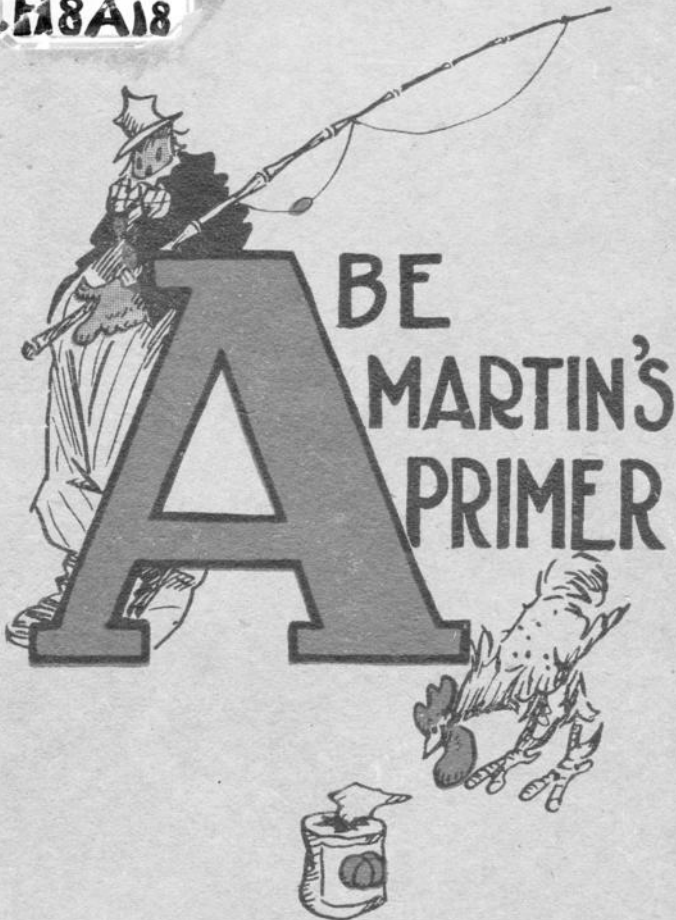


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# Abe Martin's Primer

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The Collected Writings of Abe Martin and His  
Brown County, Indiana, Neighbors

BY  
KIN HUBBARD

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Illustrations by  
FRANCIS GALLUP

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# Abe Martin's Primer

Thanks are due to The Indianapolis  
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**ABE MARTIN,**  
**OF**  
**BROWN COUNTY, INDIANA**



# A B E M A R T I N ' S

**A** stands fer album, blue plush an' bright  
clasp,  
Showin' a photo o' Aunt Jen with  
bangs an' tight basque.



It seems like th' more smilin' an' cheerful  
folks are th' more ther teeth need lookin' after.



We've certainly improved in side steppin'  
since th' ole three-wheel velocipede wuz re-  
garded as a menace t' pedestrians.



Constable Newt Plum's son-in-law, up t'  
Indynoplus, has three sons, two self-sustainin'  
an' one employed by th' city.



Ther hain't nothin' as uncommon as com-  
mon sense.

# **BROWN COUNTY PRIMER**

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Ever once in a while somebuddy is carted off t' th' poor house who used t' be the best dancer in town.



Some folks are called green when they're only respectable.



What has become o' all th' child wonders we used t' know in school?



Mrs. Birdie Moon, whose brilliant weddin' wuz th' event o' th' Yuletide, would like t' trade some silver sugar trays fer a ton o' coal.



Goin' t' work will be found twice as profitable as knockin' th' rich.

# A B E M A R T I N ' S

We never respect our own gray hairs.



No matter how hard th' times git th' wages  
o' sin are allus liberal an' on th' dot.



Politics makes strange pustmasters.



No matter what kind of a spring we have,  
it seems like th' crop of originality is allus  
short.



Next t' a fourteen-year-ole boy ther hain't  
nothin' as worthless as th' average opinion.



Wherever ther's a corner grocery ther's a  
lot o' free traders.

# BROWN COUNTY PRIMER

## Th' Lost Art o' Letter Writin'

By Miss Fawn Lippincut

In these days o' quick an' handy communication how refreshin' it is t' receive a real letter—a long, well composed, interestin' handmade letter with a little personality an' feelin' in it.

Th' telephone an' lettergram, t'gether with souvenir postal cards showin' Main streets, public libraries, mountain peaks an' state houses, have all worked shoulder t' shoulder t' discourage th' gentle art o' letter writin. Th' ole longhand letters o' th' past, whether passin' between friends or lovers, scented or unscented, reflected th' real inside works o' th' author as could no other medium o' communication. A misspelled word wuz not regarded as a matter of course, but looked upon as a grave error not t' be passed o'er lightly. Th' laws o' punctuation, too, wuz lived up t' an' respected.

T'day th' loved one who crosses th' plains an' leaves a two-column void in th' anxious hearts behind does little t' relieve th' anxiety

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in th' rear beyond sendin' a few views o' Pike's Peak or th' Mormon Temple. How an' ole time twenty-page descriptive letter written



CONSULTIN' TH' READY LETTER WRITER IN 1878.

with a pen an' ink would cheer th' fond an' lovin' mother as she watches thro' th' kitchen window fer th' postman t' cut across th' flower beds t' th' back door.

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Th' Ready Letter Writer, a handy guide t' correspondence, appeared in th' early seventies an' its popularity wuz only rivaled by that o' th' conch shell, which had become an established favorite in th' home. It told how t' write a letter requestin' an interview with any young lady you might happen t' admire; how a widower should profess his attachment fer a widow; how t' confess an unfavorable conclusion after serious reflection; how t' write a letter accompanyin' a contribution t' a clergyman; how t' accept th' gift o' a comb an' brush by mail; how t' write a letter accompanyin' th' gift o' a gold pen or a coral bracelet; how t' write a letter of advice t' a gentleman who contemplates leavin' th' farm, an' other matters requirin' delicate handlin'. Follerin' is a sample letter lifted from Th' Ready Letter Writer, supposedly from a young gentleman t' a young lady o' whom he has become enamored at first sight:

# A B E M A R T I N ' S

Bloom Center, O.,

April 10, 1870.

