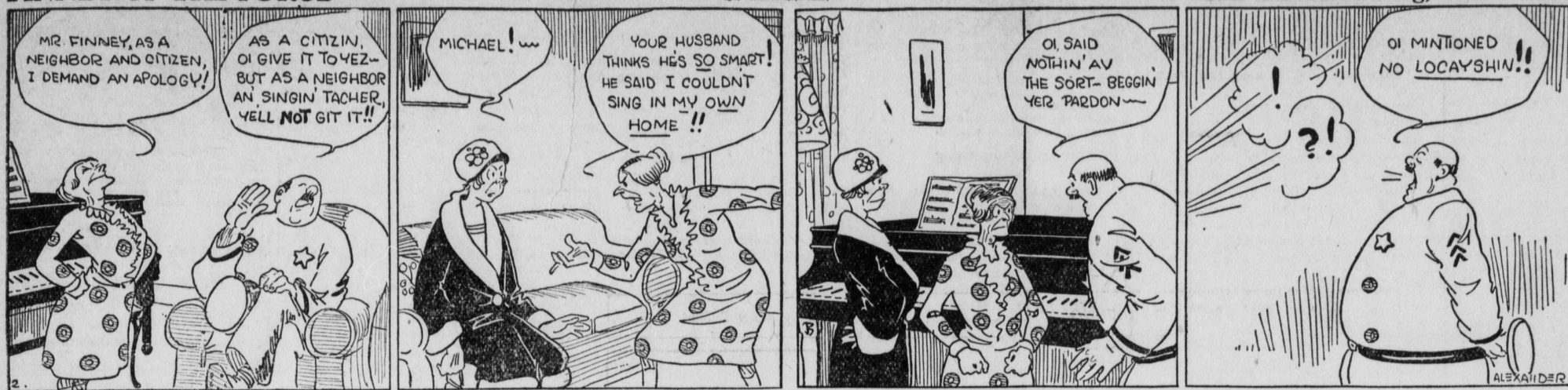


FINNEY OF THE FORCE

By F. O. Alexander



Famous Flip-scenes # 443  
YES, POOR JIM-- HE LOST OVER A HUNDRED POUNDS! HIS WIFE DIED!

THE FEATHERHEADS

By Osborne



The End of a Perfect Day

An Element Not Yet Conquered



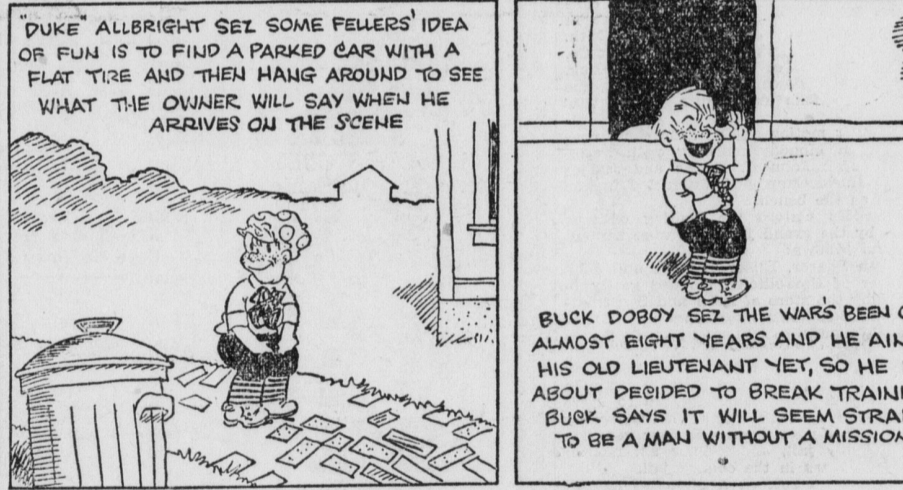
A Temperamental Miss



**Foolish Photos**  
FEATURING FUNNY FOLKS  
BATTLING WAMPUS  
THIS SUBJECT LEADS WITH HIS NOSE WHEN BOXING, HENCE THE BENT BEAK

MICKIE, THE PRINTER'S DEVIL

By Charles Sughroe



**THE CLANCY KIDS**  
He Knows Everything From Catechism to Dogma  
BY PERCY L. CROSBY  
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**Daddy's Evening Fairy Tale**  
MARY GRAHAM BONNER  
NIGHTINGALE'S FRIEND

"I heard a story the other day," said Daddy, "a quite true story. Mr. Nightingale had built too large a nest. After a while he thought of a visitor he would like to have all the time, and so he started on his travels. As he went along, flying as fast as he could, he kept thinking to himself how very lonely he had been of late. At last he reached the spot he had chosen for resting. It was in a blackbird's bay. There were many low bushes and shrubs and berry trees in this bay, and in the marshy water were quantities of pond lilies. Soon a very fine bird--black as black could be, and very shiny, just as if he'd polished his wings with shoe-blackening--perched on a bush beside the one where Mr. Nightingale was resting. "Did you come to hear us sing or talk or scream?" asked the blackbird. "Mr. Nightingale sang a little opening song and then began to talk to the blackbird. "Mr. Blackbird," he said, "you're a handsome fellow, and you're very smart. "I've heard a secret about your family. Many have done what you will do. "You must try. That's all." And again Mr. Nightingale sang a song. "What do you mean, Mr. Nightingale?"



"What Do You Mean, Mr. Nightingale?" gale? Your song is lovely, but your talk is very, very queer. "And Mr. Blackbird shook his head sadly. "Well, I mean you to come to my nest. It's too big for me. "It's fitted out perfectly--all the latest improvements--fresh water to drink supplied by my water man, Mr. Showers, and new worms each day my children bring to my nest in plenty of time for breakfast--and our rooms are both shady and sunny. "In fact, it's a very superior home. "But in the house nearby lives a dear old lady, and I want to give her a treat. "She has gone away on a visit and when she comes back I want you to be singing duets with me. "What?" shouted the blackbird. "I'm to sing with you? "Most certainly. Many blackbirds have copied our voices so that you wouldn't be able to tell us apart if you couldn't see us. "The nice old lady will hear our voices and think that there are two of me! "When she sees that one is you, she'll think you're a very bright bird--that's what she'll think. "Besides, I want a companion and I like you. "I never heard so many reasons in all my life," laughed the blackbird. "But I'll go just as soon as I get my suitcase packed. "There are several little delicacies from the bay I'd like to bring along. "And Mr. Blackbird stopped to put some red berries and other goodies in his straw bag. "Then off they went, and Mr. Blackbird did learn to sing just like Mr. Nightingale, and when the lady came back she was delighted, surprised and amazed."

**Owen's Clever Ruse**  
Owen's Uncle Jim had an automobile which was a novelty to the little boy. He wanted to ride in it all the time, so that his mother had to warn him that he must never ask Uncle Jim to take him for a ride. One day Uncle Jim was in the garage working on the car, and Owen went out to watch him. He climbed into the back seat, and pointed to the flowers in the flower holders. "What is these flowers, Uncle Jim?" he asked. "Roses, Owen." Owen thought for a while and then suggested, "I think those roses says they want a ride, Uncle Jim."

**Tooth Was Hatching**  
Maribelle went with her father on a trip into the country. While at a farm house she was intensely interested in the baby chicks in the incubator. A few days later she was pushing the baby carriage in front of her home when an elderly woman met her. The woman admired the baby and asked how old it was. Said Maribelle, "I don't know 'zactly, but his first tooth is beginnin' to hatch."