

The Magazine of

25^c

FUN

JAN. '22



100
LAUGHS
GUARANTEED

IN THIS ISSUE

The DARLING of HADES — by
H.C. WITWER
Mange Street — by Strangler Louis

All Wool Heavy Sweater

Sent for Only

\$1.00
Down

Send only \$1 with the coupon for this **All-Wool**, heavy, jumbo sweater. Money back instantly if you ask for it. Order NOW.

Heavy Pure Wool

This is a splendid big sweater at a bargain price. Every fibre pure wool. Heavy rope stitch. Large fashioned shawl collar. Two large lined pockets. Close knitted wrists. Ivory buttons to match. Made in big, full size, in rich fast colors. Nothing so practical for fall and winter wear. Sizes 34 to 46. Colors: Dark Maroon or Navy Blue.

Order by No. XF-22. Send \$1.00 with coupon, \$2.00 monthly. Total \$7.95.

Easy Payments

Learn to buy the Elmer Richards way as thousands of well satisfied men are doing. Everything you need in clothing or shoes and you pay in small monthly sums. No charge for credit. One price only. Strictly dependable qualities.

Elmer Richards Co.

Dept. 3361, West 35th Street, Chicago, Ill.

I enclose \$1.00. Send Heavy Wool Sweater, No. XF-22. Size.....Color..... If I am not satisfied when I receive the sweater I can return it and get my payment back with charges. Otherwise, I will pay the advertised terms, \$1.00 with coupon, \$2.00 monthly. Total price, \$7.95.

Name.....

Address.....

State.....

Write for our free Bargain Catalog of men's, women's and children's clothing and shoes—Everything on a small, monthly payments.

Send Coupon

Don't miss this bargain. The supply is limited. You take no risk. We stand back of this sweater. Money back if you say so. Send the coupon now with a \$1.00 P. O. order or a dollar bill. Don't be too late. Send the coupon NOW.

Elmer Richards Co.

Dept. 3361 W. 35th St., Chicago, Ill.



The Magazine of FUN

Entered as second-class matter Sept. 21, 1921, at the postoffice at Chicago, Ill., under the act of March 3, 1879. Subscription price by the year, \$2.50. Single copy, 25c. Original material solicited and should be accompanied with return postage in case of rejection. Not responsible for material lost in mails. Published monthly by The Magazine of FUN, 800 N. Clark St., Chicago, Ill.

Copyright 1921 by The Magazine of FUN.

Vol. II

JANUARY, 1922

No. 1

Abandon gloom, all ye who enter here!

Merry Christmas

*Dear Folks, these lines I write you
At the closing of the year.*

*I'm going home for Christmas 'n
I'll try to spread some cheer!*

*A regular old-time Christmas
I wish every one of you,
An' I know you won't get pickled
As the Blues would have you do.*

*If you can't buy many presents
'Cause your cash is somewhat low,
Let a smile spread o'er your features
An' forget about the dough.*

*Sure you're lucky you are living
In this great old land of ours,
Slip the glad mitt, it's the big hit!
God knows, there's enough of jars.*

*Folks, I hear the whistle blowing,
I must catch the old choo choo.
We'll be back, oh, yes you betcha
With a FUNNIER nineteen twenty-two.*

The End of a Perfect Night

(Part Three—2 a. m. to 7 a. m.)

By H. C. Witwer

*Who wrote "A Smile a Minute," "From Baseball to Boches,"
Etc., Etc.*

To the Editor of "Ain't We Got Fun."

My Dear Messrs.:

Well, here I am back on earth again tryin' to figure out did I really spend a night in Hades as the guest of Francis Xavier Satan, the charmin' proprietor, or was it all simply a combination of too much imagination and ditto drug-store gin. Either way I had a devil of a time, so what's the difference, hey, editor?

Calathumpian Murphy, the gentleman bootlegger, and 48-Round O'Goldstein, ex-gnatweight champion of the Atlantic Ocean, which was with me on my trip to Hell—if that's where we was—can't seem to agree either on where we actually **did** spend that memorable night. As the matter and fact, Messrs. editor, Calathumpian looks on a mere voyage to Gehenna as nothin' at all to brag about. He claims that one quart of his custom-built hooch will send anybody on a excursion which makes all other tours seem about as wild and excitin' as a visit to the corner grocery. Calathumpian likewise declares that Sinbad the Sailor, Baron Munchausen, Gulliver, Cook, Livingston,

Robinson Crusoe, the Wandering Jew and other world famous travelers never even heard of the weird, fascinatin' and otherwise thrillin' stop-overs which is included in the expedition a guy immediately takes after a few stiff shots of Calathumpian's boot-leg. This journey is commonly called "delerium tremens" and Calathumpian swears that no matter where you have been or what strange scenes you have gazed upon, until you have had delerium tremens you aint seen **nothin'** and you aint been **nowheres!**

But layin' this to one side, editor, I will tell you what come to the pass durin' the last five hours we spent in Hell and you can figure out for yourself was we there or did we each take a canter on a nightmare.

You most undoubtedly remember in my last cable I told you that after showin' us all through the Infernal Regions, to the ie, Sheol, Satan led us to a table and smilin' little Fiends served us with 100-proof drinks such as the doctors is now allowed to prescribe for patients sufferin' from the dread disease of thirst. Then the charmin' Demon introduced my pop-eyed pals to Cleopatra and the Queen of Sheba, takin' them undraped pulse-quickeners away from another table where they was kiddin' with Nero. As no provision was apparently bein' made for **my** comfort with the regards to supplyin' me with a companion of my favorite sex, why I am gettin' ready to holler murder when Satan winks and asks me how wouldst I like to meet Salome, also known as "The Darling of Hades." Well, he might just as well of asked me how wouldst I like to have a ice-water stand

on the Sahara Desert and I am just about to fox-trot with Salome when a woman's shriek splits the air and every light in Hell goes out!

Well, editor, naturally they is a great deal of consternation and the sounds of people millin' back and forth on the asbestos floor and quite the little gigglin' from the beauteous female Lost Souls. I peer through the darkness tryin' to see if my two pals is O. K. and fin'ly I make out the bulky forms of Calathumpian Murphy and 48-Round O'Goldstein. Another peek through the gloom shows me what makes their forms bulky. The Queen of Sheba and Cleopatra is sittin' on their laps.

"The party's gettin' rough, hey?" I whispers. "I'm goin' to find the switch and throw these lights on!"

"You put on them lights and I'll knock you for a trip!" hisses Calathumpian. "I'm sittin' pretty!"

"Perfect here!" puts in 48-Round O'Goldstein, removin' one arm from Cleopatra's sinuous waist to wave me away. "Beat it!"

"Oh, go to the devil!" I says, forgettin' we are all in Hades.

I turned just then and found Satan himself at my shapely elbow. You know the old sayin', "Speak of the Devil and he's bound to appear!"

"What in Hell would you like?" asks Satan, politely.

"Who put the lights out?" I says.

Before the Devil could answer, Salome butts in, pinchin' my arm.

"Are you afraid to be alone with me in the dark?" she smiles.

"I don't know," I says, slowly. "Up on earth where I come from, the story is that John the Baptist lost his head over you, Salome. They cut it off, what I mean!"

"Don't be silly," she laughs. "Nothing of the kind ever happened. Would you like to hear the **true** story of that incident?"

"Well, I came all the ways down here to Gehenna to see you," I says. "And——"

"Fine!" she butts in. "I admire a man who will go to Hell for a girl!"

"You little Devil!" I says, playfully throwin' a handful of sparks and brimstone at her.

She turns on her comely heels and runs away, castin' a glance at me over her shoulders which was far from antagonistic. I was about to run after her when I bumped into Satan again.

"No devilment, now!" he grins, shakin' a flamin' finger at me. "I have just discovered who put out the lights. It was Eve—she's always playing tricks of that kind."

"I thought it was Adam who raised Cain!" I says.

"One more bum joke like that and out you go!" says Satan. "Would you like to meet the first man and woman—or rather, the original snake charmer and the man who made the apple famous?"

"I sure would," I says. "They's a lot of things I'd like to ask them!"

The next minute, editor, the lights go on again

and I am standin' before no less than Adam and Eve. We shook hands all around and Eve smilin'ly offered me a apple from a basket she carried in her arms. Editor, the reports that Eve was a good looker has not been exaggerated, I'll howl to the Universe! She was a panic! Just lookin' at her got me goofy and I forgot all the questions I wanted to ask both of 'em.

Fin'ly I managed to blurt out to Adam:

"Listen, tell me one thing—is it a fact that all our troubles was caused by you fallin' for a apple?"

Adam grins and looks at Eve with the greatest of affection.

"No," he says, "I fell for a **peach!**"

He said somethin', editor. Eve wouldst make Washington's Monument sway on its base!

The next thing I know they is a commotion down at the end of the hall. I feel a chill draft and Adam and Eve both shivers with cold—a very uncommon occurrence in Hell. Then out of a mob of wildly excited Demons and the etc, comes Calathumpian Murphy and 48-Round O'Goldstein on the gallop.

"Run for your life!" hollers Calathumpian as they pass me. "Saint Looey has win the National League pennant and as the result **Hell has begin to freeze over, like it was supposed to do when that happened!**"

I come to on the floor of my bedroom, editor, and now the question is—was I in Hell or wasn't I?

You might not believe it, in fact I don't believe it myself, but as the result of my experiences in **Ge-henna**, my hair turned red over night!

CURTAIN!

She Wouldn't

*I picked her up on Broadway
Near Fifty-second street,
I slaped myself upon the back,
I considered it quite a feat.*

*That night I took her in the Park,
In the throes of ecstasy was I;
We stopped upon a darken drive,
I sighed a deep born sigh.*

*I coaxed her and caressed her
With sentimental phrases;
I went so far as to tickle her
And whispered pretty praises.*

*I tried to turn her over,
But, by gosh, it was no use,
And all my previous praises
Turned to ungentlemanly abuse.*

*So I swore very sincerely
Beneath the evening star,
That never again as long as I lived
Would I buy a second-hand car.*

Handsome James.

The Blue Laws Again

Policeman: "You're under arrest."

Cross-eyed bimbo: "What for?"

Policeman: "You look crooked."

"This is the first time I ever smoked," she said as she blew rings into the air.