Dear Miss Maitland:

No doubt you will be at a loss t' guess who th' writer of this letter is. I confess that takin' this method o' addressin' one whom I have met but once, is rather a rude one; but not knowin' when I should see you agin, if ever, I ventured upon this plan of informin' you that the impression produced by your charmin' disposition, amiability an' accomplishments is a most pleasin' remembrance, an' if I mistake not, a lastin' one. If by your kind permission, an' th' approval o' your parents, I shall be granted th' privilege t' wait upon you, th' writin' o' this letter will never be regretted. I am well an' I hope these few lines will find you th' same.

From your admirer,

Clarence Van Sickle.

Note th' excellent English, th' faultless composition an' th' true ring o' sincerity an' genuineness in th' foregoin'. Note how trite an' unmistakable th' writer expresses th' feelin'

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that burns within him, at th' same time spell-in' Amiability right an' supplyin' th' required number o' d's in Addressin'. Study th' letter from ever' angle an' then try t' imagine what a girl o' th' present generation would do t' Clarence Van Sickle.

How th' love letters o' yisterday gushed with love an' sentiment! T'day th' affairs o' th' heart are breathed by word o' mouth or handled o'er th' 'phone. We seem t' be afraid t' put 'em down in black an' white lest they git in th' courts.

Once in a long while some feller retires from th' poultry business instead o' quittin'.

Lafe Bud says th' most difficult thing about bein' a Progressive is keepin' off th' ticket.



# A B E M A R T I N ' S

**B**stands fer barber, suave an' debonair,  
Who never hones his razor till you git  
in his chair.



The cooler a fat man dresses th' hotter he  
looks.



A bad cold wouldn' be so annoyin' if it  
wuzn' fer th' advice of our friends.



In th' days before th' phonergraph an player  
pianner a feller could visit his friends in safety.



It must be great t' be rich an' let th' other  
feller keep up appearances.

# **BROWN COUNTY PRIMER**

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Th' half-frozen look now bein' worn by th' girls is about th' most unbecomin' fad they've adopted so fer.



When a speaker begins his remarks by sayin' "I'm not goin' t' take up th' valuable time o' this convention," you km git ready t' be bored.



If Carnegie wants t' die poor why don't he start a cash grocery.

# A B E M A R T I N ' S

## Th' Nose an' Its Relation t' Character

By Dr. Mopps

As th' month o' June draws nigh th' prospective bride should take a few moments each day from her talcum powder an' devote 'em t' sober reflection. Th' step she is plannin' t' take is th' real big headliner act of her life. Let her consider it well. Let her study th' teachin's o' th' world's greatest physiognomists, whose theories are interwoven with th' findin's o' ever' known science, before she leaves th' ole home, or resigns her downtown job. Let her take up nose readin' durin' th' few golden weeks that remain.

I wonder how many girls o' t'day who are filled with rose-tinted visions o' a happy married life know that th' septum o' th' nose is th' partition between th' nostrils? I wonder how many girls o' t'day who are countin' th' minutes till th' month o' roses know that ther whole future happiness depends on th' thickness o' her fiance's septum an' its inclination t' droop or not droop? If his septum is thin an'

# BROWN COUNTY PRIMER

not disposed t' droop let her take warnin' ere it is too late, fer it is a never failin' sign of a retired liver. Tho' th' breakin' o' her engage-



CLOSE RANGE STUDY OF TH' NOSE.

ment may embitter her fiance's life an' cause her many a heart ache, it will be better fer both, as her alliance with an inactive liver

# A B E M A R T I N ' S

would mean nothin' better than a life filled with misery an' regret.

Th' nose is nature's most humble organ next t' th' big toe. Th' whole human character is boldly written thereon so that even she who runs may read. Ther's no reason fer any-buddy but a blind girl gittin' stung. Whether th' nose is pale, red or veined, it is now regarded as th' only reliable index to character.

Ideality, veneration, constructiveness, cautiousness, mental imitation, sublimity an' especially acquisitiveness (a disposition t' acquire property, money, etc.,) are all factors in th' success o' life which may be easily read in th' nose, an' which should be carefully considered by ever' girl before she signs away her happiness.

Th' upper lip may be a perfect cupid's bow an' full o' amativeness, or th' lower lip may be thick with a desire t' promote happiness, but neither indicâte anything in th' way o' makin' a livin'.

Th' eyes, long regarded as th' windows o' th' soul an' th' true index o' character, are

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worthless without a gilt edged nose. A fullness o' th' upper an' soft part o' th' cheek o'er th' malar bone is another overworked sign that counts fer nothin' when appearin' in conjunction with a thin septum. A square nose indicates a well developed conscience, which is all well an' good if th' accompanyin' septum is of standard gauge. Th' septum is th' thing whether th' nose is concave or convex.

Fullness an' breadth o' th' nose above th' nostrils indicate a capacity fer gittin' th' goods—a quality too rarely considered before wedlock, but later regarded as bein' of inestimable value in th' pursuit o' happiness. Such a quality, too, avails but little, however, if th' septum is thin.

O' course, its purty hard t' associate any sentiment with th' nose no matter how close we occasionally git t' it, but jest th' same if th' prospective bride while holdin' hands, 'll jest make a careful analysis o' her finance's nose while ther' is yit time it may be th' means o' savin' her th' embarrassment o' th' pale, hungry expression that is t' be found all too

# A B E M A R T I N ' S

often on th' faces o' those who have sought  
happiness at th' altar o' love.



