

MICKIE, THE PRINTER'S DEVIL

By Charles Sughree
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Be a 100 Per Center!



THE CLEAN SKY

"Well," said the Sky to Mr. Sun, "I'm a very clean sky today."
"You are—what did you say you were?" Mr. Sun asked.
"I'm a very clean sky today," repeated the Sky. "My messengers have brought me word that even the sun people have spoken about it. Yes, even they have spoken about it."
"But I don't understand," said Mr. Sun.
"My messengers came to me today and they told me that the people down on the earth had looked up at me and had said: Look at the wind-swept sky. And what they said was perfectly true. The wind had been a strong one today."
"Yes, Mr. Wind was feeling his best! And he came up to me with his jolly old windy broom and he brushed me until my clouds did look very much wind-swept."
"Ha, ha," laughed Mr. Sun, "of course I understand now. How stupid of me not to have understood before. But it did sound strange to hear you say you were such a clean sky. I considered you always a clean sky."
"Well," said the Sky, "I am pretty clean. In fact, I'm very clean. But some days I am a little shinier and



AW, WHAT'S THE USE

By L. F. Van Zelm
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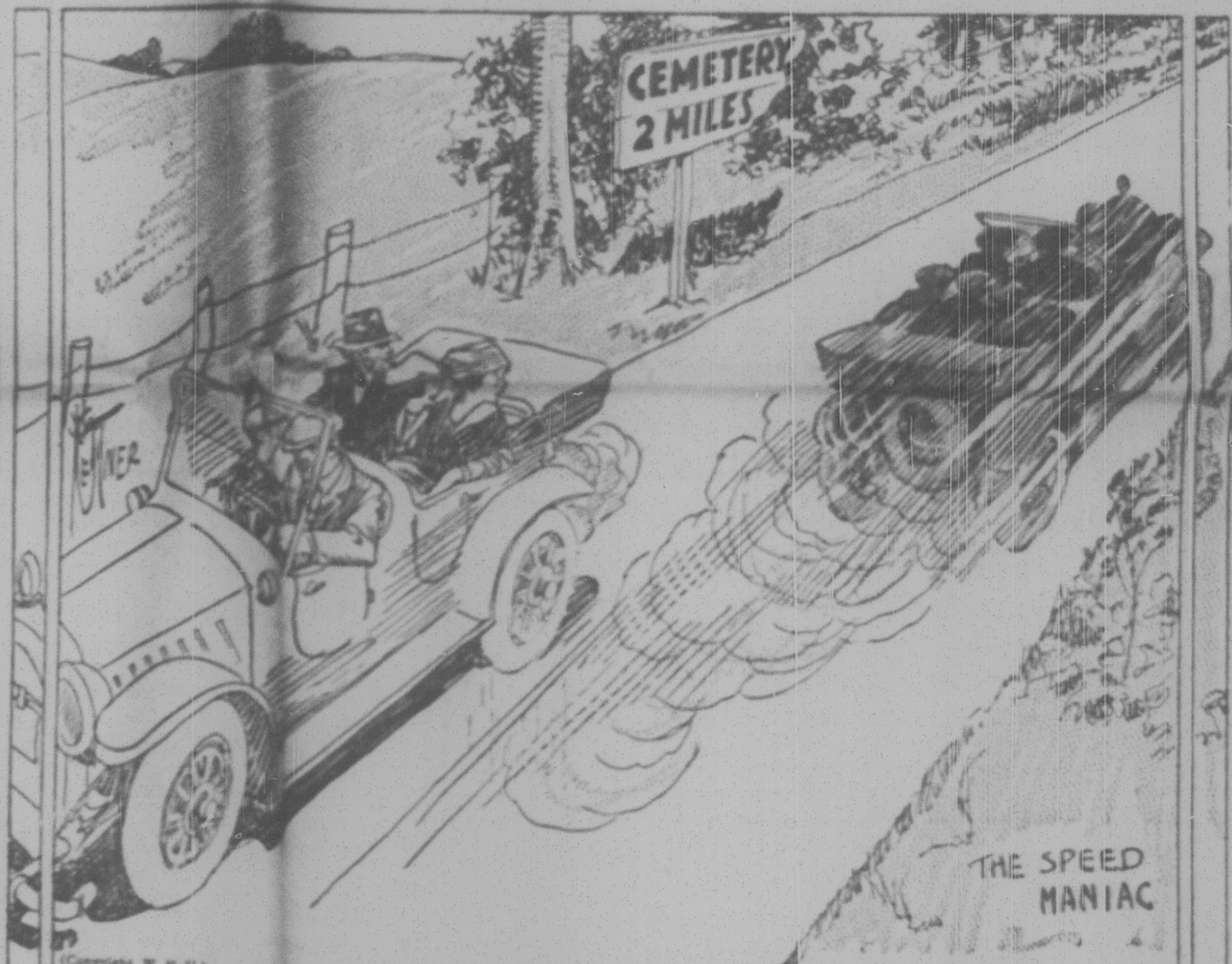


