

The Magazine of

FUN

BATTERIES FOR MAY
"OLEVYS LAST HOME RUN"

BY H. C. WITWER

"IF SUMMER COMES"

BY G. F. M^{AC}MULLEN



TWO BITS FOR A GRANDSTAND CHAIR!

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Kickin'

By P. D. Gog

*Two froggies lived within a pool
Beneath thick willows green and cool,*

*And all the livelong day they sang
Until the merry welkin rang,
The merry welkin rang.*

*Each early morn old Deacon Brown
Came joggin' along on his way to town,*

*Transporting milk to the city mart
In his rickety, rattley two-wheeled cart,*

His rattley, two-wheeled cart.

Now Deacon Brown was a thrifty cuss,

*And to give his business impetus
He frequently stopped beside the pool
Where grew the willows green and cool,*

The willows green and cool.

*And dipped into the sparkling stream
Each can of golden yellow cream—
(Now just a moment, reader dear,
You're much too hasty, much, I fear,
Too hasty, much, I fear.)*

*To cool the cream, the Deacon dipped!
But if he accidentally slipped
And a bit of water reached the can,
You'd not condemn the good old man?
Condemn the good old man?*

*And so it chanced on a certain day
As the Deacon dipped in the usual way,*

*Two startled froggies made a dive
In headlong haste to escape alive,
In haste to escape alive.*

But they did not look before they jumped

And into a can each froggie plumped!

The pious Deacon regarding the sky,

Saw not, nor knew what doom was nigh,

Nor knew what doom was nigh.

*And unconcernedly clapped the lid
Onto each can as he always did.
Alas! Alas! And a-lack-a-day!*

What a lacteal fate for a froggie gay!

What a fate for a froggie gay!

To wake to death from a summer dream!

*To jostle to town in a can of cream!
For a frog could anything be much worse?*

Such luck would make the Deacon curse!

Would make the Deacon curse!

*And so, forsooth, he really did!
For, as the good man lifted the lid,
He saw there much to his surprise
A frog had made a sad demise,
Had made a sad demise!*

*And as the unsuspecting man
Jerked off the lid from the other can,
He saw there in amazement utter,
A frog perched on a roll of butter!
Perched on a roll of butter!*

*Now reader, this sad tale of woe
Has one fine moral you should know;
One froggie quit and passed away,
One kicked, and lived another day,
And lived another day!*

So when the world looks sad and glum,

When fortune frowns and you feel bum,

*When fate has handed you a lickin',
DON'T QUIT; buck up, and keep on kickin'!*

Buck up and keep on kickin'!

Julius Sees Her!
or
O'Levy's Last Home Run

By H. C. Witwer.

Who wrote "The Rubyat of a Freshman," "The
End of a Perfect Night," etc., etc.

SECOND INNING.

Dear Subscribers:

Well, men and women, I certainly wish I had fell into some nice soft job like vice president of the United States, so's nobody wouldst ever hear tell of me or know where I was in the order to bother me and the etc. Since I been manager of the Aphrodite Baseball Club, the only professional team of lady apple tossers either in this country or America, I have had more troubles than a epileptic billposter on a windy day. So far, we have clowned a scant two games, only losin' a couple of 'em. The scores in both tussles was sensationally close, bein' 58-0 and 27-1, in favor of nobody. How the so ever, every time these breath-takin' eye tonics of mine trot out on a ball field, why they draw a crowd which by the comparisons wouldst make it look like they was nobody at the battle of Gettysburg but Grant and a boy friend. The gross results of this is that we have got a bankroll which wouldst give every Mongolian in Shanghai \$5.87 and still leave us poor-house proof. So I should be troubled if we are hitless wonders. Some of the more idiotical newspapers has been pannin' my sweet mammas for actin' like first base was in Russia, but as

Rockefeller figures, which wouldst *you* rather have, three cheers or three dollars? Correct!

Of course, my dear admirers, havin' nothin' else to think about, both of you remember how I answered a advertisement for a guy to manage a girls' baseball eleven and win out over somethin' less than 50,000 experienced applicants by the use of some diplomacy which wouldst make Sec. Hughes seem like a sap. Where the other bozos produced references, *I* produced flowers, candy, some pre-Anti Saloon League champagne and the ability to dance like St. Vitus himself.

The entire team of beautiful diamond stars interviewed the enthusiastic candidates at their suite of rooms in the Hotel Ephone, with the nerve-reckin' captain, Babe Ruth Brown, puttin' the eager boys through Edison's questionaire. Whilst them dizzy dumbbells was tellin' this panic how much they knew about the art of baseball, *I* was doin' some eye work on the other girls and collectin' some phone numbers. As it reached my turn to be cross-examined, I was too busy to be bothered on the account I am dancin' with a blonde infielder which wouldst of made Salome take arsenic. When it comes to struttin' a barbarous strut, I'm the cat's pajamas if I *do* say it myself and one look at me doin' my stuff convinces the girls that if *I* don't get the billet of manager they are makin' a serious business error. So after the room has been cleared of the other unfortunate chumps Babe Ruth Brown shuts off the victrola and turns to me with a smile which wouldst of goaled Nero and which just simply ruined *me!*

“And now about salary” she says, comin’ over and placin’ a satiny arm around my blushin’ neck, “How much do you want a week?”

“Eh—in money?” I says, feelin’ kind of goofy with one arm around her charmin’ waist.

“Certainly” she says, “Do you think we are going to pay you off in crullers?”

“*Crullers* was the furthest thing from my mind!” I says, with a bewitchin’ smile, “But—eh—I couldn’t think of takin’ money for a job of this kind. A guy which wouldst do *that* wouldst likewise ask wages for the berth of costume fitter at the Ziegfeld Follies! How the so ever, if you insist, I’ll be satisfied with sixty percent of the gate receipts.”

“Try to get it!” butts in Mildred MacGillicuddy, our lovely catcher, “We’ll pay you what we think you’re worth.”

“That means I work for nothin’” I says.

“Well, at that amount you’re sure of not having your salary *reduced* at any rate!” smiles Babe Ruth Brown, “Here’s the line-up of the team.”

With that she hands me a sheet of paper containin’ the battin’ order, which I am givin’ here as it later appeared in *The Congressional Record*.

Mildred MacGillicuddy	Catcherine.
Ethel Extraordinary	1st Baselady.
Tessie Telegraph	Short Stopess.
Bessie Bananas	Left Fielderess.

Nan Tucket	2nd Baselady.
Flo Flapper	Center Fielderess.
Yetta Ketta	3rd Baselady.
Inez Income	Right Fielderess.
Babe Ruth Brown	Pitcherine.

As I afterwards found out when we played our first ball game, the girls was gave their positions not because they was particularly crack players in the places they filled, but for purely personal as well as practical reasons. For the example, Tessie Telegraph was played at short stop because she was twice as swift as her name, a short brunette, and wouldst stop at nothin' in this wide wide world provided they was a laugh in it. Mildred MacGillicuddy was awarded the portfolio of catcher on the account she caught at least one John in every town. Bessie Bananas, Inez Income and Flo Flapper was placed in the outfield because if they played any closer it wouldst be a impossible feat to keep the attendance in the grand stand. Babe Ruth Brown did all the pitchin' because she had more curves than a scenic railway and that's the way it went with the rest of 'em. Like grape nuts, they was a reason!

Well, after I have put the line-up away in my hip pocket where I will be sure to find it as I generally carry my valuables there—in a pint flask—we take up the subject of uneyforms for the club. Babe Ruth Brown says for me, to wait—like they was any chance of me *leavin'*—and the girls will go in another room and dress in their baseball suits for my approval. I says I hopes the uneyforms is attractive and Bessie Bananas says I'll be surprised.

That last was the most conservative statement I ever heard in my life, I'll inform the slant-eyed world! Surprised? Subscribers, I nearly swooned away in a faint! It takes plenty to give *me* a kick, but when them nine five-star beauties lined up in front of me a half hour later I was knocked double cuckoo! The uneyforms with which the Aphrodite Baseball Club was goin' to step out on a diamond wouldst of got them run off even a lenient bathin' beach and that's a fact! Fish-net silk stockin's with pumps to match, form-fittin' silk knickers, and sheer georgette waists as soft and low as their voices. Woof, you should of saw them babies! When they asked me how I liked 'em I just let forth a whinny of delight —words was beyond me, what I mean! Captain Babe Ruth Brown is cuddlin' the mascot, a lovely Airedale cat entitled either Marie or Joseph, I forget which.

“Do you think we'll get any hits in these uniforms?” asks Yetta Ketta, with a killin' grin.

“I don't know if you'll *get* a hit, Yetta” I says, “but you'll sure *be* one, no foolin'!”

Well, by nine o'clock that night I have lined up our openin' game at Senseless, Iowa, with a club called the Dumbell F. C. Some of the natives come out to see us practise on the mornin' of the game and that was all the advertisin' we needed, if not too much. We are slated to cross bats at two thirty p. m. and at noon you couldn't of got another fan into that ball park with a jimmy. The mob spreads out on the field and hides the diamond til they had to raise ten-foot flag

poles over the bases so's we could see 'em! They was so many customers between the plate and the pitcher's box that a bunt was good for a home run and a single for two of 'em.

If the rest of the Aphrodite team had been a fifth as good as Babe Ruth Brown we wouldst of win bats down. She was a pitchin' fool and the only guys she walked was the dizzy saps which walked up to the box to have a chat with her. The balance of our team is standin' around kiddin' with the crowd whilst Babe Ruth Brown is makin' the Dumbell F. C. batters like it. The opposin' batsmen simply couldn't cope with her delivery. But she couldn't win by herself, when a scratch hit meant at least one four-bagger and frequently more, owin' to the crowd and the fact that both umpires is busy tryin' to date up our infield. Finally in the third innin' the game is called on the account of wet grounds by the kind-hearted umpires, though it actually didn't rain til the followin' Wednesday. What happened is that the home town girls got so peeved at the attention they wasn't gettin' that they all bust out cryin' til it looked like a cloudburst.

