Good Evening

By Bide Dudley

Oh, Doctor!

EVERYBODY'S "day by daying,"
"I am better," they are saying,
As they sweetly smile,
'Tis a fad that's near uncanny,
'Tis a fad that gets my nanny
Every little while.
Dr. Coue, you're a wonder,
But by ginger and by thunder,
You should call a halt,
Minds you mould as one moulds putty,
Seems the world is going nutty,
And it's all your fault.
Lots of good they say you're doing,
Still, with every one pursuing
Health, there's something wrong,
"I am growing better, better,"
That's sure one Angora-getter,
I can't stand it long.
I'll be sick before you know it,
If the faddists don't forego it,
Out of mind, as well,
I, too, will be "day by daying,"
While I'm clawing, squirming, swaying,
In a padded cell.

OBSERVATIONS.

"Hit ain't no disgrace," says Uncle Eph, "ter run frum trouble."

Capt. Henry Saylor of Bogash went down to the depot Monday night to meet his new cork leg.

Japan has arrested a dozen pirates. They might put up the defense that they were just Kidding.

If the Swiss continue to settle in Sullivan County as they have been doing lately, they'll become the whole cheese up there.

A Sassy Girl.

Said he: "Dear, will you marry me?"
Said she: "Not on your life!
I'll let the preacher marry you,
But I will be your wife."

TELEPHONE LOVE.

(What has gone before—Mary Dingle does not like dining-car waiters. So, when she and her Chinese maid, Abba Dabba, are served with hard-boiled eggs on a train, the engine jumps the track. No one suspects the girls of wrecking the train, but they might have done it for revenge. We'll bet you Augustus Thomas was the only handsome boy in the Thomas family. Now go on with the story.)

When the engineer stated positively that the train would not run, all the passengers left it and started for Kansas City afoot. They knew that if they ever got to Kansas City they could go through the packing houses and enjoy other sights. As they walked along the track, seven miles south of Los Angeles, Mary Dingle suddenly stopped.

"Where is the California climate we hear so much about?" she demanded of Hector, the train conductor, who had decided to accompany the party East.

"There's a tree," he replied.

"What do you mean?"

"Climb it."

Abba Dabba had once met several New York humorists and so she, of course, saw the joke. She did not laugh, however, as she suspicioned the conductor was one of her humorist friends in disguise.

"Hello, Don," she said. She was using strategy. Nothing happened.

At that point the dining-car waiter dropped a bottle.

"Well," said Mary, thoroughly aroused, "what United States Senator done that?"

Things were getting rather complicated. At that point a shot rang out. It struck Hector, the train conductor, below the elbow.

"I've just had a shot in the arm," he said.

Hector did not die—he couldn't very well. He hadn't brought his burial robe along.

(To Be Continued.)

THIS AND THAT.

"Say, Dud," writes a man in Laramie, Wyo., to us, "out here we wish you'd tell a lot of your Eastern writers to cut out the 'Wild West' stuff. We're just as civilized as they are and we don't want to be pictured as gunmen and the like." And then he enclosed the following rhyme:

You Eastern scribblers, listen now—we want to talk to you. We've got a rope; we've got a tree—we'd like to use 'em too, on those who stay back East and write fool "Wild West" tales about our growing State; so take the hint and cut such stories out. We don't go down to old New York and write of her tough slums. We don't write tales for magazines about Chicago's bums. We don't hold Pittsburgh millionaires up for the world to see. We don't uncover dirt down in St. Louis or K. C. So listen, when of us you'd write, leave out the dance hall stuff. Forget the "wild and woolly" part. Wyoming isn't tough. Our virtues far outweigh our faults. So, when you'd write about our State, just think of ropes and trees and cut the "Wild West" out.

We met a youth we know last Tuesday walking along Broadway very, very carefully.

"What's the matter?" we asked.

"I got drunk on champagne yesterday," he said, "and I'm afraid that if I jar my head, it will make me drunk again."

Enfants Terribles

(American Plan)

By Neal O'Hara

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LIKE Clemenceau, Christmas has come and gone. It is all over but receipted bills. Nothing remains of Yuletide commotion but shredded mass of your kiddies' toys.