Poor Felix

Her Masterpiece



On the Concrete



"Very Much Wind-Swept."
more polished up and spruced up than on others. Everyone is that way. Even the sky!
"Of course you do not see me when I am dismal looking. You make me feel spruced up. You're like some one for whom one wants to look one's best. You know some one may want to put on a best frock because of going to a party and because of having the people one cares for.
"That's the way you are. Well, I am sometimes not so careful. Sometimes I'm quite cloudy and dark looking. I look as though I needed to be fixed up much better. And sometimes I get so scowling and great dark clouds come along.
"It's not altogether my fault. I have to let the King of the Clouds have a chance. Then, too, when he talks my face wrinkles up—it just does, and it always has.
"I'm told the King of the Clouds does a lot of good with the flowers and the crops and setting the dust, and all sorts of good things, such as that. So I give the King of the Clouds plenty of chances.
"My messengers came and told me curious stories of the earth people. They heard one little girl speaking about a house and she said:
"Oh, don't you know that house? Why, that is next to the dog's house."
"My messengers thought, of course, she must have meant a dog's house which she could see out in a yard, but she meant a real house. She called it the dog's house because to her the dog was the most important member of the family. But, Mr. Sun, I do like my clouds when the wind sweeps them. And what a jolly old windy broom he has.
"He brushes across me with such a flourish and makes me have an interesting spread-out look. And as he brushes he sings a song.
"Did you ever hear his song, Mr. Sun?" the Sky asked of Mr. Sun, and Mr. Sun said he had never heard it, and that it would give him great pleasure if the Sky would sing the song for him.
"I've not much of a voice," said the Sky, modestly, "but at least I can let you know the words."
And then the Sky began Mr. Wind's Sky Brushing song:
I ride on a broom up in the sky
When I feel like blowing that high,
I brush here and there,
I brush everywhere,
And make the sky as clean
As it ever has been.
I'm a jolly old sweeper, and I love my work.
From this duty of mine I'll never shrink,
Of course I don't need to clean the sky much.
It stays so clean that I don't need to touch.
It spins for a long, long time
After I've given it a sweep and a rhyme!
And Mr. Sun was good enough to say that he liked the singing as well as the words.
Cats.
A schoolboy wrote an essay on cats. The chapter on different breeds supplies the following information:
"Cats that's made for little boys and girls to mail and tease is called Maltese cats. Some cats is known by their queer purrs—these are called Purrish cats. Cats with bad tempers is called Angorish cats. Cats with deep fowls is called Feline cats.

The Clancy Kids

Another Proof of the Missing Link
By PERCY L. CROSBY
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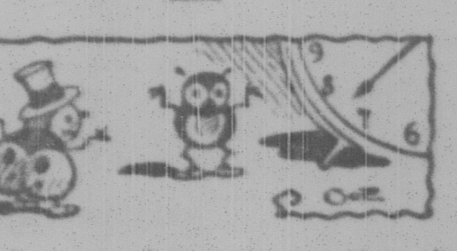
RADIO RALF AND HIS FRIENDS

By JACK WILSON
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A BOUNTIFUL CROP

BUG—My the wheat is high this year.
WOW!



"I don't see how you can sleep in that clock. I'd think the ticks would annoy you."
"Oh, no. I sleep between the ticks."