Best Wit and Humor by Famous Artists for Young and Old

THE MERRY WIDOWER. BY GUS MAGER.

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THE HALLROOM BOYS

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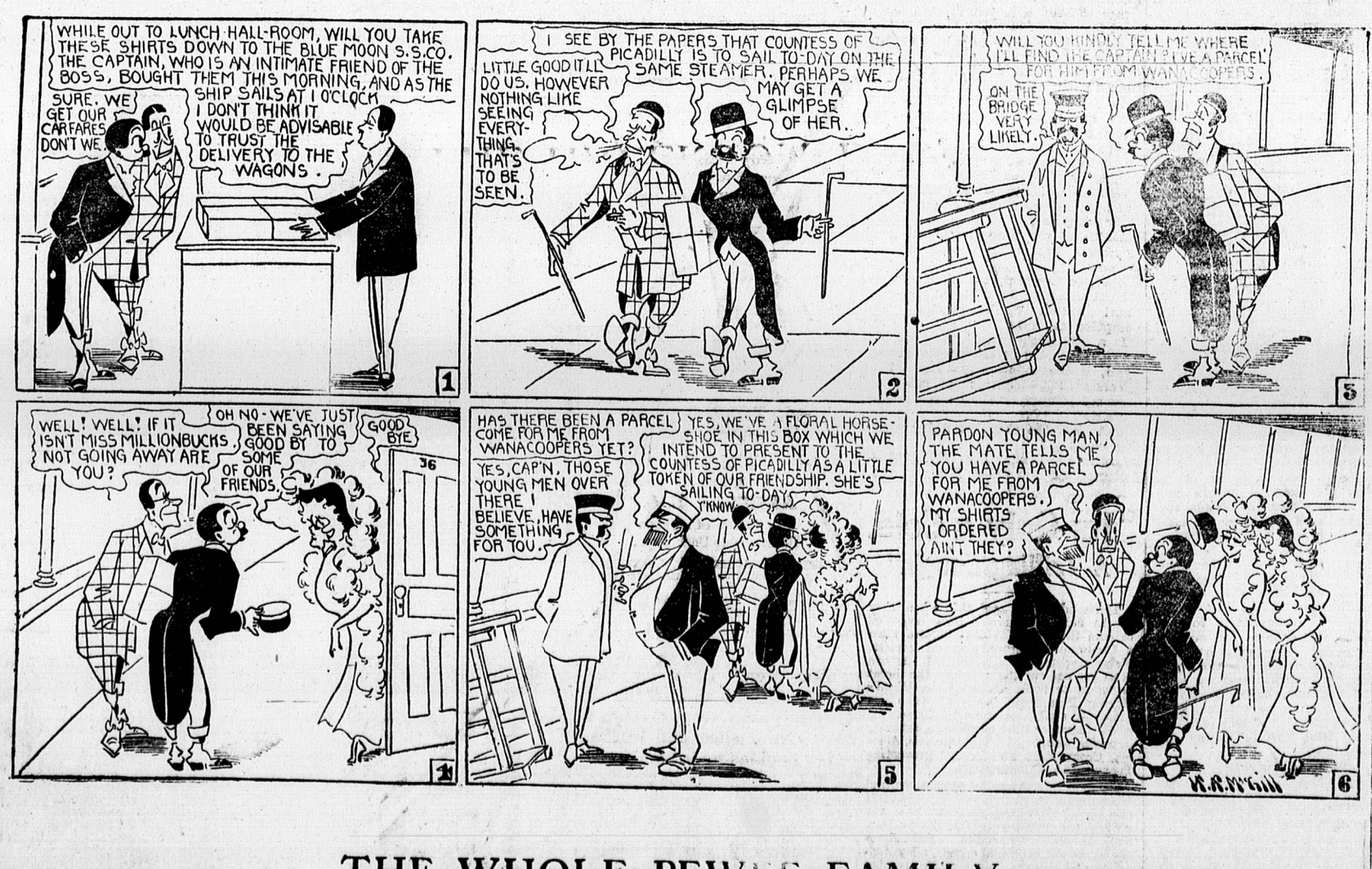

THE WHOLE PEWEE FAMILY

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Bobbie's Slate

He Explains Why Pa Won't Live in Brooklyn

By WILLIAM F. KIRK

I HAD a hard picter to maik on my slate today, it is a picter of the Brooklyn Bridge & the reason I maid the picter wich was vary hard for me to maik was beeknus wen Pa was reeding his paiper the other nite Ma asked him Deerest, why cant we move over to Brooklyn. It is the city of hoams, Ma sed, & all you have to do is to go across the Bridge & then you are thare.