As we are leavin' the field, a girl which had been rootin' for the other team walks up to Babe Ruth Brown and tries out a sneer on her.

"You may think you had lots of stuff today, kid" says the newcomer, "but wait til you get to Imbecilie, Wyoming, on your trip and go up against my sweetie, Julius O'Levy! There's a batsman which never struck out in his life and when he gets less than a triple he won't even run, but walks back to the bench in disgust. He'll bat your delivery all over the lot and make you love it! The only reason he aint in the Big

League is because he don't know where it is. Every time he hits a ball it breaks up in little pieces and he once *bunted* one clean over the left field fence. That was just a bunt—when he swings *heavy* the pill comes down in the next county for the first bounce! He———”

“Be yourself, stupid!” butts in Babe Ruth Brown, “This Julius O'Levy will be helpless when he sees *me*. He won't hit his collar size in the first game I pitch! Do you know what Julius O'Levy once was to me?”

“No!” yells everybody in earshot.

“Well, then” says Babe Ruth Brown, “Julius O'Levy was———”

But I don't want to keep nobody up. In my next letter I'll give you the low down on what happened when Babe Ruth Brown met Julius O'Levy. Bring the kiddies!

The Unwelcome Suitor

*A gallant wolf paid fervent court
To one he loved, a dear gazelle;
But we are sorry to report,
He did not progress very well.*

*Her mother said, “It cannot be,
A match like this I must deplore;
What would the neighbors say, were we
To have the wolf around our door”?*

Strip Poker

*Betty and Billy, myself and fair Milly
Once sat in a strip poker game.
All of us, truly, were young and unruly,
But the "Pep" it was there just the same!*

*The cards that I had were running quite bad,
Then suddenly they came to me great.
From out of the slush I cornered a flush
Of diamonds, the four to the eight.
Betty and Billy dropped out, leaving Milly
And yours truly to fight it alone.
I raised it a tie and flicker me eye
She "saw" it and raised it a comb!*

*This kind-a hurt; I "saw" with my shirt;
With coat I raised in great haste.
She "looked" with her belt and oi gevall!
"Boosted it high" with her waist!*

*But I didn't flinch; it sure was a cinch,
So I bet every stitch that I had.
She "saw" if you please, with her silken chemise
And—(stopped by the censors. Too bad!)*

—The Count.

L'Envoi

Two men were stumbling homewards in the early, chilly morn,
They walked a bit unsteady, and they seemed a bit forlorn.
They traveled through the darkness of the early Sabbath day,
And as they came near home and wife, they could be heard to say:

* * *

Chorus:

There's a bright shining light guiding me home to-night,
And I know that my wife waits for me,
But her thoughts are not tented, or loving—you're right,
Yesterday—it was pay-day, you see!

Abie—"My boy Ikey is a director in a bank."

Adams—"Vell, vat does he do?"

Abie—"He directs postal cards."

Adams—"My boy is a draft clerk in a bank, too."

Abie—"He is?"

Adams—"He is, yes. He opens and closes the doors for the customers."

*"What ails the people?" the wise ones ask,
And various answers get.
To find the truth is an easy task,
Disinclination to sweat.*

Al—"You better get a haircut."

Fal—"How so?"

Fa—"Well, that's cheaper than buying a violin."

Brute—"J'ever write the words to a song?"

Stupid—"No, but I think I could."

Brute—"Well, you write the words and we'll go outside and get the air."

*A horse can't pull while he's kicking,
This fact I merely mention;
And he cannot kick while pulling
Which is my chief contention.*

*Go imitate the good old horse
And lead a life's that fitting.
Just pull an honest load, and quit
Your everlasting kicking.*

—E. S. H.

Style

There's nifty styles and shifty styles,
And styles that make us smile;
There's rummy styles and bummy styles,
And styles that's out of style;
There's styles so bad they make us mad,
And styles that's fairly good;
There's heads of stone and heads of bone,
And heads composed of wood.

There's Mrs. Brown, who has a gown
That came from Paris, France;
To Mrs. Teak she will not speak
Or give a pleasant glance;
And Miss Durat, she wears a hat
That cost her dad a pile;
She will not go with Miss Devoe,
Whose hat is out of style.

Old Daddy Lentz is seven cents
Ahead of Daddy Gray;
His daughter, Dot, will not be caught
With Gray's young daughter, May;
And Billy Hawk refused to talk
To neighbor Willie Spoons;
A badly matched big checkered patch
Adorned Spoons' trouserloons.

There's ideas dumb and ideas bum,
And ideas strangely queer;
There's human minds of wondrous kinds
Upon this earthly sphere;
And when away from earth we stray,
We'd better take a file,
For fear the pearly gates are locked
And keys are out of style.

—Karl G. Bradshaw.

“These are grounds for divorce,” said the judge as he approached the court house steps.

Why Girls Leave the Farm

*The fields lie wanton in the breeze,
The hills are bare and unfrocked,
The trees expose their naked limbs,
No wonder the corn is shocked.*

Marianne D.—“Kiss me on the forehead.”

Ham—“No, sir—the last time I kissed a girl on the forehead I got a bang in my mouth.”

*There was a young man from Dakota
Who purchased a second-hand mota,
But as he foreboded,
The darn thing exploded,
Now Dakota is minus a vota.*

Hay—“My father’s pen is quite prolific.”

Seed—“Author or artist?”

Hay—“Neither. Hog raiser.”

“Terribly rough,” said the stranger on board the ocean liner.

“Well,” said the farmer, “it wouldn’t be near so rough if the captain would only keep in the furrows.”

*Lashes to lashes,
Dust to dust,
If she puckers her lips
Then in God we’ll trust.*

Jim—“That girl over there is a live wire.”

Jam—“Introduce me; I want to be shocked.”

My Unhappy Wooing

*I called one night on Bessie Brown,
I's courting on the level.
I meant in truth the girl to wed.
Her daddy raised the devil.*

*We then together laid our heads,
Determined we'd elope.
Her daddy being on the spot,
Was all that marred our hope.*

*Her dad was up to everything,
He'd listened while we planned;
And when we thought to slip away,
The old gent was on hand.*

*And Jane, her sister, called from where
In scanty shirt she stood
Upon the landing of the stair;
"Why, trim him, dad. I would."*

*He took me by the cuff of neck,
And then he kicked my pants;
And lawsie me, you ought to've seen
The way he made me dance.*

*And when he'd well got through with me,
He threw me o'er the fence.
Now thinking that he used me kind,
I've not gone back there since.*

*As I was starting, homeward bound,
My sweetheart called;—"Good by.
I'll be home next Sunday night."
I answered:—"So shall I."*

J. P. C.

"That ends my tale," said the monkey as he backed into the lawnmower.

If Summer Comes

By G. F. MacMullen

(Continued from last month)

SYNOPSIS: It's the same sad old story; Paw Hostetters has mortgaged the old homestead in Southeastern North Carolina to Squire Winterbottom, so called from his habit of sliding down frozen hillsides, and coating the seat of his whereabouts with ice. The amount of the mortgage is far above Paw Hostetters' reach, and winter finds them in a bad way. Hazel, the Hostetters' daughter, is a humdinger, and the squire, who, in spite of his hundred odd years, has young ideas, agrees to give the family until summer to pay the jack. If they fail, he gets the girl as a premium.

Hezekiah Hostetters, Hazel's brother (which makes him the son of Paw and Maw Hostetters—figure it out) leaves for the wicked city to raise the jack, having exhausted the financial possibilities of his home, where he is too well known to escape detection for long. As he leaves, he vows a dire vengeance on Winterbottom, "if summer comes."

From which it follows that:—

III

"Dum swash my toplights, what have we here?"

The speaker was Cap'n Elmer Grubb, master of the canal boat Tossing Tessie, and he was addressing the end of a boat hook with which he had drawn a limp form from the chilly waters of the canal, which, dotted with cakes of ice, barges, sampans, dead cats and other craft, oozed along one side of the wicked city. He took another slant at the end of the boat hook.

You are right; it was Hezekiah. Unable to find employment not involving either manual labor or intelligence, he had sought to drown his sorrows in some of the kind which is now obtainable in small pool rooms for six bits a drink. Used to nothing stronger than the pure alcohol of his native mountains of Southeastern North Carolina, the stuff had knocked him for a whole regiment of pyramids, and he had inadvertently tottered into the canal. He was still clucking feebly.

Cap'n Grubb took it into the cabin of the canal boat and hung it on a peg behind the stove, where it eventually thawed out and opened its eyes.

Naturally Hezekiah's first query was "Where be I?" They always ask that when they are just coming out of it. Cap'n Grubb explained matters to him, gave him a shot of hot Jamaica rum and threw him down a hatch. In the morning one of the members of the crew having failed to put in an appearance, our young hero was offered the portfolio of deck-hand. Shortly afterwards the gangway was sawed through, the hawsers cut with a hatchet, the pilot came aboard in a punt, and the Tossing Tessie, fifty feet behind a melancholy mule, began her voyage to the next port, where she was to load a mixed cargo of watchsprings, coal, and blonde scrub-brushes for the markets up state.

As the craft passed under a drawbridge near the slaughter house, Hezekiah observed a vision of loveliness roosting on the bridge rail. Never before had his bleary eye rested upon such a charming creature, and never before had he seen them rolled. Eyes and mouth wide open, he stared stupidly at her, while she, impressed by his look of pureness and simplicity, **stared back.**

It was a case of love at first sight.

Then the Tossing Tessie ran under the bridge, the lower timbers of which caught our hero fairly between the eyes, and for the second time in thirty-six hours, he went down for the count.

* * *

When our hero came up again, the palatial craft was out in the rolling country, and the vision on the bridge had disappeared. He asked the skipper, in whom he had absolute faith, to tell him her telephone number.