The Gunman

The gambling den was crowded with men and the air was heavy with smoke and tingling with suppressed excitement. Groups stood in the corners of the room, talking in muffled tones, and the gamblers played their cards grimly, their faces even colder and more expressionless than usual. A few men were gathered around the roulette table and the click of the little ball against the side of the wheel was the only sound that broke the almost deathly silence. Word had passed that there was to be a drawing of guns and the men were expectant although somewhat fearful.

A door in the front of the room opened and with one accord all eyes were turned toward Dan Loomis, the proprietor. The games stopped suddenly, the spinning roulette wheel was forgotten, and the crowd surged closer to the center of the room. The men seemed to sense that the crucial moment was at hand.

Dan spoke a name, and with a shout a man jumped forward out of the crowd. A few seconds later, his face flushed with victory, the man staggered out of the door, a shining revolver in his hand.

As he rode towards his home, he leaned forward and patted the neck of the animal under him.

"Blondy, I guess our luck has changed at last. But somehow, I knew that I was goin' to win this gun in the raffle tonight."

*Here lies, it read,
A man who is dead,
His spirit's ascended to Heaven.
Why, that can't be true,
For it's Danny McGraw,
And I still have a quart
Of his One Eleven.*

—M. B. S.

"That's a Hell of a note," remarked the musical critic, as the Prima Donna just missed high D.

The Bootlegger's Daughter

She was only a bootlegger's daughter;
Maud Lynn was the name that she gave.
(The conscienceless coot that had wrought her,
Was sending strong men to the grave.)
Her eyes were the aspect of absinthe,
Her hair was a ringer for rye;
She was shaped, to her shoes, like a bottle of booze—
And the stuff that she peddled was lye!

I met her one night in an alley,
As she beat it away from a "bull."
"It's all up with me!" was her sally.
"You see, kid, my stockings are full!"
Next day, in the courtroom of justice,
Poor Maud to the bar-rail was led.
The judge was a gink, for he tipped her the wink—
(Bang! Bang!) "What's the charge, George?" he said.

"Y'r Honor," siz he who had copped her,
" 'Tis Moonshiner Maud I have here.
"Begorra! I like to have dropped, sir,
"When she slipped me a jolt o' Big Beer!"
Then the bonehead spectators all leveled
Their peepers at Maud in her sin.
She knew she was caught, so she wept a full quart—
And the tears that she weepered were gin!

The Court took a fresh squint at Maudie,
And polished his rum-blossom beak;
He hiccuped and exhaled a toddy,
Then opened his yapper to squeak.
"My deshishion," he mumbled—"Not guilty!"
—The bull with his bung-starter biffed—
"Her stuff isn't hootch, for it rotted my bootch!"
"Case dismissed! Au revoir, Maud! I'm squiffed!"

A. C. B.

The Boss

George Dishrag was a henpecked gink who shined around the kitchen sink while Mrs. Dishrag tripped the block in-peekaboo and breeze-weave sock. George could be seen most any eve before the sink with uprolled sleeve and nifty apron 'round his hips, his old cob pipe between his lips. And he would puff and hum a tune and deftly juggle fork and spoon or scratch the gizzards from the pans or through the back door toss the cans. And sometimes George would euss a bit; or throw a two by fourteen fit and maybe break a plate or two or shy a soup bowl at the flue. But as a rule he did the job sweet nothings lispig through his cob; for George loved peace, and knew Hortense would twist a paling from the fence and wear it out upon his beak did he backslide or raise a squeak. But, "every doughnut has its day." And one bright night in early May as they were sitting at the board consuming punk and French fried gourd, Apworth McRaisin rang the bell and called George outside—wot t'l, and in a hushed and wee sma voice confided he'd some white-mule choice just ready to be tapped—oh man!—and would George come and bring a can? "Indeed you do not leave this house," yipped Mrs. Dishrag to her spouse (for as is wont with women folks she'd heard the "invite"—holy smokes—) "until you've washed and dried the "dead"—come inside or I'll break your head!" George Dishrag's jaws set with a snap! He turned loose one heart piercing yap, leaped through the door and grabbed a chair and—filled his pipe with Polar Bear, tied on his apron, heaved a sigh and started in to "wash and dry!"

Eldee.

GRADUATED!

*I am old enough to be admitted
To practice at the bar.
But, I don't need any practice,
To prove it, where's the bar?*

The Way of the World

I have an inquiring disposition.

On the train I saw a thin, haggard man whose melancholy features bespoke some great sorrow.

I am also sympathetic. Perhaps I could speak some consoling word that would help him to better bear his tortuous burden of sorrow.

"My poor man, tell me what great grief has come into your life," I said.

"Alas, stranger," said he, with great difficulty restraining the tears, "I am but a poor drummer who sells groceries."

"But why so sorrowful?"

"The poor people," he almost sobbed, "they will not buy; soon there will be starvation."

His was, indeed, a sorrowful plight!

I met another man. He was portly, rotund and his face bore a cherubic smile. Surely here was a happy man; perhaps he was a retired shipyard worker, mayhap an ex-munition worker or yet a stock salesman. I would inquire.

"My good man, why do you smile? Surely this old world must treat you well. Will you not give me your recipe for happiness, that I may instill it in others?"

"Ah," smiled he, "it is, indeed, a beautiful and wondrous world. I smile because I am successful."

"And what is your life's work, my good man?" I asked.

"I am a drummer," said he.

I was astounded. I remembered the grocery drummer. Perhaps here I could get ideals and thoughts that would make him successful and happy.

"And to what do you attribute your large measure of success?" I inquired.

"'Tis only hard work and my ability to look over and size up the users of my line." He chuckled reminiscently. "Ah, yes, one must, indeed, be a good judge to sell."

"And what do you sell, my good man?"

"Ladies' silk hosiery," said he.

L. R.

Mendacious

Little Jack Horner

Sat in a corner

On the car, when there was a jam.

He rose to his feet,

Gave a lady his seat!

(I'm a liar? I know it! I am!)

La Touche Hancock.

St. Peter: "You say you were a writer for a magazine?"

Applicant: "Yes, St. Peter."

St. Peter: "Step into the elevator, please."

Applicant: "How soon does it go up?"

St. Peter: "It doesn't go up; it goes down."

THAT'S IT. WHAT?

A teacher in school gave a lesson on stars,

Asked little Johnnie if he ever saw Mars.

Johnnie stood up, the son-of-a-Scot,

"I don't understand," he said, "Ma's what?"

Mange Street

By Strangler Louis

Chapter I

No. 1

Saphronisba Vanderslush was a child of the city. To her, the clang of the patrol wagon, so long as it was not after her or one of her immediate playmates, was sweet music; the uncouth noise of the street piano was a poem in dulcet rhythm. In short, city life was to her as sweet as half a pound of sugar in a small cup of coffee. Yet withal, she craved something—something—what was it? She was damned if she knew.

Saphronisba's home life was, in its simple way, happy though broke. Her father had started life as a tax-collector, but had lost his nerve and taken to bank-robbing, which, while it was scarcely as remunerative, gave him more time to spend in the bosom of his family. Following his untimely death at the hands of a night watchman, Saphronisba had been forced to go out and hornswoggle the world out of a living on her own hook.

At the time our story opens, she occupied a position of some prominence in the theatrical world, being one of the sweet young things who occupy the little glass and marble cages in front of the Beejoo Motion Picture Palace, and short-change the virile first-nighters. All through the long hours of the afternoon she sat there, rhythmically chewing her gum, and stopping only long enough to murmur from time to time, "Howmany?"

§ 2

Then love had strong-armed its way into the life of this innocent child of the greatwhiteway. Not that she herself

loved—no indeed; she had seen altogether too much of that in the back row of the Beejoo, during the showing of such uninteresting bits as Flivver's Weekly, when the young men in the audience felt time heavy upon them, and sought other amusements pending the exhibition of the main event of the show.

The love was all on the part of Isaac Flannigan, a stalwart youth who followed the ponies on a cross-town horse-car line. Well might he have been taken for a Greek god. His immaculately shaved neck, his passionate purple socks and, as a finishing touch, the natty brown derby with which he adorned his berry, showed him to be, above all else, a man about town. And such, indeed, he was. Very much so. He moved about town every month, just as his rent fell due.

Isaac and Saphronisba met at the Rivet Heaters' ball. From the moment he laid his slightly cross eyes upon her, he was a gone gosling. After an evening of slinging her around the room to the tunes of the dreamy waltz, the frisky fox trot and the sizzling shimmy, he saw her to her humble home.

"Sap," he blurbed, passionately, "fly with me!"

"Howmany?" she rejoindered, absently.

His only answer was to seize her firmly and plant a passionate kiss on the end of her nose. His cross eyes spoiled his aim, and beside, that porch was darker than a prohibition agent's past.

Saphronisba recoiled.

"Say, wottinell's the big idear?" she asked, for she was nothing if not a perfect lady.

Isaac was too full of emotion and moonshine to answer coherently. He hove a tremendous sigh, and fell backwards off of the porch. Picking himself up sadly, he went home. Saphronisba clumb up the drain pipe to her room, and swung her hammock.

They were both sober by noon of the next day.

Chapter II

8%

The next great event in Saphronisba's life was her meeting with the venerable Doc Doorknob.

The word Doc preceding Doorknob's name had nothing to do with either the medical or the veterinarical profession. An aged and moth-eaten rumor had it that he had once worked as a stevedore along the Denver waterfront. Hence the monniker of Dock, which, to save time and spelling, was shortened to Doc.

In point of years, Doc was past his tomeat days, although he still entertained Young Ideas. In fact, so young was his mind that he would still smile in a fatherly way and murmur "By ding!" as, on a windy afternoon, he would stand on a street corner and inspect them as they toddled by.

Doc's home was in Hog Wallow, Idaho, where none of them were worth looking at twice. Hence his semi-annual visits to the city, in order that he might keep posted on the prevailing fashions in calves.

His profession was that of village blacksmith and watchmaker. In addition to these, he did odd jobs of bricklaying, dishwashing and embalming, and in this manner managed to earn a tidy sum. His semi-annual visits to the city were his only slips from the straight, narrow and uninteresting.

Paragraph 76

Then came an afternoon of fog, light winds and low visibility. Heaving a sigh of disgust, Doc left his point of vantage at the city's windiest corner, and cast about for some other form of amusement and education.

Fate led him to the Beejoo and Saphronisba. One of her calsomined smiles had the same effect upon him that a Whitehead torpedo would have on a toy launch. Doc took one slant at the fair one, as her symmetrical jaw worried a stick of Beermint, and he was tout fini.

"How many?" she queried, sparring for an opening.

