

HUMOR
THE GAB

PAGE 7

(Every once in a while—the sooner the better—Miss Sarah Bellum writes to a distinguished person, asking them what book they would rather not have written. The letter which we print below is from Miss Salvadora la Paloma, the 8-year old child poetess who was born in 1920.)

My dear Miss Bellum: My daughter is too busy writing verses for Campbell's Soup ads and granting interviews to the press to answer your request personally, but she has asked me to furnish you with the necessary copy.

There doesn't seem to be much hope for my daughter. She goes on writing poetry without showing the slightest sign of recovery. Day before yesterday, or maybe the day after, she was missing for three nights. We finally located her in the basement, hitting wicked twelve-syllable words with a hammer, trying to break them up into short wave-lengths.

It is now known that Shakespeare received his inspiration for some of his dramas from Miss la Paloma's efforts. The following selection, selected at random from a selected selection of selections, contains the original idea which Bill fashioned into "Macbeth":

"You'd think 'twould chasten base
Macbeth, that vision at his table;
But he continued dealing death wherever
he was able.
And like a wild, demented thing, or
dog diseased with rabies,
He ran amuck by murdering Macduff's
poor wife and babies.
On hearing of this latest prank his
nobles all revolted;
And soldiers, too, of every rank, laid
down their arms and bolted,
Then, while the villain raged and swore
dire vengeance of these vassals,
Macduff stepped up and knocked him
for a row of Scottish castles."

Othello also received attention from Salvadora:

"Othello lost all self-control, his only wish to kill. Oh,
Sweet Desdemona, blameless soul, he smothered with a pillow!
Then things transpired which went to show, that man has never known a
More faithful friend than Cassio, or wife than Desdemona;
And taking sword, so bright and keen, the late-repenting sinner,
Othello, passed the blade between his wishbone and his dinner."

All of the words which my daughter uses are her own; in fact many of them have never been used before. The following couldn't be much verse:

MADAGASCAR

Crinkle, crinkle, little star
Macaroon or iron bar,
Like a Theban mangosteen
Gosh, I wonder what I mean!

Another original verse, which she dashed off during a chess game the other day contains many a sweet sediment:

Lives of all great men remind us
We may yet be shining lamps,
And departing leave behind us
Another face for postage stamps.

She rather enjoys Mencken, as the following lines indicate:

King Robert Boyle,
Was the Gas Law's Hoyle
And a Scyptical Boyle was he;
For he pushed and he shoved
At the gas he loved
Till PV came out RT.

Lately she has gone in for song writing. Her latest effort is called "Those Sulfonated Blues." Her mother almost dyed when she heard it. I might add that the enclosed photograph is one of her favorites, and was taken in Kansas City the last time she visited New York.

Sincerely yours,

Mr. Salvador la Paloma.

P. S.—Her favorite volume is an I. C. time-table.

USELESS FACTS

A preposition is not the proper thing to end a sentence with.

If the gold fish start to rust, wipe them off carefully, sandpaper thoroughly, and keep in a dry place.

on 'How to Keep Well,'

The series of articles on "How to Keep Well," which Dr. Oneup, the famous health specialist, was to write for "The Gab" will be postponed indefinitely, due to his poor health.

PRINCE RUPERT DROPS

Goes up French; Comes
Down a Pole

Singapore, Idaho—A French aviator went up here today, but was soon forced to make a landing. The telegraph wires, which obstructed his view, were not quite wide enough to land on, so he was obliged to come down a pole.

LAST YEAR'S RADIO
PROGRAM

From Station ARY—186,000
meters-sec.

4:10½—Mustahava Camel, the famous Turk, will lecture on "How to Kill the Peach Blight," illustrated with hand painted Christmas cards.

6:73—Maurice Missinglink, the popular writer, will relate several radio experiences, including the one about the man who blew a bugle in Harrisburg, or maybe Toledo, and then went to Long Island and saw the Sound.

8:16—Oriental Limited leaves, possibly on time. Miss One, the yodeling yokess, assisted by seven yodeling yokesses, will (or ought to, if they don't miss the street car) sing a little ballad entitled: "All We Need Now is Some Cheap Ice, We Have so Many Cheap Skates."

10:56 A. D.—Variocoupler, with soprano solo by Mrs. Hastings, accompanied by two (2) policemen and Remington Welch at the Grape Barton Organ.

13:0007—Canby Wilder, the basso, will render a contralto solo entitled: "When Rose Blows Her Nose in Her Clothes, Her Hose Shows." If the wind holds good, he will gargle the following mouthwash: "Grandma Swallowed a Teaspoon and Hasn't Stirred Since."

LATEST SNOOZE
PICTURE

An unusually clear picture of an Ethiopian shoveling coal in a dark room at midnight. With his right hand he is playing "Old Black Joe" on the black keys of an ebony piano, while with his left hand he is chasing a black cat that isn't there.

Two Hundred Forty-nine