What's become o' th' ole time farmer who  
used t' give each of his children a calf when  
they became of age?



If it wuzn' fer th' fellers who "intend t' put  
it back t'morrow" who'd keep books in our  
penitentiaries?



Some fellers chaw a se-gar like th' bit wuz  
under ther tongue.



Who remembers when th' ole ice cream par-  
lor wuz th' steppin' stone to th' altar?

# BROWN COUNTY PRIMER

Th' most necessary of all auto accessories  
is hoss sense.



In country towns where th' garage keepers  
never heard of a gasoline strainer, th' auto-  
mobilst kin get back home th' same day by  
placin' a crush felt hat over th' funnel.



Becomin' a reformer after th' joys o' youth  
have fled don't count.



We're all held up, either on th' road home or  
after we git there.



What's become o' th' children who used t'  
show a little respect fer ole people?



# A B E M A R T I N ' S

A fly in th' ointment is a church social compared t' water in th' gasoline.



Some folks are so poor they have t' go out t' th' garage t' see what time it is.



Saturday night is father's day.



Don't let adverse criticism discourage you, but forge ahead like th' cigaret.



Absence makes th' neck grow longer.

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## Th' Passin' o' Whiskers

By Ex-Editur Cale Fluhart

It haint been so many years ago since you could stand on th' corner an' come purty close t' guessin' ever' feller's age who passed along by th' cut o' his jib. O' course our estimates were based largely on th' length an' style o' whiskers. T'day whiskers are th' exception an' th' feller who throws himself on th' tender mercies of a capable barber kin easily pass fer thirty-two till he's seventy-nine.

In th' ole days when whiskers wuz th' hight o' ever' feller's ambition nobuddy wuz ever taken seriously until they showed unmistakable evidence o' ther ability t' grow a beard. After a feller raised a full set o' crisp glossy whiskers, either red or black, he at once became eligible t' discuss th' most momentous questions, either national or international. Whiskers denoted a mature mind. Professional men cultivated them in large bunches. Sideburns wuz in high favor. Sometimes they were under control an' sometimes they were

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allowed t' foller ther own inclinations. Full sets were all th' rage with medical men, an' no family doctor could expect t' enjoy th' full



A FAMILY DOCTOR AN' HIS WHISKERS.

confidence of his patients unless he had all th' space on his face under cultivation except his nose an' forehead. A feller's ability wuz measured by th' length o' his whiskers, an'

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when they wuz streaked with grey his judgment wuz supposed t' be ripe an' ready t' pull.

Once in a while some feller wuz darin' enough t' wear a smooth face, but he wuz soon drowned out o' th' conversation. If a young bare faced squirt proposed t' a girl she would call him fer his presumption an' say: "Begone! When you kin show me a neat velvety mustache I'll talk business, but not until." A girl used t' believe that a feller that could work up t' a firm, evenly spaced mustache could easily master all th' later problems in life.

A few architects still stick t' th' ole time Van Dykes an' we occasionally meet a government employe who stands defiantly under th' civil service laws wearin' a hedge. Th' trailin' arbutus, or Wild Bill mustache, is almost extinct. It wuz undermined above th' lip an' allowed t' droop from either corner o' th' mouth after th' fashion o' cypress moss. In some sections where land sells fer eighty cents per acre we not infrequently encounter human bein's wearin' a tangled mass interspersed with cow licks. Virgin forests o' th' face as it were—beards

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that have never been disciplined or felt th' keen edge o' th' razor.

Within th' year a party o' surveyors wuz choppin its way thro' th' hills o' southern Indianny when it came upon a feller wearin' neatly trimmed chin whiskers with th' hair line dropped fully an inch below th' lower lip, th' intervenin' space bein' carefully parked. Otherwise th' feller seemed intelligent enough an' asked many questions showin' that he took a weekly paper.

But th' American continent is fast loosin' its whiskers an' let us hope that no effort will be made t' conserve th' last shaggy remnant.



Jest give some fellers plenty o' t'backer an' they'll tell you th' country wuz never as prosperous.



Tilford Moots is as close as a wet an' dry election.

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What's become o' th' ole back number  
mother who used t' bake a wash boiler full o'  
vitrified cookies jest fer th' children?



Much o' th' unhappiness o' life may be  
traced directly t' th' selectin' o' wall paper.



What's become o' th' ole time sport that  
used t' part his hair behind an' use a fancy  
meerschäum segar holder?



What's become o' th' ole-fashioned farmer  
who didn' know what eggs wuz worth?



It takes all kinds o' folks t' make a world,  
includin' th' feller who's allus borrowin' your  
lead pencil t' show you where you're wrong.

# A B E M A R T I N ' S

**C**stands fer candidate, with a smile an' a  
smirk,  
He's out fer an office so he won't have t'  
work.



It seems like they pile all th' crushed stone  
on th' road t' success.



Less Pash is out o' debt after havin' been  
married only fifteen years.



Th' first thing some folks put on after they  
git up in th' mornin' is a fresh grouch.



If we could only see ourselves as others  
do us.



A new friction drive towel has replaced th'  
ole 1904 model at th' New Palace hut-tel.

# BROWN COUNTY PRIMER

## Eats

By Dr. Morps

Th' great national curse t'day is over-eatin'. We do not only eat too much, but we devote too much time thinkin' about eatin'. Some of us eat alone in peace while others eat at home; some of us prefer t' dine al fresco where th' elbows will have th' freedom of a snare drummer's, an' others prefer th' secluded corner o' some cafe where they kin gargle ther soup t' music under a pale green light; some folks like t' dine a la carte, while others go in fer a table de hote dinner an' loaf over a dry Martini in happy anticipation o' what's t' come; fer others th' long boardin' house table with its pyramids o' boiled messes has its charms—where you kin reach pro an' con like a Swiss bell ringer, an' where th' scandal o' th' day is passed around with th' butter an' th' tooth-picks.