"Fly with me," he sobbed, overcame with emotion and her Beermint breath.

IIII ¼

Her meeting with the elderly but ardent swain of the vast mountainous prairies of the Farwest awoke in her a responsive note, as a well trained canary will respond to the notes of a saw, being filed by a master hand. The old craving grove once more . . .

After that, Doc came to her ticket window at least three times each day.

Section 1, Township 9

During the next week, Doc was arrested twice for obstructing traffic and four times for vagrancy, as he slunk around the entrance to the Beejoo, sighing like an asthmatic vacuum sweeper and making foolish faces at his beloved. It was disgusting.

1.15 @ 1.20

In the meantime, Isaac clucked behind his ponies, and jangled merrily across town, utterly unaware of the fact that his time was being beaten by an elderly snipe in chin whiskers and congress gaiters. Finally he met Doc, and sized up the situation in one cross-eyed glance.

"Sap," he pleaded, his voice powerful with emotion and garlic, "this old goof is aged enough to be Sarah Bernhardt's or Mary Pickford's grandmother. Why don't you give him the gate?"

Saphronisba sighed, a far-away look in her eyes. She was thinking of the joys of the gay life of a town like Hog Wallow.

"I can offer you a heart full of love, and four and a half quarts of old Scotch that my friend, Bennie the Bootlegger, made only yesterday."

Surely, this last was a powerful argument, she told herself, but still and all, she was undecided. She might be quite

happy, she told herself, darning Isaac's socks and going through his pockets. Then, there was Doc, and the outdoor life of Hog Wallow . . .

What in the devil would you have done, had you been her?

50-50

The battle was on. Isaac bought a new celluloid collar, and took to the use of bay rum. Doc had his hair dyed and took to the use of Jamaica rum. Saphronisba took another eight centimeters off the bottom of her skirt and decided that it was a rum proposition all around.

It was an uneven battle. She would win a meal-ticket, whichever way the fight went. Was not an elderly blacksmith just as capable of true love as a horse-car driver who wore a celluloid collar and used bay rum?

She wondered.

1492

It was the celluloid collar that ruined the parade for Isaac.

Saphronisba had just about come to the conclusion that perhaps she might be in love with him, after all. He was coming to call that very evening.

All was set for the big scene. The blinds were down, and the lamp on the table behind the sofa was turned down lower than the Barbary Coast in the good old days. In short, all was ready.

Isaac arrived, and dropped anchor beside her.

Paragraph 104, Section L

* * * * *

Section M.

As the horsecarman was about to leave, he leaned too far back on the sofa, and his celluloid collar came directly over the chimney of the lamp. There was a flash and a dull report;

the air was filled with the reek of bay rum, and with pungent smoke. When the clouds parted, Isaac was sans collar.

"Too bad a fire-risk to have hanging around the house," thought Saphronisba, "no telling when he might flare up and do serious damage. It's a darn shame, too, because he's a nice kid."

(g)

The next day Doc called, and painted a mendacious word-picture of the joys of life in Hog Wallow. Somehow, he repelled her, but she noted that his collar was made of asbestos.

He called again that evening, and every day thereafter for some time. It was beginning to tell on her; already it took nearly an extra pound of rouge each week to hide the pallor of care upon her phiz, and passers-by noted, on windy days, that there were wrinkles of anxiety upon her daintily powdered knees.

Little by little Doc broke down her resistance. She realized that she didn't particularly care for him, but it might be better, she thought, to have some one else pay the grocer's bill than to have to work herself. When she mentioned this to Doc, he became so overcome by emotion that he swallowed his false teeth, and bit himself severely. When he recovered his teeth and his composure, he renewed his suit with vigor.

A month later they were married.

Chapter III

'49

The journey to Hog Wallow was, in the main, uneventful. At Shasta they were removed from the blind baggage on which they were riding, and did five days apiece for evading railroad fare. At Winnemucca the judge decided that they were "wandering about from place to place without any visible or lawful business," and removed them from circulation for two weeks. Then they gave up the blinds as

being too open and public, and took to the truss rods and brake-beams, with an occasional mile or so in an empty refrigerator car if the weather or the head shack seemed threatening.

Then, one raw morning, they looked out from the gondola full of cement sacks among which they were riding, and got their first eye-full of Hog Wallow.

Chapter IV

No. 6

From the standpoint of art, commerce or refinement, it must be admitted that Hog Wallow was strictly the rocks. A flock of one-story buildings of uncertain parentage ramshackled their way up and down the main drag, which was appropriately designated as "Mange Street."

It was just like the horde of mental incompetents who populated the burg to leave the naming of the main stem to chance, and chance had played them a sealy trick.

Years before, a wandering Indian, who had come in from the reservation to steal anything that was not nailed down, had found a bottle of sheep-dip on a back porch, and, thinking that it was liquor, had bolted it. A few minutes later, he had expired in a spectacular and vehement manner in front of the post office, which was situated on the then nameless boulevard. Si Peabody, stage-driver, fire-chief and coroner, had found the empty bottle, which was labelled "For Mange," and had placed it on the corner of the building as a warning to thirsty aborigines. And for many years it stood, one of the landmarks, until gradually the avenue became known as Mange Street.

The principal social diversion in Hog Wallow was to watch the trains go by, and, on rare occasions, see them actually stop before the converted box-car that served as the Grand Central Depot.

30-30

The train upon which Doc and his bride were traveling was a freight—slow, conservative, and altogether too self-respecting to stop at a dump like Hog Wallow.

Doc picked out a spot on Saphronisba's mush that was not coated to too great a thickness with grime and cement, and hung a juicy goober thereupon. She shuddered.

"This is the town, little poppsy-wop," he cooed through his store teeth, "Ain't she a hum-dinger?"

Saphronisba shuddered. So this was the burg the old goat had dragged her too, was it? Gee, but hadn't she been the green pea!

"How soon do we stop?" she asked, listlessly.

"Why," was Doc's reply, "this train don't stop here. But don't you worry. They's a long curve jest afore we gits to town, an' they allus slow up there. We kin git off all right. Jest you watch me. I'll git off fust, an' then you kin see how it's did."

A moment later he rose to his feet.

"Now watch keerful," he told her, "See how I do it, an' then you do jest the same."

Doc shot into space, landing half a yard south of his shoulders on the hard rock-ballast of the roadway. From there he bounced to the edge of the fill and rolled down the steep forty-foot embankment, bringing up with a start when his head split a fence-post. He arose and rubbed himself reflectively.

Saphronisba was heartsick. Here she had married a bloke who set himself up as an expert hobo, and he was only a rank amateur!

Cushioning her head against one of the cement sacks, she wept huge gobs of salty tears.

(Later, when trainmen unloaded that particular sack, they wondered how it had got wet enough to set the cement.)

Saphronisba was awakened by a large, hairy hand upon

her slim shoulder. A lantern was being swung over her, and excited voices were heard.

"It is she," said the voice of one who seemed to be the leader, "Behold with what astounding accuracy she corresponds to the description. 'Peroxide blonde, 104 pounds dressed, 103 $\frac{3}{4}$ pounds undressed, uses by far too much paint, rolls her hosiery (how shocking!) and has dimples in eyther knee.'"

"Madam, you are now in the corporate limits of Tankopolis, a city eleven miles east of Hog Wallow. We have been seeking you."

The old fighting spirit returned to her.

"You boobs ain't got nuttin' on me," she sneered.

"Perchance not," replied the other, "and perchance yes. I am the constable of this city, and your husband has just telephoned for us to seize and hold you, pending his arrival."

A great fear seized her. Had this educated cop recognized her face and finger prints? Were they really holding her for the old man, or was it all a frame-up?

The guard closed about her. and she was dragged away. A few minutes later she was thrust into the only cell in the county jail, a noisesome and noisy bastille that had formerly been a piano-box. Some one, moved to pity, placed a pan of water and a bunch of carrots in her cage, and then they left her.

(To be continued next month.)

*They say that an engine's afraid of a switch,
And the reason I've tried to find.
But at last I have discovered
It has a tender behind.*

Soph. 1: "Do you still go to see that little brunette you went with last winter?"

Soph. 2: "She's married now."

Soph. 1: "Answer me!"

Kelly's Dream—Revised

By Jas. J. Jennings

(With apologies to the original.)

About a week ago I was invited
By an old-time friend of mine,
To go up to his residence
And test his home brew wine.
We had a lobster salad
And a lot of other truck,
And drank each other's health
Until the hour of three had struck.
I got home, I don't know how,
This part I can never tell,
But, I do remember going to bed
And dying and going to Hell.

I didn't have time to argue
With that grim joker Fate,
For suddenly I was ushered
Before that Hellish gate.
I was greeted there with open arms,
By Judas, the Master Devil,
Just like a brother he treated me,
Honest now, on the level!
A Hellish concoction I had
And he showed me some pretty sights,
Such as nude girls in bathing,
And others in flesh-colored tights.

But, 'twas all a distorted impression,
As you will shortly see.
I'll tell you now, right off the bat,
'Twas a hell of a place to be.
He led me into a water filled room
With slimy reptiles on all sides.
I gasped in horror, I thought I'd swoon.

'Twas a place, he said, for suicides.
We came to another room, a blue one,
And the first thing that I saw,
Still wondering how she got there,
Was my talkative mother-in-law.

But, here's the part that got my goat,
(I'll tell you, it sure was Hell)
We passed into a well lit room
Guarded by a pretty sentinel.
The place was filled with women,
As nude as the day they were born.
Beauts, every damned one of them,
And they looked at me so forlorn.
The devil gave me a jab in the ribs,
"Pick out the one you like best,
You have the privilege, you know," he said,
"For you are my latest guest."

I tried my best to corner one
And, dear reader, she was real,
But, I couldn't seem to hold her,
She was as slippery as an eel.
After a fruitless hour of endeavors
And rather weak in the knees,
The devil laughed at me scornfully
And said, "Why you big cheese!
What do you think this is, a picnic?
You can't love down here."
And as I looked at him astonished,
He sneered a demoniacal sneer.

And thus you have the results
Of a friend's invitation to imbibe,
In some of his own particular stock,
And I'm glad I hadn't died.

*For, of course, you see I was dreaming,
Or this I could never tell.
Yet, I haven't the least bit of a doubt,
But that that place sure was Hell.*

What Did He See?