"That 'ere gal," Cap'n Grubb replied, "is a dum swizzled good friend of our'n." Beyond this, he would make no comments.

The Tossing Tessie tossed tesselingly onward, and in due time reached the end of her journey. The scrub-brushes, watch-springs and coal were disposed of to the various profiteers, and the vessel was ready to return.

Then came a deep and dirty mystery.

Hezekiah was sent around to empty all of the oil out of the lamps on the canal boat. When this was done, Cap'n Grubb gave him four bits and told him to go out and make a night of it.

He proceeded to do so.

The next morning the Tossing Tessie took on a small amount of cargo. The last piece of freight which the cargo nets swung on board was our hero, who had been delivered, stiff, on the end of the dock, some time early in the day.

When he came to, in his cabin, he noticed that the lamp burned with a bluish rather than a yellowish flame, and he

thought that he had them worse than usual. Outside he could hear the gentle lap of the canal water against the side of the vessel, the gentle tread of Clinton, the mule, the gentle swearing of Cap'n Grubb, and the gentle whirring in his own head. He gathered that they were at sea once more.

A few nights later as they were nearing the wicked city again, three men in a skiff overtook them, opening fire at short range and almost hitting the broad sides of the ship. Then they shouted, "Halt, in the name of the Eighteenth Amendment!" and climbed on board.

They were the prohibition agents, looking for graft. One of them knocked Cap'n Grubb cold with a belaying pin, another covered the crew with an air-rifle, and the third made a thorough search of the boat, driving into cases of perishable cargo with a crowbar, and scattering destruction from stem to stern.

"There is nothing here, Egbert," he said at last. "Our stoolies must have did us doit."

Thereupon the three took everything of value that they could carry, dumped it into their boat, and made their getaway.

"When Cap'n Grubb came to a short time later, he laughed.

"Them guys don't know nuttin'," he said.

Half an hour later the good ship approached the draw-bridge, and Hezekiah was delighted to see, under the glare of an arc-light the fair maid who had stood there when the ship set sail for foreign lands. At her side was an elderly man, obviously her father. As the ship passed under the bridge,

they both leapt for the deck. The girl landed gracefully, in a sitting position, but the old man impaled his waistband on a belaying-pin, where he hung, cursing, until Cap'n Grubb took him down and set him on the deck.

A few minutes later they ran the old tub aground; anchors were thrown out fore and aft, to port and to starboard, and anywhere else where there appeared to be anchor space in the canal. Cap'n Grubb gave himself a clean bill of health, wrote a new recipe for home brew in the log book, piped all hands to prayers, and finally had a new gangplank built and launched. The voyage was over.

IV.

It was only natural that our hardy hero should have fallen prone for the vision of the drawbridge, who turned out to be Katinka, the only daughter of Ben Angelo, who, with his brother Mike, ran the leading bootleggery of the city. She was of much the same build as Hazel Hostetters, only more so.

So intent was Hezekiah on regarding the charms of the fair Katinka from all angles, that it was some time before he got hep to what was going on before his very eyes.

Then he saw that all of the ship's lights had been extinguished, and that Cap'n Grubb was going from lamp to lantern, from link to cresset, with a bucket, carefully draining the font of each of the lighting gadgets.

Then he got a whiff and jumped a handspring.

The lamps were filled with bootleg hootch! That explained why the flame in the cabin had been blue rather than yellow. He was thrilled.

In a short time all of the liquid was transferred, by the bucket, to a tank in Ben Angelo's hunch-back, which proved to be made, not of flesh and bone, but of copper, in the form of a form-fit tank. The price for the liquor was paid to Cap'n Grubb, and Ben, with his daughter, made their preparations to depart. Our handsome hero had already obtained the young lady's telephone number, so all was hunky-dory from that end of the deal.

Then there was a cruel shock for all hands and the cook. One of the casks stowed on the deck began to move, and slowly two arms, two legs, and a stupid face protruded from various parts of its anatomy. With a startled cry Ben and Cap'n Grubb recognized him.

It was Excalibur Yellowleg, prohibik de lux, and the terror of bootleggers from Savannah to Saskatchewan! Cleverly disguised as a hogshead of cylinder oil, he had had himself loaded onto the unsuspecting canal boat as part of her deck load, and had seen the whole works. The goose was cooked, the jig was up, and it was all off!

"Liquor!" he remarked, in a soprano whisper. "As if it were not bad enough for you to be using tobacco, and permitting that shameless woman to walk about the deck in a dress which—" he leered at her to see if he had overlooked anything "—a dress which is very nearly half way up to her knees! Oh, it is perfectly dreadful! And then you make matters worse by actually transporting liquor, which you know I never use! You may all presume yourselves to be under arrest."

But the man had reckoned without the unbesmirchable honor of our hero. At the words "shameless woman," addressed to the fair Katinka, he flew into a rage, and when Ex-

calibur stared after the girl, in a pleased manner, when she began to ascend the steps of the promenade deck, reason left him. Seizing an axe appropriately labeled, "Only for Fire or other necessities of life," he split the prohibik neatly in two, picked up the two halves and threw them overboard.

"Hot dog!" exclaimed Ben Angelo.

"Sweet patootie!" gurgled Katinka.

"Atta boy!" raptured Cap'n Grubb.

Then they all draped themselves around the neck of Hezekiah, like the decorations on a Christmas tree, and wept.

Ben wept because he was greatful.

Katinka wept because she had suddenly realized that she and Hezekiah were soul mates.

Cap'n Grubb wept because it was his nature to do so when he was about four-fifths swacked.

Taken all in all, it was a wet party, not only from tears, but from what followed. All hands agreed that the timely elimination of the great sleuth-hound of the prohibiki was a blessing of no small magnitude, and that as such, it rated a real celebration. Wherefore gin and sake, champagne and tequilla, claret and methyglum followed one another in quick succession, and a feast in honor of the slayer was prepared.

Just as the party was getting away to a dude of a start, there was a low whistle from nearby, and Cap'n Grubb swallowed his false grinders from sheer astonishment.

"Foiled!" hissed Ben Angelo, through a mouthful of pretzels and Three Star Hennessey, "it's Yellowleg's hired help, wondering why he does not return!"

Katinka began to weep. Murder never did appeal to her to any great extent. It was so messy. . .

Hezekiah and Cap'n Grubb stared at one another. What to do?

For the second time since the opening of our narrative, our hero was confronted with this question. The only difference was that the first time, he had until the following summer to answer it. Now he must find out what to do, and do it, in a matter of a few minutes. Suddenly, a great light dawned upon the honest lad of the mountains.

"I'll do it," he exclaimed, smiting his narrow chest with a clumsy fist.

"Says which?" the rest all chorused.

"I allow as how I'll impersonate this here Yallerlaigs," the lad announced, "I ain't proud."

For a moment they all looked at him in horror. Cap'n Grubb was the first to speak. In spite of the loss of his teeth and the fact that he was pretty well oiled, they could tell that it was emotion, and not toothlessness or too much aguar-diente that made his voice totter so.

"Thash a fine shaerifish for you ter make fer ush," the old man said. "But do yer know what thish meانش? Yer a shocial outcash—dishpished by yer fellowsh; yer shunned ash if yer wash a leper; yer namesh a byword among th' arabsh of th' shtreet; Don't do it, Heshekiah, we'd all rather shwing fer bumpin' him off!"

Katinka ran and put her arms around his No. 17 neck, sobbing all over his best shore-going shirt.

“It’s too awful!” she howled. “Let me say that I killed **him!** What difference will it make? I’ll wear my best open-work silk stockings, and my 13-inch skirt, and go up and say to the jury, ‘Yes, I bumped that guy off, what the hell are you going to do about it?’ and they’ll acquit me! It never **fails.** Oh, Hezekiah, let me make this sacrifice!”

In his heart of hearts, the mountain dumb-bell knew that **she** was right—but all of a sudden there came to his mind a **new** plan—subtle—skilful—full of possibilities.

“Hist!” he hissed, and they histed.

“_____?” he asked.

“Yes,” they replied, not quite getting his meaning.

“Well, then,” he answered, “_____!”

“_____?” Cap’n Grubb inquired.

“_____?” Ben Angelo asked.

“_____?” was **Katinka’s** inquiry.

Hezekiah nodded excitedly.

“It will,” he assured them. “All of that, and more too, **if** I have good luck. But we must hasten!”

With a zeal which spelled trouble for someone, they all **fell** to work. Cap’n Grubb broke out his old black cape and **got** out an extra pair of Congress gaiters; Ben Angelo took **down** the galley stove-pipe and cut off a twelve-inch length of it with a pair of manicure scissors, while Katinka busied

herself pulling some of the hair out of the skipper's bunk. When they were through, they got to work on Hezekiah. He donned the gaiters and cape; Angelo adjusted the hat, craftily built from the sections of stove-pipe, to his head, and Katinka, armed with a bottle of glue, soon had a fine flock of side-whiskers attached to his map. Together they surveyed their work. It was good, and yet it lacked something. What was it?

"I know," Katinka announced, "he hasn't got the right expression!"

She dove down the hatchway, while the others stared after her in blank amazement. A moment later she returned, carrying a glass of amber liquid, which she tendered to the adventurer. He was one of those gibboneys who simply couldn't turn down a free drink. He downed the stuff with one gulp.

Then his face became convulsed, his eyes squinted, and he gasped.

"Wonderful!" his shipmates exclaimed. "Th' livin' image of a prohibiki, expression an' all! What's in that glass, Katinka?"

"Vinegar," the maiden replied sweetly. "And here is a handful of lemons, Heze, dear. Whenever you feel that you do not look enough like a reformer, suck one of these and your expression will fit the part you are playing."

A low whistle whissed outside.

"The time hez came!" cried our hero.