It is all very nice of Santa Claus to trot down behind flock of handsome reindeer and peddle out items dear to cherubic heart. But what adults need more than red-coated St. Nick is some strong arm junkman in blue overalls coming ten days later with herd of forty mules to haul away debris.

Slaving under delusion of tiny fingers and pinkie toes, upright citizen blows in large wad on toys, games, trinkets, drums and dolls. It is lavish outbreak of generosity complex—laudable, praiseworthy and very fine. But don't fall for that myth about ten tiny fingers and same line-up of toes. When planted in range of Christmas dewdads, those tiny fingers make Dempsey's paws look like pair of cream puffs.

Papa's little man can do with bare fingernails what yeggmen pay big money for to nitroglycerine trade. You have heard ancient proverb of bull in china shop. Well, fragile offspring surrounded by gifts make that bull seem like rare butterfly. For wallowing drum, you could give little Snookums sticks of dynamite and wreck of nursery would be no more complete.

Mob violence, Kansas cyclones and lighted match to hunt for gas leak never ruined mamma's household like two-year-old kid. That's official, from varnish and wall paper statistics. Half hour after opening up toy tool chest, your darling is little lamb in wildcat's clothing.

Three billion tons of post-Xmas debris prove paralysis ain't widespread among infants this year. Give little tots hammer and maybe a tat, and they show swift inclination to grow up for parcel post. What solder hath joined together, no man can tear asunder. But two-year-old apple of your eye can jerk it apart with one good smack.

With return from eight doubtful States still missing, it is safe to state that lot of toys that were made in Germany look like lot of ruins that were made in France. Noah's Ark is now wreck of the Hesperus. Toy railroad is replica of New Haven system. And dolls look like last sad remains of vivisection clinic. When it comes to junking process, young America is strong. That's why they named brand of cheese after him.

For making private household look like public dump, U. S. infantile entry cops Nobel award. Hands down and aces to spare. Forces of destruction in our nurseries outnumber Krupp and du Pont plants in pleasant ratio of 65 to 1. Howitzers, mortars and 16-inch guns are as peashooters compared to kiddie's toy hammer or little fellow's heels. That's official, also. One instalment of the children's hour and you get scrap iron from toy fire engine, splinters from toy piano and sawdust from set of blocks.

Samson caved in solid granite temple. Hot dog! Hercules tossed chariots like waitress flips wheatcakes. Bravo! After thirty or forty years of practice, those guys were the strong men of antique vaudeville. But none of current authenticated histories had 'em cracking steel sleds and pulverizing stone dollies at the tender age of two. Isn't that right, Mr. Macaulay? Absolutely, Mr. Wells!

Yep, in rough and tumble bout with playthings, American infants lead the world. And in spirit of adding gilt to lily, we propose this toast: More power to 'em!

JOE'S CAR

Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

He Goes to Law About It!

THE BIG LITTLE FAMILY

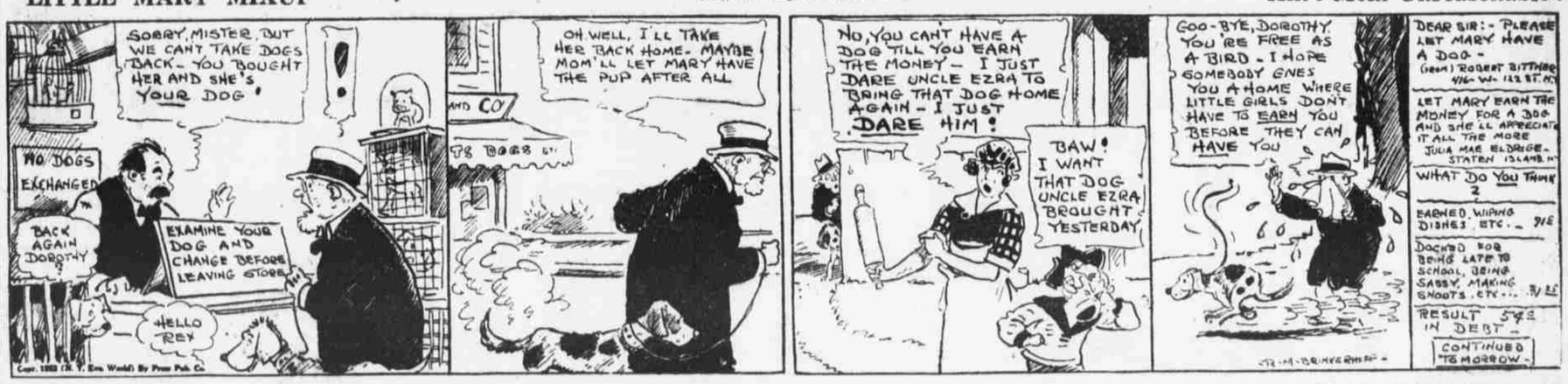
Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Luke Has Nothing to Lose!

