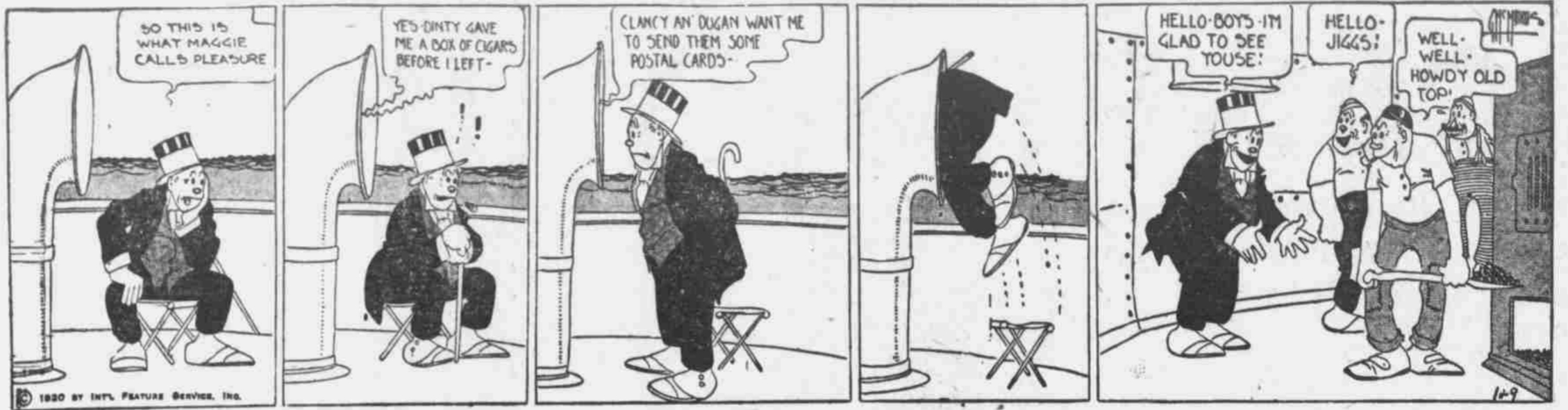


BRINGING UP FATHER—By George McManus

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DOROTHY DIX'S TALK

BY DOROTHY DIX, The World's Highest Paid Woman Writer.

TELLING ONE'S TROUBLES.

Two women were arguing the other day about whether one should tell one's troubles to one's friends or not. Said one woman: "The suffer-and-be-silent theory is perhaps the strongest and heretic pose for us to take, but it is dangerous. It is as dangerous as putting a flood of back water behind a stone wall until the very pressure of the accumulated water breaks down the dam and sweeps everything before it, and leaves ruin and devastation in its wake. "That's what happens to women who keep their sorrows to themselves, and who go silently brooding over their worries until, at last, they are engulfed in their own misery and break down under it. We need fooding, physically and spiritually, and the woman who has a friend to whom she can tell her woes finds in this confidence an outlet that saves her from going to pieces. "Understand, I am not contending that it is either dignified or decent for a woman to go around nodding up everyone she meets while she tells them the sad story of her life, or to confiding her secret griefs to the general public. I am merely asserting that there is no other such comfort in times of trial and tribulation as to have a true and loyal woman friend to whom you can unburden your heart. "There's no use in saying that it does no good to tell even such a friend of your troubles, that she has no magic wand by which she can conjure your lost fortune back to you, or turn a cold and neglectful husband into a tender lover again, or make wayward sons and daughters turn back from the broad road to the straight and narrow path. "I believe that your friend can work no miracle that will take away the cause of your sorrow, but she does work a miracle of healing. She feeds you on the bread of sympathy for which you were starving. Her tears of pity are sympathetic poured on your raw and bleeding wounds that wash the poison from them. Just the knowledge that you do not suffer alone, that another shares your grief, somehow takes from its bitterness. "We are self-sufficient in our happiness, but when we are in trouble we must have something warm and human to cling to, to reach out as instinctively for it as a child does for a hand in the dark. We can not go over the top alone. In the Garden of Gethsemane, when in His darkest moment, He felt Himself deserted. "More than this, just talk of itself is palliative to women. It's the thing that you can not discuss, that you've got locked up in the dark closet of your soul, that gets to be a haunting horror that you are afraid of. Open the door and drag it out into the light and air, exhibit it to another's eyes, and talk