Ever'where we look there's a eatin' place. In the corridors o' our great sky-scrapers we find th' lunch counter. Wherever ther's pop-



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ulation enough t' fill a few stools we find a great brazen coffee urn an' a stack o' buns. It's interestin' t' watch a little dried up feller all schrooched down in a one-arm chair listlessly stirrin' a mug o' coffee while he munches a large sticky coil an' studies th' fantastic patterns in th' tile floor. Th' first thing a stranger does when he gits in a town is t' look fer a good resturint, an' th' only thing he remembers about th' town in after years is th' coffee. Many folks form ther impression o' a city by it's coffee. Th' best advertisement in th' world fer any town is good coffee. Th' only thing some folks ever associate with th' delights o' country life is fried chicken. An' th' only thing some folks ever see in th' grandeur o' our autumnal colorin' is th' oyster season. Th' sublime beauty o' winter, when all nature wears a mantle o' glistenin' white, is entirely lost on some folks because succotash is out o' season. Instead o' watchin' fer the meek-eyed crocus when th' snow begins t' melt on th' north side o' th' house we haunt th' market

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stalls an' watch fer th' first pale sickly rhubarb t' show up.

Eatin' is th' paramount issue in this country



"HOW WUZ TH' EATS?"

t'day. Even if we go t' th' the-ater th' pleasure o' th' evenin' is not complete unless we top it off with a dinner fit fer a tiger. Even when we return from a business trip or a weddin',

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or a visit t' Aunt Lide or t' Paris er Rome, th' first question we're asked is "How wuz th' eats?"



After all, a woman is a good deal like th' automobile—it hain't th' upholestrin' that counts.



Ever' man has his price, but th' tag is often turned th' wrong way.



You've got t' be fifty-nine years ole t' believe a feller is at his best at sixty.



Th' tango is still further proof th' ever' knock is a boost.



Settlement work should begin at th' corner grocery.

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Th' trouble with wearin' a Palm Beach suit is that you've got t' keep movin'.



Mr. Oatie Sap has got so he kin almost run his auto without blowin' th' horn.



A boy may show ever' evidence o' becomin' a failure in life an' still play "Home, Sweet Home" on th' mouth organ.



Some fellers' idea o' bein' funny is breakin' a few bones when they shake your hand.



Wink Pash has been kicked out o' th' Personal Liberty Club fer servin' animal crackers with a Dutch lunch.

# A B E M A R T I N ' S

**D**stands fer dollar, pelf as it were,  
Don't hate t' part with one, it won't go  
very fer.



It's even dangerous t' exchange confidences  
in a canoe.



Th' luster so much admired in a celluloid  
collar may be restored by floor wax.



We all belong t' th' union when it comes t'  
wantin' more money an' less work.



Th' Chautauqua season opened here yisterday  
with two jugglers, a boxin' kangaroo an' a  
lecture on eugenics.

# BROWN COUNTY PRIMER

You never know a feller till after you've seen him pump a tire.



Who remembers when th' ownin' of a hoss an' buggy wuz regarded as an evidence o' ample means?



If it wuzn' fer th' down an' out who'd harvest th' mint crop?



Th' trouble with a dry town is that th' drug stores don't get th' baseball scores.



All th' world loves a good loser.



What's become o' th' ole time girl who let th' matter drop when some feller jilted her?

# A B E M A R T I N ' S

## Th' Ole Silver Cornet Band

By Tell Binkley

If one is fortunate enough t' catch Prof. Clem Harner when he's in one o' his semi-annual good humors an' proceeds with caution, a charmin' half hour's entertainment is assured him. Since th' ravages o' time have disqualified th' Professor fer further activity in musical affairs he has grown sullen, only breakin' th' silence at rare intervals t' belittle some notable achievement o' progress.

"What's become o' th' ole time silver cornet band, th' ole time oom ta ta 'Marchin' Thro' Georgy' band that used t' play on th' slightest provocation?" I asked th' grizzled veteran o' many a hard fought band contest as he monopolized th' only chair in front o' th' pustoffice. "Well, sir," said he, "th' ole time musicians who used t' play jest t' hear 'emselves have dispersed t' make room fer th' modern unionized an' commercialized wind jammers who only show 'emselves on a guarantee. In th' ole days a brass band wuz a social organization.

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T'day it's a cold blooded business proposition. Twenty bar rests are a thing o' th' past an' ever' sour note is protected by th' union. Th'



"WHERE DO YOU GO FROM HERE?" MAUD ASKED.

ole 38-pound red felt uniform, with helmet an' plume, has passed away ferever."

"You've had many years' experience as a band player, have you not?" I ventured, at



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th' same time placin' a pale grocery se-gar in th' tremblin' hand o' th' ole bandmaster.

"Forty-three years th' last time Bryan spoke here. It wuz a sour note that put me in th' business. I'd been thrown in daily contact with a yaller clarinet when a child an' at th' age o' fourteen, after I had it about two-thirds subdued, I ran away with a circus as a canvas hand. One night durin' a performance while th' band wuz playin' 'In th' Sweet Bye an' Bye' th' clarinetist dropped a sour note closely resemblin' th' terrifyin' cry o' a panther an' th' audience stampeded an' nine people wuz killed. Th' clarinet player wuz discharged an' I took his place. I traveled many years with circuses with varyin' success. Once I walked home from Tombstone, Arizony. At another time I wuz poisoned on canned corn at Hurley, Wisconsin, an' carried t' th' nearest white settlement. From th' front left hand corner of a gold an' green combination bandwagon an' hyena cage I had a fine location from which t' gather my impressions o' America. But circus life has its drawbacks like ever'thing else

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but loafin'. Th' hours wuz long, th' sleepin' quarters cramped, breakfast allus five hours late an' bathin' a lost art."

