

Our Welcome Visitor For  
The Make-up Editor

# CARTOONS MAGAZINE

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### Experience

Chief Deputy: Have you ever had any military experience?  
Applicant: Yes, sir; I was color-sergeant in a beauty parlor.—Cartoons Magazine.

### On Time

"He believes in being on time. doesn't he?"  
"Yes, he even buys things that way!"—Cartoons Magazine.

### Certainly

"Can you keep a secret?"  
"I'll tell the world!"—Cartoons Magazine.

### Warming Him Up

Mabel: "How do you keep the fires of your husband's affections burning?"  
Agnes: "Oh, by hunting up an old flame occasionally."—Cartoons Magazine.

### A Scream of a Name

(One of the monkeys at the zoo is named "Chocolate."—News Note.)

Of this name to get the rightful hang  
You'd better make it "meringue-outang!"  
—Cartoons Magazine.

### Liberal Donation

Stella: How many kisses do you allow Jack when saying good night?  
Mayme: Oh, any given number.—Cartoons Magazine.

### Strike Three And Out

The batter was fanned;  
Oh, what a big fizzle!  
And how he was panned  
When the poor fish fanned  
And made people sizzle  
With rage as they banded  
The batter who fanned  
And proved a big fizzle!  
—Cartoons Magazine.

### Resignation Accepted!

Mr. Assistant: I want to tender my resignation. I—  
Mr. Boss: Never mind making it tender. Make it brief.—Cartoons Magazine.

### Always Does

Browne: Don't be discouraged, my friend; many a man wakes up to find himself famous.  
Towne: Yes, that's the trouble—he wakes up.—Cartoons Magazine.

### Subtle

He asked his girl to marry  
And she answered simply, "Go!"  
As he started off he wondered  
If she meant to infer-no.  
—Cartoons Magazine.

### Age of Cleverness

Teacher: Willie, how old is the United States?  
Willie: It was a Hun-dread and won in 1918.—Cartoons Magazine.

### Not for Him

"Here, boy," said the man to the boy who was helping him drive a bunch of cattle, "hold this bull a minute, will you?"  
"No," answered the boy, "I don't mind bein' a director in this company, but I'm darned if I want to be a stockholder."—Cartoons Magazine.

### All to the Mustard

Bill: Is his suit seasonable?  
Joe: Well, I think it is; it's one of those old salt and pepper suits.—Cartoons Magazine.

### His Name

'Twas Theobald or Archibald—  
Exactitude I lack.  
Except that he ostensibly  
Was plainly bald in back.  
—Cartoons Magazine.

### Beat Her to It

She: I must congratulate you on your improvement in dancing!  
He: Same to you! You are so much more successful in keeping your feet out from under mine!—Cartoons Magazine.

### Bearly Possible

With plenty of bottles and hops,  
A capper to put on the tops,  
With pots, pans and truck  
Jones tried out his luck  
At doin' a little home brewin'!

Ere long he had friends by the score  
Whose hints he would slyly ignore.  
When asked, "How's the brew?"  
Old Jones took his cue,  
And cryptic'ly said, "It's a bruin'!"  
—Cartoons Magazine.

### Those Evening Smells

About the hour of seven one meets  
All kinds of perfumes on the streets.  
Of fowls a scent, of duck a whiff,  
Of cabbage and corned beef a sniff!  
One tracks the pea soup to the spot,  
Where it is piping, steaming hot,  
Or, if 'tis Friday, one inhales  
Still greater sweetness—fish prevails!  
Although we cannot see, we feel  
The presence of the shad, the eel,  
The haddock, salmon, cod and trout—  
We know they're there without a doubt!  
And smack our lips in expectation  
Of what we'll get for our collation,  
For naught our appetite compels  
Like evening smells—those evening smells!  
—Cartoons Magazine.

### The Difference!

Three weeks once meant the title of a book. Now it means how long the cook stays!—Cartoons Magazine.

### Liberal Donation

Stella: How many kisses do you allow Jack when saying good night?  
Mayme: Oh, any given number.—Cartoons Magazine.

