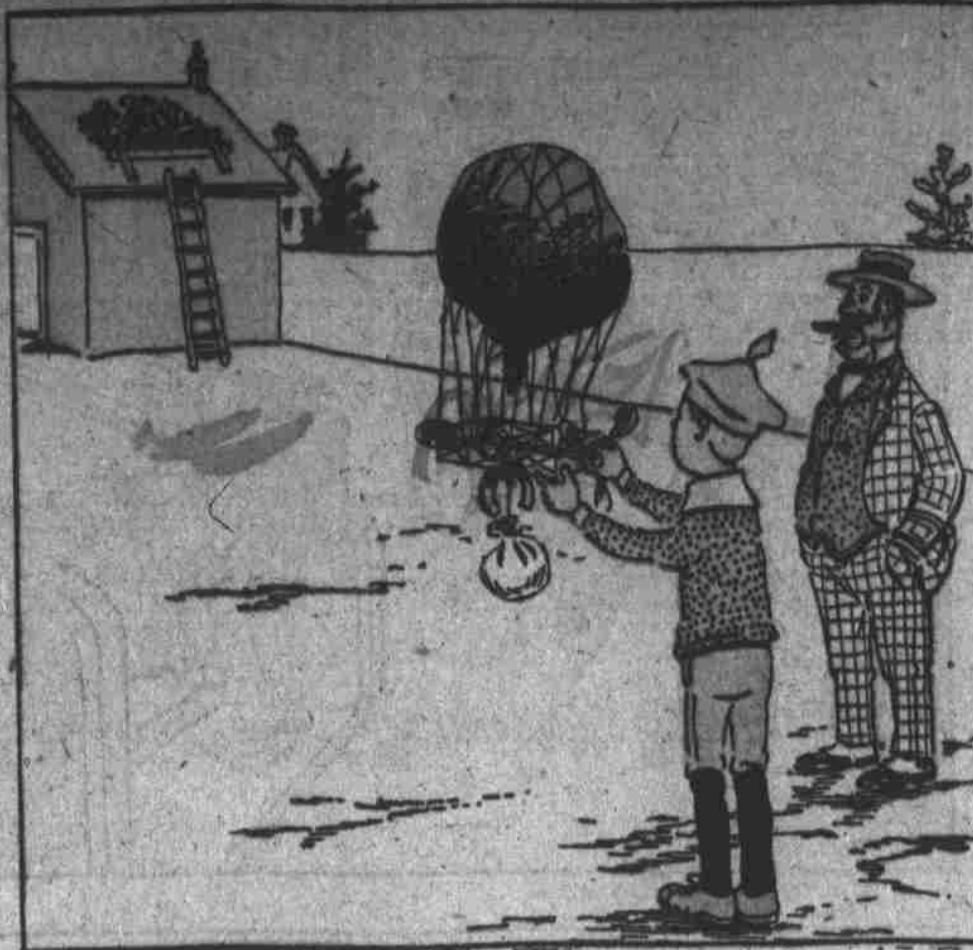
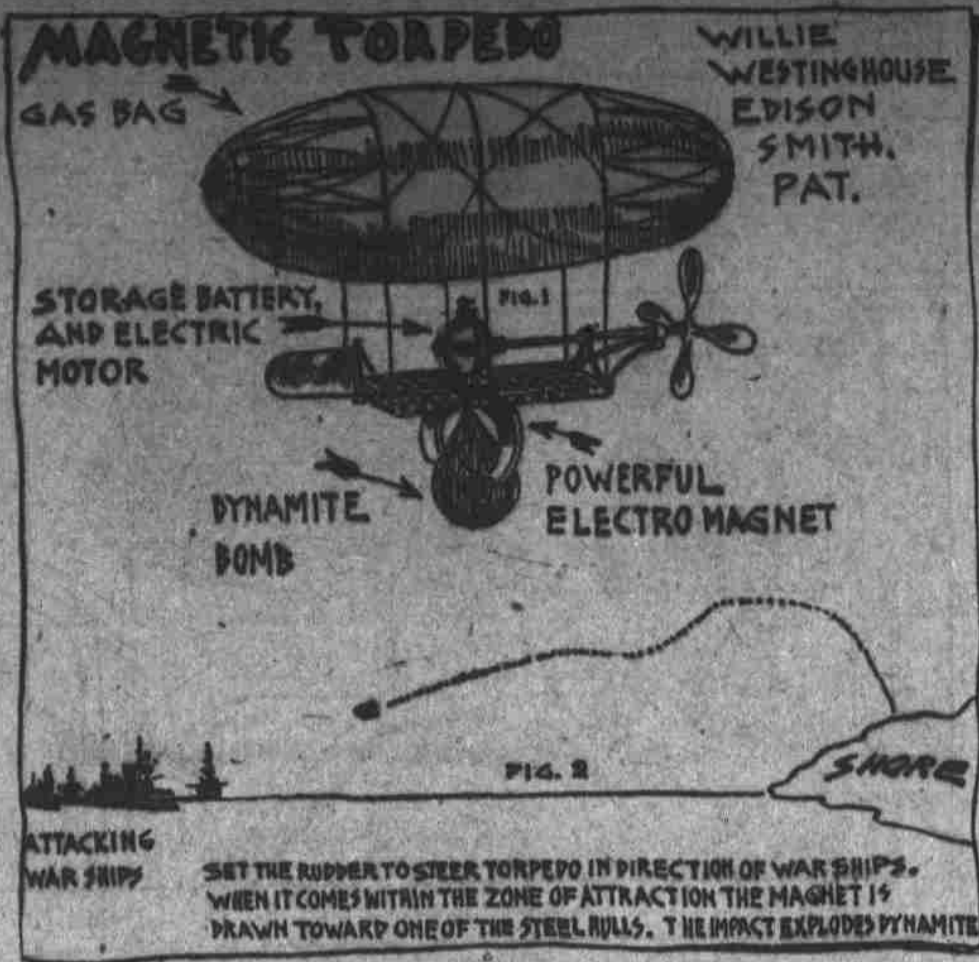