"After you took up th' cornet what wuz your favorite solo?" I made bold t' ask th' aged virtuoso, profferin' a second se-gar as a guarantee o' good faith.

"Th' Levey Polka, a triple tongue solo that wuz ver' pop'lar durin' th' ole Duprez and Benedick era, but rarely attempted t'day by even th' most darin' an' reckless cornetists." Havin' a good start th' wrinkled leader continued without further se-gars: "Joinin' a band wuz th' hight o' ever' lad's ambition in th' ole days. It wuz th' turnin' point in his life. Belongin' t' th' band wuz th' steppin' stone t' th' purtiest girl in town. Epaulets an' a plume were great beau catchers an' when they were backed up by th' soft mellow notes o' a slip horn or a second alto they wuz well nigh irresistible. But th' hardest thing about belongin' t' a band in the ole days wuz loafin' around waitin' to be called out."

# A B E M A R T I N ' S

**E**stands fer eventually, th' time you'll pay  
Fer th' set o' Victor Hugo bought on  
payments in May.



Miss Fawn Lippincut says some girls seem  
t' regard th' tango as th' most important step  
in ther lives.



Ther hain't much in th' newspapers these  
days 'cept motions fer new trials an' hints fer  
women.



It's a wise feller that kin tell th' gunboat  
Dolphin from th' scout ship Chester.



Uncle Abe Hulsizer wuz in town t' day an'  
reported his folks all well 'cept Elmer, who  
worries considerable because he didn' buy a  
lighter car.

# BROWN COUNTY PRIMER

A fire started in th' livery stable under Melo-deon Hall yisterday, an' it looked fer awhile like th' historic ole playhouse wuz doomed, but Constable Newt Plum finally found his helmet an' put it out.



It's in th' triflin' transactions o' life that a feller allus gives himself away.



You kin allus tell a "dry" town by th' sugar barrels around th' depot.



Tilford Moots is slowly recoverin' from a grocery se-gar.



Who remembers when it used t' be a sign o' inferiority t' buy a piece o' bacon?

# A B E M A R T I N ' S

You kin make an enemy o' most anybuddy  
by askin' 'em if they've been sick.



Mrs. Tilford Moots has received a postal  
card from her nephew sayin' he wuz married,  
but he didn't say what on.



Some folks laugh when they're kicked an'  
frown when they dance.



It seems like th' less a statesman amounts  
to th' more he loves th' flag.



Some defeated candidates go back t' work  
an' others say th' fight has jest begun.



I'd hate t' be a girl an' have t' remodel ever'  
spring an' fall.

# **BROWN COUNTY PRIMER**

## **Th' Newspaper**

By Tell Binkley

What's become o' th' ole feller who used t' boast that he didn' read no newspapers an' that he jest knowed what he knowed?

Th' country used t' be filled with such folks. They were sot in ther ways an' they thought that ther wuz some ketch t' a newspaper. But they believed ever'thing they heard an' half o' ever'thing they seen. While ther wuz lots o' ignorance, th' bliss wuz o' poor quality. T'day th' daily newspaper penetrates ever' nook an' corner in th' land carryin' with it th' news o' th' world, t'gether with th' council proceedin's o' Kokomo, pictures o' leadin' club women an' recipes fer creamed carrots.

Some folks subscribe fer a daily newspaper, some borrow it jest t' read, while others take it. Ever'buddy gits hold o' a daily newspaper somehow. Even th' farmer who lives ten miles off th' pike wants his news while it's hot. It gives him somethin' t' discuss besides a new calf when he gathers his family about

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him in th' evenin'. Th' daily newspaper takes a society woman's mind off her finger nails an' causes th' purple magnate t' ponder as he sets all spread out in his easy chair after th' day's manipulations. No matter who you are or where you live there is no reason in th' world why you should not be able t' talk glibly an' without hesitation on the affairs o' the world. Even in towns o' three bread boxes an' a few sparrows th' most caloused lounge kin discuss th' complicated condition of European affairs. He knows when sumbuddy presents President Wilson with a ten pound sweet p'tater an' he kin talk fluently about four murder cases at once.

In th' ole days folks in the cross road towns use to worry along an' wait fer a weekly newspaper an' then all th' out-o'-town news they'd git wuz a lumbago ad from Boston. Th' daily newspaper has been th' principal factor in th' development o' this country. It's civilizin' influences have changed our whole style o' pitchin' an' filled us with ambition an' pride.

There's no prettier sight than th' modern

# BROWN COUNTY PRIMER

family (when it is possible t' git its members t'gether fer an hour) settin' around a cozy grate devourin' th' contents o' a daily news-



"WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT THIS?"

paper. Mother skims over th' burglaries an' settles down t' th' soap ads, while father expresses hearty approval on th' Monroe doctrine. Th' boys argue o'er th' Giants and Ath-



# A B E M A R T I N ' S

letics, while th' girls set on th' blue plush davenport an' knock ever'buddy in th' society column.

It's impossible t' estimate th' value o' newspaper publicity fer good. It drags th' four flusher int' th' limelight an' keeps th' spineless public servant on th' job. While ther's still some things in this country that don't jest exactly come up t' our ideas we should thank th' daily newspaper that we're permitted t' breathe.

No normally constituted feller kin read a daily newspaper without congratulatin' himself that he haint in jail or a candidate fer office.



The best way t' fight fer your country is t' stand fer peace.



Th' nearest some fellers ever come t' gardenin' is diggin' up th' past.

# BROWN COUNTY PRIMER

It don't cost as much t' hold up your end if you stay in your class.



We waste lots o' time in this world tryin' to figure out what somebuddy else is worth.



