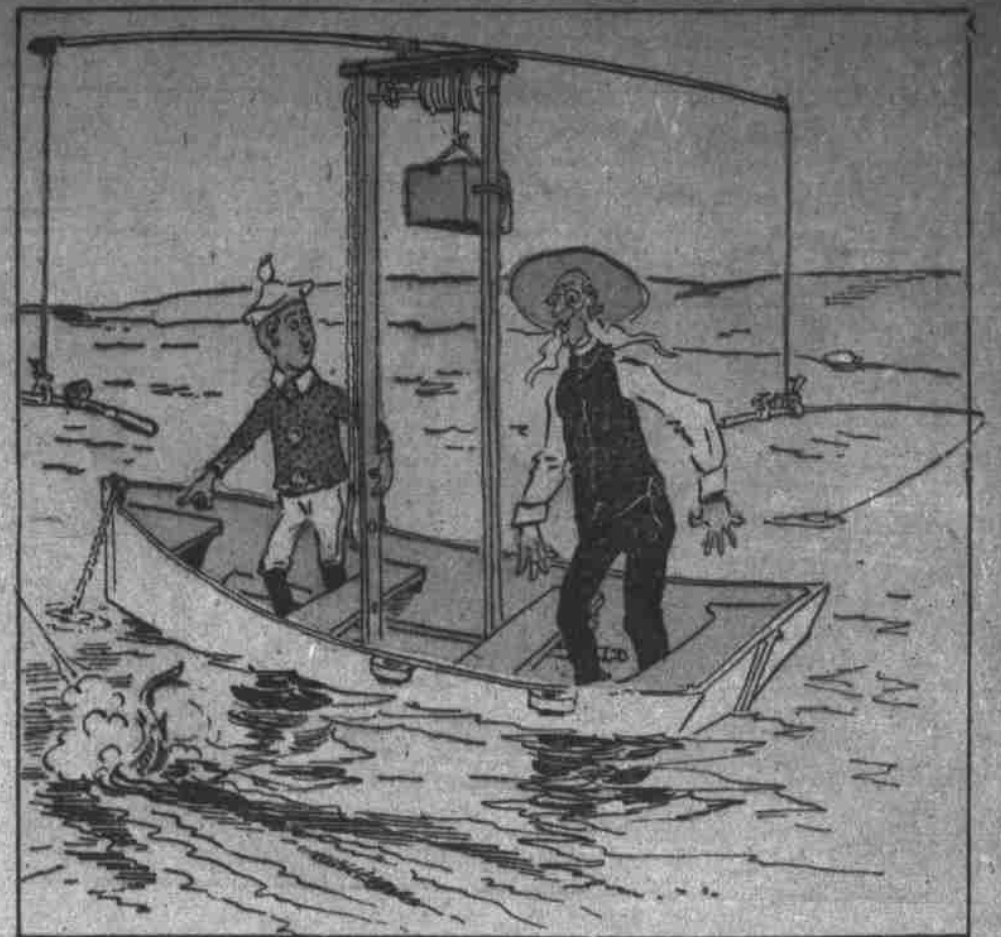
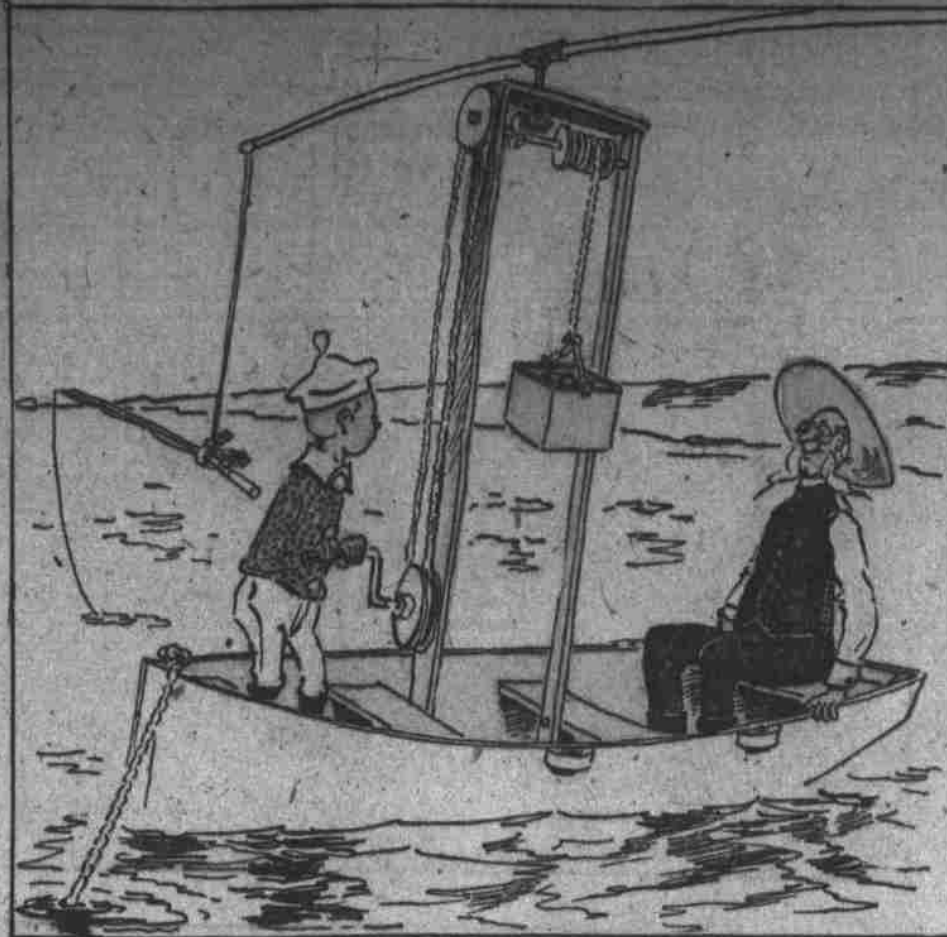
