritis? <br> Thinking Pat might be inclined to use that as an alibi for his backsiliding, the priest resolved to scare him. He looked very grave. <br> "That's a terrible affiction, Pat," he said. "That comes from drinking. staying up all night, consorting with bad company-it is the Lord's wrath." |  |
| "An' thats too bad," gaid Pat. T \%es heard that the Bishop had t ." |  |
| Finish It Yourself <br> A charming young lady named Hopper. <br> Bhe went to South. Bend With a gentleman <br> And the rest of the story's improper |  |
|  |  |
| A Jew and an Englishman were having an argument about the ways隹 You people," said the Jew, "have been taki IIves. The Ten Commandments, for instance" <br> Well, yes," said the other, "we took them from you all right, but you can't say we've kept them." $\qquad$ |  |
| We Remember, Too |  |
|  In 1940- <br> Customer-Td like a dime's worth of cheese <br>  |  |


Watch Your Chance
隹
Bhe-7 dont know-shes axytully tickish
Optical Illusion
There was an oid lady from Brusels:


## His Difficulty


kess all right, but I cant reach che gas. Miky Way



## Pretty Well, Thanks

## Mrandy, arribly soriy

Deed, mam, Ah haint had no hard luck
Why, washt your husband killed in an aut



WE'RE SELLING HUDSON NOW!



 Tite itup

