

She struggled furiously—his lips were almost on a level with her own. "Sweetheart, I am going to kiss you," he panted.

"Never, no. It's not safe."

"I demand a reason." The man was desperate. The girl's eyes took on a steely glitter. "Let me go," she cried, hoarsely. "I will tell you all."

The man's face became a mask. "Go on," he said simply.

"I am a stranger, I can bear it now."

"No man shall kiss me,"—her voice was cool in its frigidity.

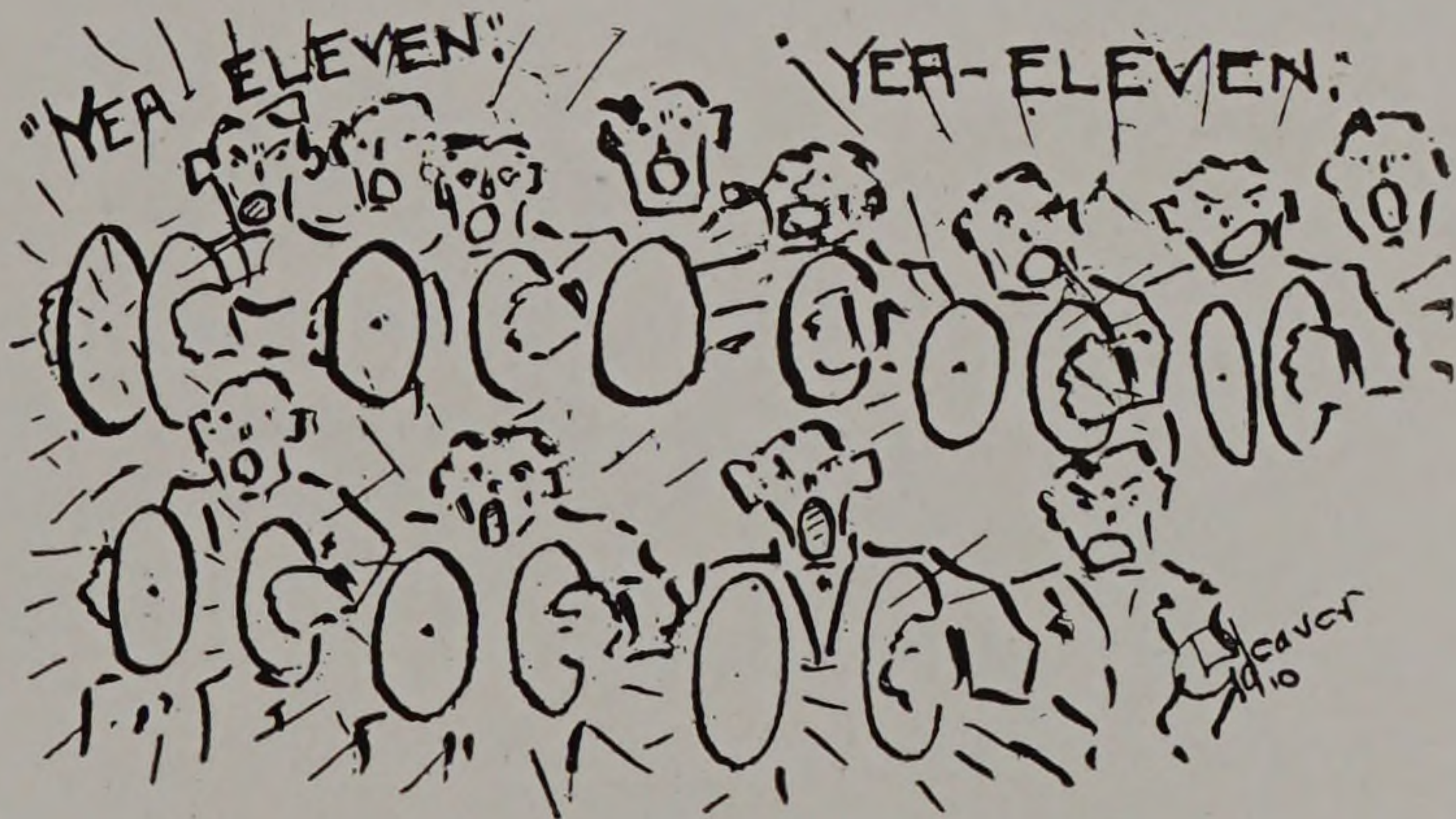
"Who doesn't chew Listerated Pepsin Gum."

His great frame shook like a baby, as the horrible truth flashed upon him. Never could he chew gum—his teeth were false.



Daughter: (to father who is reading) "O, look at the big bug on the ceiling."

Pa: (absent minded) "Well, step on it and don't bother me."



Father says that the ruination of young men is wine, women, and song, so I guess I'll give up the singin'.

"The guilty catch themselves."