

# FOLLIES OF THE PASSING SHOW *By Hanlon*

Copyright, 1921, by the Public Ledger Co.

## THE LAST ROWS OF SUMMER



THE WOMAN WHO CANNOT WAIT TO DISPLAY HER NEW FURS

HAVING HAD INGENUE AND SOUBRETTE EFFECTS THIS YEAR WE MAY EXPECT SOMETHING LIKE THIS NEXT SPRING

IF SHORT SKIRTS CONTINUE TO BE WORN THE WINTER GIRL MAY HAVE TO ADOPT LEGGINGS.

RETURNING TO THE HOME YOU RENTED FURNISHED FOR THE SEASON

LOUIS HANLON

The End of the Season

# HEARD AND SEEN : : A Column FOR and FROM Everybody : : By BILL PRICE

### OH, TERRIBLE.

She bared her soul to me,  
Without making any stops,  
But it didn't jar me half as much,  
As when she exposed her roll-tops.  
E. K.

### HERE'S A SMITH RIDDLE.

What is it that so often proves  
The basis of all thought,  
A thousand things before us now  
Will then be all forgot?  
It is the sinner's strongest hope,  
The sinner's constant dread—  
The time that Gabriel blows his trumpet  
To bring to life the dead.  
We each have one, 'twas never seen,  
And no two are just the same,  
Now, gentle readers, with these hints,  
You'll surely guess my name.  
J. T. SMITH.

When you see a fellow reaching  
for his hip pocket nowadays  
it doesn't always mean that he  
is armed with a gun.  
TOM CULHANE.

### WHY IT LASTS.

Bumps—What garment does a  
woman wear the longest?  
Mumps—I don't know.  
Bumps—Her night gown.  
Mumps—Why?  
Bumps—Because she never wears  
it out.  
BROWNIE.

### KIDDING THE NEWLY-MARRIED.

I've seen many tricks played on  
the newly-married with many quaint  
signs affixed to the automobiles  
carrying them, but there was this  
one on the back of a bridal auto  
as it sped down street the other  
day: "JUST MARRIED. WATCH  
US GROW." It reminded me of the  
real estate ads when Congress  
Heights was first laid out by Col.  
A. B. RANDLE.  
KING.

### WORD DIAMOND.

F  
R  
E  
A  
S  
T  
A  
S  
K  
T  
C. L. J.

### THE KID'S CANDOR.

Caller—I saw your mother going  
to a neighbor's. Did she say when  
she'd be back.  
Kid Joe—Yes'm. As soon as you  
leave.  
E. K.

In connection with their search  
for "John Barleycorn, B. L." the  
police of a neighboring city visited  
a Turkish bath. All they found,  
however, was water—with women  
in it, the occasion being "ladies'  
night."  
GILL.

### SHE'S A PLEASURE CRAFT, SHIPMATE.

Dear Skipper Bill:  
About the good ship "Heard and  
Seen"—is she a four-masted wind-  
jammer, a frigate, ocean liner,  
small boat, fishing-smack, battle  
wagon, submarine, or what else  
besides a pleasure craft?  
JOE CONKLIN.

### AN E. O. S. DICTIONARY.

BENEDICT—A married male.  
BENEDICTINE—A Married Female.  
BENEDICTION—Their children;  
BARGAIN—A disease common to  
women, caught in The Sunday  
Times and developed in department  
stores on Monday. Symptoms—loud  
talk, pushing and shoving, a combi-  
nation prize-fight and football  
scrummage.  
BEACH—A strip of sand, located  
near the ocean's mighty waves;  
covered with lady killers, spooning  
parties, and partly-dressed females  
five months out of the year.  
EAMON O SULLIVANBAIN.

### H AND S IN BOOK FORM.

Many suggestions have come to  
the column that the best of H and S  
since it started several years ago  
should be put in book form. The last  
suggestion comes from "HAR-  
VARD," always enthusiastic for the  
column. He says:  
"I believe there would be a big  
demand for a mirth book made up  
from Heard and Seen, past and present.  
There has been such an abun-  
dance of good stuff in the column  
that no difficulty would be found in  
filling a book with top-notch wit  
and splendid poetry."  
Jack—Let me speak to those girls  
on the corner.  
Jake—It's no use; they won't an-  
swer.  
Jack—Why?  
Jake—They're telephone girls.  
FRANKIE B.

### AS MOTHER WAS.

At a Kansas funeral recently the  
minister read this little poem en-  
titled, "I'd Like to Be as Mother  
Was."  
I'd like to be as mother was,  
When anything went wrong,  
She always met it with a smile,  
And sometimes with a song.

I'd like to be as mother was,  
When folks their troubles told;  
She seemed to know them all before  
And just where to take hold.

I'd like to be as mother was,  
When a china dish fell down—  
She would forget the porcelain  
To kiss my curly crown.

And all along life's dusty road,  
When times are stern and grim,  
And people seem your friend or not,  
Just 'cording to their whim.

The earth needs a great mother  
To answer to life's call—  
'Tis pity each to each can't be  
As mother was to all.

And when the Hallelujahs sound  
And heaven's gates grow clear,  
I've had in what my mother was  
A foretaste of it here.  
—Kansas Kitty.

