

A PAGE OF FUN AND FROLIC IN PICTURES AND PARAGRAPHS

Just Folks

Copyright, 1922, by Edgar A. Guest.

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 or 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 a battle 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

Copyright 1922, by Star Company.
By K. C. B.

Dear K. C. B.—Going to church last Sunday I noticed a collie 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 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,
OF WHICH you write,
AND HAD I seen,
THE WAITING dog,
AND HAD I known,
WHY HE was there,
I WOULD have said,
WHEN I arose,
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 WED 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 Late Bud, today, when he got home and found his sister-in-law in town for a visit. We're "ears" to come to locate the exact apartment where some great man was born.

Old age doesn't kill at sixty.
But living makes hard lives.

Little Benny's Note Book

By Lee Pope

Me and Leroy Shooter was taking a walk this afternoon talking about different subjects nothing in particular, and we started to go past the Little Grand and just 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 insterted or out heer, sed Leroy Shooter.
Wich jest then there was a lot of more clapping as if it was getting better insterted of worse, Leroy saying, O boy that must be a grate picture all rite, G wizz, I never have any money jest wen I need it the most, Me neither, I've noticed that, I sed, And we stood outside listening to all the clapping and wishing we was inside helping to do it, and jest then a man came out, saying, Do you want to go in, boys, wawk rite in if you want to go in.

Dont we need any tickets or anything? I sed, and he sed, No, wawk rite in, if anybody says anything tell them Mr. Dempsey told you to

MUTT AND JEFF—Good Night!!!

By Bud Fisher



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

By Cliff Sterrett



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

By Billy De Beck



SUNSHINE PELLETS

By W. F. Thompson

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 cheer.

Pity the poor fat man with an
imperfect 56.

Fast living often ends in slow
processions.

If thy right eye offend thee—
see an oculist.

One slip of nature makes the
whole world grin.

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

Better hungry at eighty than
overfed at forty.

Warm weather sprouts flies,
microbes and garden seeds.

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

In the summer the city dweller
forsakes urban sanitation for rural
insanitation.

If you are planning a vacation,
there should be no vacillation about
vaccination against typhoid.

Money talks glibly when speak-
ing of pleasures, has nothing to
say on public health measures.

Dust on the food is death to the
eater.

Watch the mercury rise, efficiency
fall.

Huge aches from little toe corns
grow.

Every sleeping porch is a sum-
mer resort.

CASEY THE COP—Bottled Courage!

By H. M. Talburt



"THAT LITTLE GAME"

By B. Link