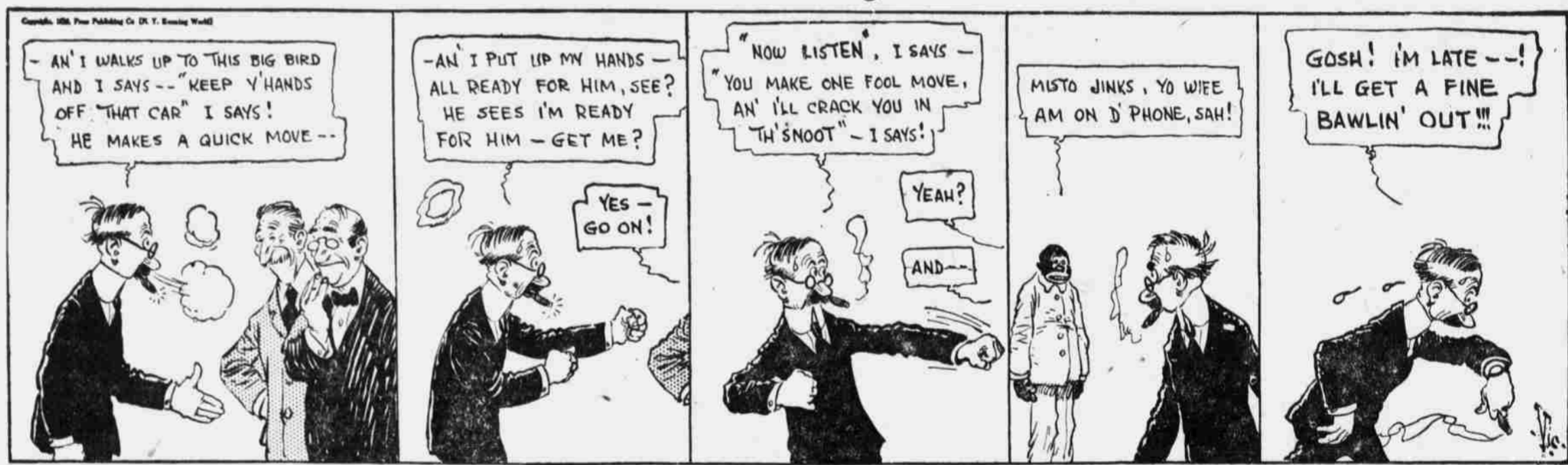
LITTLE MARY MIXUP—Just a Test Run, Say We



THE BIG LITTLE FAMILY—We Infer That Father Is Not on Luke's Side



JOE'S CAR—Joe Can Finish His Fight When He Gets Home



THE YOUNG LADY ACROSS THE WAY

HON. JOSEPHUS Daniels, SECRETARY OF THE navy, WASHINGTON, D. C. MY DEAR Josephus, A FEW days ago, I READ in the paper, ABOUT AN admiral, WHO WOULDN'T accept, SOME SORT of a medal, BECAUSE HE believed, HE WAS entitled, TO SOMETHING better, AND I want to tell you, ABOUT A woman, I HAPPEN to know, WHO WAS possessed, OF AN only son, WHO SUPPORTED her, AND WHEN the war came, HE STAYED at home, FOR QUITE a while, BUT HIS mother saw, THAT HE pined to go, AND SO one night, WHEN DINNER was done, AND THE dishes washed, SHE SAT with him, AND THEY talked it over, AND SHE told him then, THAT SHE believed, HE OUGHT to go, AND THAT she could work, WHILE HE was gone, AND SHE held her tears, UNTIL THE day, WHEN HE went away, IN THE navy blue, AND HE was one, THAT YOU sent away, IN A little boat, PAR INTO the North, INTO WINTY seas, WHERE GALLANT men, SWEPT MILLS on mile, FOR DEADLY mines, AND SHE didn't know, AS NO one knew, WHERE HE had gone, AND EVERY day, BACK HERE at home, SHE DID her work, AND WATCHED the mails, AND MONTHS went by, AND THEN one day, A MESSAGE came, AND ON that night, WITH TREMBLING hands, SHE POLLED away, IN HIS little room, THE WAITING clothes, THAT SHE kept for him, AND EVER since then, ON EVERY day, SHE HAS gone her way, TO HER daily toil, BUT HAS ceased to watch, WHAT THE mails might bring, AND I want to suggest, THAT IF it should be, THAT SOME admiral, IS DISAPPOINTED, WITH THE sort of medal, YOU'VE AWARDED him, THAT YOU might find a way, OF PASSING it on, TO THIS lonely woman, WHO GAVE her son, I THANK you.

DEPORTED ANARCHISTS.

