The Neighbors' Children.

Sketches from life by Westerman

COPYRIGHT 1920 — McCLURE NEWSPAPER SYNDICATE.

The face makers.

The "tattle tale". "Uhuh: now I'm gonna tell Mrs. Bee on y'!"

You wouldn't think it to look at her but she bites, so Jane tells me.

The little girl who is always "dressed up" and mustn't get dirty. "Oh! Hyacinthe! c'mon! we're makin mud pies!"

The Butter in. He's always sticking around the little ones, making fun of them and breaking up their games.

The "ba-a-d boy". Margy told me that he uses swear words an carries a big knife an' a sling shot an' kills birds an' smokes a pipe an' steals, an' he cut off his dog's tail, an all the children run when they see him comin' an' peep through knot-holes at him.

The little "bawl baby". Almost gives the mothers heart failure about twenty times a day by emitting terrifying shrieks and screams "Cries if you look at er!" Bobby says.

The little miss who scratches.

The big booby. The smallest bluff him. Little: "I got a notion t' knock yer block off!" Big: "I'm gonna tell my mother on you, y'see if I don't!"