"You will succeed?" they asked him, in hushed tones

“Ez sure ez summer follers spring,” he replied. “If summer comes, all will be jake—if not, who gives er damn?”

Taking a bite out of one of the lemons, he climbed over the side of the Tossing Tessie and vanished.

What was the substance of the whispered conversation?

*Read the concluding installment of
“If Summer Comes”, and
find out.*

The Absent-Minded Professor

By P. D. Gog

*Professor Thucydides I. Vorie Dome
Had a mind that was slightly erratic;
His friends all declared there was “nobody home”
That the good man had bats in his attic.*

*One evening at dinner Professor Dome failed
To put in his usual appearance,
So a search was begun and the poor nut was trailed
With patient and fond perseverance.*

*'Twas rainy without and in fiendish delight
The wind and the storm-clouds held revel,
The lightning flashed through the Stygian night
And the thunder rolled like the devil!*

*They went to his room—they entered with dread—
Cold terror their heart-strings a-gripping—
They found an umbrella tucked into his bed,
The prof. in the corner a-dripping!*

Miss-Deal

"Hold my hand," said she of the violet eyes and the lily skin, and she looked into his eyes and sighed.

"Don't want to," replied the modest young man.

She frowned slightly—a pretty how-do-you-do, first time it happened, too.

"Oh, please hold my hand—just for a moment." There was irresistible appeal in her voice. He gulped hard, held by the spell of those eyes which seemed to look into his very soul.

Slowly his hand stole forward. A wan little sigh slipped from her lips. She held out her hand. He took it.

She arose from the card table and went into the next room to powder her nose.

Ah—Choo!

One morning an old man was busy in the back yard with a saw and hatchet when the next door neighbor came to inquire after the health of his wife. The wife, it seems had taken a severe cold.

"Good mornin', Mr. Smith," said the neighbor, "how is Mrs. Smith this mornin'?"

"Just about the same," answered old Mr. Smith. "She didn't sleep very well last night."

"Poor dear," said the neighbor sympathetically, "I s'pose that's her coughin', ain't it?"

"No, it ain't her coffin," said Smith, keeping his eyes on his work. "It's a new hen house."

The Sorrows of Spring

The magazines and papers spread a feast of vernal verse,
 Which the minor poets write about the spring;
There are poems sweet, or virile, poems lengthy, poems terse,
 That allude to sprouting leaves, and birds that sing.
You may read of early blossoms, stirring sap, and sunlit seas
 In the journal, which you happen to affect,
But my mind is only saddened by effusions such as these,
 For they teach me that the worst I may expect.
Often sunshine gilds the morning, as I travel into town,
 But no longer does it kindle happy dreams,
For I know my dearest wife will demand a nice new gown,
 As the last one's getting shabby at the seams!
There are flowers, pink and orange, white and crimson, gold and
 blue,
 Set in bunches, or in clustered charm displayed,
But, alas! I grow more downcast, when they burst upon my view,
 For they only bloom on hats of every shade!
Oh! It's bad enough when Christmas brings its score or so of
 bills,
 And you have to fling your hard-earned cash about,
But it's worse, when spring decrees the newest style in frills,
 And the woman you love best wants fitting out!
For I love to see her beauty richly dight with modish art,
 Though the outlay always leaves me in a mess,
And my purse is not elastic, though too generous my heart,
 And a woman costs an awful lot to dress!

—*La Touche Hancock.*

Chorine—"You say the new chorus girl has pretty legs?"
 Bennie—"Yes, I can speak very highly of them."

"This is the bunk," said the tramp, as he climbed into an empty boxcar.

To Eve

*O, Eve! O, Eve! I don't believe
Half of that sordid scandal.
I know you were temptation, dear,
But Adam was the vandal.
Oh, yes, perhaps you led him on
With little acts beguiling—
But you were innocent and young—
The serpent did the smiling.*

*O, Eve! O, Eve! I can't conceive
How he could be platonic
With your endearing charms concealed
Beneath a fig-leaf bonnet.
It seemed, my dear, that you were frank—
In frankness there is danger—
And so Old Adam walked the plank—
Don't ever trust a stranger.*

*O, Eve! O, Eve! Won't you relieve
My curious meditation;
Won't you confess it was the dress
Which started the sensation.
When you concealed your dainty charm
From vulgar observation
Old Adam moved right on the farm
To populate the nation.*

Paris Green.

“H’lo, Zel, how’s the hogs?”

“Fine, how’s your folks?”

A Hot One

She (just kissed by him)—“How dare you. Father said he would kill the first man who kissed me!”

He—“How interesting. And did he do it?”

Will Help the Stranger

The Visitor—"In your town can one play a little game of poker?"

The Rounder—"Impossible. Takes two or more. I'll round up the bunch for you."

Tom—"Fellows, who do you think is doing the most for the morals of the American youth?"

Dick—"The editor of La Vie Parisienne. He's still having the magazine printed in French."

The Apple of His Eye

*A peach came walking down the street;
She was more than passing fair;
A smile, a nod, a half-closed eye,
And the peach became a pair.*

Took His Cue

"Please hand me the 'Review of Reviews,' " he said,
And the landlady's eyes did flash;
For another young boarder looked absently up,
And solemnly passed him the hash.

*I never saw a vitamine,
I've never even felt one,
But no one who takes Fleischman's yeast
Can say he hasn't smelt one.*

Darn!

*Beneath her feet a trace of sleet;
Alas, she seemed to slip!
She tried to stop, she fell kerflop—
We heard a startling rip!
A saint might cuss and make a fuss,
By righteous anger stirred;
But, oh, to think, a maid so pink
Would use that awful word.*

“I feel like sitting down. Let’s go to the movies.”
“The seats will be too crowded. Let’s go to church.”

Acrobatic

Irate Wife—“And how did you get that cut on your forehead?”

Envied Gent—“Musta—hic—bit myself.”

Irate Wife—“Gwan! How could you bite yourself up there?”

Envied Gent—“I guesh I mush of stood on a chair”

*Of hideous noises
There is none that is worse
Than the blood-curdling cry
Of a Ford in reverse.*

He—“You girls look much shorter in bloomers.”

She—“But you men look much longer.”

He—"That's a nice looking chap you spoke to. Is he a friend of yours?"

She—"Oh, yes, indeed."

He—"Won't you ask him to join us?"

She—"Oh, this is so sudden. He is the new minister, you know."

Love and the Latest Craze

*Upon the day that I had planned
I duly made my call
And offered her my heart and hand,
"Helene," I said, "take all."
Whereto in answer she began
To voice the callous view
That I was not the sort of man
She ever could take to.*

*I saw the folly of her view
And sought to make it clear,
But on her foolishness put too
Much emphasis I fear;
For direct answer made she none,
No charge of mine denied,
But bade her menials put one
(I was the one) outside.*

Kind Old Lady—"Are you married, my man?"

The Tramp—"Yes'um. Married and nine children."

Kind Old Lady—"My! My! And don't you ever get homesick?"

The Tramp—"Only when I'm home, mum."

House Cleaning

By Elldee

When in the morn we leave our shack to seek the shifty bone—alack—a smile prognosticates our face as we glance 'round about the place, and view the carpets, rugs and such, in perfect order in the hutch. The air of quiet, peace and rest that bifurcates our cozy nest brings tears of pleasure to our eyes as large as lunch room custard pies; and we go whistling down the stoop or bust our flues with gleeful whoop! A few hours pass—we're home again, from chasing the elusive yen. We pass within the old front door and pause, bumfoozled to the core! All—all, is shot—what once was home! A lunch hook wanders to our dome and in we stagger, sick at heart; trip over little Ike's go-cart, and dive into a pail of suds and decorate our high-priced duds; upset a table as we go, piled high with mugs and mops of tow and stew pans, pictures, hammers, rugs, and window screens and doodlebugs. "Odds cummerbund!" the missus yips, a tidy tied around her hips, her face as black as Jackson slack, "do watch your clumsy gun-boats, Mack! Where are your eyes, you witless chump? Pick up yourself, and get a hump! I have some work for you to do; it's up to you to see it through. Put all those rugs out on the porch. Snap out of it! Hop to it! Scorch!—And carry out that hod of soot; don't stand there mooning—hustle! Root! I've scoured and scraped and shined and scrubbed, and beat and shook and scratched and rubbed until I'm worn down to a frazz! It's your turn now. Get busy! Jazz!"

Judge (to mother of a boy arraigned in the Juvenile Court)

—"Mirandy, can't you make that boy behave?"

Mother—"Yessir, I tries an' tries."

Judge—"Now, if he were my boy, I'd make him behave and keep him out of this court."

Mother—"Yessir, I knows. But, say jedge, (as an after-thought) Wuz you ever de parent of a puffectly wuthless colored boy?"

The Daily News

My paper comes at five o'clock,
'Tis flung upon my step,
And I'm the first upon our block
To snatch it up with pep.

My ardent glance each headline peers,
My heart begins to thump;
The first line fills me full of fears—
It reads: TEN HAVE THE MUMPS.

And next I see that robbers three
Have stolen lots of things,
So I decide that I must be
More cautious with my rings.

I turn the page, and see an ad
That says Ford prices dropped;
And WE just bought. This makes me mad.
It's time this business stopped!

On, on, I read, until I learn
That Mrs. Jones will pour
Next Wednesday at a tea—then turn
To pages three and four.

The Real Estate tells thrilling tales—
My neighbors sell their place—
And then—the corner druggist fails—
He lived a speedy pace.

At last I reach the Woman's Page.
Ah, here is here I seek
To learn about the latest rage.
And then—my eyes grow weak.

I haven't read the Want Ads yet—
A key turns in the lock!
The table isn't even set,
And it is six o'clock!

A Nominal Acquaintance

A demure little maid strolled alone down the lane
When a handsome young lad she espied;
"What's your name, sir?" she asked of the diffident swain,
"Lemme Kishu", he promptly replied.

