

# See Who Gets Spanked

SOUND of swatting slippers resounds from coast to coast.

Many flappers eating meals off the mantel temporarily and promising to be good.

Spanked flapper is a very dismal piece of work and has not a flap left in her.

Mothers and fathers, responding to popular demand, are wielding energetic footgear, and in some neighborhoods it sounds like loud applause in theatre, punctuated by squeals of outraged heroine of the melodrama.

Many flappers take spunky pen in hand and write sarcastic letters to newspapers about being spanked. Editors of newspapers do not do the spanking. Why write to them?

Pa and ma getting much physical training out in dear old woodshed. If Pa is strong enough to spank the flapper of the family maybe he can muster up enough muscle to larrup rugs that are hung on clothesline, but this is doubtful. One is a pleasure and the other is hard work.

Nature probably intended the flapper to be spanked and built her accordingly, but it has taken parents a long time to find this out.

In some neighborhoods where new buildings are going up, shingles take the place of slippers and are said to be much more effective. In some towns, however, there are more flappers than shingles. Fly-swatters, are good and some parents have tried using ukuleles, but the latter make music which is worse than Japperism.

One man stole his daughter's cigarettes and lipstick and she just had to stay at home nights, but most flappers are too clever to be caught that way.

Some people say that it is the parents who should be spanked for letting their daughters flaunt around nights, but some people are always saying something.

Old-fashioned wooden spoon has come back into style, also old wooden butter paddle. One of propeller blades from airplane is also handy for flapper spanking.

It is not genteel to resort to use of an ironing board or baseball bat except in extreme cases.

Burned child dreads fire. Spanked flapper dreads the slipper, but she goes right out and flaps the same as usual.

Only thing that cures the flapper is marriage. Then she changes from the receiving to the broadcasting end of the proposition.

# Wit of the Week

**A Canny Scot.**

IN a remote part of Scotland the post-office was also the local store. A post-office inspector found fault with the way the postal business was being conducted. On leaving, he remarked, with a lofty air:

"You will hear from me, my man, when I return to headquarters!"

This was too much for the harassed postmaster, who disappeared for a moment, to return with a candle-box under his arm containing two books and a few stamps. He held the box at arm's length toward the inspector.

"Here," he said, "take your bloomin' post-office wi' ye."

**Not a Gambler.**

THE examiners at a certain school always try to make their papers as up-to-date and interesting as possible.

During a recent examination one of the questions read thus: "If one horse can run a mile in a minute and a half and another is able to do the same distance in two minutes, how far ahead would the first horse be if the two ran a race of two miles at these respective speeds?"

One pupil returned his paper with the query unanswered, except that he had written on the sheet: "I refuse to have anything to do with horse racing."

**Following Orders.**

THE head of a large business house brought a number of "Do It Now" signs and hung them up around his offices. They were effective beyond expectation, and yet it can scarcely be said that they worked well.

When, after the first few days, the business man counted up the results, he found that the cashier had bolted with \$5,000, the head bookkeeper had eloped with the typist and three clerks had asked for a rise in salary.

# Krazy Kat

By Herriman



# Pity the Portly Party

THE other day a portly gentleman got stuck in a subway turnstile and blocked the traffic of that station for a long time before a wrecking crew arrived and pulled him out with the steam derrick. The turnstile was badly wrecked and does not tell the right time any more.

About the same time another portly man got wedged in one of those toy bathhouses on well known Atlantic coast and when he tried to get his clothes off he became thoroughly jammed and they had to send two carpenter from a summer hotel to tear the bathhouse off him. Other fat men have started home wearing the bathhouse, but have been arrested for trying to steal same.

Police are constantly prying fat men out of these form-fitting telephone booths they have in the back of drug stores.

All of which goes to show that a man of avordupois is up against it, especially in the Summer. If the Summer the whole world seems to have been built for the bean-poles.

When a fat man wants to buy a Palm Beach or mohair suit, he finds that clothing manufacturers have decreed that no gentlemen shall grow larger than a 40. So far as clothing makers are concerned the world is populated entirely by sylphs.

Only thing fat men can buy for Summer wear is necktie, and a guy can't go far in that.

Fat man has to get into the average theatre seat with a shoe horn, and when he gets up to go home he takes the seat with him. Lots of fat men have furnished their homes that way.

They are now building bath-tubs for men weighing over 110 pounds, but you do not find them in many apartment houses. Fat man is as welcome in a street car as an elephant in a Fifth avenue tea-room.

