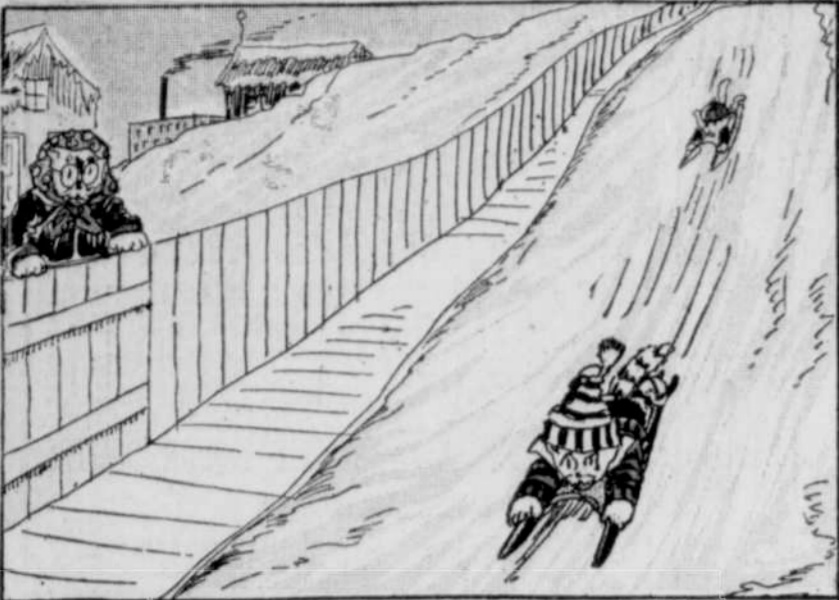


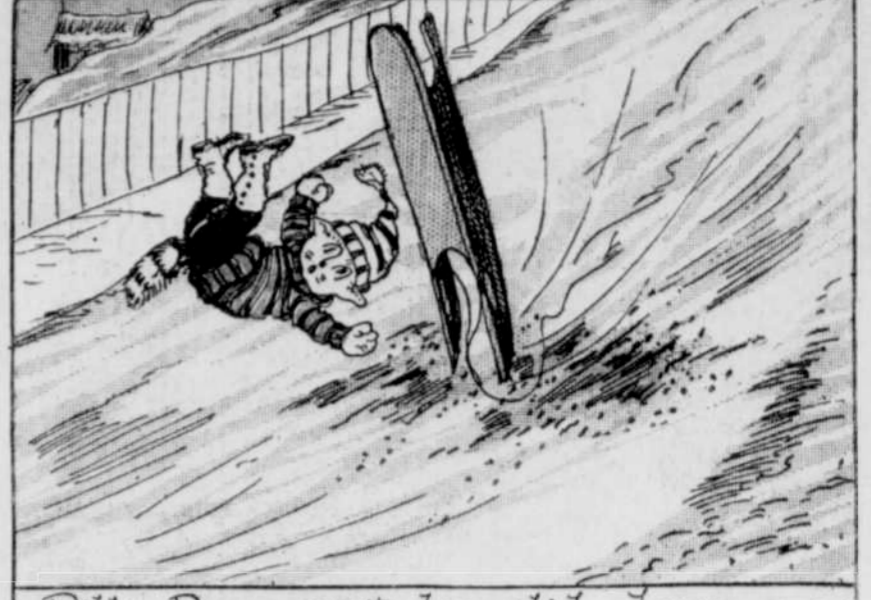
# ~ PINKIE PRIM ~



Half-way down the coasting hill,  
Leading to the Hollow,  
Mean, old Mrs. Grouch did live.  
Listen!, what's to follow.



Mrs. Grouch her ashes took,  
Dumped 'em on the kids' slide  
Did it, too, at dark of night.  
Wasn't Mrs. Grouch snide?



Billy Brown next day slid down,  
Reg'lar belly-buster!  
Hit the ashes! — Mrs. Grouch?  
Billy Brown, he cussed her!



Gried and shook his fist at her;  
Said naughty words, — he did.  
Pinkie Prim came passing by;  
Asked: "What's the matter, kid?"

