

Evolution of Nut-Stuff

DIRECTIONS NO. 1.-FIRST LIGHT YOUR OLD JIMMY PIPE

THEN-

(VERY IMPORTANT) JUST LET YOUR HAND FOLLOW THE PEN -

By ROBERT J. HORTON.

Get out the squirrel nets! This tells how to be a nut. I mean this tells how to be an artist or cartoonist. No, all cartoonists are not nuts. But then, all nuts are not cartoonists.

and have a pat: Bryan, the bolshevik, the mule, the educated bug, and old Glee. Now a Member. You win! You are now a member of the Loyal Order of Squirrels.

ing Squirrel you are admitted to The Nest. This Nest is very exclusive. It takes five days and a private tutor to even learn the password. Of course nothing further can be said of this degree here.



JOY

POWELL



By Robert J Horton

"Well, did ye celebrate?" asked Hank as he mounted the scaffold at 9:22 the morning after "peace day." "Not wisely, but too well!" quoth Bill as he set his tin watch ahead 10 minutes to remove any doubts about being late to lunch.

Omaha Soldier Writes Poem in Camp Funston Paper

Trench and Camp, published by the soldiers at Camp Funston, contains the following from the pen (or trusty mill) of Private Russell Phelps of the personnel office in Springfield columns. Before donning khaki Phelps was city editor of The Bee and "covered" turf events when Omaha was a member of the Great Western circuit.

"It's soft, Oh my, how soft," he thought, with pity on his mug. As he kicked the pot two dollars to the boy who had the bug.

IT HAPPENED IN 1888. Kid Secret peered beneath his King, another King he eyed. Ambition kindled in his breast, he looked around and sighed.

Bumble Bee Buzzings

By Baron Munchausen. (Special Correspondent of The Daily News) Berlin, Nov. 11.—(Via Oujia Board)—I was at Spa when the armistice terms were signed. Other correspondents were strictly excluded from Great Headquarters.

The Abandoned Room

CHAPTER I. Katherine Hears the Sly Step of Death.

The night of his grandfather's mysterious death at the Cedars, Bobby Blackburn was, at least until midnight, in New York. He was held there by the unhealthy habits and companionships which recently had angered his grandfather to the point of threatening a disciplinary change in his will.

with his back to the fire, glaring around the room, fumbling with hands that shook in his pocket for his pipe and some loose tobacco. It was unjust to be afraid of him. There was no question. The man himself was afraid—terribly afraid.

He entered the corridor. She heard him shuffling between the narrow walls. She saw his candle disappear in his gloomy reaches. She ran to her own room and locked the door. She hurried to the window and leaned out, her body shaking, her teeth chattering as if from a sudden chill.

She indicated the door of the enclosed staircase. She led the way with the candle. The paneled, narrow hall was empty. That door, too, was locked, and the key, she knew, must be on the inside.

She shook her head. Those two first of all faced that extraordinary puzzle. Hod had the murderer entered and left the room with both doors locked on the inside, with the windows too high for use? They went to the upper story. She urged the butler into the sombre corridor.

She indicated the door of the enclosed staircase. She led the way with the candle. The paneled, narrow hall was empty. That door, too, was locked, and the key, she knew, must be on the inside.

OBSOLETE.

"Our strong German word," "The good, old German god," "Gett's strange England," "Kultur," "Schrecklichkeit," "Deutschland uber alles," "They can't break the Hindenburg line in 30 years."