### They're Biting

If I could rope the suckers in  
And fool 'em by the dozen,  
The laurel wreath I'd strive to win  
From Mr. Harding's cousin.  
—Cartoons Magazine.

### When

Jack: "Which do you consider the best years of a woman's life?"  
Mac: "Oh, the first five years she's eighteen, I should say!"—Cartoons Magazine.

### Just Out

Percy Monk: "Why that bandage around your head? Have you been ill?"  
Mary Camel: "I'll say so! Flat on my back for two weeks!"—Cartoons Magazine.

### The Film Condensors

I don't believe in censors,  
And hence, incensed am I  
When the frigid film condensors  
Coolly cut the custard pie;  
When they've scooped out all the filling,  
Whittled slap-sticks to saw-dust,  
What is left, I ask, that's thrilling?  
You can bet they've got the crust!  
—Cartoons Magazine.

### Oft in the Still-y Night

Jack and Jill  
Went to a still  
And with a man did dicker.  
When they came back,  
They had no jack  
And but a jill of licker.  
—Cartoons Magazine.

### Their Secret Ambitions

Beau Brummel: To be a vagabond.  
Lady Godiva: To be the best-dressed woman in the world.  
Medusa: To be admired for her beauty.  
Helen of Troy: To be admired for her wisdom.  
Catherine the Great: To live in a cottage.  
Diogenes: To live in a palace.  
The Duke of Wellington: To be a sailor.  
Lord Nelson: To be a soldier.  
Dante: To be a policeman.  
Chopin: To keep a candy-store.  
Grimaldi: To be a tragedian.  
David Garrick: To be a clown.  
Velasquez: To be a bullfighter.  
—Cartoons Magazine.

### An Observation

Oh, two-faced people are, I claim,  
(With lots of feeling,)  
By nature suited to the game  
Of double dealing!  
—Cartoons Magazine.

### Hot's in a Name

Weary Editor: It was not for nothing the Scandinavians called their poets "skalds."  
Jaundiced Reader: No, sir. But the Scots went one deeper and called theirs "Burns!"  
—Cartoons Magazine.

### Experience

Chief Deputy: Have you ever had any military experience?  
Applicant: Yes, sir; I was color-sergeant in a beauty parlor.—Cartoons Magazine.

### Explosive

Rastus (after a visit to the doctor): Dat doctah sure am a funny man.  
His wife: How come?  
Rastus: Made me swallah two cartridges filled with powdah, and then tell me I shouldn't smoke. As if Ah would.—Cartoons Magazine.

### Uncle Sam's Worries (Stevenson Americanized).

There's so much blues in the East of U. S.,  
And so much booze in the West of U. S.,  
That it ill behooves any of U. S.  
To say what it thinks of the rest of U. S.  
—Cartoons Magazine.

### In Days of New

In days of old, when knights were bold,  
As we have heard it said,  
The ladies fair would often care,  
And take a knight to wed.

In days of new, when knights are few,  
There never is a chance;  
The ladies fair no longer care,  
They take a night to dance.  
—Cartoons Magazine.

### Pullman Posers

Who is it that searches earth's corners and nooks  
To pick out the names of the sleepers de luxe?  
You notice them here, and you notice them there,  
From Frisco to Brooklyn, Spokane to Bel-laire;  
In search of the dining car through them you run,  
But you find 'mongst their names—not a sensible one!  
Emblazoned on portals in letters of gold,  
They suddenly stare at you, blatant and bold!  
There's Alterton, Bradigan, Cleops, Duzelle;  
Elyria, Fugit, Gavenna, Haswell;  
Itonga, Jaribus, Karmeno, Lusanne;  
Manasket, Narcisco, Obijah, Pedan;  
Quotonah, Ravannah, Sylenus, Tulonne;  
Usilicus, Vera, Wandee, Xenophon;  
Yolanda, Zarepta, and some I forget,  
But I never have found one named Morpheus yet!  
—Cartoons Magazine.

### Dangerous Days

June time, tune time, spoon time;  
June is the month when a maid  
Thinks much, prinks much, pinks much,  
Fussed by the compliments paid.

