

You Don't See 'em Any More

The "World Do Move" They Say and These Last Few Years Have Been Record Breakers. Styles in Everything Change as Rapidly as Women's Hats



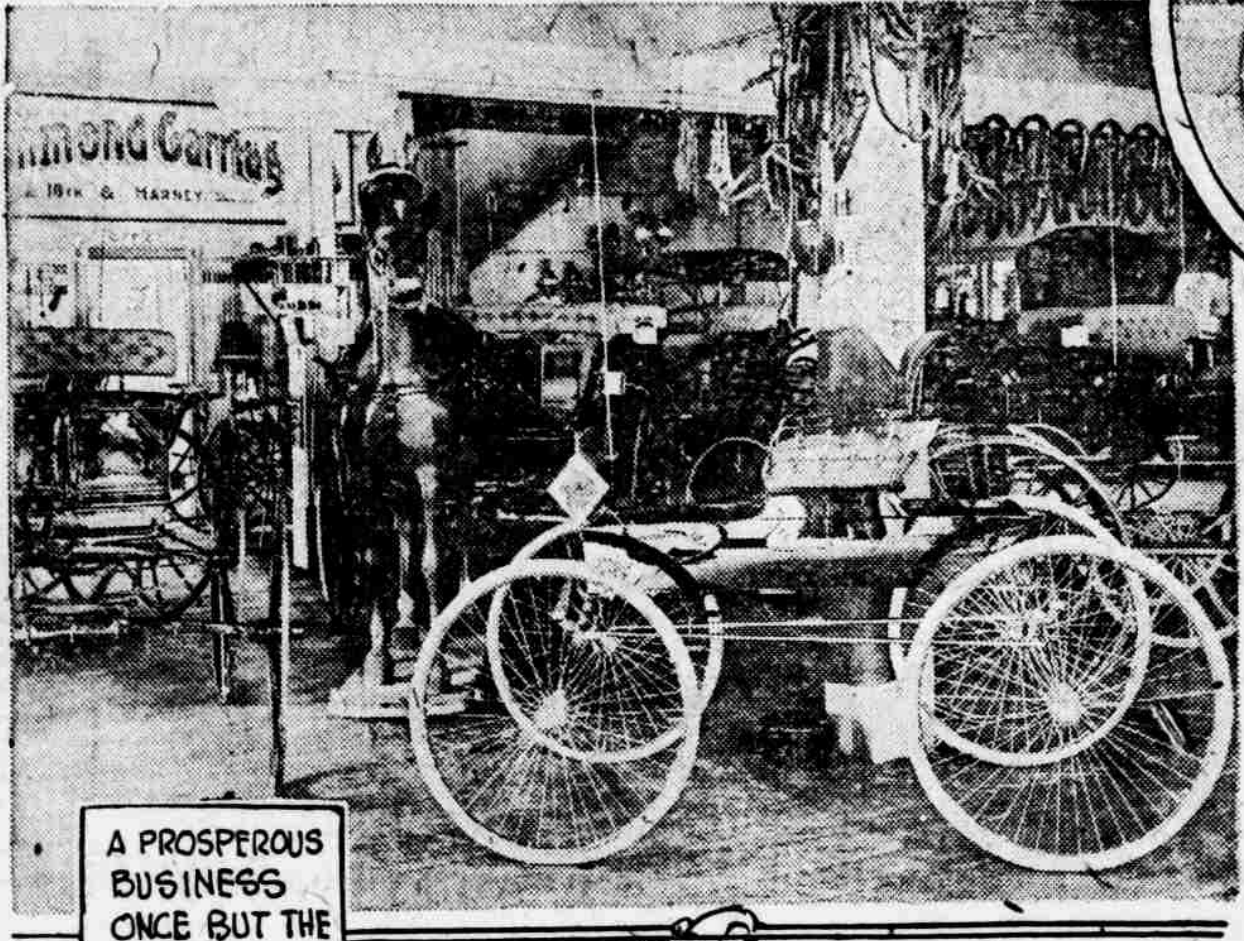
GREAT SPORT ENDED BY THE STREET CLEANING DEPARTMENT



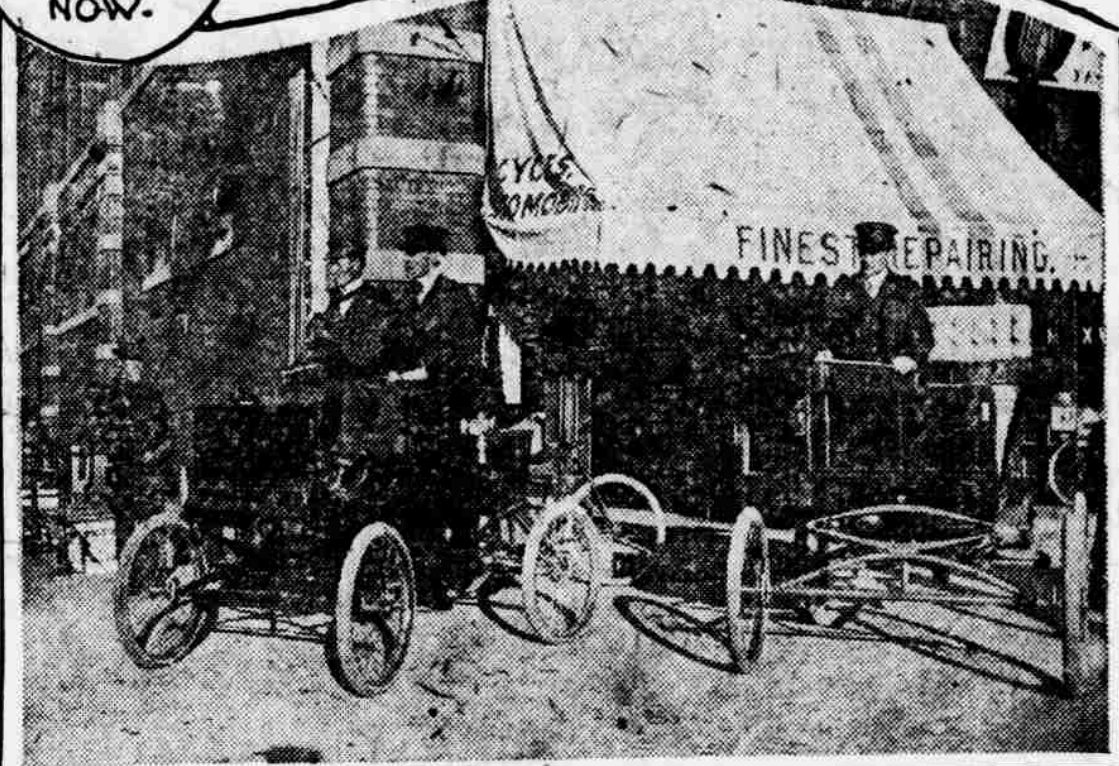
THE THRILLER OF BOYHOOD DAYS IS JUST PART OF THE SCRAP HEAP NOW.



THIS WAS QUITE THE THING A FEW SHORT YEARS AGO



A PROSPEROUS BUSINESS ONCE BUT THE SURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST WAS A FATAL BLOW TO IT



IT CAME AND IT WAS SEEN AND IT CONQUERED BUT IT HAS A 12-CYLINDER BROTHER NOW -

A lot of things that passed for 100 per cent perfection back in those uncouth days before woman suffrage and the 18th amendment...

least they were able to provide roofs over their heads. But they're disappearing as fast as the much-mentioned snowballs under extreme heat.

Perched on a seat just off the end of his tail (the horse was a uniformed, top-hatted driver who guided the conveyance about for the benefit of the topmost of the elite. The "turnout" sometimes was further augmented by an august and impressive uniformed footman in rear.

THE TINKERS WITH CARBURETORS AND MAGNETOS NOW -

"Ed Perkins has become the proud owner of a new red box buggy. Look out, girls!"

buggy had "the class." But it couldn't compete as an aid to romance with the more effete and "up-to-snuff" motor car...

"hands high." The horse became passe, outre and a "dead one" in romance.

snow as much as it used to. Maybe the white stuff doesn't stick as long to asphalt and brick as to frozen dirt roads.

Letters From Home-Made Father to His Son

YOU CAN'T EVEN TRUST A CROOK. By Ed Streeter. Dear Son: The town is all upset over the robbery of Squire Freeman's house.

"If that don't beat all," says he. "I thought you was the old moss back what owned this place."

They turned out. His idea was always to do the best he could not to shy at hard work.

he says, "that gets lazy after they've made a little money. I ain't got no use fer a fellow, though, that lies in bed after midnight."

After we got through eatin' he suggested we take a look upstairs. He opened the Squire's desk with a bunch of keys an' told me to go through that while he looked over the old fool's clothes.

the parlor window an' started home. Then I thought, "There may be a window in that room," thinks I. An' back I went to look, but there wasn't one nowhere near it.

Not Here Anymore. And what of the changes the shifting edicts of style have wrought? Where are the tight trousers of yesteryear, donned with eclat and worn in trepidation and fear?



"An locked him in quick as scat."