Barber—Hab the back o' yer neck  
shaved, sah?  
Mose—None. I can't see it my-  
self and nobody else caren.  
JAM and JELLY.

### ALL PULL TOGETHER!

Now that the vacation days are  
drawing to a close, the bunch of us  
ought to get together and make  
the Old Column hum to the tune  
of many a merry quip!  
FRED J. SCHWAB.

### "LINE'S BUSY" A REALITY.

A busy business man called a par-  
ticular number on the telephone  
seven times in twenty minutes and  
got the stereotyped reply, "Line's  
busy." He was fighting mad, called  
the chief operator and questioned  
the fact. The chief operator got the  
connection for him and the person  
he had called told him the line HAD  
been in constant use over twenty  
minutes. Then the busy business  
man called Columbia exchange, asked  
for the particular operator and man-  
fully APOLOGIZED.  
How seldom this happens! How  
many times are the 'phone girls com-  
pelled to take all kinds of "cussing"  
and abuse, with seldom a word of  
commendation!  
F. F. C.

# Who Remembers? - - By Dick Mansfield



### HIS CREED.

To live as gently as I can,  
To be, no matter where, a man;  
To take what comes of good or ill  
And cling to faith and honor still;  
To do my best and let that stand  
The record of my brain and hand;  
And then, should failure come  
to me,  
Still work and hope for victory.  
To have no secret place wherein  
I stoop unseen to shame or sin;  
To be the same when I'm alone  
As when my every deed is known;  
To live undaunted, unafraid,  
Of any step that I have made,  
To be without pretense or sham  
Exactly what men think I am,  
To leave some simple mark behind,  
To keep my having lived in mind;  
If enmity to aught I show,  
To be an honest, generous foe,  
To play my little part, nor whine  
That greater honors are not mine;  
This, I believe, is all I need  
For my philosophy and creed.  
NEBRASKA NED.

### "He pressed his suit" may either mean making love or prac- ticing economy. ARCADE.

### THE SUCCESS FAMILY.

The father of Success is WORK;  
The Mother of Success is AMBI-  
TION;  
The oldest son is COMMON SENSE;  
Some of the other boys of the  
Family are Perseverance, Honesty,  
Energy, Thoroughness, Foresight,  
Enthusiasm and Co-operation;  
The oldest daughter is CHARAC-  
TER;  
Some of her sisters are Cheerfulness,  
Loyalty, Faith, Courtesy, Care,  
Economy, Sincerity, Smile, and  
Harmony.  
The baby of the family is OPPOR-  
TUNITY.  
Get acquainted with the "old  
man" and you will be able to get  
on pretty well with the rest of the  
family.  
F. B. A.

### EXERCISING RESTRAINT.

It is now nearly seven years  
since we wrote a flippant para-  
graph defining the difference be-  
tween an optimist and a pessim-  
ist. As the only working mem-  
ber of the paragraphers' union  
who has exercised such restraint,  
we should like to know if we are  
going to get anything for doing  
it.—JAY E. HOUSE, in Public  
Ledger.

### SONG OF THE G. O. C.

Heard and Seen, yes Heard and  
Seen—  
The Grand Old Column, you  
know,  
We'll stick together,  
In any old weather,  
And nobody'll have it over us.  
If you want a rhyme,  
For any old time,  
Just call on the G. O. C.  
To Bill, our host, let's make a toast,  
HERE'S TO THE G. O. C.  
BRIDGEPORT.

Bill, H. SMITH must be  
stuck on you since he presents  
you with so many "diamonds."  
He sure is an expert in picking  
good ones. BRIDGEPORT.

### A SONG OF THE CAKIE.

(Who'll furnish the music?)  
IT'S A CAKIE CAKIE EATER.  
The girls have all gone crazy  
'Bout things they're calling men;  
I know these things are lousy,  
With brains just like a hen.  
They dress up like a monkey  
And remind me of Bill's coat;  
Have ears all like a donkey,  
With shoestrings round their throat.  
Chorus:  
It's a cakie cakie eater,  
A worky worky eater,  
Who promenade the square,  
Round its neck a tiny collar,  
In its pockets not a dollar,  
At every skirt a stare,  
How the darn thing's getting by,  
Keeps me guessing till I die—  
That cakie cakie eater  
Who's a wide world-beater  
And hasn't got the price of pie.  
I want to call my Lisette  
Upon the telephone;  
Her ma said she was busy  
And to me she "wasn't home."  
I asked them, quick and proper,  
Why daughter threw this "brick"  
In a voice that's a whooper.  
He answered, mighty quick,  
EDWIN F. ROWLES.

### BOARDING HOUSE ART.

Mose—How yer likes de new  
boarding house?  
Sam—Dat sure is a hash sanitar-  
ium. We has hash right along  
through de week, and if de ole lady  
has any left over Saturday night,  
she puts a few prunes in it Sunday  
and serves it for dessert as "New  
England plum puddin'."  
JULES BACKENHEIMER.  
Cakie—Well, I guess I'll get me  
a new overcoat this year.  
Collegette—I didn't know you ate  
at Child's.  
FRANKIE B.