

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

Just Folks

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The Lay of the Troubled Golfer

His eye was wild and his face was taut with anger and hate and rage. And the things he muttered were much too strong for the ink of the printed page. I found him there when the dusk came down, in his golf clothes still was he, And his clubs were strewn around his feet, as he told his grief to me: "I'd an easy five for a seventy-nine—in sight of the golden goal—An easy five and I took an eight—an eight on the eighteenth hole!"

"I've dreamed my dreams of the seventy men, and I've worked year after year, I have vowed I would stand with the chosen few ere the end of my golf career; I've cherished the thought of a seventy score, and the days have come and gone And I've never been close to the golden goal my heart was set upon. But today I stood on the eighteenth tee and counted that score of mine, And my pulse raced with the thrill of joy—I'd a five for a seventy-nine!"

"I can kick the ball from the eighteenth tee and get this hole in five, But I took the wood and I tried to cross that ditch with a mighty drive— Let us end the quotes, it is best for all to imagine his language rich, But he topped that ball, as we often do, and the pill stopped in the ditch; His third was short and his fourth was bad and his fifth was off the line, And he took an eight on the eighteenth hole with a five for a seventy-nine."

I gathered his clubs and I took his arm and alone in the locker room I left him sitting upon the bench, a picture of grief and gloom, And the last man came and took his shower and hurried upon his way. But still he sat with his head bowed down like one with a mind astray, And he counted his score card o'er and o'er and muttered this doleful whine: "I took an eight on the eighteenth hole, with a five for a seventy-nine!"

Ye TOWNE GOSSIP

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By K. C. B.

Dear K. C. B.—Suppose you were driving your car on a country road and an inoffensive looking man came out of the woods and hailed you as you approached and you stopped and something told you right away that the man was an escaped convict and he admitted it and he was young and didn't look vicious and he told you he had been convicted of participation in a pay roll holdup and it was his first job, and he got 15 years, and you believed him, and he had been two days hiding in the woods and you had read in the paper about his escape and the usual reward, and he was weak and had no weapons, and he wanted a lift and something to eat, what would you do?

HORACE D.

MY DEAR Horace,
I'D HIT him on the head.
WITH A wrench or something.
AND DRAG him in the car.
AND HURRY him back.
TO THE penitentiary.
AND GET the reward.
OR I'D make him believe.
I WAS going to help him.
AND TAKE him in.
AND THEN betray him.
OR MAYBE I'd shoot him.
IF I had a gun.
AND TAKE his body.
AND DELIVER it.
ONE OF these things.
I'D HAVE to do.
FOR ANYTHING else.
WOULD PUT me down.
AS BEYOND the law.
AND A criminal.

AND LITTLE better.
THAN THE poor convict.
BUT EVEN at that.
I'M NOT quite sure.
I WOULD give him up.
FOR I don't know.
WHAT I might see.
IN THE young man's eyes.
OR I might hear.
IN THE young man's voice.
AND I'M not quite sure.
BUT THAT my heart.
WOULD DRIVE the law.
FROM OUT my head.
I MIGHT just feed him.
AND LEAVE him there.
AND SAY no word.
TO ANYONE.
AND ANYWAY.
I'D LEAVE it to you.
WHAT I would do.



I THANK you.

SUNSHINE PELLETS

By W. F. Thompson

Farmer Tassel—
Whiskered chin—
Hookworm children—
Great big gin.
Surface sewerage—
Well nearby—
Now he's ginnin'
In the sky.

Who bolts his dinner bolts his coffin.

High blood pressure is the price of high living.

Mark you well the endurance of the camel. The camel eats hay.

A healthy brain depends entirely upon the proper mastication and

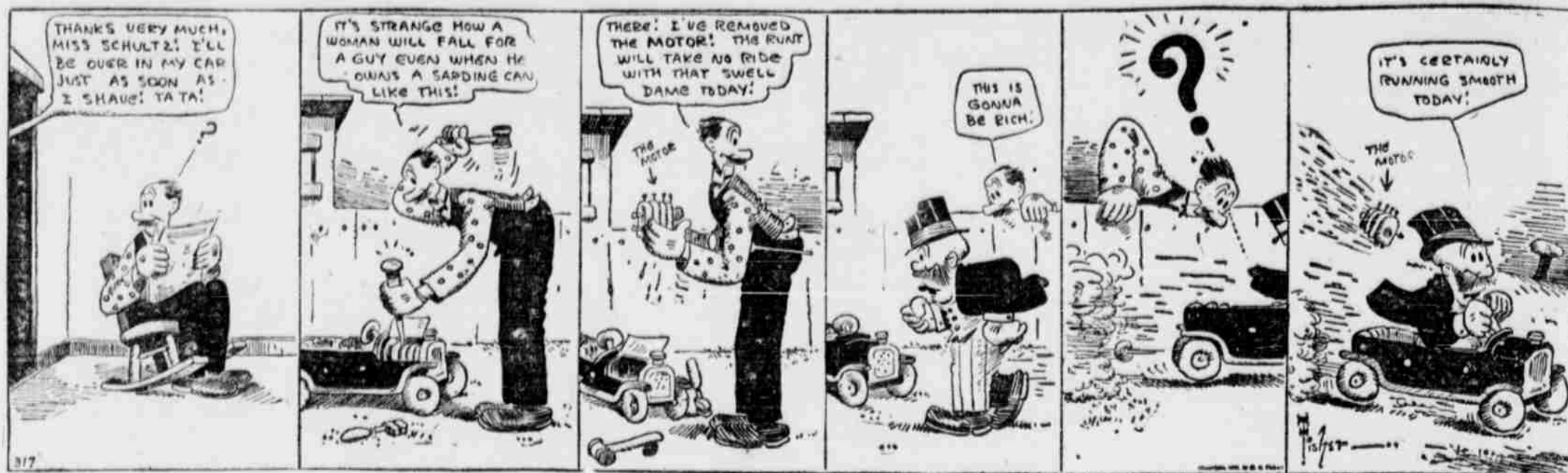
assimilation of food, and a healthy normal assimilation depends upon thorough mastication with healthy teeth.

Performing difficult "stunts" is not physical exercise. That game or thing which stimulates the mind, the muscles, and the emotions—in moderation—is true physical exercise.

Deliver us from the pious old deacon that ornaments the amen corner on Sunday, then waxes fat on the labor of under-fed and under-paid women and children on Monday. If that's religion, he'll be a candy kitchen.

MUTT AND JEFF—It Runs On Its Reputation.

By BUD FISHER



POLLY AND HER PALS—When a Complaint Is Not a Complaint.

By CLIFF STERRETT



CASEY THE COP—No Danger!

By H. M. TALBURT



BARNEY GOOGLE—Barney's Looking for a Trainer with Real Experience.

By BILLY DE BECK



THEM DAYS IS GONE FOREVER—Man This On Your Mandolin.

By AL. POSEN