Th' ole time mother who used t' wonder where her boy wuz now has a grandson who wonders where his mother is.



It's goin' some t' be prominent enough t' be criticised.



A failure must have a hard time tracin' his downfall in a dry town.

# A B E M A R T I N ' S

**F**stands fer film, wherein stars o' renown  
Appear all over th' country without leavin'  
town.



About th' worst mistake Huerta made wuz  
havin' his picture taken.



How t' be civil tho' busy is a mighty rare  
accomplishment.



You never see any investment brokers run-  
nin' after a feller that kin name all th' holidays  
offhand.



You kin never tell what a woman or a coun-  
try jury is goin' t' do.



You've got t' go some t' come back.

# BROWN COUNTY PRIMER

Among others who are out of employment  
“on account o’ Wilson” are th’ politicians.



Tell Binkley has a dandy new cabinet photo  
o’ himself if he ever gits in trouble.



Miss Fawn Lippincut says she’s allus glad  
when Decoration Day is over ’cause thers so  
much talk about “pineys.”



A holiday is th’ worst thing that kin happen  
t’ some folks.



Anyhow we know where a knocker stands.



A feller who knows his business is allus  
reticent.

# A B E M A R T I N ' S

## Our Appallin' Literary Output

By Miss Fawn Lippincut

When we look at th' great mass o' literature that tests th' capacity o' bookstores an' news-stands we can't help thinkin' what a scramble ther must be fer even standin' room in th' field o' literature. Most anybuddy roundin' forty kin easily remember th' day when two or three family story papers, a couple o' magazines, a stock o' Ned Buntline's yellor backs, an illustrated pink weekly devoted t' crime an' th' prize ring an' "Lovell's Library" constituted what wuz regarded at th' time as a first class book an' news depot. "Lovell's Library" wuz made up of paper backed novels—thrillin' stories of adventure an' heart meltin' tales o' love—by such celebrated writers as Wilkie Collins, Clark Russell, Mrs. Henry Wood, Ouida, Hugh Conway, Charlotte Braeme, Robert Buchanan an' Th' Duchess. Th' great popularity o' Adam Bede, Th' Mill on th' Floss, Black Beauty, Lena Rivers, Uncle Tom's Cabin, Robinson Crusoe an' Enoch

# BROWN COUNTY PRIMER

Arden had dwindled t' a fair demand, but were t' be found among th' others.

Jest think o' th' apallin' literary output o'



A LITERARY DISPOSAL PLANT IN OPERATION.

t'day. It would require an abandoned skatin' rink t' carry a full line o' current literature. In th' average home th' cartin' away o' th' accumulated literature has come t' be as much

# A B E M A R T I N ' S

of a problem as th' removal o' ashes an' garbage. A literary disposal plant is one o' th' urgent needs o' th' times. On returnin' from a week's vacation one has t' tunnel thro' th' great drifts o' papers an' magazines t' reach th' front door.

Ther's no longer any mystery about how th' other half o' th' world lives. It writes. Fer ever' mail box ther's an amateur writer. As th' day draws t' a close he may be seen skulkin' along thro' th' shadows t' a mail box bearin' a thick reel o' manuscript addressed t' some magazine publisher. He knows some magazine needs it t' balance up its advertisin'. When a magazine editur returns a manuscript it's because he hain't got room fer it. It's no sign he has read it. Writers know that. They jest remail it t' some other editor. Th' great difficulty in contributin' t' th' magazines is knowin' which magazine needs your stuff. When a magazine editur rips open a story he counts th' pages an' calls t' his assistant: "George, kin we use about twenty-eight hundred words next month?" an' George answers

# **BROWN COUNTY PRIMER**

right off th' bat (bein' thoroughly familiar with th' number o' ads): "Yes, it'll jest balance up th' ads."

Th' amateur author never gits discouraged. Sometimes he drys up fer a week or ten days, but he's soon at it agin. He knows that ther must be somewhere some editur that's holdin' his forms open fer his story an' he mails it an' remails it till he hits th' right editur.

Writin' looks awful easy, an' most of it must be awful easy. That's th' reason so many neglect ther personal appearance an' become writers. I've often thought I'd lay off some afternoon an' write a novel. But writin' fer magazines is th' best sport. It's as lazy an' fascinatin' as fishin'. You're your own master. You don't even have t' be available. Jest so your story is long enough or short enough—jest so th' editor has room fer it.

When we reflect that Pilgrim's Progress wuz writt'n in jail, that Silvio Pellico an' Tassó did ther best writin' behind th' bars, that Sir Walter Raleigh's admirable history o' th' world wuz written with his hands handcuffed



# A B E M A R T I N ' S

behind him in th' Tower o' London, that Leigh Hunt wuz layin' out a fine when Rimini wuz written, an' that Daniel Defoe laid th' plans fer Robinson Crusoe while he wuz in a lock-up we must confess that th' world t'day is lenient indeed.



No girl ever reformed a tight wad.



Some folks are jest quietly good an' others use an orchestra accompaniment.



Next t' waitin' till somebuddy gits thro' tellin' a story th' hardest thing is givin' your seat t' a lady on a \$1 excursion.



In addition t' allus havin' th' correct time a loafer invariably carries a sharp penknife.

# BROWN COUNTY PRIMER

It's sweet t' be remembered, but its often cheaper t' be fergotten.



Th' war is not only increasin' th' cost o' livin', but carbolic acid has gone up.



Ted Binkley is sellin' North Sea minin' stock.



Ther kin never be anything in common between plain people an' fancy prices.



Nothin' makes some fellers feel their importance like a roll top desk an' a swivel chair.

# A B E - M A R T I N ' S

**G**stands fer gossip, "I heard," or "They say,"  
Gossip has wrecked many a future in less than a day.



Look out fer th' feller who lets you do all th' talkin'.