At the club, 'midst the circling of the smoke from his cigar, my friend said:

"While strolling on the beach this past summer I passed a large, striped umbrella and overheard a conversation beneath it that touched my curiosity. The voices were those of a man and a woman. The man said:

"'Gladys, dear, may I hold your pretty little hands?'

"'You may, Jimmie, for the nominal sum of Five Dollars,' came the reply of the female voice—too practical for love's first dream.

"'If I slip my arms around your slender waist?' the male quavered.

"'It's worth Ten Dollars, easily,' piped the more deadily of the specie.

"'Your lovely head upon my breast?' questioned the male."

"'It will afford me much pleasure, my boy, if you happen to have Twenty Bucks to spare,' came her purr.

"'Kisses from those lips divine?' he begged.

"'Just a wee one will cost you Twenty-five, a real one comes at Fifty, and as many as you like, if taken all at once, for One Hundred.'

"'Cheap at that!' the male voice murmured.

"'I could endure no more,'" said my friend, "and I walked around the umbrella to where I could see that fixer of prices, and then hied me away to the nearest bank to draw down One Thousand Dollars."

My friend was called from the club just then and I haven't seen him since, but—

WHAT DID HE SEE beneath that umbrella?

C. H. H.

His Right to Fame

Men listened with bated breath when he spoke. His utterances were on the lips of every child. People journeyed miles for a glimpse of him and listened eagerly to his words of wisdom.

He had little personality, yet he was famous. He was ugly, but women openly admired him. He was uneducated, yet learned professors and college presidents sought him out. He knew nothing of war, but generals cultivated him.

His rise to fame was meteoric. His first discovery had made him famous. Now people whispered in awe that he was working on something even greater, that his second discovery would surpass his first. They waited breathlessly.

At last he succeeded. His face, so wrinkled and lined from deep concentration, was radiant with the flush of success. "Eureka," he cried, "'tis even better than the first," and he gave his second great discovery to the world.

It was his second recipe for home brew.

—L. R.

*The immigrants come to this country,
A motely, but hopeful band;
For they are fired with ambition
To settle and take up land.
But most of them are not successful,
And to no great heights do they climb.
However, most of them take up land—
One shovelful at a time.*

Hats Off to the He-Man

*Ah ye who judge me, judge me fairly,
For I am a He-man and play the game squarely.
I am not bad, I'm just straight, that's all,
And when I speak, I speak out, I don't stall.*

*But, tell me, what would you have done?
To find your wife in another man's arms is no fun!
Would you act like a He-man in sheer disregard,
Or stand there and stutter like a weakling, a coward?*

*Just think of the shame, the utter disgrace;
Your sweet wife and a neighbor face to face.
You return unexpected; your eyes meet this scene.
Won't this make any man a fighting machine?*

*It was a dark and dreary, rainy night,
The type that fills a prowler with grim delight!
Curses on him! I saw red! I'm not yella,
I chased him out and broke his umbrella.*

3 J's.

“She took him on a motor trip through Canada.”
“I see—sort of driving him to drink.”

They used to kill the fatted calf
In times of greatest joy;
But now they swathe it round with silk.
And show it off; oh boy.

Drunk—“I shay, mister, how fur is it to Canal Street?”

Citizen—“Twenty minutes' walk.”

Drunk—“For you or (hic) fo' me?”

The Ladies

(Apologies to Kipling)

I've picked up my fun where I've found it
I've ranged and roamed in my time;
I've squandered my money for pleasure,
And lived where bright lights did shine.
I've traveled with women from Norway,
And sported the ladies of Rome;
I've paid dear for a kiss, from a sweet "Limey" miss,
And been loved by the girls from home.

Now, I think I'm a bear with the ladies,
In fact my past goes to show;
That where living was fast, hard and speedy,
I have yet to be called slow.
There were times when I knew that I shouldn't,
And times when I knew that I should;
This one was wild, another a child,
But I always steered clear of the good.

My first, I thought was an angel,
Raised in a convent in France;
But the dear little lady she taught me,
That 'tis the men take a chance.
She left me a heart that was broken,
And only her memories remain;
To me she was honey, but got all my money,
And some other poor boob got the same.

Then I shipped on a Shipping Board vessel,
To China, the port of Hongkong;
I met a yellow-skinned heathen—
You could buy them there for a song.
Funny and yellow and faithful,
A doll in a tea-house she were;
I woke up one day, and gone was my pay,
And I learned about women from her.

The next one was a mere youngster,
I found her 'way over in Spain;
The romance it started in Madrid,
By the light of the stars, in a lane.
She sure was a cute little rascal,
And I had her classed with the best;
I was but a boy, to her a new toy,
So she wandered away like the rest.

Now, I've picked up my fun where I've found it,
I've ranged and roamed in my time;
And now that I'm home from my travels,
Broke, without even a dime.
I think I will find me a girl,
One that is loving, I'll lure;
To make her my wife, I'll live through this life,
And learn about women from her.

W. H. C. Jr.

Conductor: "Watch your step, Miss."

Sophie: "It is not necessary; there are several saphheads behind doing that."

Simple (In Fact, Very)

As he sat across from her in the subway he admired her neatly turned ankles, her chic figure, her clear, bright eyes, her sweet, enticing lips—yea! she was exquisitely fascinating. As she sat there reading a book, seeming not to pay attention to any one, he wondered how he could become acquainted with her. To start talking to her was out of the question, for there were too many around. Ah! he had caught her eye; the rest was easy. He simply got up, returned it to her, and thus they became acquainted.

The New Amontillado

The million insults of Kalep, I had borne without complaint. At length I would be revenged, this I was sure of. In no way had I shown my animosity, yet ever it lurked ready to pounce upon the victim. Anticipation is the better half of realization. Well did I know this. I had drained the cup of anticipation. Now I must reap what I had sown.

Kalep had a foolish conception of scenery. He thought that he was a judge of beautiful scenery. Like the heel of Achilles this was his vulnerable spot. I, too, love scenery, not mere details, but the grand and sublime view which can be had only by scaling the roofs of the world.

It was during the holiday season. I chanced to meet Kalep on the street. I stopped him and in a most affable manner asked him to come with me.

"Sir," I said, "I have just discovered a wonderful piece of scenery, which may be viewed with slight exertion, in fact it is so easy that I am inclined to be doubtful."

"Ah Moncreaser," he exclaimed, "surely you have been imposed upon, but come we shall see."

"Oh," I exclaimed, "You must not leave your friends and it is cold where we shall go."

"That matters not," he said, "my friends will wait, and it will soon be warm again."

I smiled, and led the way.

Reaching my home, we entered the elevator. Soon we had been hurled fifteen stories. Leaving the elevator we climbed through the attic to the flat roof. Above us—space. Below us—space.

I lead the way to the edge of the roof, far, far below, like ants the busy populace hurried on. Very faintly came the sounds of traffic.

"Moncreaser, you forgot, the scenery, where is it?" exclaimed my friend.

"Here, here below," I swept my hand toward the street. Slowly Kalep drew toward the edge, like a cat I watched

him. Then without warning I pushed him over into the abyss below.

I heard a cry.

“For God’s sake Monreaser!”

I did not answer.

* * * * *

Many years later I chanced to be in that city again, in fact the second time in my life. Suddenly my eyes turned toward heaven, toward the building which I had called home.

My eyes returned to the earth, there before me stood Kalep.

“You,” I exclaimed horrified, “surely

“Yes,” he said, “surely you would have killed me, but for one thing, you forgot

“What.”

“I had on a light fall suit.”

Do You Know Her ?

*Periodically I take a flop;
In love I passionately fall,
This is a habit, I cannot stop,
No use to try at all!*

*And every one has been a beauty,
They were there with looks and dress,
They were as sweet as tutti fruti,
But, here I must confess—*

*Or do you know of what I write?
The darn thing sure is funny.
I fall in love most every night,
But, not one of them has money!*

—Handsome Jimmy.

Wife: “Will you buy me that handkerchief, only costs two dollars.”

Hub: “That’s too much to blow in.”

The Ouija Board Revision of the Rubaiyat

Author's Note—The here-named collaborator has always been a sincere admirer—to say nothing of being a follower—of the Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam, as rendered into English by FitzGerald. Perhaps it is largely due to the aforesaid fact that he was singled out by the recently disturbed spirit of the Great Poet for the work which he here respectfully presents. Be that as it may, he has felt inspired, by way of ouija-board communication with Omar—for whom we now must indeed “turn down an empty glass”—to bring various quatrains of the Rubaiyat down to date, to the end that they may continue to be read and understood through the Droughty Era at hand. And, to whatever extent he has succeeded, he would have it distinctly understood that credit is due solely to the ouija-board, giver of psychic and esoteric favors, and not to egotism.

I

*Sleep! For the Drys who scatter'd into flight
The Booze before them from the Field of Night,
Drove Sin along with it from Earth and made
Us Angels all, and prone to aught but Right.*

II

*Oft since the Demon of all Sin has died,
I've dreamt a Voice beyond the Veil has cried:
“When all of Heaven is prepared above,
Why pause ye sinless Mortal Souls outside?”*

III

*And, further methought, those who stopp'd before
The Threshold shouted: “Close your Temple Door!
You know we've built a Paradise below,
And, thus supplied, want for nothing more.”*

IV

*Each Morn a billion Thirsts us brings, you say;
Yes, but where is the Quench of Yesterday?
Yet this great Age that fosters but the Pure
Gave us Liberty—or took it away.*

V

*Well, let it take it! What have we to do
With Old Wine, or Vamp Women—Devil's Glue?
Aye, even Joyous Song must not be forgot,
And in Love, Dear, I'll moan a Hymn to you.*

VI

*A Tract on Virtue underneath the Bough,
Some Grapejuice tame, a Chaperon—and Thou
Beside me sighing in this Heaviness—
Ah, Paradise, I have my fill enow!*

VII

*But the New Age reviving old Desires,
The sin-free Soul to Solitude retires,
And—ah, mayhap! in secret slips and sips,
Or, at least, the Courage all but expires.*

VIII

*Bright Red indeed is gone from off the Nose,
And J. Barleycorn's Cup where no one knows;
But still the Bubble forms on Applejuice,
And many a Poppy in the Meadow blows.*

IX

*But Each's lips are lockt; and in a whine
We reckon our man-made Law "Fine! Fine! Fine!"
That it succeeds to make us Mortals good
Far better, aye, far! than old Powers Divine.*

X

*And they say the Web and the Spider keep
The Courts where Judges just judged Rum's Black
Sheep;
And that Crime, father'd by that Demon Drink,
Is now extinct, or wrapp'd in wakeless Sleep.*

XI

And those who husbanded the lucious Grape,
And those who used it their Noses to drape,
Alike to no such felonious Work are turn'd,
As, buried deep, we've marked their Graves with
crape.

