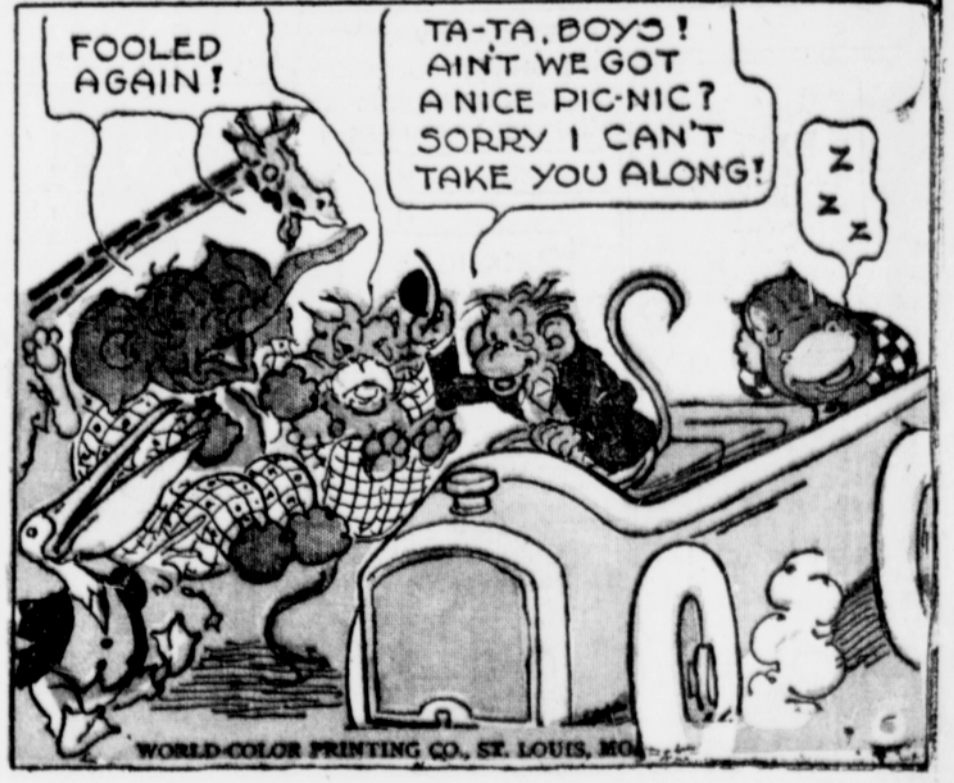
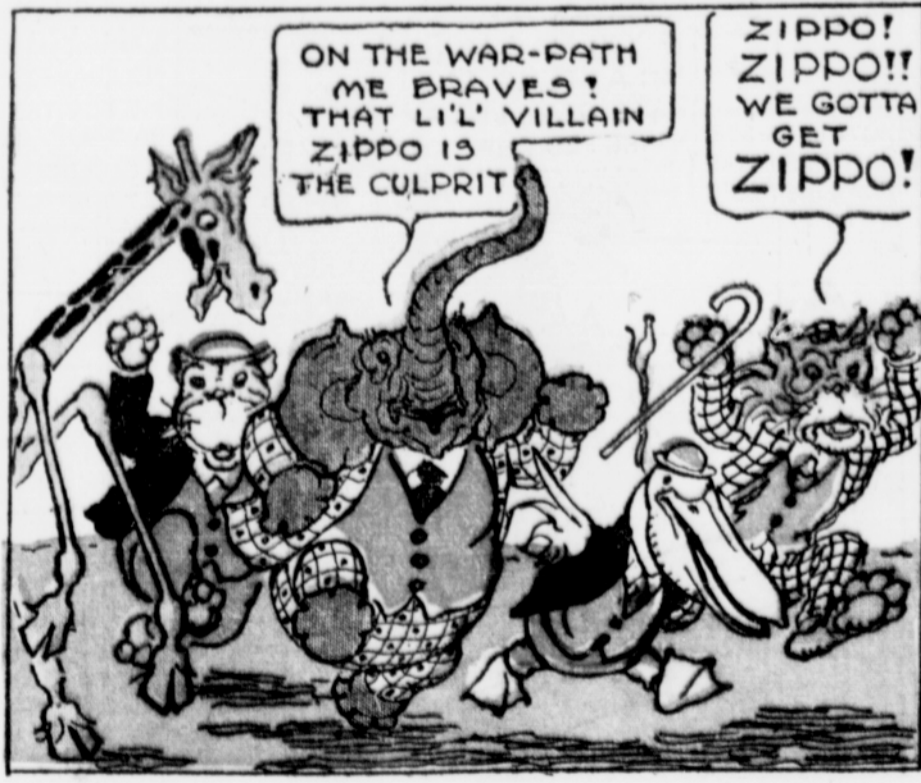
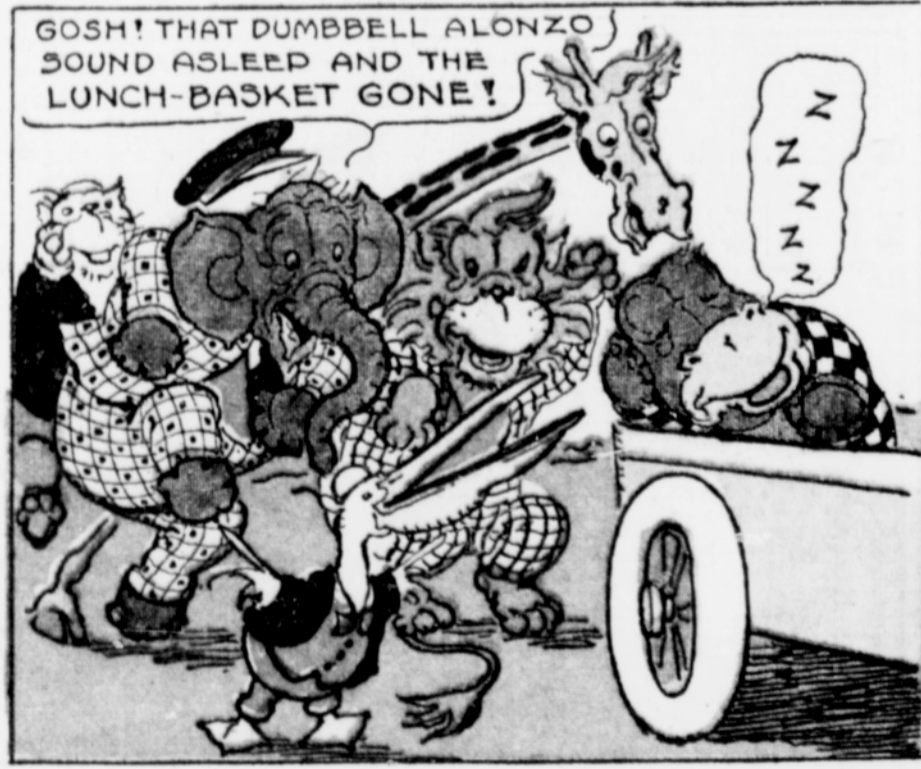
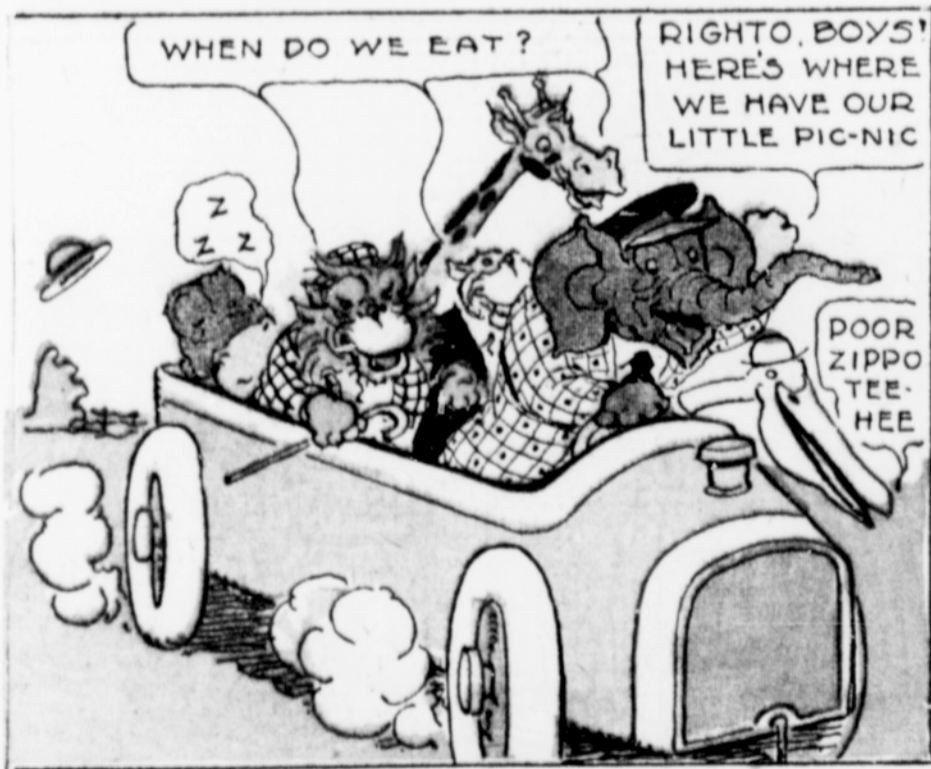


