

KNOCKING THE NEIGHBORS

He laughed brutally at the low comedy Shoes with the swollen Promontories and the Trousers with the double Reef and the folding Cuffs and the Hair with the Patent-Leather Gloss.

Mother sat back tapping her Foot and trying to hold in, but she was Sore as a Crab, for she loved her Lambkin.

Finally she could not stand it any longer, so she rushed to Boudoir and produced from Bureau Drawer the Tintype which Papa had slipped to her just 8 weeks before they faced the Justice of the Peace at Akron, Ohio.

It was the True likeness of a Male Hyena whose Hair was combed low on the Forehead into a gummy and passionate Cow-Lick.

He had one of those Gates Ajar Collars that was primarily intended to display the Adam's Apple in all of its naked Splendor.

The Shirt was ruffled the same as the