XII

Now when the Soul tires of its mortal Cell,
And wanders off to the Invisible,
Whither bound one will need to question not;
Dear no! for we have lost the Way to Hell.

XIII

Indeed, indeed, Repentance oft before
I swore—but was I sober when I swore?
And then and then came the Drought, and, ahem!
I have Penitence, yet swear the more.

XIV

Would but in this Desert some Fountain spring,
To yield one Quaff sublime and present bring
The sinful Yesterday that's ne'er forgot,
To stay Decreptitude with one more Fling.

XV

The Sal'ried Antis lure; and, having lured,
Move on—to other Fields, whatnot, matured,
To be their Brother's Keeper—aye, for Gold!
Nor any Logic leaves their Craving cured.

XVI

Ah God! had You with Us, the Dry's, conspired,
In creating Earth, for the Help required,
Would not We've done a better Job of it—
Made at first the Heav'n on Earth long desired.

XVII

*Yon floating Stars! Do they have Booze and Sin?
 How oft have we Fixits in wonder been;
 How oft we've wonder'd if they needed Help,
 And if there's a chance of our Butting in!*

XVIII

*Now, when we have passed, O Children to Come!
 To Stars above, to chase the Demon Rum,
 Or gone the Way of Good and Holy Ones,
 Worship us, please—you Cowed and Meek and Dumb.
 'Amam —C. A. B.*

*As she passed by, she winked at me
 She closed her pretty eyelid.
 You want to know what followed?
 Well, then, I'll tell you, I did.*

In some
 Of our
 Prisons
 There seems
 To be an
 Argument over
 The best way
 To administer
 Capital punishment.
 Although one
 Means is just as
 Thorough as another,
 I think that
 In the list of
 Methods, the
 Guillotine
 Takes the
 Head.

“Art Day”

A recent day in one of our city schools was known as “Art Day,” and the lady principal was putting the pupils through the quizz routine. Pointing to a statue of a lovely woman, she questioned:

“Johnny, what, in your opinion, is the most exquisite feature of that statue?”

“The lips, ma’am, ’cause they seem to want to kiss you,” Johnny answered.

“Not bad, but a bit naughty, Johnny,” the principal replied. Then pointing to another boy, she asked:

“Henry, can’t you give a better answer?”

“Sure, teacher,” Henry replied. “I think the breast—”

“Henry!” the teacher frowned, “I’m shocked; take your hat and go home.” Looking over at little Mike Casey, she said:

“Come, Mike, tell us what is the most exquisite feature of that statue?”

Mike’s young eyes rested on the trimly carved lower limbs of the statue, then he headed for the door.

“Where are you going, Mike?” the principal cried.

“After my hat, ma’am,” Mike replied; then added as he disappeared through the door, “If Henry’s answer shocked you I’m afraid that you’d fall dead at mine.”

—C. H. H.

Reincarnation

(Note: The following verses were written to an admiral's daughter by an aviator. The naval officer was stationed in Japan at the time the girl was born. The theme is, of course, reincarnation. The words will fit the tune used in the song, "I'll Whang the Man Who Says it Isn't So.")

*I was born a hundred thousand years ago
And I've seen more sights than any man I know—
I saw Eve get all excited over an apple that she bited—
And I'll whang the man who says that isn't so.*

*Eve's soul was born again as you all know.
In Cleopatra's heart her soul did grow.
I saw Cleopatra fishing, while Caesar sat by wishing—
And I'll whang the man who says that isn't so.*

*Then Catherine of Russia'd many a beau.
She kept her army rushin' to and fro.
I saw all her generals dotey because she was so naughty—
And I'll whang the man who says that isn't so.*

*Then Mary, Queen of Scots, was not so slow.
She had money for the parties she would throw.
I saw Mary go out golfing with any bird in the offing—
And I'll whang the man who says that isn't so.*

*Then Barbara was born in old Japan,
And she galloped along as only Barbara can;
She was born in Yokohama, yelling, "Oh, Boy, ain't I some
mama?
Take the Doc away and bring me back a man!"*

*Now my story should have ended long ago,
For I fear that very shortly you shall know
That an aviator falling is a sight that's sure appalling—
And I'll whang the man who says that isn't so.*

Sherry Malone.

Then the Crowd Scattered

Among other laborers who were engaged to tear down an old dwelling were Pat, Tony and Rastus. Work had scarcely commenced when from the cellar emerged a full grown skunk playfully scattering the weapon nature provided him with. Consternation seized the hands and all fled hurriedly with the exception of Pat, Tony and Rastus on whom the odor seemed to have no effect. Finally the foreman approached the scene of work close enough to notice that the three had cornered the skunk and had driven her into one of the rooms of the old dwelling. Amazed at their evident lack of the power to smell he offered a week's pay to the one who would remain in the room with the skunk the longest.

Pat was the first to take up quarters with the perfumed animal. He remained in the room exactly 6 minutes, 41 seconds.

Tony, exhaling garlic, was next to enter. He came out after a stay of 9 minutes, 12 seconds, and then Rastus ambled in. For a full half hour he remained there when suddenly a scratching sound was heard and to the surprise of all the skunk came out.

*Here lie the bones
Of Dead-Shot Jones,
A Bad-Man from the West.
His greatest joy—
To see a boy,
And shoot holes in his vest.
But now his face
Is in a place
Where there is not a breeze,
And where he'll wear,
For lack of air,
Asbestos B. V. D.'s.*

The Woman Always Pays (?)

*Somebody wrote and it gets my goat
Every time I hear it stated;
It's the guy who says the woman pays,
For the bughouse he is slated.*

*I know I'm right, so I here indite,
And I do it with good intent.
I stand to say, it's the men who pay,
And they do it not infrequent.*

*He'll meet a girl 'n' go for a whirl,
Along a lonesome drive;
Fast or slow, it'll cost him dough,
And he's lucky at that to survive.*

*He calls her "honey," it costs him money,
It's a considerable drain on his purse.
She may "get" him for life by becoming his wife
And this you'll agree is much worse.*

*He pays every day; 'n' he pays every way,
'N' he pays, 'n' he pays, 'n' he pays!
As his family increases his bank roll decreases,
'N' he pays, 'n' he pays, 'n' he pays!*

J. J. J.

Jakey—I took Rachel by de te-ater last night and we almost had a taxicle ride home.

Ikey—Vy? Vat happened?

Jakey—Well, I matched de drifer first for veder ve should pay him double fare or nodding. He von; so ve had to valk.

How I Got Married on Fifty Dollars a Month

(Not a War Story)

By Ima Nawful Ire

Before marrying I was known as a lonesome chap—a poor mixer—a wet blanket. It was a common thing for people of either sex to avoid me deliberately. I could not understand this. While I will never be referred to as handsome, I stand well over four feet in height, and have been known to weigh one hundred pounds after a storm. To my mind I possessed all those fine qualities which make a man a "Prince of Good Fellows." I believed this and admitted it freely. My mother was the second and last being to think I was a prince. I was the first. To begin with, I was very unselfish. This quality was most evident in me after a lunch or a drink, or on boarding street cars. I gave in at once to anyone and everyone who suggested settling. Somehow I could never bring myself to argue with them on that score. Also, I was a mountain of generosity. As an instance, when I sat into a poker game and won most of the money at the table, was I greedy enough to go after ALL the change? I was not! My generosity forced me to quit the game at once—regardless of how early in the evening.

There came a day in my life when I wished to marry. There was one great obstacle. The girl I had picked out felt that fifty dollars a month was not enough for two to live on. Well do I remember the evening she brought up this little difficulty. "Mr. Ire," said she, loquaciously, "fifty dollars may be alright for one, but for two or more, it would be running things a little close." At this moment a very brilliant thought popped into my head, nor could I keep it from my fiancée. I leaned toward her and outlined my scheme in detail. We were sparing her father's light bill at the time, but she seemed to see through it clearly enough. When I say

that the meat of the whole matter was that we take up our permanent abode at her home, you will no doubt gasp at the finesse, the originality, the farsightedness of the plan. She was quite taken back with my cleverness, though why there should have been any surprise shown is beyond me. A grave protest followed. "But, tell me, Ima, how will we clothe ourselves?" I could not have answered this satisfactorily, had I not remembered that her father worked in a departmental store. More difficulties were presented and as easily brushed aside. It became settled that my fiance's brother, a shoe salesman of some note, would clod us; and her uncle, engaged in the sale of cribs, rocking-horses and baby carriages, would take care of all other difficulties. Well do I recall the night, a week later, when I presented this proposition to her father, and I distinctly remember landing on my feet. But there was no way out of it, and we were married. Everything is working out splendidly, and her uncle has been very busy. And you may not believe it, but I have actually started to save money, AS YOU NEVER CAN TELL WHEN MY WIFE WILL LOSE THAT FIFTY DOLLAR JOB OF HERS.

*Sir Lancelot, in days of old,
Wore armor made of steel.
And everywhere this knight did go,
Right noble did he feel.
He was invited into court
To dine with Lady Hausers.
He spilled some wine upon his suit,
And rusted his best trousers.*

And Then He Tires

"If a man marries a widow by the name of Elizabeth, with two children, what does he get?"

"Give up."

"A second-hand Lizzie and two run-abouts."

Damfino

Our fathers kept themselves from harm
With amulets on breast or arm,
Abracadabra's mystic charm

 And talismanic sign, O!
But who so, in these later days,
To save himself from squalls essays,
Must use the more potential phrase—
 Damfino!

When home at early morn you go,
Your waiting wife desires to know
Your whereabouts since ten, or so,
 With face that's quite malign, O!
No truth proclaim, no fibs devise,
For both alike she'll count as lies,
Just answer her in artless wise—
 “Damfino!”

The law, in spite of countless cranks
For baring hearts, can play no pranks
With memories that are perfect blanks,
 Like yours, or, maybe, mine, O!
And legal men in vain may try,
When in the box, to pump you dry,
If to their questions you reply—
 “Damfino!”

Ah, yes! it hath a wondrous skill
For saving human folks from ill,
This wierd, wierd word, and should you will
 Its meaning to define, O!
Well, ask this poet, who unred
In terms of cabalistic dread,
Will sigh and shake his hoary head—
 “Damfino!”

