

AIN'T NATURE WONDERFUL

How to Be a Cartoonist.

Complete in one lesson.

First of all you have to be born a bum speller. Then you start in like you read about cartoonists: "When a child he always had a pencil in his hand and was everlastingly sketching likenesses on any scrap of paper, his father's cuffs and collars or the wallpaper."

When in street cars always put moustaches and beards on the faces of the ads.

Now for ideas.

Memorize these: Little Benjamin stealing jam; that's a good old one. Don't forget to label the jar "jam" and always label the paint can "paint."

Father walking the floor at night in his bare feet with the infant is another good one. Don't forget to sprinkle a few tacks on the floor with dad all ready to step on 'em.

Then the cat on the fence. Remember to always picture a shoe, water pitcher or a bootjack being hurled through space in the feline's direction.

A fellow fishing. Always picture him pulling up an old boot.

The city slicker chap selling the rube a gold brick.

After you get all these down pat, show 'em to your friends and they'll ask you if you did it "free handed" and you tell 'em modestly "Yep!"

Then add: "It only took me ten minutes to make this one, and this one only took me five minutes," etc.

Now you're a full-fledged cartoonist. Don't let 'em tell you different.

WAS DEATH ON FEATHERS

"Mother, has Fido gone to heaven?" asked little Mamie, who had been told that a little sister was there.

"Dogs don't go to heaven," said mother, "but little sister is there, and she is an angel, you know, with wings."

Mamie thought a moment and

said: "Maybe it is just as well, for Fido was death on feathers, you know."

EXTENSION

"Now, Tommy, you must make this dime go a long way."

"All right, mother; I'll stay four hours at the movies, instead of two."
—Puck.

CHESTNUT CHARLIE

