

A PAGE OF FUN AND FROLIC IN PICTURES AND PARAGRAPHS

Just Folks

Copyright, 1922, by Edgar A. Guest.

OUR CHILD AND THE NEIGHBOR'S CAT

They are taking care of their neighbor's cat And making a very good job of that, For the next-door lady was called away So what could they do and what could they say When she asked in her absence if they would see That her cat was fed as she ought to be?

Now the cat is a puss that is highly bred And on dainty foods must be daily fed; She's a costly thing, as you may infer, And the common cats mustn't play with her, And not for the world would they dare to let Disaster come to their neighbor's pet.

They fret at night and they fret by day For fear that Miss Tabby may run away; The very last thing that they do at night Is to see that the neighbor's cat's all right, They never could rest if their charge should roam And perhaps be lost when their friend comes home.

God loaned them a child, but he didn't say: "Look after my baby while I'm away." So they seldom worry and seldom fret For he isn't ranked as a neighbor's pet, And never they trouble to count the cost Or what God will say if his child be lost.

He's one of God's children, but what of that, He's not the same as a neighbor's cat. For soon will the neighbor be home to find If they've been true to their trust and kind, And they fear her wrath, but it strikes me odd They're never afraid of the wrath of God.

Ye TOWNE GOSSIP

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

Dear K. C. B.: On the wall in the shack where I batch with two little motherless boys there is an old newspaper with an ad. the heading of which reads: "The Man Who Paid." It caught my eye one evening as I was cooking, and what a train of memories it did bring! It worried me so much that I wanted to tear it down and oftentimes I have had to pull myself back with a jerk, and some one has said that in that way lies madness. Then I thought of many others who are paying for past follies and that I was not the only one who paid. So I have left it there just as a reminder.

You may print this or not as you see fit. I am only a ranch laborer, not trying to break into print, and I have no one to talk to. You know what that means.

"THE MAN WHO PAID."

Cucamonga, Cal. PAXING FOR follies. IF THEY hurt one's self. AND NO one else. IS NOT so bad. IF IN the paying. WE MAY hurt no one. BUT JUST one's self. AND, TOO. IF WE must pay. FOR FOLLIES. THAT HAVE hurt some one. AND SHE is here. OR HE is here. IT'S NOT so bad. FOR WE may bring. UNTO THIS one. SOME HAPPINESS. TO HELP repay. FOR SOME old grief. THAT WE have brought. BUT IF it is. THAT WHO it was. WE GAVE that grief. HAS GONE away. BEFORE WE pay. OUR DEBT to her. THEN WE must pay. TO THOSE she loved. AND LEFT behind. AND YOU have two. OF THOSE old loves. AND YOU can pay. AND SHE will know. AND WHAT of peace. WILL COME to her. IN THAT she knows. WILL SOON or late. COME BACK to you. FOR AFTER all. THERE IS no debt. THAT MAN may owe. THAT HE can't pay.



I THANK you.

Abe Martin

Little Bonny's Note Book

By Lee Page

I went around to the store with ma today to carry some of the things, going more because I had to than because I thawt it would give me any pleasure, and on the way home we started to go past the fruit stand and there was a lot of grate big orindges piled up, me saying, G look at the orindges, if they was mutch bigger and not so red you mite think they was candelopes. Wich ma stopped and looked at them, saying to the man, How mutch are the naval orindges? 8 cents apeece, sed the man. Being a skinnie man with a fat muelstah, and ma sed, Well I wunt 3, how mutch would they be sippose I took 2? Well, I tell you, considering its you Ill let you have 3 for 25, sed the man. Thats fare enuff, sed ma. And the man put 3 in a bag, making another packidge to carry but me not minding it on account of wat was in it, and about 2 blocks farther I sed, G ma, holey smoakes, 3 ates 24. Well wat about it, O you meen

WEY MAKE PETS OF THEM? Most men treat their weaknesses with more consideration than they deserve.