# WHY PAPA CHANGED HIS MIND ABOUT SELLING WILLIE'S LATEST



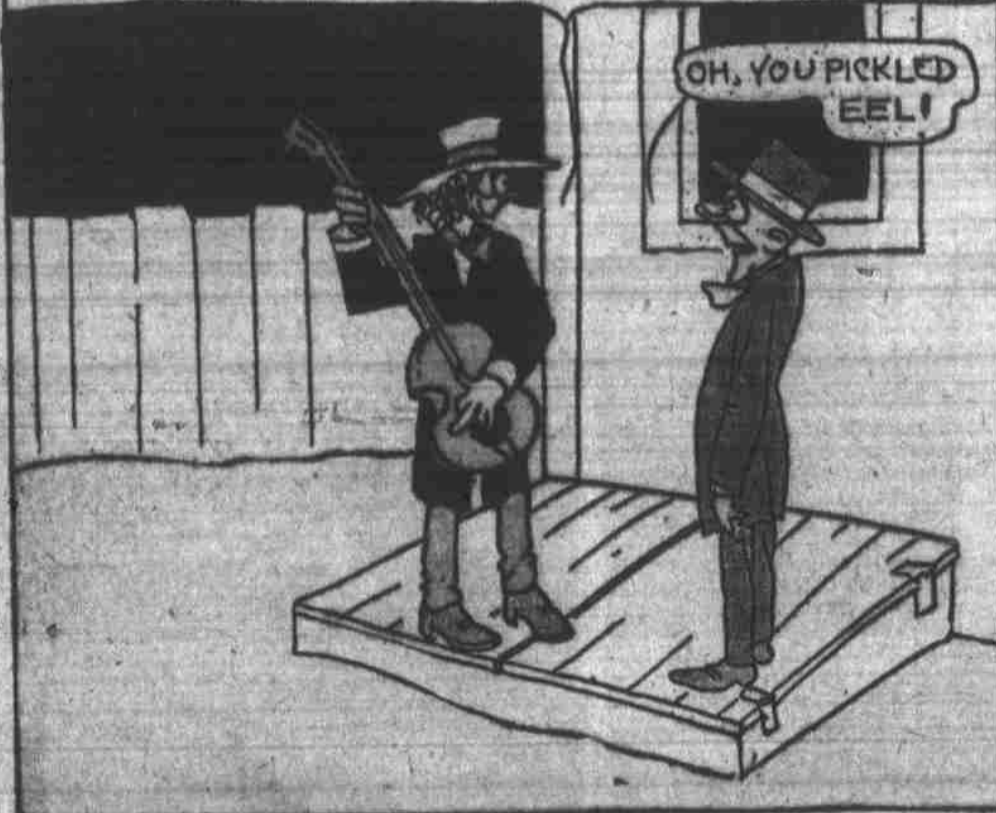
DEAR TOMMY: When I showed Papa a model of this torpedo he was sure he could sell it to the government. I got all the scrap iron I could find and put it on the roof of the garage and we gave it a trial. A bag of lampblack represented the dynamite bomb. The thing started all right, but the rudder got twisted and it went around in circles, finally landing on Papa's head!

Yours, etc  
WILLIE.



# JINGLING JOHNSON'S LOVE COOLS AS THE CELLAR DOOR GIVES WAY

OH, LOVE IS A FEELING THAT CAN'T BE DESCRIBED— YOU FEEL LIKE A BOAT SAIL BEFORE IT HAS JIBED. FORLORN AND FORSAKEN'S THE WAY THAT YOU FEEL, LIKE SOME SICKENED TOM CAT OR POOR PICKLED EEL!



PYG MALION MADE LOVE TO A STATUE— THE STATUE WAS MARBLE— AND DEAD. HIS LOVE-SICKENED PRAYERS DID ENLIVEN THIS COLD MARBLE STATUE, 'TIS SAID.



THE TURTLE DOVE COOS SOFTLY TO HIS LOVE, OH, HOU-KA-ROO, WITH LOVE MY HEART IS HUMMING, SO, SAY THE SAME TO YOU, AND AS EACH HAPPY DAY GOES BY I'LL LOVE YOU MORE & MORE, OH, HEAR THE WHANG OF MY GUITAR UPON YOUR CELLAR DOOR.



OH, LOVE FOR THEE, WE'LL DO A DANCE LIKE MARY GARDEN DOES, SA-LO-ME IS THE OP'RA— IT NO LONGER IS, IT WAS. THE OP'RA SCARED THE MINISTERS AND MOST OLD WOMEN, TOO, IT SCARED 'EM BAD WHEN MARY SAID— OH, COCK-A-DOODLE-DOO!



THE LIGHTNING FLASHED SPITH-ERO JINGO! AND THE THUNDER ROARED LIKE AN OLD RAM. THE FLOOR BEAMS GAVE WAY WITH A BINGO— AND DOWN CAME THE KING OF SIAM!



AWAY WITH LOVE! OH SAD, UNHAPPY DAY, ALL PASSION FLIES WHEN CELLAR DOORS GIVE WAY. I CARE NOT FOR THE STARS THAT SHINE ON THEE, THOSE CELLAR STAIRS RAISED AWFUL BUMPS ON ME.