Then the diffident swain took her shy little hand
As he murmured in accents polite,
"What is yours, maiden fair, may I humbly demand?"
And the maid whispered soft, "Ollie Wright."

—P. D. Gog

Sweet Rosie O'Grady
She was a blacksmith by birth
She was tired of living,
She wanted to leave this earth,
She wanted to die by inches,
But dying by inches was hard,
So she went out in our alley,
Laid down and died by the yard.

The good old hen of barnyard fame,
Has a spirit well worth matching;
When bugs are scarce and worms are few,
She boldly keeps on scratching.

In the fight of life, when things go wrong,
With broods of trouble hatching,
Let's imitate the good old hen,
And just keep right on scratching.

—E. S. H.

Twin Beds

By R. I. Egan

It was the dusky, witching hour of twilight, the hour of confidences. Mabel and Madge sat facing each other on the edges of twin beds in Mabel's room.

"I've always been curious to know why people get these, dear. It seems to me if I were married—"

"Yes, and had a husband that complained of cold feet—" scoffed Mabel. "You know, I just got the beds last week, and the very first night—" Mabel's voice trailed off in a whisper.

"Uh, huh. Go on!" her friend urged.

"Jack had gone to Philadelphia on business. I wasn't expecting him back until the next day. You know, in spite of his kicking, he didn't like the idea of twin beds. He says one of 'em soon gets to look so much older than the other, nobody can believe they are twins."

"Oo!" laughed Madge, "how witty he is!"

"A little after midnight, I woke to find him bending over me. 'You said you wouldn't be back to-night. Your bed's over there.' I told him, only half awake."

Mabel crossed her legs and adjusted the roll of one of her silk stockings.

"Of course, he stayed there," chaffed Madge.

"Yes." Mabel paused. "But I didn't," she went on softly, slipping a pretty foot in and out of a boudoir slipper. "You see, along towards morning the house got cold and I wanted to warm up, so I—"

"So you got in with Jack?"

"And cuddled up to him."

"How happily married you are!" sighed Madge.

"In the morning," continued Mabel, "when I opened my eyes, he was gone."

"What of it?" asked Madge, in a tone of disappointment. "I thought you were going to tell me something."

Mabel reached in her bosom, drew out a folded bit of paper and held it towards her friend.

"You promise you'll never, never tell."

"Cross my heart," agreed Madge, eagerly grasping the note. It read:

Dear Girl:—

Thanks awfully for your kind hospitality. It was such a bitter night for burglarizing that I accepted your sweet invitation. Kindness is so seldom met with in my profession that it is all the more appreciated. Thanks a thousand times for the sweet repose.

Your affectionate burglar.

"Mercy!" squealed Madge. "Did he—take anything?"

"I—I didn't miss anything," replied Mabel, again much interested in the appearance of her boudoir slipper.

The Hibernians were planning a wonderful parade. One of the committee called up the best stable in the town and the following conversation took place.

"I want a hundred white horses for the thirteenth."

"I'm sorry. We haven't so many."

"Well, you won't find that many in the whole town. But I tell you what I can do for you. We've got a shipment of green horses expected any day. I may be—"

"Green horses. Fine. Cancel the order for the white horses and make it a hundred green ones."

"Well, I'll be damned," said the brook, as the fat lady fell off the bridge.

A Heavy Fog

"No fishing today," growled the Disgusted Angler, as he drifted aimlessly into the tent and came to anchor upon a nail keg. "Fog so dum thick I couldn't tell if I was casting in the stream or the bushes!"

"Might be able t' tell th' diff'rence by tryin'," remarked the Old Timer, glancing up from the rod he was splicing. "Sure it aint snow?"

"Snow! With the thermometer at ninety! Bah!" snorted the D. A., proceeding to convert a week-old newspaper into a fan and use it vigorously.

"Cant allus tell," said the Old Timer, as he critically inspected the work in hand, "I've seen it snow in July, an' I 'member one time—Hand me that spool o' copper wire, will ye. You sure did bust this j'int fer keeps!"

"I was a-runnin' trap line that winter along of Billy Murray an' we had a headquarter's cabin 'bout twenty miles from here, on th' left fork o' this stream. We come in from th' line one night—been gone two days—an' found a b'ar had kicked th' door in an' e't up 'bout everything 'cept th' stove an' th' broom handle, an' it was up to us t' get more supplies right off. 'Twas 'about fifteen miles to the store, an' Bill figgered t' start next mornin', leavin' me in camp t' rig up a b'ar proof door an' eat fried muskrat.

"It was snowin' when we turned in that night, thick an' fine as flour. Looked like a big storm; but when we turned out next mornin' there wa'nt no snow fallin'; but talk about fog! We couldn't see our noses.

"It looked like a man could get lost an' not half try, an' we decided t' go grub huntin' together. We had t' travel by compass; f'r we couldn't see th' sky, ner th' ground, ner th' trees 'till we'd bunted 'em—not ahead of us we couldn't; but th' hole we made in that fog a-pushin' through it showed behind us fer ten minutes after we'd passed—Huh? Well, if you don't believe me, ask Billy. He's guidn' over on Merrit's lake, 'bout fifty miles from here.

"We stopped at noon an' tried t' make a little coffee out o' melted snow; but we couldn't light a fire in that fog no more'n we could have under water. It was th' dumb'dest gray, lonesome, uncomfortable day I ever see. We had fog in our boots, an' our hats, an' our pockets, an' down our backs, an' th' thermometer wa'nt up t' ninety—not by no means! Ev'ry time we opened our mouths we swallered fog, an' we couldn't get more'n two puffs at a pipe 'fore't went out.

"'Long 'bout two P. M. we heard sleigh bells an' hosses' hoofs an' I says t' Bill: 'Thar's th' County road, we're a-most there,' an' we pushed on fast as we could; but we couldn't tell which way th' sounds come from—seemed t' be on all sides t'once, an' arter we'd cruised 'round lookin' fer th' road fer half an hour we give it up and steered ahead by compass.

"We took turns goin' ahead t' break trail through th' fog, as ye might say, an' 'long 'bout four o'clock I was leadin' when I run up against th' wall of a house, er that's what I took it for, an' I yells t' Bill: 'We've got somewhere; help me find th' door.' He went one way an' I t'other an' we follered th' wall clear to th' end both ways an' back ag'in—'bout fifty feet—an' never found a door or a winder.

"'What in tunket is it,' says Bill, 'Part of a road tipped up aidge-ways?'

"'I reckon th' fog is a-freezin' solid,' says I, 'An' we're goin' t' look like tadpoles in a cake of ice 'fore mornin'.'

"'Wal,' says Bill, 'If I'm goin' t' look like a tadpole I'll wiggle a leetle whilist I can.' 'An' he up's with his hatchet an' gives th' wall an almighty lick.

"It sounded like he'd caved in a glass winder. Th' fog poured out through a big hole an' we went with it—an' lit in old Hiram Ketch's back yard at th' settlement, in a path between snow drifts fifteen foot high, all covered with shiny crust. Hiram was a-comin' from th' barn with a pail o' milk an' a bucket of eggs when we appeared to him, an' he dropped 'em both an' set down in 'em!

"Well, sir. It seem'd we'd had quite a snow storm th' night before—some ten-twelve foot o' that powd'ry stuff, light as frost a'most; then it turned t' rain an' put a crust on top that'd hold up

an el'phant—when we'd heard teams passin', they was over our heads—an' we'd traveled through that snow all day, a-thinkin' it was fog!

“We had t' stay in th' settlement for a week afore we could get back on snow shoes an' find th' cabin—There, sir, there's your rod, good as new. Guess this fog aint got no lid on it— looks as if 'twas liftin' a lettle—an' mebbe you can find th' stream without fallin' in after all.”

Leslie H. Phinney.

I Ask You

*She broke a date with me
One night
And later she explained
She had spent the night with
Friend Isabelle.
Now what could I do
For I had spent
That whole same evening
With
Isabelle
Myself?*

First Mosquito—“Hooray! Here comes a new arrival.”

Second Mosquito—“Good! Let's stick him for the drinks.”

A man went into a drugstore to have a prescription filled. He charged a dollar. The man dug into his pocket. Then he hurriedly threw ten cents down and ran out.

Bystander—“Aren't you going to run after him?”

Druggist—“What for? I made seven cents on him anyway.”

A Misunderstanding

By P. D. Gog

Rastus Jones and Dinah Brown,
Two cullud folks f'om Marshalltown,
Got hitched and tuk the ev'nin' train,
Bound on a weddin' trip to Maine;
They clambahed on the sleepin' cah
Which bore the name El Zanzibah.
Now Dinah was an artless maid,
Unused to travel, much afraid,
So when the portah bubbled forth,
"I see yo's lookin' fo'h a berth",
She swung her par'sol overhead
An' almost knocked that niggah dead;
"Yo nasty coon, what' that yo say?
Why, we'uns jest got hitched ta-day!"

"Pardon me. Did you drop your handkerchief during the toddle?"

"Oh! I'm so embarrassed. That's my dress."

After reading an advertisement advertising hens reputed to lay an egg a day, "Murphy" decided to invest a few dollars and get his breakfast food direct from his own henery. The hens arrived and were duly installed in their new quarters, then, after a vigil of several days he wrote the following verse to the poultryman:

I've waited all day for these hens to lay,
Gee whiz! Oh gosh! and Thunder!
They sit upon the nest to rest,
But nothing comes from under.

The Choice

Young Freddy would get married—
Two charming maids he knew,
The one was two and twenty,
The other twenty-two.
And both of them smiled on him,
He'd known them all his life—
So he resolved that one of them
Should shortly be his wife.

Now Jane she was a fairy,
As pretty as could be!
Her figure was a "thirty-six"
You'd travel far to see!
She was the fairest of the fair,
The belle of every ball—
But ah, the truth it must be owned,
She had no brains at all!