Upper berths in sleepers were designed when Mr. Pullman thought the only people traveling would be Charlie Chaplin or Harold Lloyd. It takes three porters to stuff a heavy man into one of those things and five porters and three brakemen to pull him out.

Portly party can't carry any thing on the hip. Clothes are too tight. When he rents dress suit to go to a dance, he doesn't dare dance for fear of coming through.

They build cells so small in jails that when fat man gets in it is always a life sentence.

For all that, most of the crape hangers, knockers and soul doughs are slim people.

It's a queer world, as some body has said.

# Yes and No---

YES, Jesse, when a man goes into a barber shop to get his whiskers clipped the barber usually gives him a clip on the jaw. Anyway, the average man would just as soon be kicked to death by a jackass as talked to death by one. This being the case, if you have any kick coming, see the boss; he may let you get away with it—if you get away quick enough.

No, Clarence, a modern pitcher will never get broke going to the well too often. In fact, if they'd patronize the well-known well oftener they'd never get broke. Some pitchers have such an acrobatic wind-up you'd think they were trying to pitch a tent instead of a ball. The reason they never put a tombstone on an umpire's grave is because they bury him right where they kill him.

Yes, Simoleon, people used to be ambitious to become rich and famous, but now they seem anxious to become rich and infamous. It's true that money is the root of all evil; that was the inspiration for the old saying, "root, hog, or die." Between the bucket shops and the burglars about the only thing a man can lay up for a rainy day is a grudge.

Yes, Jaywalker, a deck of cards may be referred to, in a larger sense, as "calling" cards. When distributed among the crowd you may occasionally have five cards which invite you to "call." The trouble is, however, the members of royalty you are "calling" on are not always at home. For instance, if you "call" on kings and queens, and they're not "there," you enter first and knock afterward. They say baseball is some sport, but poker is a greater drawing card.

# Heard Along Broadway

**Between Friends.**

THE peculiarities of the Hibernian temperament were quaintly illustrated by an incident which occurred once in the O. P. Club. Hearing a disturbance in the lobby, an official rushed there, to discover a man lying on the floor, his head being periodically and violently bumped by an Irish opponent on top of him.

"What are you doing?" questioned the astonished beholder.

# Questions Edison Never Dreamed Of

- IF he answers them we will give him a job in our factory, even if we have to build the factory.
1. Why is the ocean so near the shore?
  2. Who was Cain's wife?
  3. Who stole Charlie Ross?
  4. What is hooch made of?
  5. How many electric light globes on Broadway?
  6. Why is a motion picture star?
  7. How many divorcees make an actress?
  8. What are the component parts of chop suey?
  9. What is a theatrical contract good for?
  10. How many cocktails is it from New York to Southampton?
  11. Why are some of the Follies "beauties" so-called?
  12. Where do all the pins go?
  13. How do you address a law firm made up of a man and a woman?
  14. How far is it from the sublime to the ridiculous?
  15. Name the six greatest United States Senators.
  16. How wide is a seat that you get in the New York subways?
  17. What is the aggregate age of all chorus girls in the country?
  18. Why does everybody start on a piece of pie at the small end?

**A Love Tap.**

A YOUNG negress, with a broken jaw, rushed to the hospital. She was evasive in her explanation of how the injury had occurred, and at first would only say that she had been hit with an object.

"Was it a large object?" inquired the surgeon.

"To'rabble large."

"Was it coming fast?"

"To'rabble fast."

"Was—" began the surgeon, when the woman's patience snapped.

"Oh!" she burst out, "if you mus' know, ah wuz jes' natch'ally kicked in de face by a gen'lman friend."

**Not So Bad.**

THE little church was full, but the marriage ceremony seemed in danger of being stopped,

for the bridegroom was deaf and could not hear the important question: "Wilt thou have this woman for thy lawful wedded wife?"

"Eh?" said the deaf man.

The clergyman raised his voice:

"Wilt thou have this woman for thy lawful wedded wife?"

This seemed to annoy the bridegroom.

"Oh, I don't know!" he said. "She isn't so awful! I've seen worse than her that didn't have half as much money!"

**Landlady's Dilemma.**

A WEARY tourist reached an isolated wayside inn, and gratefully accepted the only remaining bed. Next morning he was called rather earlier than he wanted to be, and drowsily asked to be allowed to continue his sleep.

Half an hour later the landlady came to his door again, and said, tremblingly: "Sir, do please get up."

"What's the matter now?"

"Oh, sir, I have two other gentlemen staying here, and they want their breakfast at eight o'clock. I can't lay the table till I've got your top sheet."