MUTT AND JEFF—Jeff Gets a Hunch and Follows It

By Bud Fisher



POLLY AND HER PALS—Pa's Due to Change His Tune

By Cliff Sterrett



BARNEY GOOGLE—Barney Gets Fair Warning

By Billy De Beck

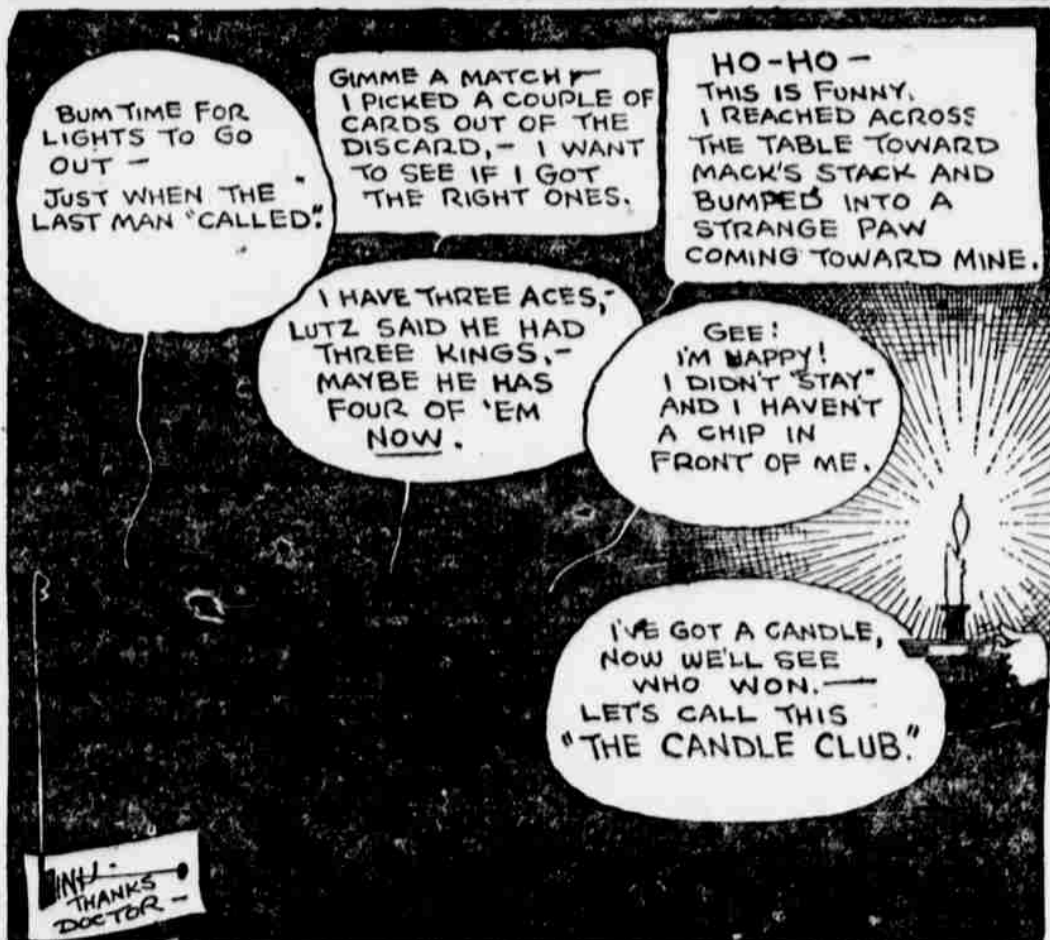


Breakfast Table Wit

Greek Meets Greek. Charles M. Schwab said in an after-dinner speech in Pittsburgh: "The Connecticut Yankee in the business world still holds his own. He may never become a Carnegie or a Rockefeller, but he never becomes a bankrupt, either; a modest million or so contents him. "A Hartford man one day entered a hotel in Honolulu, the Albatross House, and found that the clerk was an American—in fact, a Connecticut Yankee. "How long have you worked here?" said the Hartford man. "Ten years," said the clerk. "What?" said the Hartford man. "You a Connecticut Yankee, have worked here ten years and don't own the place?" "Ah, but you see," the clerk explained, "the boss is a Connecticut Yankee, too." Acted Quite Natural. "Why were you not suspicious of that thief who grabbed a tray of

diamonds and darted out of the door?" "He disarmed suspicion," said the jeweler. "Yes?" "He said he wanted to look at some engagement rings and the fellow acted the part so well he actually stammered and turned red." No Escape From Dilemma. Getting out a newspaper is no picnic. If we print jokes folks say we are silly; if we don't, they say we have no sense of humor. If we publish original matter they say we lack variety; if we publish things from other papers they say we are too lazy to write. If we don't go to church we are heathens; if we do we are hypocrites. If we stay in the office we ought to be out rustling news; if we are out rustling news we are not attending to our business at the office. If we wear old clothes we are not solvent; if we wear new clothes they are not paid for. What in thunderation is a poor editor to do, anyhow? Like as not some editor will say we swiped this from a church. We did.

"THAT LITTLE GAME"—By B. Link



CASEY THE COP—Give Up or Go Up

By H. M. Talburt