Amelia was a quiet girl,
And not at all like Jane;
In fact, her best friends all confessed
That she was rather plain.
She loved her household duties,
She liked to sew on socks;
And boy, the cooking that she did
Put mother's on the rocks!

So Freddy thus bethought him:
"Amelia has no looks,
But if I wed with Jane, alas!
She neither sews nor cooks!
'Twere rash indeed I think to mate
With beauty minus brain!"
So after due reflection
He went and married—JANE!

Jack and Jill

Jack and Jill went up the hill,
The story goes of old;
Jack fell down and broke his crown,
At least so we are told.
'Tis said they went for water,
And it sounded very well,
But what a funny place to find
A good old sparkling well!
I used to think the story was so simple and so true,
But now that I am wiser I'll be doggoned if I do!

Chorus:

Tune of: "How dry I am".

They lived in old Kentucky
In the good old days of yore,
When men were not so careful
Of the guarded cellar door.
How sure I am that on the hill
They drank their fill from some old still!
And Jack would not have cracked his crown,
Nor would poor Jill have fallen down,
If it had been a well.

Jack and Jill went up the hill;
But what a hill I'd scale
Just to get my whistle wet!
And what a mighty pail
I'd fill up there with water
Of the kind that made Jack fall!
A few good bumps upon my crown
I wouldn't mind at all.
I'd like to change the oceans into water of the kind
That made poor Jack go rolling down the hill with Jill behind.

—John McCowen Martin.

A Modern Romance

By Laura Hayes

"Faith," said Mrs. McGinnis curiously, "and it's wonderin' I am, Maggie Muldoon, how ye ever managed to marry a man wid so much money, and you a washerwoman's daughter."

"Our marriage was romantic and suddint, Mrs. McGinnis," replied Maggie, complacently, "but it was modern in every reshpect."

"Ye know this summer Timmie was helpin' rake up the hay, (and the dear bye was makin' a regular hand, jist like his pa didn't own the place at all) the horses get scared and starts to runnin'. And at the fence, where they stops for a minute, there is a terrible accident; far they breaks loose, and jumps over the washout into the road, and leaves Timmie all covered wid dirt and blood, under the big rake. And the men comes rinnin' up and asks if he's hurt, but he jist moans, and they carry him to the house.

"And Timmie lays and moans and moans, and they bring him food and they bring him dhrink but sorra sup nor a bite will he take. And when the praste comes, he but groans the loudher. But at last Timmie's young brother (the saints presarve him) cries, 'I know what Timmie wants; it's his girl; it's Maggie McCarty.' And his mither frowns, she's that med, but the ould man, which was settin' wid his head in his hands, wid no heart for his pipe nor his grog, looks up and sez, 'Fetch Maggie, Mike,' and Mike shtarts directly.

"'Timmie's kilt!' he cries, as he comes runnin' up our walk. 'He'll be dyin' if yez don't come to see him; sure'n it's that bad hurt he is.'

"And at first I hesitates, on account of thinking it highly improper to visit him in his own home, but I allows meself to be persuaded and we dhrives back together. And a foine place it is, Mrs. McGinnis, wid separate places for cooking and eatin' and slapin' and settin', and velvet carpets and curtains from one end to the other, and chairs that big and soft that they are almost uncomforable.

"But when we goes to his room, I only sees Timmie, himself, lyin' there, wid his face as white as the pillow, his eyes half shut, and him moaning enough to cut a heart of shtone.

“Timmie, darlin!’ I says, laying me hands on the bye’s face; ‘Timmie, it’s Maggie!’

“Maggie!’ Timmie cries, openin’ his eyes wide and thremblin’ all over, as he takes both of me hands in his. And the light that is shining on his face, Mrs. McGinnis, makes me that dizzy that I forgets the prisince of his mither and all of the other proprieties, and I bends down and kisses the darlin’ bye.

“Mavourneen!’ Timmie chokes, not bein’ able to laugh for sobbin’ and still kapin’ aholt of me hands as he takes off a ring that he’s wearin’ and puts it on me finger.

“But just then his mither, which we had ben afther forgettin’ about, put her hand on me shoulder. ‘I think you’d better come now,’ she sez, ‘you’re excitin’ him,’ and I kisses Timmie goodbye and follows, wondherin’ a bit at the tone of her.

“But I soon understands, for she lets me know, very polite like, that she ain’t intindin’ for Timmie to marry the daughter of a wash-erwoman, and that before I goes, I might just as well hand her Timmie’s ring. To which I answers aqually polite, that Timmie and me ain’t intindin’ to have anywan meddlin’ wid our love, and if he wants his ring, he can come afther it.

“Well, one day a good while afhter that, I sees Timmie dhrivin’ up the shtrate to our house, and me heart jumps, I’m that glad to see the bye. Me bein’ upshtairs I throws open the windy and hollers down, ‘Did ye come for ye ring, Timmie, bye?’ which was only a joke to be shure. Timmie waves his hand by way of response and gets out of the car.

“O, they said he was drunk, but he worked the shenanagen,

Off again, on again, gone again, Shannagen,’ he sings as he comin’ up the walk, and I sigh from the depths of me sowl, as I see by the bye’s walk, which is hesitating and unsteady like, that he ain’t what you would call himself yet. And I’m that worried that I goes downstairs directly. ‘I’ve had our love christened, Mavourneen,’ he says, ‘ye must bury it along wid the ring,’ and he hands me a paper that he was holdin’ in his hand.

Although I can’t read very well, on account of being lefthanded, I ses that it is a license, and am preparing to name the day but

Timmie tells me, almosht heartbroken, that he's afraid his mither is goin' to disown him if he marries me.

"'But there's your father, Timmie,' says I; 'as you know, he's been afhter likin' me considerable.'

"'But he won't dare tell me mither so,' Timmie wails, 'or she'd disown him, too.' And from what I've sen o' the ould ledy I knows that this is thru.

"'Let's take one more ride, anyway, Timmie, darlint,' I urges, and we goes out to the car. I shteps in first and sits down by the wheel. I shtarts the big engine, like Timmie has larned me how, and dhrives shlowly down the shtreet, seen's how I'm wearin' me new blue dhress, and ain't ashamed to be seen a-tall. As I dhrives along I passes by the minister's house, and, faith, I dhrives that slow, Mrs. McGinnis, that the car shtop entoirely.

"'Would ye be afhter likin' to get married, Timmie, bye,' says I gently like.

"'Would I that!' cries Timmie, his Irish blood comin' up wid a great rush. 'Would I eat whin I was hungry? Would I—'

"'Thin just discind and come along wid me,' says I, shmilin' to the bye. Timmie trembles considerable; but he gets out, and thin we goes up to the Riverend's door and I knocks. "'We've come to git married, your Riverence,' says I, holdin' tight to Timmie's arm the while.

"'Thin just shtep this way,' the minister answers, and leads the way to his study. But Timmie gets to tremblin' more and more and whin the Riverend comes back with his prayer book, he notices it. Widout a word being said, he goes over to a cupboard and gets out a bottle and glass. 'From the 'spinsary,' he says with a wink, 'and 'spensed to those who need and appreciate it most.' Wid that, he gives me the bottle and glass and I pours out a dhrink fer the bye. 'Cheer up, Timmie,' I says, very lovin' like as I hands him the glass, 'faint heart never won fair ledy.' Timmie drains the glass and the ceremony was performed widout more difficulties.

"'Ain't you goin' to pay the Riverend?' I whispers when we was ready to go.

“Pay him the divil! Timmie mutters wid a glassy shtare. ‘What should I pay him for?’

“‘Fer makin’ ye the happiest man alive! the Riverend put in, as he gathers up the bottle and glass.

“Timmie shtares at him a minute before he undershtands; ‘Shure and it’s you that have made me that!’ he cries, throwin’ a handful of money on the desk. And the Riverend wishes us good luck as we goes out to the car.

“‘Where shall we go, Mavourneen?’ Timmie asks, chirking up a bit now that the worst was over.

“‘For a widdin’ thrip,’ says I.

“‘All right, says Timmie. ‘It’s some foine thrip we’ll take.’

“And so it is, honey; for we begins wid Niagra Falls and visits most all of the big wattering places.”

“But don’t you think it would be noice if Timmie was a bit more of a man—a mite bigger—Mrs. Muldoon?” queried Mrs. McGinnis, with a hint of jealousy in her voice.

“Faith, an’ I don’t that,” replied Maggie, with emphasis. I picked Timmie out the first time that iver I saw him; for whin he dresses up to go anywhere, he is noice and shtylish as a juke; and when we are at home and get in an argiment, he is aisy to lick. It’s a married woman like yourself that should know the advantage of havin’ a man Timmie’s soize.”

Mrs. McGinnis nodded in agreement “it’s convanient,” she admitted. For a few moments she thought over the circumstances of the romance as related by Maggie. Then she said meditatively, “If it wasn’t for the new laws, now, I’d be thinkin’ that Timmie had been havin’ a dhroop too much.”

Maggie grinned complacently. “Shure, and it’s a great blessin’ them same laws is Mrs. McGinnis, for if it wasn’t for them, I would be constrained to admit that such a thing moight have been possible.”

Treasure Island

Treasure Island lay before us, scintillating in the tropical sun. Something about it gripped me and held me motionless, staring steadfast at its shores. Treasure! Ah, yes—treasure was awaiting. My heart beat rapidly as I foresaw the plying of pick and spade, unearthing that which we had come so far to get. It was like taking a peek into the innermost pages of Romance.

Presently the captain approached me, holding the map of the island outspread before him.

He spoke.

“Now exactly where is the booze buried, Bill?” he asked.