Yes, sed Pa, that is all you have to do & then you are thare. I am a kind & peeceful husband, sed Pa, wich nevver raises much trubbel around the old homested, but wen you try to work me for the Brooklyn thing, sed Pa, thare is nothing doing. We shall stay in this flat on Manhattan Isle as long as we can coax the land-lord to let us stay, sed Pa.

As you say, wife, sed Pa, all you have to do is to cross the Bridge & then you are thare, but O that awful Bridge, sed Pa.

It is vary butiful to look at when thare is sum brite moonlite & it is about wo (2) o'clock in the morning, but any other time in the day or nite wen peepul tries to go across everything is sus-pended, that is why thay call it a suspenshun bridge, Pa sed.

Perhaps you remember the morning I went to Bath Beach to buy that dog for yure cousin, sed Pa.

When Pa Went to Buy a Dog.

I remember it well, sed Ma. It was about ten (10) o'clock wen you left here.

Well, sed Pa, after many weery hours I got across the Bridge & then found out that I had left my pocketbook at the office & had to cum back else I cuddent have bought that dog, sed Pa. After many moar weery hours I got my pocket book & then it was time to cum hoam, so I cident go across the Bridge aggenn.

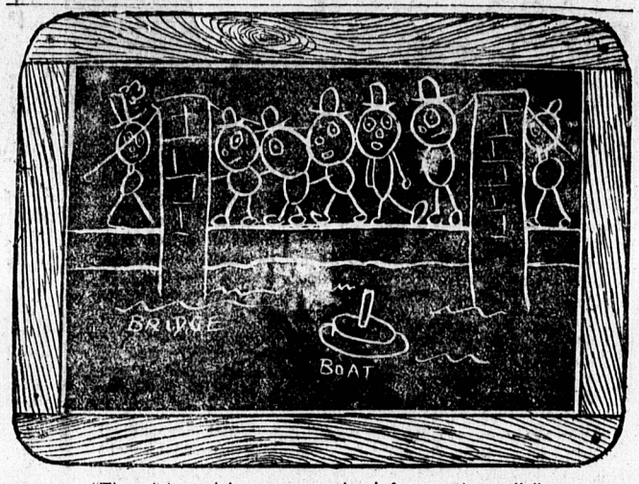
Talk not to me about the Bridge, sed Pa. I wuddent live in the City of Hoams for the wurld.

I remember the day vary well, sed Ma. That saim day I thought I wud give you a surprise so I went across the Bridge & went to Bath Beech & bought the dog & took it way up to Washington Heights & sent it to my cousin & got back to the flat at four (4) in the afternoon & you dident git hoam till the next morning.

I think it is vary strainge & peculiar, sed Ma, that I nevver had any trubbel in the Subway & nevver was kep from my littel flat & my dinner by any of them Bridge crushes or Subway deelays or any of the other anshunt & honorabul ex-cuses you are always handing out. I think that after all I shall go & live in Butiful Brooklyn, the city of hoams, sed Ma.

Go, then, sed Pa, go & talk littel Bobbie, & think of me, lonesum & alone on Manhattan Island like Robison Caruso, sed Pa. Maybe wen you hear that I have parished of lonesumness with nobody to cheer my last minutes excep my man Friday you will weap sum skalding tears.

Go, sed Pa, go to Brooklyn, the city of hoams, & see what kind of a hoam you can find over there.



"The picter wich was vary hard for me to maik."

Pa on the Durability of Luv.

It has always been that way since the beginning of the world, Pa sed. Wimmen is grate hands to luv thare husbands as long as the husbands digs up the coin & lets the ladies live whare thay want to.

