SIDE TALKS.

hard for us to measure anyone else's experiences of any sort but the matter



hese snowp days have ple in this old world," he laughed." or me to find food. But "I've learned a trick or two to carry bunny's fur overcoat.

"Another mean thing he did was to

Jay, with a laugh. "Follow me, and off

many spoons have you stolen from the

"Dear me," thought the little rabbit rom his hiding place behind the hay-

stack. "Jimmy Jay is certainly a bad

fellow," and the bunny boy hopped

over to speak to the good old dog As for Jimmy Jay, he thought it wise

farmer's wife?"



think he nearly deafened the old owl by screaming.

the daylight, was nearly frightened to death. I think he nearly deafened the old owl by screaming Jay-jay-jay as he chased him through the woods." "Dear me," sighed the little rabbit. "what a lot of disagreeable things I've heard to-day. I'm going home to

mother. She'll tell me something sweet!

and good-maybe a fairy story. Good-

bye," and back to the dear Old Bram-

ble Patch hopped the little rabbit, his

Last autumn I stored away many a his back and his red-striped candy

A DRAMA OF FATE, featuring

Edna Purviance

Old Chanteys

MOURNFUL SONGS USED IN WORK-ING CAPSTAN.

NING. MIDDLE OR END.

Something else besides the las F. Packard sailed her last voyage. The chantey, the real chantey, the chantey of the fo'c'sle, not of the parlor poet, belonged solely to the days in sight, and chancing to look up at of the sailing ship and will be buried the Big Red Barn, Old Sic'em spied with the ribs of the last American "At your old tricks, eh? Teasing

good folk!" growled the old dog. "How this solemn occasion that the sober crew, toiling away at the main sheet, should have burst forth in the old

Champagne is good and so is rum, Beer is good enough for some, But whisky for my Johnny.

chase poor Old Barney Owl in the ginning, middle or end, so that they grog reef: lent themselves to a continuous per- I have two brothers and they are formance. They generally had "grog" as the motif and the misery of Jack affoat for the antiphon.

Yet in their right setting of tar and cordage and seamen's kits, rough weather and rougher human nature, they had the same penetrating quality as folk songs, gospel hymns and negro melodies, in their respected and more respectable spheres.

In one of the old favorites the chantey man would start: 'O, the mate came up in a terrible stanza:

So early in the morning

And the crew would roar out lustily "Heave away, tear away, stamp away

early in the morning the likes his bottle-o." The song followed the fortunes of

tain's cabin to the cook's gallery. with the chorus emphasized between each two short verses. Another song of gloomy sentiment, whose tune, however, was admirably

"They call me hanging Johnny ..., Hurray! hurray!

Because I hang so many....
So hang boys, hang?
I hung my sister Sally
hurray! hurray!

Majestic Theatre To-Day.

"A Woman of Paris?

And I swung her in the galley. . . . So hang, boys, hang!" fate of the whole of Johnny's family, its only redeeming feature being that it didn't mention grog. Another example of the old-time deep-sea sailorman's rollicking disgruntlement with

Dang his old body, whack-fol-der-ol-Dang his old body, whack-fol-der-ol-

another combination of Jack's miseries and Jack's grog:

It serves me alike in all weather:

it's all for my grog and tobacco. This song goes through the entire

One that might be called more

Hurray, hurray, for old mamm

· Sing Sally O. whack-fol-der-ray* Sing Sally O, etc. (ad lib).

The tunes were draggy, without be- thing good, but is wrecked on the old

the army One lives in Cork and the other in Killarney. ch-a-ring a ding a dong, there's whisky in the jar!

There was a favorite song in the fo'c'sle of the old British limejuicers. It was a long song and related the arrest, trial and execution of a Welshman for horse stealing with all the circumstantial evidence of a court report. It was not strictly a chantey, but the chorus is typical. Here is a

He'd broken the long-necked bot-Singing whack-fol-der-ol-diddle-di-

He stole a bay mare and he swore she was white, With his hotheri-mi-titheri-mi-ski-

therum-scruaticum, Fol-der-ol-diddle-dol-diddle-di-day. Another fo'c'sle ditty, not without and the feelings of the crew from the the long-necked bottle-o from the cap- cabin boy to the skipper. It was a follows: simple but true drama of the sailing ship. I wish I had space to reproduce it in full.

"Up spoke a boy of our galiant ship,
And a well-spoken lad was he,
'My father and my mother in Plymouth town do dwell
And this night they'll be thinking of adapted to the labor of hauling, start-

Chorus: 'For the stormy winds do roar, Toys! Toys!!! Toys!!!

Written and Directed by

Charles Chaplin

Cornet and Xylophone Solos -- "A Quaker Down in Quaker Town," Fox Trot, "Follow the Swallow," Killarney, Operatic Rag

in the following Instrumental Programme:

and still more Toysfor

only at the

Premium Department FLAVIN ST.

And the stormy winds do blow. While we poor sailorboys are rarin' to the tops, And the landlubbers lay down be-

The last verse tells the final catastrophe without embellishments. "Then three time s 'round went our

gallant ship,
And three times 'round went she,
And at the third time of her a-goin'

She sank to the bottom of the sea."

Nearly all these old sea song had a pessimistic strain, enlivened only with grog and a meaningless chorus. I pathos, described the sinking of a ship only remember one that extolled the life of Jack affoat, which started as

"One night came on a hurricane, the seas was mountain rollin', When Barney Buntin turned his quid and said to Billy Bowlin,

There's a fine nor'west a'blowin', Bill, hark, don't yer hear it roar now? Lor' help us, how I pity all unlucky folks on shore now.'

With me bow-row-row-Whack-fol-der-iddy-oddy, how-row-

Well, for good or ill, the chantey poetry has passed with the Benjamin F. Packard, and "sails filled with a lusty wind." Yet there are some sinners, in spite of the better conditions that prevail aboard ship to-day, who will not wholly indorse the sentiments of

the Admiral in "Pinafore": "For I hold that on the seas, The expression, 'If you please A particularly gentlemanly tone im

And so do his sisters and his cousins

Times.

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-By Bud Fisher

MUTT, THAT'S

ONLY SOME

BALLAST THOSE

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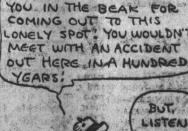
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IVED ment of



AT FIETH AVENUE AND FORTY-SECOND STREET WHERE YOU STAND A CHANCE OF BEING HIT BY A CAR! YOU CAN'T GET HURT OUT IN A DESOLATE PLACE LIKE

WHERE YOU BELONG IS



I GOT A NOTION TO HIT





COME ON . WE'RE GOING

A GUY FLIRTS WITH

DEATH EVERY TIME

He crosses THE

BACK TO THE CITY WHERE













MAYBE MUTT'S RIGHT-BUT-I













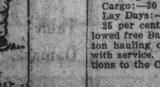












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