Wild boys, mild boys, child boys,  
Tease her to say she will wed,  
Praised so, dazed so, raised so,  
Lost is her hand—or her head!  
—Cartoons Magazine.

### Revised Edition

"The shoemaker's children never have shoes"  
Is a proverb we often repeat;  
But "The bartender's children are all out of booze"  
Is a new one, with sadness replete.  
—Cartoons Magazine.

### Under An Umbrella

Under an umbrella trips Marie  
Beside some sentimental fellow:  
Her face is doubtless fair to see  
Under the umbrella.

Her laugh is like a muted cello:  
Ah, would I were that lucky he—  
What things to her I'd tell, O!

What though the streets are showery,  
I would I were young and with her  
Hello!  
I think he's kissing her—one, two, three—  
Under the umbrella!  
—Cartoons Magazine.

### Grass

What a lovely thing to look upon,  
To lie upon, is grass!  
To stroll upon, to roll upon  
To satisfy the soul upon  
While puffs of pollen pass!

What a comfy thing to sit upon,  
To lunch upon, is grass!  
To stray upon, to play upon  
To while the hours away upon,  
With sandwiches—and—Bass!

A glorious thing to run upon,  
To romp upon, is grass!  
To light upon, to write upon,  
In rhymes and metres trite upon  
The same old summer lass!  
—Cartoons Magazine.

### Little Boy Blue

Little Boy Blue met a maiden fair,  
With love-me eyes and golden hair,  
And a smile that was tender and true,  
So he asked her to a swell café,  
(Even as you and I!) the jay!  
And then, of course, Little Boy blew.

She ordered a portion of twelve-dollar quail,  
Eyed the name of the wine that's served in a pail,  
And Little Boy whistled "Phe-w-w!"  
"I'll never take this fair one out again!"  
Then she ordered a meal that drove him insane.  
"I'll be back," he said—and he blew!  
—Cartoons Magazine.

### The Worst Ones

Should Fate vouchsafe to me permission  
To hold the delicate position  
Of killer of the fools of earth  
(Sixty per hour their rate of birth!)  
I'd practice till I grew adept on  
The ones whose gumcuds I have stepped on!  
Strickland Gillilan in Cartoons Magazine.

### Takes the Cake!

Amelia looks with doting eyes  
Upon her dear beau Bobbie,  
Finding each day some closer ties,  
Some common fad or hobby  
On which she fondly muses,  
Or says, with tender sigh:  
"Mother, I find Bob uses  
The very same soap as I."  
—Cartoons Magazine.

### A Movie Queen

She was a siren of the film,  
A real star, so to speak.  
I haven't space herein to quote  
Her salary per week.  
Her gowns outdid society's  
Extremest styles, because  
Consisting of a string of beads  
And strip of silver gauze.  
Her name upon the posters smacked  
Of lilics and the moon,  
And rippling waters and romance,  
For it was Clare De Lune.  
But where her dad and mother lived,  
Around in Hogan's Alley,  
She answered to the monniker  
Of Mary Ann O'Malley.  
Minna Irving in Cartoons Magazine.

### The Smoking Siren

A pretty, piquant, pouting pet,  
Who likes to muse and take her ease;  
She loves to smoke a cigarette!  
To dream in silent hammockette,  
And sing and swing beneath the trees;  
A pretty, piquant, pouting pet!  
Her Christian name is Violet;  
Her eyes are blue as summer seas;  
She loves to smoke a cigarette!  
As calm as babe in bassinette,  
She swingeth in the gentle breeze;  
A pretty, piquant, pouting pet!

She ponders o'er a novelette;  
Her parasol is Japanese;  
She loves to smoke a cigarette!

She loves and fumes without a fret;  
Her frills are white, her frock cerise;  
A pretty, piquant, pouting pet!

She almost goes to sleep, and yet,  
Half-lulled by booming honey bees,  
She loves to smoke a cigarette!

A winsome, clever, cool coquette,  
Who flouts all Grundian decrees,  
A pretty, piquant, pouting pet,  
She loves to smoke a cigarette!  
La Touche Hancock in Cartoons Magazine.