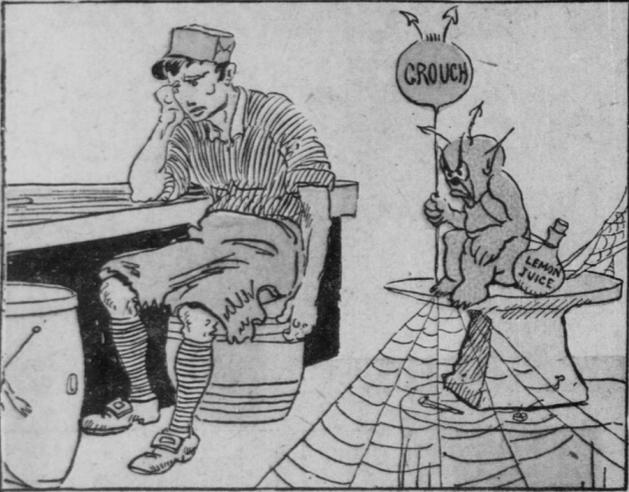
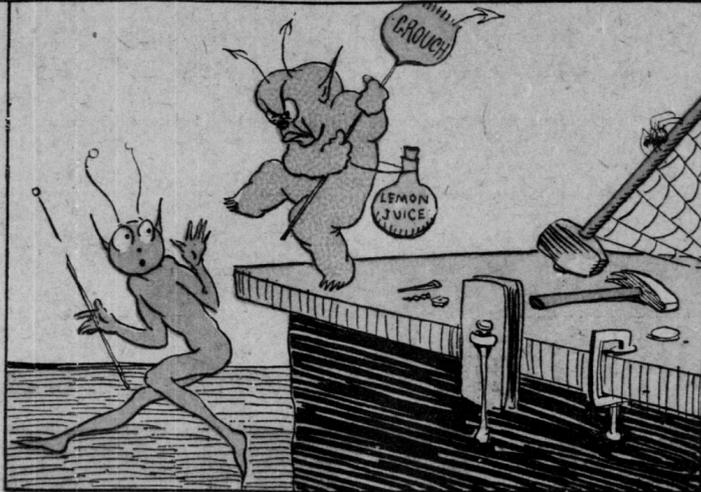


# WHISK--He Drives Away a Workman's Grouch--By Walt Kuhn.



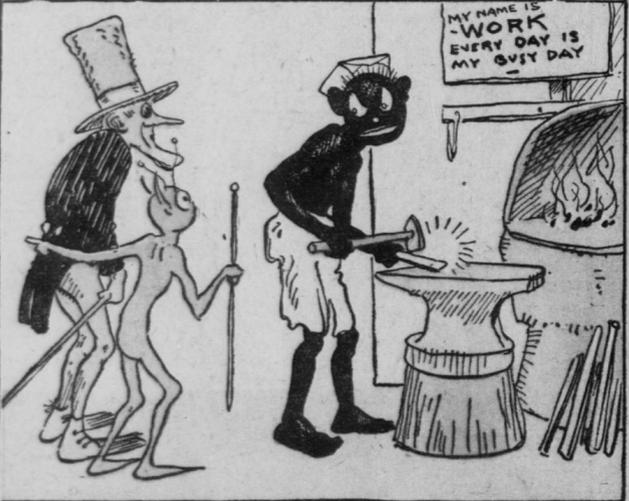
"'Tis very hard to be content," said the workingman, "I find."  
No wonder, for, as you can see, there sits old GROUCH behind.



WHISK tries to drive the imp away—it seems he can't succeed,  
GROUCH simply will not leave the man—he's of the sticking breed.



WHISK meets a little funny man, you may remember him.  
Who has the happy faculty of guessing every whim.



So then they called on FAIRY WORK, who rarely takes a rest,  
And tho' he was a busy elf, he said he'd do his best.



He thrashed that GROUCH and sent him off—he did it by himself,  
For where there's work there's never room for any grouchy elf.



The blacksmith's voice rang out in song when GROUCH had disappeared,  
And WHISK in cheering up the man himself was greatly cheered.

# THE BAD DREAM THAT MADE BILL A BETTER BOY



WHAT BILL DREAMED THAT NIGHT