But wen the dark days cums, sed Pa, & the ladies wants to live in Brooklyn so they can keep thare husbands away from the White Lites & the bilyard tabels & everything that maks life worth paying for, then, sed Pa, the wolf can no longer be kep from the door. Go to Brooklyn, sed Pa, & good luck to you.

I supposs you want me to go tonite, sed Ma. I suppose you want to drive me out into the stormy nite?

It isent raining, sed Pa, the stars is all out & you mustent hand me any of that meller drammer about being chased out into the stormy nite.

Go to Brooklyn, sed Pa, & leeve me alone with my grate greef. I will try to bear up like a man & nevver squeel, sed Pa. You can start packing now.

Then Ma beegan to cry & sed: O, my deer husband, I will nevver leeve you. How cud I bear to leeve thee, sed Ma. You are the appel of my eye, sed Ma, & not the lemon, like I sed last nite. Forgive me, deer, sed Ma. I cuddent go anywhare without you.

Then Pa winked at me and sed, Bobbie, wen you grow up & have a wife, remember how yure dear old father ran his bluff. I aint the cards you git, sed Pa, its the way you play them.

So we aint going to Brooklyn to live.

Wanted---One Angel!

He Was a Bachelor with a Bald Spot, and Not Wise

"I MIGHT be tempted if I could find exactly the kind of person I want," said the bachelor with the bald spot.

"Well, I must look around for somebody to suit you, then," said the woman who took an interest in him. "Couldn't you give me some idea of your ideal?"

"I might," replied the bachelor. "To begin with, she must be young."

"Why young?"

"Because there is a certain quality in youth that attracts me," said the bachelor with the bald spot. "There are several qualities, on the other hand, that repel me and disgust me. Youthful silliness is something I hate. I dislike giggling girls and girls that are too fond of gayety."

"Consequently I expect you would have some difficulty in finding a young girl who would suit me. I'm afraid you will think me exacting."

"Not at all," replied the woman who took an interest in him. "She must be young, we will say, but not foolish. Do I express it?"

"Exactly. And she must be well-formed, but not a bluestocking."

"She must have the knowledge on that, but not let it run until you want to stop it."

"That is it. And I want her to be feminine, above all things. I wouldn't want a budding suffragette. I'd want her to have spirit, though."

"You wouldn't want her to assert herself against your wishes, for instance, but you'd want her to be able to take her own part with anybody else?"

"Now you're getting at it. But women of that description are rather scarce, aren't they?"

"Good gracious, no! I'm afraid you haven't been keeping your eyes open all these years. Go on."

"Well, perhaps I haven't been as observing as I might. You think, then, that you might be able to find somebody who would answer the few requirements that I have mentioned? Good! Of course, she would have to be accomplished. Musical and all that. You know, I like that sort of thing. A woman should be accomplished, so she can hold her own in any society.

"A woman should be accomplished and attractive—I don't believe I said anything about her looks. I shouldn't want a raving beauty—the kind of girl who would attract disagreeable attention wherever she went; but I should like to have her beautiful, just the same, and graceful. I should want her to dress with taste. Not extravagantly, but with taste and elegance."

"One with the knack of creating dainty and stylish little gowns out of simple and inexpensive materials would meet your views, I presume? And you would want her to be a good housekeeper, too, of course?"

"Are you sneering?" asked the bachelor with the bald spot. "It seems to me that a capability for managing a home and making it a place of comfort and happiness is not to be sneered at. If I couldn't have a home I shouldn't want to get married."

"Then you do want to get married?"

"I told you I might consider it if I could find the right kind of person."

"Then get off the mountain peak and slide for the valley," said the woman who took an interest in him. "My dear friend, you just don't know where to look for your ideal, that's all. Go forth and wander in meditation among the tombstones and read the epitaphs."

"Are they all dead?" asked the bachelor.

"They may not be," replied the woman who took an interest in him, "but if there were such a one what do you suppose she'd want of you? Honestly, now! You wanted a girl with some sense, didn't you?"

"I didn't suppose sense counted in matters of that sort," said the bachelor.

How They Are Fighting Drink

Armies of children all over this country are helping in the great fight for prohibition. This little girl is one of 3,000 children that took part in a recent anti-drink parade in Philadelphia.