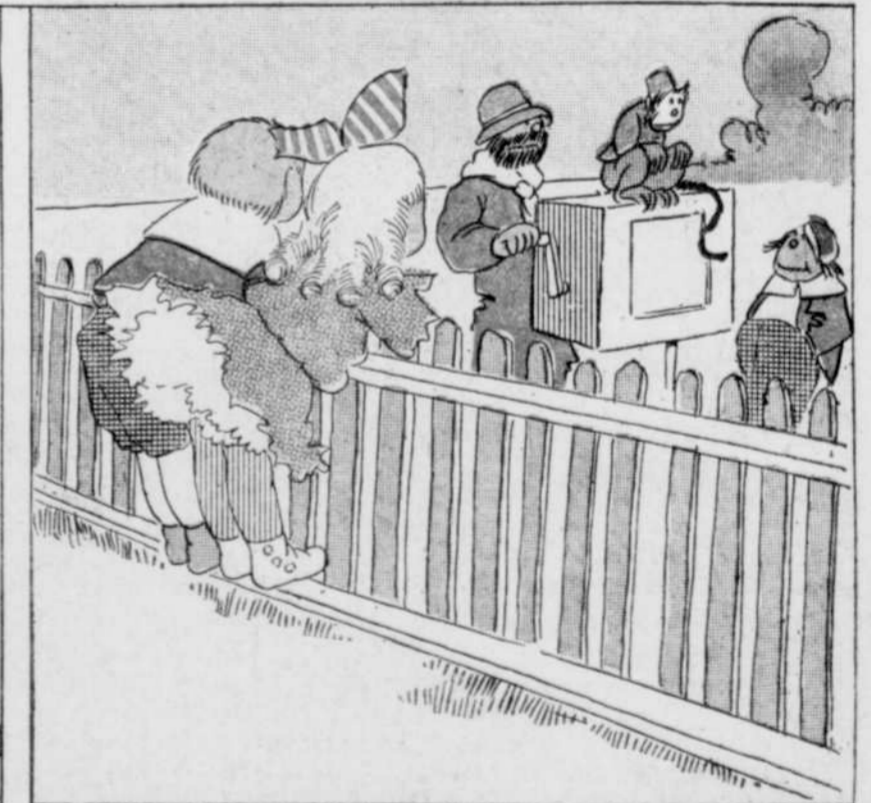
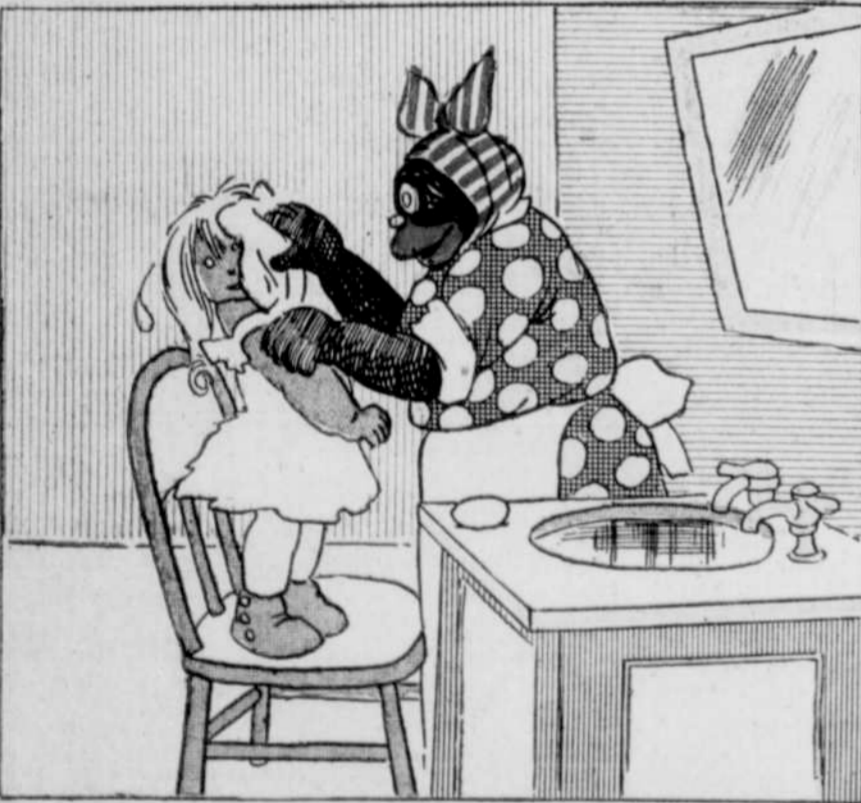


Billy told her. Pinkie gasped.  
Astonished much was she,  
That a member of her sex  
So sneaking mean could be!



"Come on, and I'll pull you up!"  
"Seems to me," said Pinkie Prim,  
"If grown-ups, far and near,  
Would recall they once were kids,  
They'd not be so severe!"

# ~ MAMMA'S GIRL ~ DADDY'S BOY ~



NOW ALL OF YOU KEEP  
REAL STILL, BECAUSE THEY  
DONT KNOW WE ARE HAVING  
A SURPRISE PARTY ON THEM.  
NOW, DINAH, YOU MAY CALL  
THE CHILDREN



GIVE THEM  
BOTH A BATH,  
DINAH, AND  
PUT THEM  
TO BED —

DEY WUZ  
FOLLOWIN' A  
MONKEY



I WISH WE  
HAD BEEN  
GOOD —

I WONT BE  
NAUGHTY  
AGAIN.

BART.