By Bud Fisher

# A PAGE OF FUN AND FROLIC IN PICTURES AND PARAGRAPHS

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### THE BOY

A possible man of affairs, A possible leader of men, Back of the grin that he wears There may be the courage of ten; Lawyer or merchant or priest, Artist or singer of joy, This when his strength is increased Is what may become of the boy.

Heedless and mischievous now, Spending his boyhood in play, Yet glory may rest on his brow And fame may exalt him some day; A skill that the world shall admire, Strength that the world shall employ And faith that shall burn as a fire, Are what may be found in the boy.

He with the freckles and tan. He with the fun-loving grin, And many a battle heights as a man And many abattle may win; Back of the slang of the streets And back of the love of a toy, It may be a great spirit beats-

Lincoln once played as a boy.

Trace them all back in their youth, All the great heroes we sing. Seeking and serving the Truth, President, poet and king, Washington, Caesar and Paul, Homer who sang about Troy, Jesus, the Greatest of all, Each in his time was a boy.

### Ye TOWNE GOSSIP

By K. C. B.

Dear K. C. B.—Going to church last Sunday I noticed a coille dog tied to the church fence, resting serenely with his head between his front paws. When church was out I waited to see what manner of man it was who brought his dog to church. When he came out he was tapping a cane in front of him and made his way to the dog and untied him. Then they went together, the dog leading the blind man, until they had crossed the street a block away. A long block came then and the blind man took the leash off and let the dog romp and play. At the next corner the dog came back to his leash and I watched them until they were out of sight. I thought of you as they went away and I want you to know about it.

Elizabeth, N. J.

MY DEAR Jam.

WHEN I arose.

WHEN I was young. A KINDLY parent. HAD INTENT. TO MAKE of me.

A MINISTER. BUT AS I grew. IT SEEMED to him. AN UNWISE thing.

AND DRIFTING. I BECAME a scribe. AND SO I've stayed. BUT HAD I been.

A MINISTER. WITHIN THE church. AND HAD I seen.

OF WHICH you write. THE WAITING dog. AND HAD I known. WHY HE was there. I WOULD have said.

AT SERMON time. "THE CONGREGATION. "WILL ARISE, "AND TAKE its hat. "AND FOLLOW me." ON THE city street. AND OUT there. WE WOULD have stood. THE WHILE the blind man. TAPPED HIS way. UNTO HIS dog.

AND WE'D have watched, UNTIL THEY'D gone. AND WHEN they'd gone. I WOULD have said. UNTO MY flock. "THE CONGREGATION.

"IS DISMISSED."

AND I'D been glad, I PREACHED so well.



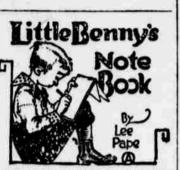
I THANK you.

### Abe Martin



I thought I passed your feet day." said Lafe Bud, t'day, when te got home an' found his sister-in-aw wuz in town fer a visit. We're foin' t' have a lot o 'trouble in th' fears t' come t' locate the axact spariment where some great man waz born.

Old age doesn't kill at sixty. Soft living makes hard livers.



Me and Leroy Shooster was taking wawk this aftirnoon tawking about diffrent subjecks nuthing in partickler, and we started to go past the Little Grand and jest then there was a lot of clapping inside sounding like everybody clapping on account of something grate, me saying, G. there must be a grate movie in there

today. I wish we was in there insted of out heer, sed Leroy Shooster.

out heer, sed Leroy Shooster.

Wich jest then there was a lot of more clapping as if it was getting better insted of worse. Leroy saying. O boy that must be a grate pickture all rite, G wizz, I never have eny money jest wen I need it the most.

Me neither, Ive noticed that, I sed. And we stood outside lissening to all the clapping and wishing we was inside helping to do it, and jest then a man came out, saying. Do you wunt to go in, boys, wawk rite in if you wunt to go in.

Dont we need eny tickets or eny-

Dont we need eny tickets or eny-thing? I sed and he sed No, wawk rite in, if enybody says enything tell them Mr. Dempsey told you to

MUTT AND JEFF-Good Night!!!



POLLY AND HER PALS-Evidently He Was Just One of Seven









BARNEY GOOGLE—It's a Sure Thing Barney's Losing Sleep, Too

By Billy De Beck

By Cliff Sterrett









wawk rite in, go ahed, wawk rite in. Wich we did, and it was #li lite inside insted of all dark and some man was standing on the stage waving is arms and making a speetch

his arms and making a speetch, saying, And wats more, fello sitizens, I wunt to tell you that unless the law is repeeled this grate country will be grate no longer.

Making everybedy clap like everything and me and Leroy Shooster looked at each other diskusted, me saying. Aw heck, lets go.

Wich we did, and there was a big sine outside saying. The Hon. George P. Jenkins will speek heer this aftirnoon on the evils of Prohibition.

Proving if you get something for nuthing its libel not to be werth it.

## SUNSHINE PELLETS

Soon we'll spade The garden up, Then we'll bed The durn thing down; And then, if needs, (The washing done) We'll plant the seeds From Washington.

F. F. V.-Fight flies vigorously. Waive the worry-Cherish the

Pity the poor fat man with an imperfect 56. Fast living often ends in slow processions.

If thy right eye offend thee-One slip of nature makes the

Money: Some make it, some get it ready made.

microbes and garden seeds.

No man liveth unto himself, vaccination against typhold.
Clean thy back yard for thy neighbor's sake.

Money talks glibly when In the summer the city dweller say on public health measures.

Better hungry at eighty than forsakes urban sanitation for rural Dust on the food is death to the

there should be no vaciliation about Money talks glibly when speak-

If you are planning a wacation, there should be no vaciliation about Huge aches from little toe corns

Every sleeping porch is a sum-

CASEY THE COP—Bottled Courage!

eprouts files.

By H M. Talburt





#### "THAT LITTLE GAME" By B. Link