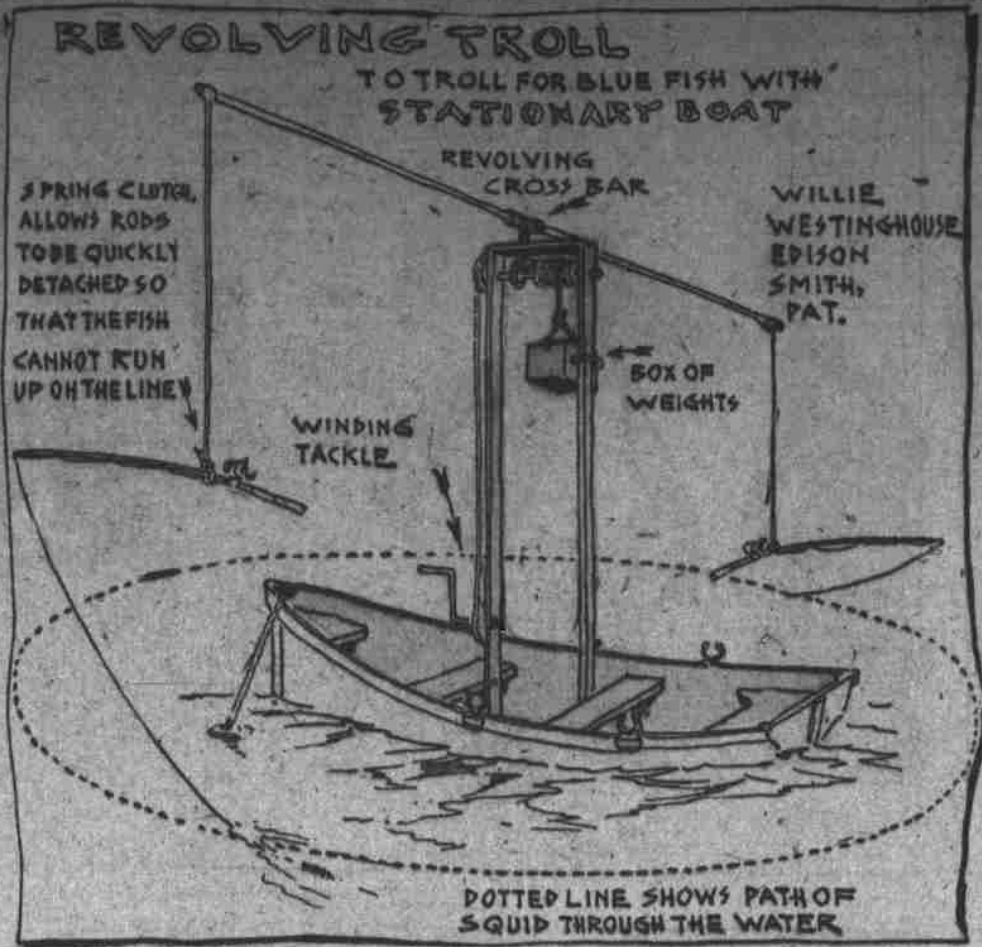