ZIPPO THE MONK



DEAD ON THE THRESHOLD OF HAPPINESS.
A TEARFUL FILM OF FATE

TIS SAD INDEED TO BE HANDSOME AND WEALTHY AND YET SINGLE. ALONE AS IT WERE. OH TUSH. SUCH IS MY FATE. OH TUSH.

GIRLS, SCADS OF 'EM, - HANDSOME FEMALES GALORE, ARE DYING FOR MATES, YES DYING FOR THE LOVE OF ONE SUCH AS I - SUCH AS MR.

AND YET, AS I HAVE SAID BEFORE, OH WOE, I'M ALONE - ALONE - OH MUSH! OH DERN! ALONE.

HIST, WHAT BREAKS THE SILENCE? A RAP AT MY LONESOME DOOR - A RAP, A RAP, OH RAPTURE.

OH SIR, KIND SIR, I'VE SOMETHING TO ASK THEE. THOU NEED BUT SAY YES, AND T'VILL MAKE ME JOYOUS.

SPEAK, FAIR MAIDEN, SPEAK, HASTE, FALTER NOT, I SHALL SAY YES, SPEAK!

WOULST CONTRIBUTE TO A BUILDING FUND FOR WIDOWS AND ORPHANS?

WORLD-COLOR PRINTING CO., ST. LOUIS, MO.