See America Thirst ! ! !

Being the Official Report of Professor Hoochund, the Famous
Ex-Plorer Who Has Just Returned from the Wilds
of America and Swears That He Will Never
Leave Civilized Europe Again.

The Editor for Fun:

Dear Sir;

On my recent voyage of exploration in America I made a few notes which I think will be useful to your readers who are contemplating a trip through the southern part of the United States, and if you agree with me (while I do not wish to prostitute my litterary jenus) you might mail the check for the twenty-five berries anyway to pay for the stationary, which you will notice is not like the ordinary manuscript paper but has lines on it and as I am not yet over the effects of my trip through the famous Boot-Leg Belt of the United States, I am almost "Corn-Blind" and need lines to go by.

We landed at Neu Olean a port situated on the South-East (or is it the South-West?) corner of the Gulf of Mexico and is one of the principal ports of the world for Cotton Shippers and Whiskey and Dope runners.

The port of Neu Olean was discovered (date unknown) by a French Ex-plorer one day when he had nothing else to discover. His name was Neucomb Olean and of course they called the place after him just like they did Columbus Circle in New York after Columbus the day he discovered it.

The principal imports and exports are . . . cotton, Corn (licker) Cane (juice), raisens, rum, cocoaine, morphine, heroin, and a Mexican cigarette known as Meriwana which is driving more young fellers loco in the City of New Olean than the income tax or Volsteads little addition to the Constitution.

The City is particularly noted since July 1st, 1920, as the home of "Technequers Anti-Septic" A soothing, healing (87% alcohol not to be used for beverage purposes in red letters) Liniment. This marvelous remedy is a wonderful cure for "glass elbow" a disease which is the result of hoisting nearly-beer and shooting pool, and one may see hundreds of empty liniment bottles in the back of the numerous pool-halls and drug stores throughout the fare city of Neu Olean ample proof I calls it that this horrible disease "glass elbow" is much more prevalent than a feller would think.

Editor please note—The next pariegraff were deleted by the sense-or fur reasons of his own—

Anyway when we blew into the fare city of Neu Olean we looked up a Ford livery and rented a limozene to use in our bizness of ex-ploring and started out to see what we could find to ex-lore— We started out Chopatooloff Street, which is one of the main stems and the roughest street in the fare city.

We had not proceeded far when we were held up and frisked by a gent who said as how he were the king bee amongst the Volstader Deteekatives and who on not finding any counterbrand lickier on us was very much surprised and promptly sold us a quart and sent us on our way rejoicin'. But we only got about fore bloks when a harness bull held us up and took our lickier and threatened to lock us up fer blocking the traffick if we didn't hit the ball out of town real pronto.

Our first stop were Suters Still which is approximately 3.0 miles from the city limits. Turists should stop here and buy a gallon of SILAS SUTERS SPECIAL STILLED SPECIFIC SOOTHING SYRUP (aged in the woods) it is great stuff, two drinks will make a hen-pecked goof kick his mother-in-law on the shins and three are guaranteed to make a church mouse walk up and spit terbaker juce in a tom-cats eye. We bought a gallon in a glass fruit jar but this time we played wise and poured the Soothing Syrup into a pair of boots we had along and filled the glass jar with another

liquid about the same color which we had no further use for and proceeded on our way. Sure enough, about a mile up the road we were stopped by a prohi-agent (I found out later that he was a cousin of the Suters family and had been notified by telephone or our approach by his beloved cousins of Soothing Syrup fame). He frisked us and confiscated the bottle that we had so thoughtfully refilled, and after I had soothed his conscience with a yellow-backed peice of paper he allowed us to proceed.

We kept on a straight road until we come to a sign which read—"Martha's Gap One Mile."

10.0 miles—Martha's Gap. This town was named after a famous spinster lady, Martha Whoosis who won her fame by making a speech before the Society For The Supression of Jazz and who is also president of the W. C. T. U. in Martha's Gap. The title of the speech was—"RUM, ROUGH-NECKS, ROT-GUT AND RUIN." I advise all turists who do not want to get pinched, to keep out of Martha's Gap, as old man Whoosis the town cuntstibule is one hard-boiled hombre and has no use for city-slickers anyway. Take the deture just inside of the outskirts sourrounding Martha's Gap until you come to an old shriveled trunk with two scrawny limbs, follow the direction that the limbs point until you get opposite the waterworks, then turn South and leave Martha's Gap behind.

You will now come to what is known as a rolling country so-called on account of the habit the inhabitants have of rolling in the gutter, since Stilling became the National indoor sport. This country through here, your will find produces more gallons of corn to the acre than any land in ioway or illonoise altho' the farmers don't advertise as much as their northern competitors—(they don't have to, their crop sells itself asitwere.)

16.0 Miles—Bentons Bayou. Pop. 1000.000 of which 999.996 are moquitoes, the other four bein' old man Benton and his three sons who run the gareage. Turists should stop here and fill their tanks with gas and their stummicks with

hard cider as it is twenty-five miles through the everglades to the next town. While we were at this place, another tin lizzie driv up to the hitchin' post and the driver hopped out and went into the gareage, leavin' a tall, skinny, freckle-faced girl about seventeen or eighteen years old, sitting in the alledged car. He had not shut his engine off and the girl was sitting there bobbing up & down like ah git out. Her face was all red and she was giggling; between giggles she asked me to shut the engine off. I told her that is I did not know the owner of the car I was afraid to touch it. She then said—"Well c-e-c-come and k-k-k-kiss Mamma then d-d-d-daddy!!!" Believe me!! we amediatly pulled out of that place, as I am a man of unquestioned moral standing and have a reputation to keep up. We moseyed along our way, exploring as we went and fightin' mosquitoes between drinks and by the time we reached the next town our lickker had gave out.

41.0 Miles—Dry Gully. Well we breezed into this quaint little burg and amediatly started out to ex-plore. We moored the Fliv' to a tree and started down the main drag lookin' for more Hootch. We finally sights a red-muzzled gink who looks as tho' he were in the know and my assistant ex-plorer flags him and give the high sign but he didn't seem to get the drift, so I finaly comes out flat-foot and asks him does he know of a place where a weary traveler might gargle his tonsils in something else besides swamp water. At that he looks real mysterious and putting his finger over his lip to signify silence, he motions us to foller him. When we reached the town limits, we entered an old deserted house and went down into the celler; Then our guide breaks the silence with—"NO. DO YOU? . . . Now I say Ed. would not these cruel words have chilled stronger hearts than ourn?"

Finaly, we learns that the only way that we kin get a drink in this fare hamlet is to be snake bit, and the Lord only knew where a feller could find a snake in these parts, snakes bein' at a premium so to speak. But we did find one. There were a feller in town who went by the moniker of Moccasin Joe, who had a snake-oil joint and who made a peice

of change on the side by letting one of his pet snakes bite his friends. When we arrived it were getting late in the evening and there was quite a crowd lined up to get bit, but we fell in line, me bein' in front and my assistant ex-plorer so close behind me, that I could feel his vest buttons punching me in the back. Well, to make a short story shorter—Just at the sikelological moment, when the poisonous reptile had his dedly fangs poised for the bite that meant so much to me, the blamed curfew bell rang and that tarnation reptile shet his jaws like an old maid when some one alludes to her age and nary another bite could we coax out of him. He curled up and went sound asleep.

My mind wanders at this point . . . How we got back to Neu Olean will always be a question that sientists will disagree on. If this were a fiction story I would say that we crawled back on our stummicks, clawing and chawing the earth. But, as this is a true story and merely the journal of an ex-ploring ex-pedition, I shall have to stick to facts. Honest Ed, we drank what gas was left in the Henery Fliv', lit a match, blew our breath on the flame and were blown back. Cinsereely yures for better whiskey at a lower price I remane,

Professor Ima Hootchund. S. O. L. B. D. D. L.

P. S. The last two letters after my name mean D—
Liar.

Hot Dawg or Fun From the World's Greatest Newspaper

Consider the dilemma of the lady shopper who entered the underwear department of Rothschild's and accosted the girl clerk: "Are you at leisure?" "I'm at teddy bears, madam, but I'll call the floorwalker."—*From the Chicago Tribune*, Nov. 12, 1921.

"How did you break your mandolin?"

"Oh, busted a gut laffin."

Sea Fog

*All hail the bold sea-writing men!
Whose briney product of the pen
Flows into monthly magazines
In steady, never-ending streams;
While publishers, perplexed with doubt,
Let tired readers pump it out.*

*A man who never saw the sea
Tells this about the Nancy Lee—
“A staunch, three-masted oyster sloop
With a Mansard bow and basement poop.
Some twenty miles sou’ of Fyall
Her captain heard a noisy squall.*

*“In frantic haste he ran on deck
And shouted: ‘Call all hands, by heck!
If this ’ere wind hauls to the sou’
’Twill bust our bilge from stem to prow.’
Then to the bridge he wildly flew
And thus addressed the frightened crew:*

*“ ‘Belay! Let go! Haul taut yo ho!
Put a rolling hitch in the main-s’l O.
Let go and haul! Let go and fall!
Capsize the reef-joints! Dammit all,
The wind has changed from nor’ to sou’,
And now blows straight across our bow.’*

*“ ’Twas true, alas! The raging seas,
Assisted by the fickle breeze,
Had slapped the face of Nancy Lee
Till she was running ten points free.
In this dark hour, when all seemed o’er,
The captain gave another roar:*

" 'Lay out! Lay in! Avast! Ahoy!
 Brace up the futtuck shrouds!' " Oh, boy!
 Clark Russell never wrote such stuff.
 Jack London would have found it tough;
 And Joseph Conrad, even he
 Has never heard such talk at sea.

It served its purpose well that trip,
 It scared the crew and saved the ship,
 'Twas much admired by yachting gents,
 And brought its author thirty cents.
 The editor who bought the stuff
 Smiled and pronounced it: "Good enough."

He Believed In Spirits

Dr. Smith has had wonderful success as a writer.
 He owns a beautiful home and has a fine car, both
 paid for with his pen. What does he write? Oh,
 liquor prescriptions.

"Oh, mother, see the dear sweet cow,"
 Chortled the maiden fair.
 "I'm sure it must give lots of milk
 Out here in the open air.
 And see the cunning little one
 That seems to be incensed.
 I guess the milk the small one gives
 Must surely be condensed."

He—"I had a good joke to tell you this evening,
 but I see you are not in a condition to receive it."

