

# Laughs Make You Live Longer--Here's a Page of Lite

By **BUD FISHER**

**MUTT AND JEFF**— As a Radio Operator, Jeff Is the Lizard's Leggings.



**CASEY THE COP**— Soak Him Officer!

By **H. M. TALBURT**



**BARNEY GOOGLE**— Barney Did All He Could Till It Began to Cost.

By **BILLY DE BECK**



**THEM DAYS IS GONE FOREVER**— Something Hard For Beginners.

By **AL. POSEN**



**POLLY AND HER PALS**— The Perkins Family Celebrates.

By **CLIFF STERRETT**



## Just Folks

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### AMERICA.

Land of all that's best on earth,  
Land of laughter and of mirth,  
Now we celebrate your birth.

To the sound of horn and drum  
Hear the grateful voices hum  
As your loving children come.

May your torch of freedom shine  
As a symbol and a sign  
Of a never-ending line.

Land where merry children play  
Round your feet from day to day,  
You shall conquer Time's decay.

Brighter, brighter glow your skies  
Where the starry banner flies  
As the generations rise.

Land of freedom, land of truth,  
Man feels winter's cruel tooth  
But each day renews your youth.

There are songs for you unsung,  
Clearer bells that shall be rung,  
Always shall your heart be young.

When the greatest of our race  
Shall depart, a shining face  
Shall come forth to take his place.

You shall never stand alone  
As the old whose young have flown,  
Youth eternal you shall own.

These our children, when we're gone  
You shall have to lean upon,  
They shall pass your glory on.

Not a weakling race we breed,  
Prey to lust and passion's greed,  
But the manhood you shall need.

While for freedom men shall yearn,  
Brightly shall your altars burn  
And this day of days return.

## Ye TOWNE GOSSIP

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By **K. C. B.**

WHAT COULD I do,	AND FEEL a surge,
EXCEPT SIT down,	WITHIN MY heart,
AND WONDER.	AND HEAR it say,
WHY CONVENTION says,	IF I would take,
THAT I'D bring shame,	THESE TWO small hands,
INTO MY home,	AND LEAD them,
IF I arose,	OUT OF babyhood,
AND WENT my way,	TO GIRLHOOD,
IN SEARCH of joy,	AND TO womanhood,
THAT I'M denied,	THAT I would find,
WITHIN MY home,	IN DOING this,
AND THEN, maybe,	SURCEASE,
WHILE I sat there,	OF ALL my selfish woes,
THERE'D COME to me,	AND I would learn,
TWO OF the hands,	THAT IT is true,
FROM OUT the chain,	THE GREATEST griefs,
OF SIX small hands,	WE THINK we have,
AND MAYBE,	ARE PASSING things,
I WOULD take these hands,	THAT DISAPPEAR,
AND PRESS them close,	WITHIN THE joy,
AGAINST MY cheek,	OF BEARING griefs,
	THAT OTHERS have,



I THANK you.

## SUNSHINE PELLETS

By **W. F. THOMPSON**

To make you look thinny  
(Though this may sound tough),  
Get up from your dinner  
Before you're enough.

Procrastination is the thief of  
teeth.

Preventive medicine is never  
patented.

When early, tuberculosis is cura-  
ble.

Camp duties: Fry fish and fight  
flies.

Typhoid fever is now essentially  
rural—so are vacations.

When a baby doesn't cry there is  
something the matter with it.

Why "predigested" foods for those  
whose digestions are normal?

Nourish flies and your baby from  
the same bottle and you'll lose the  
baby.

A headache that requires a nas-  
cotic means more headache and  
more narcotic.

If we would chew more natural  
foods we would have more natural  
teeth.

From a standpoint of good health,  
brushing the teeth is more impor-  
tant than washing the face.

"Roll Tops" Obsolete.

The "efficiency sock" has sup-  
planted the rolled stocking.—News  
Item. Rolled stockings were evi-  
dently drawbacks.

Ruination.

The girls may or may not be ruin-  
ing their figures by scrapping the  
corset, but they're most certainly  
ruining some of the corset makers.

Yes—Quite Often.

When they say "her dress was a  
sensation" they generally mean the  
lack of it.

They Might Have Called Her Dimple.

Lota Cheek is the real name of a  
beautiful young lady who is helping  
to add interest to one of the musical  
shows in New York. Her parents  
must have been disappointed be-  
cause she wasn't a boy.