Camouflage

*Fair Millicent Medder was modern, all right,
Relied on her own when she got in a tight;
She scoffed at timidity; swore at the cop,
Who, when she went speedmad, commanded her stop.
She paid up her poll-tax and made her home-brew,
And otherwise proved what a female could do.
She wore the said breeches, tabooed the suspenders;
She ostracized sex, commingled the genders;
For sixty long years she demonstrated plainly,
The sexes were equal, and so they are, mainly.
But, alas! gentle reader, the coroner's tale—
Proved Millicent Medder was just a plain male.*

Axe—“Gosh all pumpkins, that dress Mary had on at the barn dance was sure terrible.”

Handle—“Aw, shet up—kickin' over nuthin'.”

A Spinster's Lament

All men are liars, quoth the maid,
The maid of thirty-three.
I've trusted every one I knew—
The villains lied to me.

When I was only sweet sixteen,
Jack said he would be true—
The parting was a sad affair—
He went to Timbuctoo.

A little later on, Dear Bill—
I know he loved me so—
Received a cable from Brazil—
I guess he had to go.

Then Handsome Harry, like the rest,
Swore to me by the stars—
His uncle died away out West—
I guess he went to Mars.

Last week Old Ezra had it bad,
We'd sit for hours and spoon—
He didn't leave his new address—
I guess he's in the moon.

So, I repeat, girls, men are liars.
Perhaps I might be wrong,
One of the fellows might come back—
No, they've been gone too long.

P. P. G.

“I went to a wedding of a friend of mine today.”

“Well?”

“And the minister stopped a minute and said, ‘Who will give the bride away?’”

“What about it?”

“Well, I could have, but I didn't want to.”

Her Husbands

*At eighteen she wed and her parents said
She'd regret such a hasty affair.*

*For older was he—past seventy-three
But, of course, a millionaire.*

*A widow—her fate at twenty-eight
And again she vowed—I do.*

*This time his name would bring her fame
He was a Duke nearly sixty-two.*

*A widow of means is courted it seems
By bachelors far and near.*

*A count from Poree aged about fifty-three
She wed in her thirty-fourth year.*

*At forty and one the race she still run
And her fourth marriage soon was made known*

*He was handsome and tall, with a purse that was small;
His age? Thirty. His love had soon flown.*

*At fifty and four again at her door
Came a lover just reached twenty-nine.*

*And would you guess that she answered—"Yes"
When he said: "Will you be mine?"*

L. N.

Farmer, hearing noises in his chicken coop, reached for his gun and ran to the barn.

"Who's there?" he cried.

Silence.

"Who's there?"

A high pitched tiny voice answered. "Nobody, boss. Nobody but us chickens."

Then and Now

It was January. The streets were fast becoming white with the falling snow. Muriel's eyes were heavy. The tears would not come. Her long lashes rested upon her cheeks. A deep sigh emerged from her lips. My heart ached for her. She felt that life held nothing more for her. Her soul cried out for that which was denied her. Gerald Wood had jilted her. No reason was given. The wedding was postponed indefinitely.

It was June. The fragrance of lilacs filled the air. Muriel's eyes were bright. Her teeth were glistening. Her cheeks were flushed. Happiness radiated from her every glance. My heart was joyous to see her so. Life was beautiful. Love was hers. The world was good and kind. Her happiness was complete. She had just married George Williams. "How lucky," she confided to me. "My hope chest was filled with linens embroidered with W." She would not have to change the letter.

L. N.

Shades of Chesterfield

He (gallantly)—"May I kiss your hand?"

She (tilting her head)—"Oh, pshaw, my gloves are on!"

NOTE. This joke was swiped from the "Pink-eyed Baboon, the official comic paper of the Royal College of Surgeons, Derbyshire-on-Derby, England. We hope you don't give a damn, Bab!

Stern Parent—"Remember, daughter, I'm telling you for the last time not to have anything to do with that young man."

Love Sick Maid (sobbing)—"Oh, father, I want Jack—I want Jack!"

S. P.—"Alright, here's a hundred bones, but remember what I said about that young man."

On my mind there's something gnawing;
 'Tis the girl I can't forget.
 At my heart there's something drawing;
 'Tis the girl I'd like to net.
 At my neck there's something chawing;
 'Tis the girl I lately met.
 In my hair there's something clawing;
 'Tis my wife, I'd like to bet.

—Brad.

Conductor—"Come, sir, you'll have to pay for that boy."

Fond Parent—"I never do. He's only four."

Conductor—"But he looks eight."

Fond parent (with a shrug of his shoulders)—"Can I help it if he worries?"

A Boston baby, aged nine months, was being taken around the city in a perambulator by its governess. After seeing many sights and enjoying itself thoroughly it was taken to the Railroad Station. The nurse wheeled the baby carriage out into the train shed giving the child a chance to see a train for the first time. The young infant opened its eyes at the sight of the locomotive and shouted in its clearest Bostonian accents:

"Masticate! Masticate!!"

A Hero's Lament
(Richard Burns)

"So said the boss
Just go and toss
Your life away for me.
We'll give you jack
If you get back
We'll clothe your family.
I'm forty-two
And I feel blue
Your uncle wants them
 younger.
So I'll stay here
To shed a tear
And keep your kin from
 hunger.

The bands will play
I'll raise your pay
Your courage I admire.

I believed his quack
I hold the sack
I ne'er heard such a liar.
We didn't expect
To get a cheque
Upon a silver platter.

Tho many a gob
Would like a job
Instead of all this chat-
 ter."

Keep Busy

My shoes are worn
My clothes are torn
But still I work and whis-
 tle.
My luck is down
Yet I don't frown
For if I do I'll fizzle.
I daily smile
And count my pile
Four copecks and a nickel

"'Twill buy some meal
And shredded veal
Some gum-drops and a
 pickle."
It matters not
If one is hot
And works until one's
 dizzy.
You'll have no time
To weep or whine
If you will but keep busy.

The Adventures of Baron Lunchoften

I am the great Baron Lunchoften. I come from a very good home. It is one of the best on the East side. My father is a very famous man—he is known to every police force in the United States.

At the age of two months, I felt I had no opportunity for success at home, so I crawled out of my cradle and ran away. After roaming around the world awhile, I returned to the scene of my childhood to be educated. I was raised in a garage—from five a week to eight and a half. The chief mechanic gave me my education. My principal studies were—heating, lighting and ignition. I eventually graduated from that exclusive school Lawn Mowr, where I received the F.S. degree—Ford Skipper.

Now, at the age of seventy-nine, I find myself part owner of the good ship Henry—a nice craft, though a little the worse as a result of wear and swear. The tail light is a fright—the only time it shines is when it's polished. The horn sounds like a man troubled with asthma trying to clear his throat.

One eventful day not long ago, the Captain gave orders to prepare for a cruise. A stiff breeze sprang up about noon, and we started off with a cargo of impertinent eggs. There was fair sailing for about an hour, and then we had the misfortune to run into a rut as deep as a joke in a highbrow magazine. Result: one flat tire.

“All hands to the pump!” cried the Captain.

The pump, however, refused to function.

“It's on a sympathetic strike with the tire,” groaned the Captain. “Now, what'll we do?”

But I was used to difficult work. I had once been a street-sweeper down on Hampton Roads. I walked out to the middle of the road and sat down in front of the injured tire.

"Take it easy, Baron," soothed the Captain, "you've got gas on the brain."

I paid no attention to him, but patted the tire comfortingly. "Tire, old scout," I began. "Have you heard the latest? Congress has declared the 18th amendment null and wet—" That was all I needed to say. The old tire was so full of hot air we had to let some out before we could continue our journey.

Presently the Cap began to complain of hunger, so I cooked him some eggs by dropping them into the radiator. He liked them medium-boiled, so I kept them in for about three miles. Since I liked mine hard-boiled, I ate seven-mile eggs. They tasted all right, except for a slight trace of lubricating oil—which was to be expected.

After a bit we came to an immense hill, at least three miles long, and very steep. Try as we would, we were unable to make the grade.

"Stop!" said the Captain suddenly. "I think a storm is brewing."

"It smells like something else is brewing," said I, sniffing the air.

Just then we heard a dull, mumbling sound which rapidly increased in volume. The earth shook. We looked ahead, and were terrified to see a landslide coming our way with the speed of an express train.

“The entire hill is skidding!” cried the Captain. “Nothing can withstand the weight of those tons of gravel and earth! We are doomed!”

But into my gigantic brain there leaped a scheme to cheat death. “Don’t give up the Flivver!” I yelled. “Full speed ahead!” The words had hardly left my mouth when the avalanche was upon us. The Captain turned pale and tried to crawl into the gasoline tank.

Crash! It was just as I expected! The Fliv was forced upward by the terrific impact, and since our engine was running we remained suspended in mid-air while the earth shot past at least ten feet beneath our wheels! It was all over in a moment. We struck earth, and made a hurried examination of the parts.

“All present or accounted for,” said the Captain, with a sigh of relief. “Thanks to the avalanche, we were able to get over the hill.”

Once more we started off. We ran about twenty miles without accident or incident, when suddenly we were struck with terror to hear behind us the hoof-beats and ghoulis yells of a herd of savage Flivver hounds. We shot ahead at such speed we feared our boilers would burst, but the hounds kept the trail by the scent of tin. On and on we tore, but our pursuers, rendered desperate by hunger, continued to gain on us. Ten seconds more and they would be able to leap upon our craft! With a sudden inspiration, I wrenched off a door and threw it out to them to appease their hunger. The mad animals immediately stopped and began fighting among themselves for the precious morsel. It was soon gobbled up, and they renewed the chase, growling and honking wildly.

Be it known that these Flivver hounds are able to imitate a klaxon horn, and many unwary motorists are deceived by the noise and lured to the animals' haunts. There the hounds proceed to devour the machine, and leave only the license untouched. They are not eating the licenses this year because they dislike the taste of red paint.

Still they tore after us! In desperation I threw out the windshield which was eaten in a second. The doors and windows followed, and finally to our great relief we were able to appease the animals' hunger without sacrificing the chassis.