She—"Why?"

He—"Because if your face lights up, the powder
 will go off."

What Is Home?

What is home?—we want to know. Home is the place we used to go when all the land was soaking wet and all the other joints were “shet”) as Rastus Stovepipe used to say, our friend who drove the one hoss shay collecting rags for meagre pay along the weary, dreary way). In those old days when lager flowed, we thought of home not as abode, but merely as a last resort to wobble to and honk and snort when Pete rolled down his sleeves and said, “Skiddoo, or I will break your head—it’s twelve o’clock—raus mit ’em, GIT!”—and in the cheerless street we lit. But since the prohibs knocked the props from under beer and lightning drops, home is a real word in our mouth—a happy sequence of the drouth. Home now is where we land each night, and sit around and read or fight and smoke our heads off, fidget, cuss, or loaf beneath our dadblamed bus upon our wishbone or our ear and money with the steering gear, until Fatima opes the door and yaps, “Come in here, Isadore, it’s eight, and time to hit the hay—tomorrow is another day.”

Eldee.

Has It Ever Occurred to You?

*A friend of mine on his honeymoon
Registered at a fine hotel.
He and his bride went to their room,
The room, I heard was swell.*

*When on the door he heard a knock,
For a minute or so he tarried.
And then he ran for the fire escape—
He forgot that he was married!*

He didn't want to quit his Schnapps,
But Prohib, said, “you've gotter.”
And so, to quit booze gradually,
He's drinking Distilled Water.

Beware the Butcher

(An Illinois man got himself into court charged with selling his wife to a butcher for \$500. It seemed that he repented of his bargain and tried to rue back, only to find that the woman wanted to stay sold.)

*Oh, he sold her to the butcher,
To the butcher man, they say;
And he got five hundred berries
When he sent her thus away.
But ere long he grew repentant,
Aye, he grew remorseful, sad,
For the one that he had bartered
Was the only wife he had.*

*So he chased the lucky butcher
All around about the town,
And he raised an awful rumpus
Till the coppers cut him down.
But he found when he had finished
(And it gave him chills and creeps!)
That the helpmate of his bosom
Wanted to stay sold for keeps.*

Envoi

*So, take warning, hapless husbands:
When you send them from your roof,
Do not sell them to the butcher—
Leastwise not upon the hoof.*

G. D. P.

Bass Notes

“She reminds me of the sea.”

“Howzat?”

“She looks green—but some times she is awfully rough.”

Not All Bad

I'm a bold and wicked bounder, I've been o'er the world and
round 'er,
I've committed crimes for which folks go to jail.
In my time I've held up trains, taken pocket-books from janes,
And just of late I've manufactured gin.
Only at one thing I quail, where my galvanized nerves fail;
I've never yet recited "Gunga Din."

I've sold oil stock to widows, yes, and kidnapped little kiddos,
I've been married fourteen times without divorce.
And, included in the crimes, I have even written rhymes.
For my specialty is copping people's tin.
I've held up rich men by force, once I think I stole a horse.
But I've never yet recited "Gunga Din."

L'Envoi

(Whatever that means)

In the future, soon or late, when I stand before the gate,
I will say to old Saint Peter, "Life was sweet, but Heaven's
sweeter;
So open up the gate, and let me in."
I've committed crimes unnumbered, but my soul is unen-
cumbered,
For in life I ne'er recited "Gunga Din."

B. L.

*A certain lounge lizard lives @
A large university fr@.
He's a helluva boy,
For his greatest joy
Is to sit o'er a tea-cup and ch@.*

Lonesome—I don't believe I have a friend in the world.

Needy—Here's a chance to make one. Lend me five dollars.

One Mournful Wail

*There's gimme guys and gimme guys
Who bum the cigarette;
They're thicker than were German spies;
Their motto is "go get."*

*First, there is that filthy bird
Who stops you with, "Say, Cull,
I haven't had a decent smoke
Since Noah fed the gull!"
Gor Blime. "Since Noah fed the gull."*

*Second, there's that hard-boiled egg
Who waves a dirty paw
And hollers out, "Coff up a smoke."
Then takes it from your jaw.
So help yuh. He takes it from your jaw.*

*Third, there is that crummy goof
Who whispers in your ear,
"I've went and left my smokes to home,
C'mon, slip me the cheer!"
Then out you slip the cheer.*

*Last, there is that lousy bird,
The worst one of them all.
He takes your smoke without a word
And gives, for thanks, his gall.
"Sweet Mama! All you get is gall."*

*If beating tightwads was my job,
The first one I'd make moan,
Would be the guy who will not buy
The makins of his own.*

Defined

The sweet thing with the horn-rimmed spectacles had chased the popular poet into a corner where, with a palm on one side of him and his pursuer on the other, there was no means of escape. She raved on and on, with her face thrust into his.

"Love!" She breathed soulfully, oozing syrupy glances at him through her horn-rims. "The most wonderful thing in the world, and yet who can define it?"

"Love," said the poet, preparing to dive through the palm, "is just one damn fool after another!"

—H. J. M.

Revenge

*She had been my wife for four long years
And it seemed no more than nine.
One day I met her on the street
With a two-faced friend of mine.*

*He was noticeably nervous,
As nervous as he could be,
But, I talked on and serenely smiled
For I held no enmity.*

*Here was the chance for sweet revenge,
So their friendship I endorsed,
I knew just what was in store for him,
For we had been divorced!*

Saved

"I thought that you were going to quit going with that girl because she was bow-legged."

"Didn't have to. I took her to a revival meeting, and she reformed."

An Ode to Single Blessedness

*In a fit of rage at an early age,
I ran away from home.
As a cabin boy, which was no joy
I crossed the briny foam.*

*I tramped for miles through the British Isles,
Then crossed the English Channel;
Sailed merrily through, the Mediterranean slough
And down through the Suez Canal.*

*One night on the velt a snake I felt
A coiling up on my chest.
And another time in another clime,
I was an inch of going west.*

*In the last big scrap, that changed the map,
I was there in all its Hell;
On my back I lay for many a day,
A wondering when I'd get well.*

*I was nearly starved, 'n' nearly carved,
'N' nearly died of thirst;
I missed the chair by just a hair,
But then, I'm not the first.*

*It would take all night for me to recite,
All the places and things I've seen.
So, I'll shorten this tale, 'n' hope you don't fail
To get just what I mean.*

*In a foreign town as the sun went down
I wed a fisherman's daughter.
'N' that very day to my dismay,
She informed me to drink naught but water.*

*It didn't take long for my passionate song
From esthetic heights to tumble.
I soon realized they are more civilized
'Way down in the Amazon jungle.*

*With lions and tigers, on Amazon's and Nigers
I take adventurous delight.
But, with a wife, you see, I need sympathy,
For with a woman I cannot fight.*

*Single I'll stay, 'till Judgment day,
Though with woman there is a good time.
For the rest of my life, should I take a wife,
I assure you she will not be mine.*

*So I made up my mind to leave her behind
And forthwith packed my bags.
For I'd rather be free on a storm-tossed sea,
Than tied to a woman who nags!*

The Count.

Postage Due ?

Pork—"Why did you name your child Montgomery Ward?"

Beans—"Because he's of the male order."

Permanent Wave for Gloria

Dear Hub:

*You gave me lots of cash
And a bottle of castoria.
You kissed and wished me bon voyage,
And you wept, "Sic transit Gloria!"*

*I write you now this little jazz
And feel I'll ne'er see more o' you;
For I'm having a very bum voyage
And a right sick transit—Gloria.*

—N. M.

A Midnight Visitor

Samuel Clarence Hurst stood at the alley-way, and looked cautiously down the dark street behind him. No, no one was following him, so he hurried quickly up the alley to the Mystic Wizard. The apartment of the Wizard was trimmed in Purple Cloth—mostly paper, and the lights shed an oriental glow of a pale yellowish-red color. Giving the three light taps, which was the pass-word into this peculiar place, Samuel Clarence Hurst was admitted.

“And what does the man of earth want with the High Wizard who can see and tell all?” one of the numerous assistants (there were two) asked S. C. Hurst.

“I need help of an amorous nature, tell the Great Seer.”

“The man of the earth must be explicit. Explain.”

“I am in love with a wonderful woman, but she does not seem to care anything for me.” And here S. C. pulled his silken handkerchief from his waistcoat pocket, as he felt the moisture of the air settling on his eyeballs.

“Do not weep, my good man. I shall tell the Great Wizard of your sorrows, and he shall give you the secret to gain her affections.”

“How nice,” said S. C., immediately replacing the dish-towel.

After some moments of waiting in the mystic room with the funny hangings, and the dull lights, the assistant returned with the message from the most high.

“My dear young man, you must sever from the august head of your lady-love a lock of hair, bring it to the Great Wizard tomorrow night, and he will cause her to come to your apartments where you may tell her of your eternal love, and where she cannot refuse your advances. The charge is only —.”

And without more adieu Samuel Clarence Hurst gave the man the ninety-nine cents, and as cautiously made his way back again to the dark street.

The next evening he was at the secret door before the

Great Wizard had arrived (he was a union man), and S. C. gave to this upper being's perusal the lock of hair.

"Return to your apartments, and she shall come."

S. C. returned to his rooms and got everything ready for her coming. He swept the floor and brushed up the books in the bookcase—there was only one there.

About twelve—the lights were out—S. C. felt that there was someone in the room. Looking around he made out the form of a woman.

"Well, here I am. Bring on the booze—no booze, no party."

Samuel Clarence H. was surprised. Was his Jordayne that type of woman that craved fire-water.

"But where—where shall I get it?"

"Get it, you poor rube? Get it down to Sitterle's."

"Sitterle's! I don't believe I know him. Where does he keep it, in his cellar?"

"Cellar nothing. But cut the funny stuff and get something to drink if you want me to stay in your dirty old rooms."

And S. C. had swept them just two hours before.

"What do you want, some moonshine?"

"I never heard of that brand, but it will do if it is good."

S. C. H. reached into the inside pocket of his best suit of clothes—his only one—and handed her a bottle of illegitimate home-brew. She almost drank the bottle at one swallow. Soon the two were merry-making, and ere the large hand of the clock had advanced ten minutes Samuel Clarence Herst was on his knees before this unknown woman telling of his unextinguishable love for her, etcetera. She received his advances somewhat cold at first, but finally, as though warmed by the exhilarating influence of the liquors, she caused him to cease his pleading, and he took his place beside her on the sofa.