LITTLE MARY MIXUP

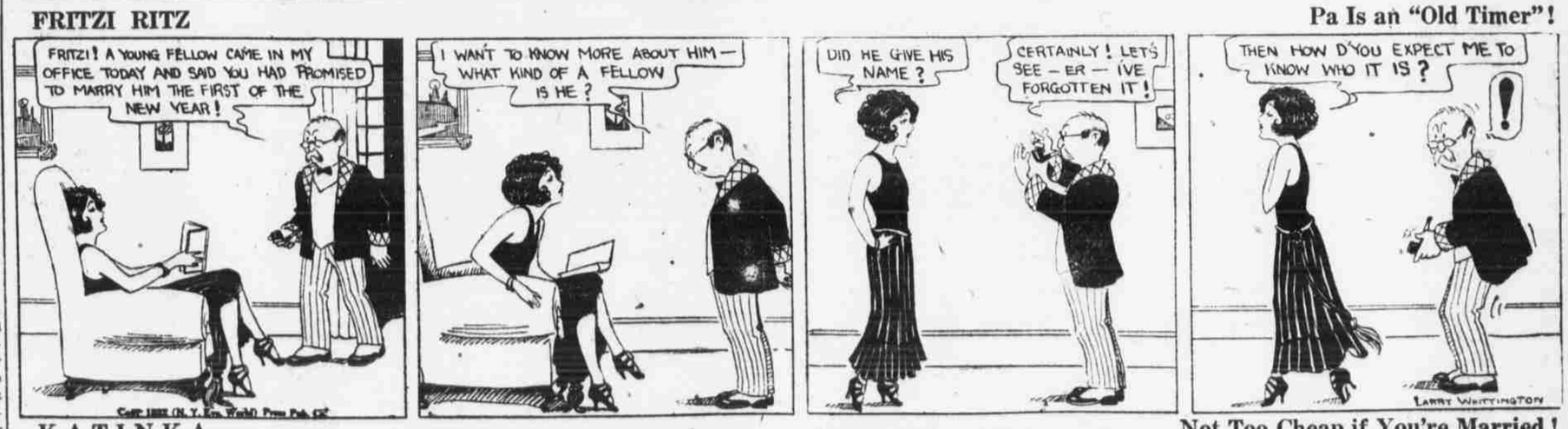
Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Ain't Mom Unreasonable!



FRITZI RITZ

Pa Is an "Old Timer"!



KATINKA

Not Too Cheap if You're Married!

AND NOW PERMIT US

To inform you that Dan Bopp of Wellsville, who came to New York to have his eyes treated, went back home with two black ones.

DISCONCERTING REPLY.

TWO little brothers of five and seven years, respectively, had proven a slight worry to a neighbor because of their boisterous conduct and because they invariably visited her at a time when they were hungry. They called one evening when the neighbor was making candy, and, in response to their shy and wistful looks, she gave each of them two pieces of candy.

At this juncture their mother arrived, whereupon the older boy offered to divide his candy with the mother. When his two pieces had been consumed Jack called the attention of the neighbor to the fact that he had divided with his mother, while little Bob had selfishly disposed of his two pieces.

The neighbor wished to take advantage of this occasion to impress the mother with the lack of manners in the two boys, and in a reproachful voice said to little Bob:

"Now you see what a nice, thoughtful boy your brother was. He was not selfish with his candy."

But Bob was not to be outdone and after a moment's pause retorted: "Well, you see, you didn't give me enough to divide with mamma and have any left for myself."—Judge.