It is worth while to pause for a moment and think, not so much of the criminality as of the unpeppable insolence and effrontery of these foreign reformers of America. They came over when Russia had undertaken to light mankind with the new heaven of Communism, and years ago when their country was in the black night of czarist tyranny. They are a new breed of the phenomenon, we should feel that for them to come here not to learn but to teach, not to help but to destroy, was a thing which only the inhabitants of Bedlam could look upon as normal or possible. In their own minds they may be idealists of the purest water; and so many a poor inmate of the insane asylum. They are not insane, however, except as any man is insane who does not recognize the limitations which decency as a member of the society which entertains him. Our country fails short, in many points it falls short of standards that other countries have attained. But these very people chose it because on the whole it is the best that mankind has thus far found itself able to beget; and it has been the very fount and origin of the liberal ideas that have gradually been overruling the world, and the absence of which from their own country was the source of their revolt. It is a mawkish sentimentality that admires the morbid idealism of these great thinkers and is blind to the naked indecency of their conduct.—The Review.

Read News Scimitar Wants.

UNCLE WIGGILY AND THE WHISTLE.

UNCLE WIGGILY AND THE WHISTLE. (Copyright, 1920, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.) BY HOWARD R. GARIS. "Are you going to be home today, Uncle Wiggily?" asked Nurse Jane Puzzy Wuzzy, the muskrat lady housekeeper for the bunnymon gentleman, as she gave him his breakfast in the hollow stump bungalow. "Well, I'll be home until I eat a few more of your nice carrot pancakes with cabbage gravy sprinkled over them," answered Mr. Longears, passing his plate for a second helping. "And then where are you going?" asked Nurse Puzzy Wuzzy. "Over to Grandfather Goosey Gander's," was the answer. "And, on my way, I may find an adventure." "If you do," spoke Nurse Jane, "I hope it will not be a bad one with the Skeetocks or Pipsawah in it." Uncle Wiggily said he hoped so himself, and then, having finished his supper of baked potatoes with maple sugar scattered over them, he put on his tall, silk hat, and leaning his pink, twinkling nose on his red, white and blue-striped rheumatism crutch, away hopped Uncle Wiggily from the Skeetocks, and through the woods, looking for an adventure. He had not gone very far before he came to the same old Christmas tree out of which the day before had jumped Hippie Hop, the brother of Jumping Jack and Hippie Hop had saved Uncle Wiggily from the Skeetocks, as you all know. "I wonder if there is anything else that might have been left on the old

HOROSCOPE

SATURDAY, JANUARY 16, 1920. (Copyright, 1920, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.) During the business hours of this day the stars are in menacing aspect, according to astrology. Mars and Neptune are both in evil place. Late in the evening the sun has beneficial influence. Uncertainty and depression may affect the mind while this configuration prevails, paralyzing initiative and encouraging a pessimistic outlook. Mars seems to forecast trouble in which there is discussion of military action. Troops again may be taken over water, but westward for a short distance. Distorted and perverted views on public issues are still encouraged by the posting of the stars, which give little promise of industrial peace. Women will make demands in the name of labor which will cause some sort of new political affiliations, astrologers foretell. The coming months will bring to the surface many strange secrets if the stars are read aright, for in the new era all that is hidden is to be uncovered. The evening of this day is a propitious time to seek the support of men in places in the sun. Ask the powerful for precious boons and they may be vouchsafed while the luminary is in friendly aspect. Gifts received during this planetary government are held most lucky unless they are pledges of love. These should be deferred. Appointments made while the present rule continues should bring the most satisfactory results. Lawmakers are subject to stimulating and illuminating influences today, the seeds declare, and they should be able to accomplish much under the direction of kindly guiding stars. Congress will enter a period in which there will be stormy sessions and bitter debates. Danger of an epidemic that may affect the city streets and laying out-Perseus whose birthdate it is have

A Line On Men You Read About

Representative John W. Harrelld is the new member of congress from Oklahoma. He is the Republican who turned a district which is normally Democratic by a majority of 5,000 votes into the Republican column. The main plank of his platform was his opposition to the league of nations. His district is now the arches: one south in the Republican list. Harrelld is a lawyer. He is one of the fortunate individuals who have "cleansed up" in oil. He made a casual investment of \$5.00 in an oil well, little expecting to hear anything from it. The small investment returned \$100,000. He has since increased this materially—running it up into six figures. VICKSBURG TO PAVE. (SPL.) Vicksburg, Miss., Jan. 9 (SPL.)—Vicksburg is going to spend \$394,081 for paving the city streets and laying out-Perseus whose birthdate it is have

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