

JOHNNY'S LETTER



new york—there is 1 swell wren in this town that aint got no common kind of a feller on her string

he is culchured just like a 5th ave-
noo guy

her name is mamie, I know, be-
cause i herd the other gurl call her
that when they got in the sub this
mornin

just like gurls they began talkin
about there fellers as soon as they
got in & told each-other where they
was at the evening befour at a dance

gee, i gotta peech of a feller now,
mamie told the other 1, and the other
1 says you have & what is he like

then mamie spent a long time tell-
in what he looked like & how smart
he was, being a gent who bosses the
common men that unlodes boats in
hoboken

you cood tell he was culchured,
mamie says, when he went to a res-
tant to get some thing to eat

when we had coffee he poured it
into a saucer to cool, but he didn't
blow on it like common peepel do—
he fanned it with his hat

my goodness, the other gurl said,
he must be like them fellers you read
about in the novels, but what wood
he have done if he had left his hat
hanging up somewheres

but mamie dident know

THEN THEY CLINCHED

"Your boy licked my Johnny. You
should lecture him for hitting a boy
smaller than himself."

"Is that so! Well, you just go back
and lecture your kid on the impru-
dence of talking sassy to a boy big-
ger than he is."

CHESTNUT CHARLIE



THERE'S A DEAD IMAGE
OF HIMSELF!



HOW— WHY IS AN AUTHOR OR SPORT
WRITER



SH—H—H— NOT
A SOUND!!



BECAUSE A (TALE) COMES
OUT OF
HIS HEAD!



WILLIE'S SUGGESTION

"Mamma, can't I give baby a bite
of my apple?"

"He has no teeth to bite with yet,
dear."

"Can't I get him yours, mamma,
They're on the bureau."