A woman may not know enough t' vote, but she kin git out a little work without lightin' a pipe or takin' a couple o' drinks.



Who remembers th' ole time "grand ball an' oyster supper"?



We're all more or less musically inclined when it comes t' fiddlin' around.

# BROWN COUNTY PRIMER

What I can't understand about a circus is why it takes eight horses t' pull a cage containin' a nineteen-pound kangaroo.



Long hair an' a Windsor tie won't git you by unless you're really great.



Fer ever' feller that's got a little dab o' money ther's ten fellers figurin' on how they're goin' t' separate him from it.



What's become o' th' ole fashioned feller who wuz willin' t' begin at th' bottom?



Tilford Moots says he never gambled in his life, 'cept he raised a son.

# A B E M A R T I N ' S

It's all right fer a feller t' be self made, but he ought t' hire a press agent an' not try t' do ever'thing himself.



Ther's allus been a suspicion that Mexican presidents held out, but Huerta wuz certainly th' limit.



You never hear o' any o' th' couples who go t' Niagary Falls fer ther honeymoon returnin' in after years fer a peace conference.



Some folks, like most resturints, seem t' think a clean front is all that's necessary.



It seems like one o' th' hardest lessons t' be learned in this life is where your business ends an' somebuddy else's begins.

# **BROWN COUNTY PRIMER**

## **Personal Magnetism**

By Prof. Alex Tansey

Personal magnetism is that quality in human nature which enables a feller t' git by with a red carnation in his lapel an' little ability—that indefinable somethin' which enables us t' appeal t' others with success.

Personal magnetism, like th' squash, may be cultivated an' developed, an' th' reward, as in th' case o' th' squash, is allus fer in excess o' any trouble or expense incurred.

Th' next time you see a promoter, or a politician, carefully study his magnetic quality. He may not have a warm, soggy clasp o' th' hand or a fireman's mustache, an' he may not be dressed accordin' t' th' magazine ads or belong t' any lodges. But ther's somethin' about him which attracts you t' him. At first he may impress you as bein' a hoss doctor, or one interested in th' culture o' bees, but after you're under his spell fer a moment you feel a crumblin' sensation. You realize he's got your number an' that it's useless t' plead. We've

# ABE MARTIN'S

all bought life insurance or a hat or somethin' else we didn' want while under th' same spell.

Magnetism means social as well as financial



A POP'LAR CITIZEN IN TH' HANDS O' HIS FRIENDS.

success, since it makes warm useful friends without th' aid o' money.

Th' first step in developin' personal magnetism is t' learn t' be cheerful tho' bored. A

# BROWN COUNTY PRIMER

wide radiant smile is th' foundation o' magnetism. But a smile t' be effective must have a well ordered background. Th' teeth should be plugged an' evened up. After you've mastered th' art o' smilin' an' bein' cheerful begin t' train yourself t' sayin' an' doin' only agreeable things, rememberin' that one little mean act 'll counteract a whole day's smile.

In your battle t' become magnetic you'll often become discouraged as your effort t' avoid causin' friction in other natures will be fraught with many difficulties. This is where a strong heart with an overhead valve comes in handy if th' best results are t' be achieved. As you proceed you'll attract new friends. You'll be asked t' join clubs an' lodges, an' lead parades.

O' course if you're well fixed you kin do without personal magnetism. But if you're jest startin' out in life with a piano half paid fer personal magnetism is invaluable.

What a pity it is that so many o' us refuse t' become acquainted with our own great powers, but instead prefer t' struggle along an'



# A B E M A R T I N ' S

toady after those who have seen th' light an'  
found th' way.



When a woman ties a handkerchief around  
a dime it's a sign she takes no chances.



Miss Fawn Lippincut has a new sleepin'  
porch that looks like a squab loft.



Next t' listenin' t' somebuddy describin' a  
play ther hain't nothin' as tiresome as waitin'  
fer a parade.



Next t' a city th' loneliest place in th' world  
when you're broke is among relatives.



Why don't th' florists set aside a day each  
year fer father?

# BROWN COUNTY PRIMER

It's jest like havin' some one return from th' grave t' have a daughter come home from a canoe ride.



Th' only thing t' do these days is t' be sure you waive your rights then go ahead.



Tell Binkley says he allus hates t' motor thro' a dry town on account o' th' broken beer bottles.



Lots o' us pretend t' be out when we're really all in.



Ther hain't much excuse fer makin' mistakes in figures these days.



It's what a feller thinks he knows that hurts him.

# A B E M A R T I N ' S

**H**stands fer hosiery, bold, flashy an' thin,  
If I had t' make th' world better I'd  
know where t' begin.



Some folks go clean thro' life without findin'  
a becomin' hat.



It takes th' average boy or girl two years t'  
settle down after makin' a hit in a amateur  
show.



Tell Binkley wuz found in his office t'day  
on account o' water in th' carbureter.



Nobuddy has ever been turned down yit  
that started out t' borrow trouble.



Clemmie Pash has a diplomy, but no job.

# BROWN COUNTY PRIMER

Pinky Kerr says you don't have t' be an epicure t' know that an occasional roast is better than a daily stew.



What's become o' th' feller who used t' lick his se-gar from one end t' th' other before he lit it?



Don't worry when your boy leaves th' farm. He'll be back.



Tell Binkley is back from Californy an', like ever'buddy else, he'd like t' live there—if he had a million dollars.



An amateur theatrical is allus good fer two or three weddin's.

# A B E M A R T I N ' S

## Th' Hen Egg

By Miss Germ Williams

Th' hen egg plays a most important part in th' great melodrama o' life. No recipe is complete without from one t' six eggs. No shampoo is complete without th' softenin' influence of at least one egg. A cook is powerless without eggs. Th' breakfast table looks cold an' uneventful without th' warm golden orbs of a few upturned eggs. Ther is no understudy fer th' egg. An egg may be fresh, strictly fresh, guaranteed or laid in Aprile an' on parole. Ther are gilt-edged firsts and ordinary firsts. An' then we have th' smooth plausible lookin' egg that turns up after bein' lost fer years.