# WILLIE AND THE MINISTER OPEN THE FISHING SEASON



DEAR TOMMY: This is a brand-new scheme I invented for bluefish trolling. Our minister and I went out to try it, and the rod got stuck in the clutch and pulled Mr. Thirdly overboard. My, but he was awfully angry!  
P. S.—The fish got away.—W

Yours, etc., WILLIE.

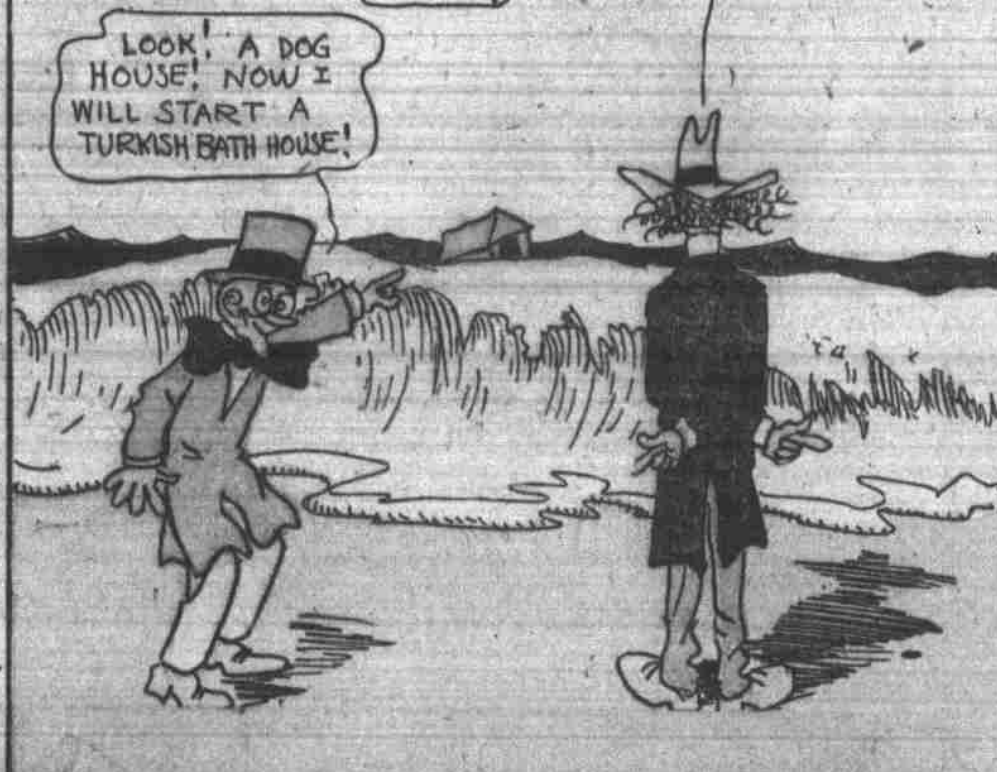


# JINGLING JOHNSON EXULTS OVER THE DELECTABLE CLAM

IN A COTTAGE BY THE SEA—HARD CRABS AND LUXURY, THE FESTIVE CLAM DON'T CARE A—DEURE, HE ONLY ANSWERS SQUEE! WHEN EVENING SHADES DO FALL, MOSQUITOS 'BALANCE ALL', AND THEY WILL STING MOST ANYTHING—THEY'LL EVEN TACKLE ME!



'T IS FUN TO WATCH THE RISING TIDE, AND WHEN THE TIDE IS HIGH, WE WALK THE BEACH ON SALVAGE BENT, WHAT EVER WE MAY SPY. OH, POTS AND PANS AND DINGBATS, TOO, ARE WASHED BY WAVES ASHORE, AND ROCKING CHAIRS AND TEDDY BEARS AND PANTALOONS, GALORE!



AND WHEN THE TIDE IS FEBBING OUT, NICE CLAMS WE OFTEN FIND. (I KNEW A MAN IN MEXICO WHOSE OTHER EYE WAS BLIND.) WHEN PORCUPINES BEGIN TO WHINE AND THEIR SAD LOT BEWAIL, JUST TAKE A CLAM AND OPEN IT AND PINCH IT ON HIS TAIL.



A CLAM IS LIKE A COUNTRY LOUT, A CLUMSY AWKWARD THING, FOR, WHEN A GOOD THING COMES ALONG IT SHUTS UP WITH A BING.



"OUCH!" CRIES THE YAHOO CHUCKLEHEAD—A CLAM HE TRIES TO SMELL. IT SHUT ITSELF UPON HIS NOSE AND PINCHES HIM LIKE—WELL!



THE RENT IS 30 PLUNKS PER YEAR, MOSQUITOS THROWN IN FREE. SO ONE CAN SCRATCH AND SCRATCH AGAIN, IN GRATEFUL HARMONY!



Bradford