



COMIC PAGES



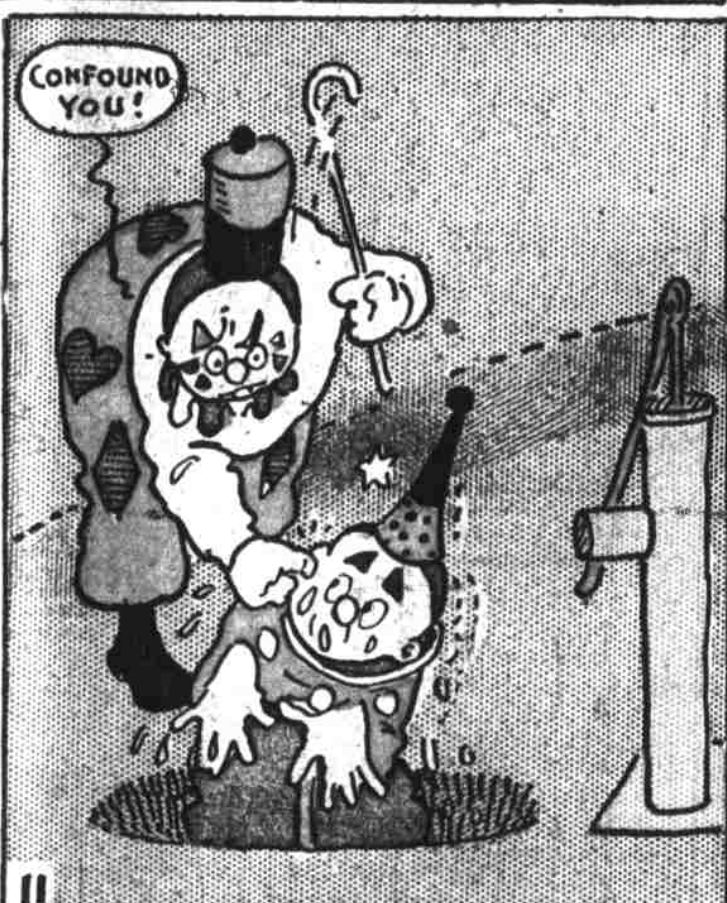
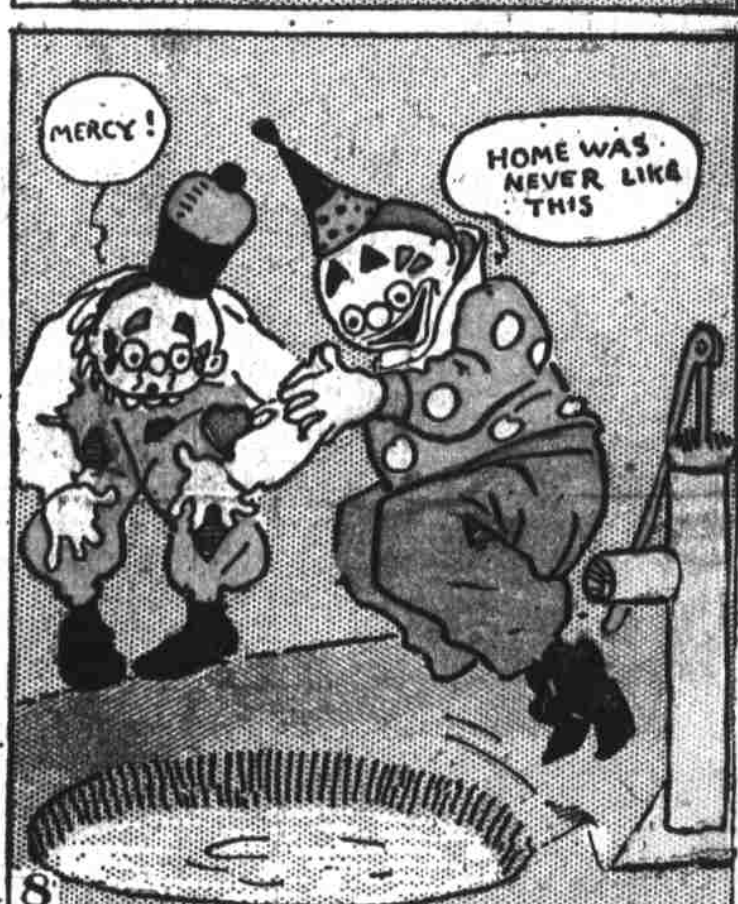
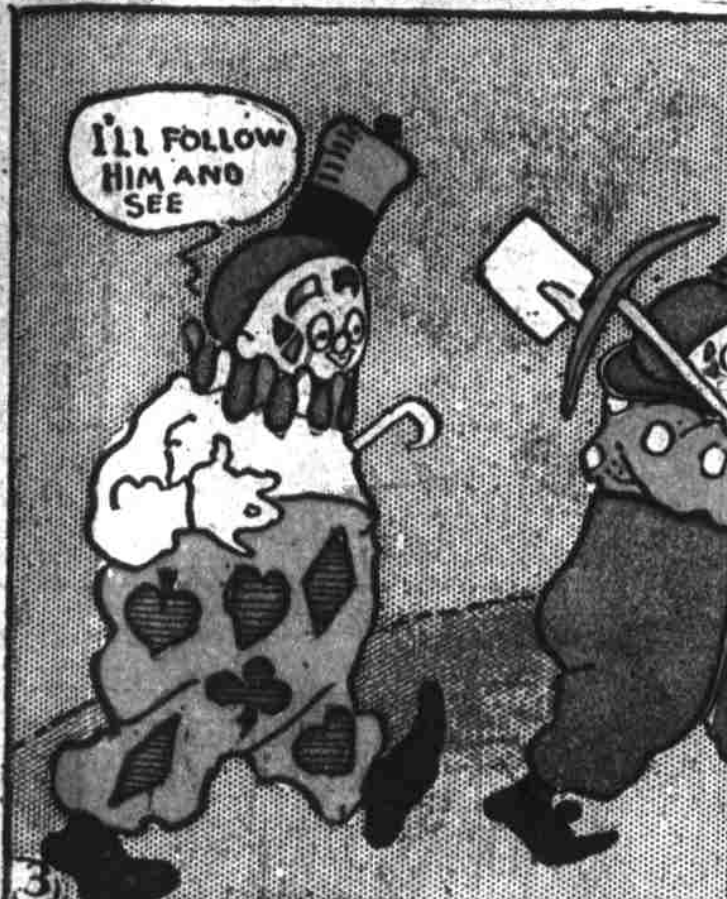
OREGON DAILY JOURNAL

