Good Evening

By Bide Dudley

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A Happy New Yorker!

WE'RE closing up a joyous year,
In good old New York City,
Prosperity has brought us cheer,
In good old New York City,
We've made our farms and ranches pay,
Our hogs are fat; sleek donkeys bray,
While plump cows moo and horses neigh,
In good old New York City.

Our hens have laid us many eggs,
In good old New York City,
The cider-mill has filled our kegs,
In good old New York City,
We've stored the harrow and the plow,
To offer thanks our heads we bow,
I wonder just who's looney now,
In good old New York City.

OBSERVATIONS.

Having been dropped by Dr. Straton's church, Dr. Haywood probably will explode soon.

A new bridge is to span the East River so that more Brooklyn folks can come to Manhattan.

"At our house," writes N. Allen, "we have buckwheat cakes every morning. Day by day I am getting better and better."

A reader of this newspaper wants to know if the tomato is a fruit or a vegetable. One of our actor friends says it is a missile.

"It's nobody's business but my own whom I marry," says Mrs. McCormick of Chicago. True enough, the man seldom has anything to say about it.

Oh, Fine!

I read a book
The other night,
And reading it
Brought me delight,
It was my bank
Book and I saw
A balance of
Ten bucks—hurrah!

TELEPHONE LOVE.

(What Has Gone Before—Mary Dingle, a telephone girl, quits her job and, with her Chinese maid, goes West looking for a lot of fun. Their train is wrecked and they are walking to Kansas City from Hollywood when incidents occur. Wonder why some newspaper doesn't print a picture of Al Smith and family! Now let us proceed!)

It was a moonlight night, and Mary and Abba Dabba, her maid, were lost in the desert. As the two girls strolled along, a terrible noise was heard. It sounded like an angry city editor calling to its staff.

"Oh, Abba, what was that?"

Mary thus asked her maid to explain the noise.

"I don't know. We don't have noises like that in China."

It was Abba Dabba's reply.

At that point an automobile came along. It stopped. A man stepped out.

"Ladies," he said, "I am selling Blosher's patent dishwashing machine. It will wash all the dinner dishes in fifteen minutes. May I demonstrate it to you?"

"Can you dance?" asked our Mary.

"Of course!"

"Then let's see you do the dishrag."

The merry laughter of Abba Dabba rang out over the vast sandy waste. The man was chagrined.

"I am of royal blood," he said. "I am descended from Kings."

"You must of came a long ways down," said Mary.

It was just the right reply. Mary was very proud to have said it.

"Hoot, mon!" said Abba Dabba, the little Chinese maid.

And as the moon melted into a cloud, the notes of a robin, chuckling in a tree, were heard.

It all seemed so absurd.

(To Be Continued.)

THIS AND THAT.

At the National Vaudeville Artists' Club recently we saw a boy and girl dance on the stage. They were amateurs, pupils of a dancing teacher, but they would have been good enough to dance professionally if they hadn't lacked just one thing. That thing was a smile. They danced so seriously that we felt like yelling "Smile!" Had they taken their work as fun they would have made the hit of their lives. One reason the Astaires are so successful as dancers is because they seem so happy while on the stage. The late Ben Teale wouldn't have a chorus girl in a musical show if she persisted in looking serious while dancing. However, it isn't only dancing that the smile will help. It's a good thing to have with you in any line of endeavor.

"Laugh and the world laughs with you,
Weep and you weep alone."

It was the late Ella Wheeler Wilcox who wrote the foregoing lines, and when she penned them she wrote a great truth.

Speaking of Mrs. Wilcox reminds us of an interview we had with her in Kansas City one time. We discovered her at the Coates House and, representing the Kansas City Morning Star, "scooped" the Journal. She was exceedingly nice to us, and we wrote a column and a half, most of which was devoted to her ideas concerning New Thought. Having completed it, we could hardly wait for the paper to come out, but it finally did.

And then we found we had written it "Free Thought" all the way through.

We were so disappointed that we took a couple of days off and went to our home in Leavenworth to recover.

It Is To Laugh

LO! THE POOR INDIAN!

DR. WHITTEMORE of Washburn College was struck by the metropolitan education of an Indian he met at Taos, New Mexico's art colony.

While waiting for his wife and daughter outside of a studio, Dr. Whittemore relates, "a big, fat, rather old Indian approached me. He was wrapped in a white sheet which fell in stately folds from his shoulders to the ground, his arms were folded like those of the officer of the day standing at parade rest during a formal guard mount, his approach was as dignified as that of a Roman senator.

"I looked at him in recognition of his stately bearing, and he spoke to me these full and measured words: 'Sir,' he said, 'I am broke. Will you give me a dime?'"—Boston Transcript.

CAUSE FOR ABSENCE.

THE President of the Woman's Advancement Society was agitated. So was the Secretary. "Mrs. Nimbletung, who was to deliver the address at to-day's meeting, cannot be present," said the former.

"Why not?"

"Her husband has been seriously ill three or four days."

"But a woman of her strength of principle won't neglect her work in the great cause to attend to the paltry needs of an individual—and a male individual at that?"

"Certainly not, but he writes her speeches."—Houston Post.

READING THE PALM.

IT was a church fair and one young woman of the congregation was gathering in the coin as a palmist. To a girl client she said, "I see by your hand you are going to be married."

"How wonderful."

"And I see that the man you are engaged to is named Gibson."

"It's perfectly amazing!" gasped the girl. "Surely the lines of my hand cannot tell you the name of"——

"Who said anything about lines?" retorted the palm reader with cutting scorn. "You are wearing the engagement ring which I returned to Mr. Gibson three weeks ago."—Boston Transcript.

PREFERRED THE CASH.

YOUNGSTERS that come in contact with the public become most worldly wise. Johnny shined shoes and knew the ways of the world from intimate, and sometimes bitter, experience. One day a prosperous looking old gentleman stepped up into the shine stand. He eyed Johnny with a friendly interest.

"Young man, you look like a bright, intelligent young fellow," he remarked.

Johnny looked up at him unimpressed.

"Say, mister," he retorted, "I've had that line pulled on me before. What I want to know before we go any further is this a cash shine or when I get through will you pat me on the head and tell me I'll be Governor some day?"—Kansas City Star.

WHY THE POOR ARE POOR.

TO a poor woman whose husband was in jail a woman's aid society gave some clothing and ten dollars in money.

A week after the gift had been made, a deputation of members called at the squalid home to see the results of their assistance. They found no improvement in the condition of the family.

"Well, Mrs. Downey," asked one of them, "how are you getting along?"

"Foine" said Mrs. Downey.

"Did the clothes fit, and did you find a use for the money?"

"Sure the clothes fitted foine, an the childer looked so nice in thim that I had all their pictures took wid the money ye gave me, an' I'm goin' to have me own took to send to the ould folks in Ireland."—*Everybody's Magazine.*

JOE'S CAR

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Thus Making Both Happy!

THE BIG LITTLE FAMILY

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

The Exception!

LITTLE MARY MIXUP

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

This One Is on Mom!

FRITZI RITZ

It's Old for Fritzi!

KATINKA

The Boss Has His Own Ideas About Some Things!

AND NOW PERMIT US

To express the opinion that masculine beauty in winter frequently is only overcoat deep.