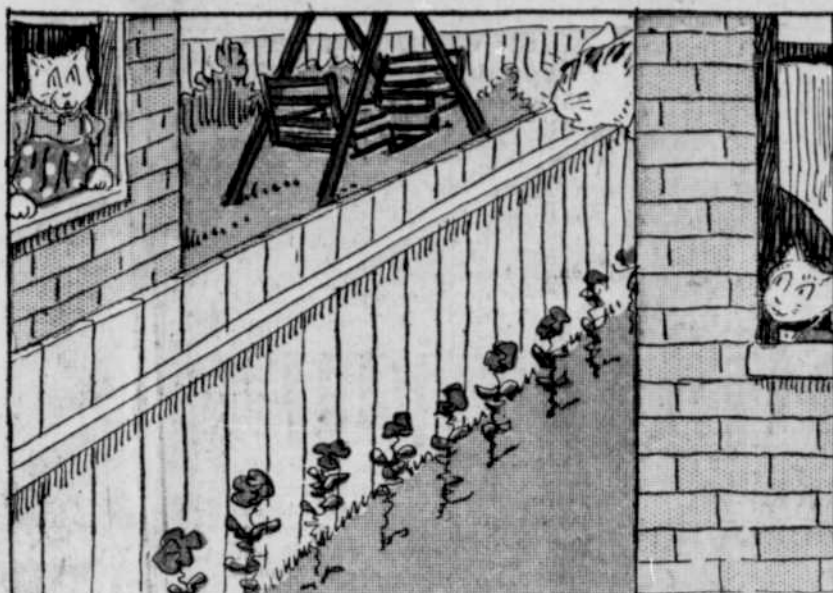


BABY WANT A DINK O' WAH-WAH?



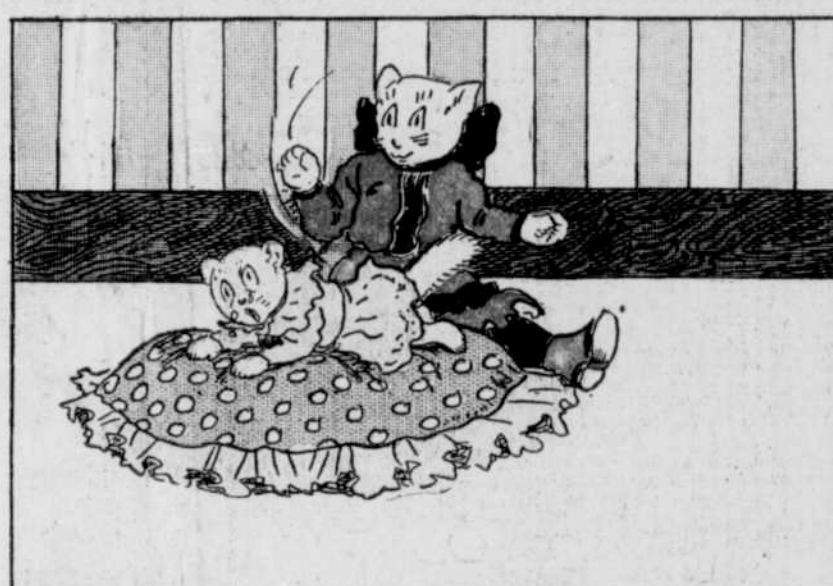
Mrs. Maddox got a message,—
Her dearest friend was ill.
How on earth could she leave Baby?
Impossible!— But,— still,

Maybe she could borrow Pinkie.
And Mrs. Prim said, "Yes".
Would Pinkie be so kind enough?
Well,— she should rather guess!

Left alone with Baby Maddox.
Completely all she knew
To keep the dear from crying, was
Gone through with, through and through.



Still the Baby's lip kept quivering;
At length there came the bawl!
Pinkie searched for pins all over;
No "Stickers" found at all.

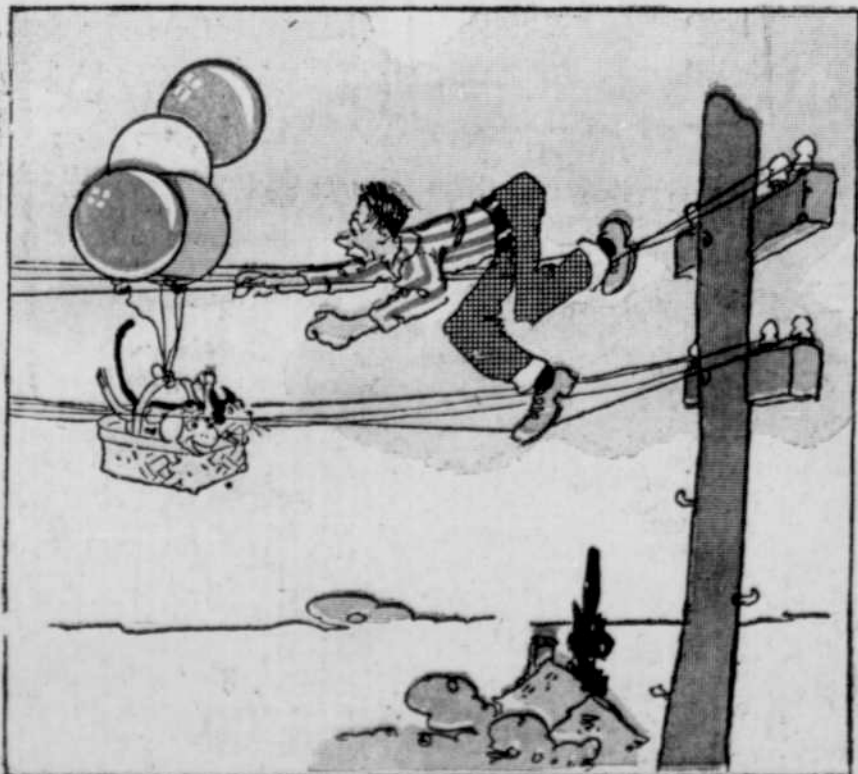


Laid the Baby on its "tummie".
And slapped it on its back.
Little Sufferer kept crying,
Till face was nearly black.



"I b'lieve a dink o' wah-wah is
The proper thing for you!"
Pinkie said; and went and got it.
The Maddox Babe said, "Goo!"

UP IN A BALLOON BOYS-BLOOMP!!



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