PORTLAND, OREGON, SATURDAY

JAN. 17, 1923.

A FIRST-PRIZE FOOL KILLER.

MISTER CLOWN, Sr. MARVELS AT FIRST, THEN HE WALLOPS HIS FOOLISH HOPEFUL.



PAGES FROM LITTLE EDDIE'S COMPOSITION BOOK

A HORSE

A HORSE IS A 4 LEGGED ANIMAL AN IS CALLED A DOMESTICK ANIMAL. I HEARD A KID FROM BOSTON ONCE WHAT CALLED IT A EQUINE QUADRUPETT AND THE BULLY IN OUR SKOOL THOT THE YOUNG BEANEATER WAS A-CALLIN THE FAITHFUL ANIMAL HARSH NAMES SO THE BULLY TROUNCED THE HIGH FALLUTIN LINGO OUT OF THAT KIDS SYSTUM AN ALL THE OTHER KIDS LARFFED.

A HORSE EATS HAY GRASS AN OATS AN IN SOME RACING STABLES POP ASSETS EATS ITS OWN HEAD.

NOT-WITH-STANDING THE INCROACHES MADE BY THE OTTOMOBYLES AND TROLLY SYSTUM STILL THIS HERE NOBUL ANIMAL STANDS UNDETHRONED IN PUBLIC FAVOR AN UN-DAUNTED GIVES THE HORSE LARFF TO THE HAUGHTY OTTOMOBYLST AND SAYS FUDGE FUDGE FUDGE.



A SISTER

A SISTER IS A FINE CREACHER TO HAVE IN ONES FAMILY SPESHULLY IF SHE HAPPUNS TO BE ONES KID SISTER ITS A CINCH A FELLER CAN MOST ALWAYS BLAME THINGS WHOT HES DID ON TO HIS IN-NOR-CENT SIS AN STAND ACE HIGH IN HIS POPS EYE AN LILY WHITE IN HIS MAWS ES-TIM-A-SHUN.

HOW-SO-EVER A KID SISTER HAIN'T GOT THE STERLING QUA-LITIES OF A MIS-CHIEVOUS KID BROTHER WHEN IT COMES TO SUCKIN THE PAINT AN VARNISH OFF THE NURSERY HOBBY HORSE OR A SPIRIT-TUD PILLER FIGHT NUR IN SHOWIN THE MOST DIRT AFTER A MUD PATTIE, PIE, CAR-NI-VUL.

SISTERS ARE GREAT THINGS TO LOVE BEARLY AN SOME DUBS WHOT HAIN'T GOT NO SISTERS TO LOVE MORT ARLWAYS SPUNGE ON SISTERS WHOT ARE SISTERS TO OTHER FELLERS.

A SNOWBALL

A SNOW-BALL IS A MASS OF SNOW FULL OF PURPOSE AN IS SPHER-ICAL IN DESIGN BUT MORE OFTEN A SNOW-BALL IS DESIGNED TO HIT A UMAN TARGET. A SNOW-BALL WHOT IS EVER MADE OR EVER WILL BE MADE HAS A MISHUN IN THIS HERE WOYLD MANY AN AN-SUS-PECTIN IN-DIVI-JUAL HAS BEEN SOAKED ON THE BACK OF THE NECK FROM SOME UN-SEEN SORCE WITH THESE CON-JEALD SPHER-ICAL LALLA-FA-LOOZAS.

THE ART OF MAKING A SNOWBALL IS FAMIL-IAR TO EVERY KID WORTHY OF THE NAME IN THIS HERE GLORIOUS LAND OF OURN.

A SNOWBALL HAS ITS PATHETIC SIDE FOR THE WICTIM WHO GETS IT IN THE NECK AND ITS SIDE SPLI-TING FUNNY SIDE FOR THE KID WHO LANDS IT.

THERE IS NEVER ANY REAL HARRUM IN SNOW-BALLS ONLY WHEN LIKE BOODLERS ONE GETS CAUGHT.