We soon arrived in sight of a large green barn. "That is our destination," announced the Captain. "Get the eggs ready."

"I lifted the seat under which we had placed the eggs, and reached down for them. My hand encountered something soft and fuzzy. I flashed the flashlight—and lo, and behold!—the eggs had been hatched by the warmth of the engine!

"The chickens!" gasped the Captain. "Look at them!"

I did so. Jumping Julius! They were half fowls and half Fords—the things had tin necks and in place of legs were running around on small wire wheels!

E. V., Jr.

"You aren't yourself tonight. Are you over-tired or in love?"

"Well, I know I'm tired, and think I must be in love."

"Let me diagnose the case for you. To begin with, what are the symptoms?"

"I'm aching for him to be with me; I'm in rapture, when he is with me; I have a depression, when he is gone; I long for his approval, and have an absolute dread of his censure."

"I should say you had the complaint in its most serious form. Appetite good?"

"Quite. It's quite out of date to lose one's sleep and appetite, when one is in love."

"So long ago I that I fear I must be incurable."

"So log ago I that I fear I must be icurable."

"Is it reciprocal?"

"I have every reason to think so."

"Who is it?"

"I don't like to tell you."

"I suppose it isn't me?"

"Of course not, you stupid. How could it be you? No, my case is so singular that I'm afraid, if people knew, they would drop me."

"What a pity!"

"Well, what can I do? I can't help it."

"Is it a man I know?"

"Yes, you've known him all along."

"Well, supposing I were to see him, and talk it over with him, and ask him to—well, go away for a time."

"He would never listen to you."

"It won't do. You must give him up, and go away yourself."

"I can't. He wouldn't let me go."

"Have you written him any letters?"

"A good many."

“Better place this in my hands, and let me act for you.
I wish you'd tell me his name.”

“M'm! Say, you won't be shocked?”

“Certainly not.”

“Well, don't look at me. Turn your head the other way,
and I'll whisper it.”

“All right.”

“It's—it's—it's—my husband!”

La-Touche Hancock.

'Tis No Place for Us

*'Twas at a little gath'ring,
A "Party," wild, 'tis true;
Getting wilder ev'ry moment,
With moonshine and home-brew.
To outshine each others' stories;
And jokes and rough-house spring,
'Twas getting bad to awful,
The songs that they would sing.*

*Then up jumped pretty Mabel,
With remarks that made them gasp;
Frantic hands reached out to hold her—
She eluded ev'ry grasp.*

*Said she, "These songs and dances—stories too
To stand for, no girl should,
The party's getting far too rough for me,
I'm off for HOLLYWOOD."*

—J. Arbir.

Gobs of Gum

*As you sit and eat your dinner in a lunchroom or cafe,
Or attempt to pick a winner at the racetrack some fair day,
Don't lean back in calm contentment with your hands beneath
your chair,*

*For you'll jump up with resentment when you find what's
sticking there.*

*If you're breakfasting or lunching with a relative or friend,
And you both are calmly munching on Havanas at the end,
Do not let your index finger 'neath the table idly rub,
For it's liable to linger on some stuff that isn't grub.*

*When you've told the girl the number and are standing by
the phone,
Fearing lest she's going to slumber while you're waiting there
alone,*

*Rub the instrument you're using with your finger or your
thumb;*

The result will be amusing—you will find a gob of gum!

*If stenographers and others like to chew from morn till eve,
If young children and their mothers o'er the lack of gum oft
grieve,*

*No one has a right to scold them for a habit of the kind,
But it's strange if no ones told them not to leave their gum
behind.*

A. M. M.

Rhythmical Ramblings

When workers all return to work and vote to strike no more,
when cooks and house-maids never shirk and lions never roar,
when politicians tell the truth and booze makes no one drunk,
when Colonel Ruppert cans Babe Ruth and sends him to Podunk,
perhaps, dear reader, by that time, when moonshine isn't bought,
a rhymester can compose a rhyme without a bit of thought.

When robbers go to Sunday school and daily make confession,
when Trotzky learns the Golden Rule and prizes its possession,
when almanacs without mistakes can foretell snow and rain,
and James Monroe from slumber wakes his doctrine to explain,
perhaps astronomers with bait will hook some shining stars,
and by their light communicate with Venus or with Mars.

If Kaiser Bill had won the war, by Francis Joseph aided, and
Hindenburg's trench digging corps a grave for Foch had spaded,
if London had been badly shelled and Paris devastated, if old
Westminster had been felled and St. Paul's desecrated, where
would your city be today? Most likely blown to glory, and
Kaiser Bill could point and say, "That's German territory."

If Bolsheviki should be sent to visit Uncle Sam, and see if
money could be spent to bomb the Roosevelt dam, would Samuel
give those guys a chance to stage their plot gigantic, or would
he make them homeward prance across the broad Atlantic? He
surely ought to spank them twice before he sent them home, and
give each man some good advice to carry in his dome.

Perhaps you wonder with good cause what all this talk's
about, and think the writer ought to pause and help clear up
your doubt. Well, he's no better off than you, for when he wrote
this rhyme, he did it with the single view of simply killing time.

Arthur M. Mills.

Oh Horrors!

The villain grabbed the winsome maid before her father's
eyes,

And then he jabbed with shining blade despite her
screams and cries.

Said he, "I've got you in my power, you pesky little
shrimp,

You'll be a blot within an hour for calling me a simp."

Once more she tried to loudly scream and beg her dad's
assistance,

But he was tied upon a beam and could not make re-
sistance.

Said he, "I'll shout to passers-by if that's of any use,

And then spit out to blind this guy with strong tobacco
juice."

The writer saw this awful sight before his very feet—

A scene quite raw for yesternight upon a city street.

Though coppers stared across the hall, they made no
move to go,

In fact, they cared no whit at all—'T WAS JUST A
MOVIE SHOW!

A. M. M.

A Hymn of Hate

There's a certain bimbo in this land
Whom I'd love to see interned,
And I would gladly shake the hand
Of the chap who this trick turned.
The gumph I mean wears petticoats;
In his head there's naught but nit,
All he does is "gets our goats"—
This willy, nilly, silly hypocrite!

An agnostic grease-ball is this nut,
In whose brain there is but nil;
He thinks he is the whole show, but
We know he's naught but swill!
No movies, smoking, no drinking wine!
At home on Sunday we should sit
And hit the hay at half-past nine—
For this willy, nilly, silly hypocrite!

To him a demi-virgin is taboo.
"No nothin'" he is wont to say.
Now what the hell are we to do
If this dumb-bell has his way?
But I for one yell long and loud
Against this dummy, crummy half-wit;
And I will buy a floral shroud
For this willy, nilly, silly hypocrite!

Why? Well, invariably in his domicile
You'll find some good old rye,
Nestling secretly behind some tile;
Smuggled in upon the sly!

On Sunday he reads tales recherche;
 Before a pornographic picture he'll sit;
 He calls up Rose who's fast and gay—
 This willy, nilly, silly hypocrite!

He preaches this and practices that
 Thru the live long day;
 His "roll" is waxing very fat
 From his artfully cunning, spurious lay.
 Intern this four-flushing, two-faced bimp,
 But keep what he would prohibit.
 Let's tar and feather this lousy simp—
 This willy, nilly, silly hypocrite!

"The Count."

Owing to the Weather

*I pray you judge not very hard
 These words, with which I serenade.
 Have pity on a love-sick bard
 Of—well, the very lowest grade.
 My Muse won't work, when there's no sun;
 I'm left alone my best to try,
 So, if my work seems badly done,
 The weather is at fault—not I!*

I ought with your sweet face in view,
To mention nothing of your form,
To feel inspired to write to you
A perfect sentimental storm.

I feel your case demands the use
Of "thou" and "thine", and "thee" and "thy",
But those are things I can't produce—
The weather is at fault—not I!

A girl with Cupid's bow for lips
Might surely at some other time
Have given me no end of tips
For turning out an amorous rhyme.
The arrow swift, the soul in pain,
The bleeding heart—I pass them by
That might compose a fair refrain—
The weather is at fault—not I!

I might have sung to you a lay
Of quite the most delicious kind—
"Whate'er Befalls, You're Mine Today"—
Or something equally refined,
But how can one excited grow
In song beneath this leaden sky?
I cannot shout "I love you so!"
The weather is at fault—not I!

La Touche Hancock.

Villain (laughing)—“Ha, ha. You are helpless, the old homestead belongs to me.”

Hero—“And where are the papers?”

Villain—“At the blacksmith’s.”

Hero—“You are having them forged.”

Villain—“Nay, nay. I am having them filed.”

Why puff your chest?
 Why strut, I pray?
 Come off your perch!
 As some would say.
 You’re only plain,
 Dried yellow clay;
 You may be sticky mud someday.

—Brad.

How to Avoid Falling Hair

Does your scalp itch? If you are sleepy at bedtime, hungry before meals and have pains in the small of the back after falling down the steps, you probably have dandruff’s arteriosclerosis or hardening of the dandruff in your arteries. Dr. X Ema once had the same symptoms.

We positively discovered a simple method to avoid falling hair. Naturally we are troubled a lot with longhaired individuals who are constantly trying to sell us a verse or lead pencils. The other day a wise looking cuckoo dropped in. He was eighty years old if he had a cent. We were amazed at his wonderful shock of hair. There was no snow flecks on his coat collar. “How did you avoid falling hair?” we shouted at him. And then we learned the secret of the ages!! And we are going to let you in on this secret. It cost us \$5.00 and seven hours. It’s yours for \$2.50 and we throw in 12 issues of FUN. Make it \$3.00 and we send three back issues.

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

Gents: I’ll bite. I’ve scratched dandruff long enough. Tell me at once how to avoid falling hair. Enclosed \$..... Anything to avoid falling hair. Write me at once.

Mr., Mrs. or Miss.

Address

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