"Now tell me, dearest, why you have never heard of moonshine. Where have you been all these years?"

"Don't you know what you have done? You have called

me back from the grave by some unknown power where I have lain for twenty years."

Samuel Clarence Hurst postponed the kiss that he was about to place on her chaste brow, and fell to the floor in a faint.

When he awoke the woman was gone, it was morning, and the sun was sending its warm rays through the dirty window panes in an effort to wake him from his lethargy. Once awake, he looked about and then hurried off to see his Jordayne. Before he knocked—she had no door-bell it must be understood—he saw her through the window combing one of the switches of her hair which he then remembered of having heard her say she had owned for twenty years.

—J. B.

*Bay Rum, he said,
It's for my head.
My hair is getting oily.
As he thanked her for that
He tipped his hat,
She saw he 'was bald entirely.*

—M. B. S.

A Quick Change

*He was staggering on the sidewalk,
As tight as the proverbial drum,
And singing a la Stevenson
"Yo, ho! Yo, ho! and a bottle of rum!"*

*But he changed his tune instanter,
When he saw an approaching cop,
(As he scented future trouble),
To "Yo, h-o! Yo, h-o, and a bottle of pop!"*

La Touche Hancock

*Whene'er I kiss her on the lips,
She shuts her eyes so true.
And every time I think of this,
I wish her ma would too.*

The Cave Maiden

*When the cave man met a damsel
Who he thought was fair to see
He pursued a simple method
Quite unknown to you and me.
Flow'rs and compliments and candy
Were not in his line at all,
And he never blew a shekel
On a dinner or a ball.*

*He just tapped the hapless maiden
On the bean a time or two;
Seized her by the tousled coiffure
And declared the courtship through.
If she kicked and squirmed and wriggled
And in tears bemoaned the day,
He just dragged her to his dungeon;
Made her love him anyway.*

Envoi

*And from what I've seen of women,
North and south and east and west,
I'm convinced that though they knock it,
They still like his method best.*

G. D. P.

Boss—Man, I'm doubling your salary from now on.
Man—Oh, how can I ever thank you for the raise?
Boss—Don't mention it. It's a mere trifle.

She: "I can't light this match, my foot is too small."

He: "Scratch it on your—er—better let me light it."

“There’s Always a Reason”

Waiter: “What are you going to have this morning, sir?”

Guest (a particular cuss): “Bring me a coconut.”

Waiter (after placing the order before the guest): “May I inquire, sir, why you called for a coconut for breakfast?”

Guest: “Because it’s the only thing I could think of that you couldn’t get your fingers in.”

—C. H. H.

He—Shall we go outside for a little walk?

She—You boys do have the funniest way of saying what you mean.

One Half (to husband, still in bed)—I’m tired calling you.

The Other Half (drowsily)—Well, why don’t you raise me?

Mary’s Slip

Mary Malone ate a large banana

And tossed the peel outside

Then every fellow that passed her window

Upon his face would slide.

Mary watched them as they fell

And said with joy and glee;

“Although I’m old and wrinkled—

The men still fall for me!”

—H. P.

The Tragedy of Humor

*Everybody's still,
Everybody's solemn,
Papa's got to fill
The daily comic column!
Mother doesn't dare
To ask him for money;
Silence everywhere,
Papa's being funny!
Sister cannot sing
To amuse the folks;
Peace o'er everything,
Papa's making jokes!
Anxious, quiet, sad,
All around we sit;
Isn't it too bad
Papa is a wit?*

La Touche Hancock.

First Bachelor Girl—I always look under the bed before I retire.

Second Bachelor Girl—So do I, but I never have any luck.

The Purple Cow

I've seen a purple cow, I vow,
She was no wonder of the age;
I waved a red rag in her face
And she grew purple, quite, with rage.

A Potent Line

The modest man forgets one thing
Remembered by the wise—
That woman was the first to say
"It pays to advertise."

We Wonder

A sign that I'd describe as queer
 Hangs in a barber shop quite near.
 It reads: "Your shoes died black in here."

And so with good intentions paved
 I rush past perils seldom braved
 To query: "Were their poor soles saved?"

—W. N. H.

Local Showers

*'Tis plain to see why "water" oft'
 The human mind effects,
 And why to "brain storms" are inclined
 So many intellects.*

*It takes but very little thought
 To realize each "brain"*

*Is formed of letters, five, and that
 Four-fifths of them spell—"rain."*

W. I.

Not long ago
 I went to a
 Spiritualist Church
 And learned all about
 Reincarnation
 And how things that have
 Lived a natural life, and
 Have passed on, and
 Been forgotten
 Return to earth and
 Live again. And
 I know that is
 True, for where I live
 They serve
 Hash
 Three times a week.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912,

Of Magazine of FUN, published monthly at Chicago, Illinois, for October, 1921.

State of Illinois }
County of Cook } ss.

Before me, a notary public in and for the state and county aforesaid, personally appeared J. C. Henneberger, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the owner of the Magazine of FUN and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in Section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to-wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:

Publisher, J. C. Henneberger, 800 N. Clark St., Chicago, Ill.

Editor, J. C. Henneberger, 800 N. Clark St., Chicago, Ill.

Managing Editor, none.

Business Managers, W. R. Sprenger, 800 N. Clark St., Chicago, Ill.

2. That the owners are: (Give names and addresses of individual owners, or, if a corporation, give its name and the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of the total amount of stock.)

J. C. Henneberger, 800 N. Clark St., Chicago, Ill.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.)

None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is (This information is required from daily publications only.

J. C. HENNEBERGER.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 11th day of October, 1921.

[SEAL.]

C. A. REITZ.

(My commission expires May 16, 1925.)

A Case of Not Getting His Goat

"Say, honey, why is a goat nearly?"
 Riddled Jones to the wife he loved dearly,
 One day when he came home to tea.
 The missus was mystified clearly,
 So Jonesy came through with "Oh, merely
 Because he's all but, don't you see?"

She laughed then, as is a wife's duty.
 "Oh, hubby, that one is a beauty;
 I'll tell it tomorrow at bridge."
 But tomorrow his dear little cutie,
 Though bearing home prizes and booty,
 Of pleasure displayed not one smidge.

Instead, with her face all a-quiver,
 She said to her husband, "I'll sever
 Connection with these stupid clubs.
 I told them your answer so clever
 To your riddle 'When is a sheep never?'
 And they didn't laugh once, the old dubs!"

—N. M.

Of Course You Must Have Your Fun!

Demand for back copies of FUN have been so great that we had to make a reprint of several issues. We can now supply new readers with the August, September, October, November and December issues, containing the three-part humorous yarn, "Near Bier or The Pull of the Pulmotor"; "Girl Goes to Dance, Then Goes Home, Puts on More Clothes, Then Goes to Bed"; the first installment of H. C. Witwer's "The End of a Perfect Night," and hundreds of other humorous tales, poems, drool, etc., etc. These numbers would cost you \$1.00 on the news stand, but to acquaint you with these issues of original humor, we will send all five postpaid upon receipt of seventy-five cents, or we will include a year's subscription, beginning with the January issue (\$2.50), for \$3.00. Use coupon at once, as the supply is limited.

MAGAZINE OF FUN, 800 N. Clark St., Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen: Find enclosed \$..... for which please send me

Start subscription with issue.

Name

Address

City State

The H. G. Adair Printing Company
 107 N. Market St., Chicago, Ill.

RAH! RAH! RAH!

They turn the trick, every time up,
those College Lads do

**One Hundred and Twenty-eight Pages of
Hilarious Humor**

One Hundred and Thirty-five Comic Drawings
are found in

College Humor, 1920-21

Undoubtedly the greatest collection of real wit and humor that was ever assembled under one cover. John M. Siddall, editor of the American Magazine, says: "I found this book funny. It certainly amused me." Meredith Nicholson, Hoosier novelist, said: "The humor of this book is human and spontaneous." H. C. Witwer, the Shakespeare of American humor, said: "I had always thought that 'college humor' meant when Yale plays the New York Giants every year at the art of baseball, but they is stuff between the covers of this book as funny as any play I ever seen pulled off by old Eli durin' them annual clashes of brains vs. brawn."

The first edition of this book is now ready. Bound in heavy enamel cover in three colors. Price, 50 cents; postpaid anywhere in U. S. and possessions, 60 cents. Three copies for \$1.35, postpaid. Cloth binding, with three-colored packet, makes a handsome Christmas present, \$1.00 postpaid. Order now.

The Collegiate World Publishing Co.

111 N. Market St., CHICAGO, ILL.

NOTE.—I have examined a copy of College Humor, 1920-21. It is a rare treat. There is a laugh in every comic drawing. I heartily recommend it to every reader of The Magazine of FUN.—Editor of the Magazine of FUN.

I NEVER LAUGHED SO MANY!!!

You will agree that it is

THE BIG LAUGH OF THE YEAR

H. C. WITWER'S

The Rubyat of a Freshman

The story of Tom Cullen's adventures at Hoorah College. As told by the letters from Tom to his father, Patrick Francis Cullen, proprietor of the Elite Garage and Repair Shop. Read these excerpts and you will want the book:

"I am puttin' a money order for a hundred berries in this letter which shows I am on the brinks of softenin' of the brain . . . don't get in no arguments with them professors and the etc. or they will give you the raspberry . . . remember your poor father never got no college education and as a result has got to pay an income tax, the figures of which sounds like the English population of London."—Pop.

"It was right after this game, governor, that I met the sweetest girl in all the world. She has promised to be my bride, ten years after I graduate and have built up a flourishing business as a Bachelor of Arts."—Tom.

Night letter: "MEET NINE PM EXPRESS I AND LAWYER WILL BE ON IT GET CUCKOO LETTERS AND PICTURES FROM VAMP. WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY GETTIN ENGAGED I SENT YOU TO COLLEGE TO GET BRAINS NOT JANES.—POP."

"It says on my application for Income Tax that if you have any kids over eighteen you do not get no deductions unless they happen to be mentally deficient. In case they are cuckoo, you are allowed \$200 off the bill for each maniac calling you father. Well, Tom, I am puttin' in a claim for the deduction in your case and I am pinnin' your letter to my return to prove that I am entitled to the \$200 off."—Pop.

This book is handsomely bound in silk cloth with artistic jacket. Twenty clever illustrations by college artists. \$1.25 postpaid.

Order from your dealer or direct from

The Collegiate World Publishing Company

(INC.)

111 N. Market Street

Chicago, Ill.