In spite o' all th' advancement in th' culinary art ther's nothin' that touches th' spot like ham an' eggs. Th' average feller enters a cafe or resturint with only two thoughts—ham an' eggs.

When sickness enters th' home an' th' patient is tenderly nursed through th' crisis an'

# BROWN COUNTY PRIMER

finally propped up with pillows in th' bay window t' spend th' convalescent period those near an' dear tempt him with choice viands. But with his first returnin' strength he wearily



TH' MORNIN' MEAL ON TH' FARM.

turns his lustreless eyes an' looks wistfully toward th' dining' room door an' says, "Mother, I believe I could worry down an egg."

# A B E M A R T I N ' S

T'day ther is ever' inducement fer a hen t' lay. Th' poultry medicine chest is filled with concoctions t' keep her in th' mood. Her food is even prepared along scientific lines an' contains all th' makin's o' a first-class egg. All th' hen is expected t' do is to assemble 'em. Th' modern hen house is constructed in th' most approved fashion with reversible roostin' accommodations, clean airy nests, sanitary drinkin' fountains an' perfect ventilation. Even th' windows are so arranged that th' light falls over th' hen's left shoulder. Yet th' ole fashioned farmers with th' ole fashioned hens fetch all th' eggs t' town.

T' th' husband who is often left t' his own resources ther is no friend like th' egg.



Mrs. Tilford Moots is confined t' her home by an unsprightly liver.



A house divided agin itself is bad enough, but a skirt is th' limit.

# **BROWN COUNTY PRIMER**

If th' average woman paid as much attention t' an ugly disposition as she does to an ugly complexion ther wouldn' be so many men on th' street after supper.



Some fellers are naturally quiet, some don't want t' start anything an' some talk freely when they git better acquainted, but as a rule a close mouthed feller is hampered fer information.



No woman cares how much her husband stays away from home in th' daytime.



Th' more a feller really amounts to th' worse his clothes fit.



We'd all like t' vote fer th' best man, but he's never a candidate.



# A B E M A R T I N ' S

**I**stands fer Indian, "Umph, me kill 'em!"  
Th' only good red man is th' one in th' film.



After a girl gits too big fer Santy Claus she  
begins t' cast around fer an easy mark.



A woman is never satisfied unless she's  
puttin' confidence in somebuddy.



Th' election hain't very fer off when a can-  
didate kin recognize you across th' street.



If ther wuz only some shorter an' more  
direct route t' th' devil it would save an awful  
lot o' sorrow an' anxiety in this world.

# BROWN COUNTY PRIMER

## Farmin'

By Young Lafe Bud

Th' day is not fer distant when th' irksome duties o' th' farm will be minimized t' such a degree that they will in no way interfere with croquet an' motorin'.



FREE FROM HEARTLESS COMPETITION.

Th' exodus from th' fields t' th' cities is doin' much t' cut down th' operatin' expenses o' th' farm. Agriculture, unlike other professions, will never be overcrowded on account

# A B E M A R T I N ' S

o' th' plowin', an' those who are left behind will eventually enjoy a monopoly o' th' food producin' business o' th' country. T'day a farmer may enjoy Argentine beef without feelin' like he is robbin' himself. With th' currency question out o' th' road an' so many inventions under way fer motor driven an' self operatin' implements th' farmer may well be happy in th' prospects of a fer greater return fer less work in th' future. Th' dawn o' a new era is gittin' in shape an' th' long delayed day is jest around th' corner when ther'll be nothin' t' do on th' farm but dress fer town.



A high brow concert allus has a rag time audience.



Most o' th' studyin' is done out o' college.



All th' red in a girl's face seems to settle in her nose on a cold day.

# BROWN COUNTY PRIMER

Mame Moon says that any buddy who kin live with anything as conceited as th' average man kin be intrusted with th' ballot.



Th' only thing around a hut-tel that hain't got a second-hand value is a cold buckwheat cake.



Th' feller who used t' kick 'cause th' steak wuz tough now complains because th' turnips are pethy.



Miss Fawn Lippincut is tryin' t' git up a hoss show fer her new dress.



Miss Imogene Pash is one o' the pop'lar East End debutantes who expects to marry Mr. Clarence Bud durin' th' holiday season.

# A B E M A R T I N ' S

**J**stands fer Jack, who in lovetale or song,  
Is a handsome big loafer, romantic an'  
strong.



It's never too late t' git another week out a  
blue serge suit.



The fool killer seems, t' be gittin' further  
back on his orders all th' time.



Ther's many competin' lines t' bankrupsy  
an' yit it's almost impossible t' git a seat.



Seems like most folks take a cold bath ever'  
mornin' jest t' tell it.



A hustler never complains.

# BROWN COUNTY PRIMER

Who really remembers th' side laced shoes  
th' women folks used t' wear?



Ther hain't nothin' a woman likes t' do  
better'n t' try on \$50 hats while th' clerk is  
lookin' up her husband's credit fer a \$2 one.



Next t' Ford cars ther' seems t' be more  
charmin' hostesses than anything else.



Tell Binkley says that one good thing about  
a auto is that you kin save enough while it's  
out o' commission t' pay fer th' repairs.



Tilford Moots, who has been waitin' fer  
President Wilson t' make a blunder, has gone  
back t' work at th' saw mill.

# A B E M A R T I N ' S

## How t' Live Happily Ever Afterward

By Mrs. Tipton Bud

Ere th' roses o' June have spent ther fragrance an' scattered ther petals t' th' summer breezes many a bride an' groom will have returned from Pendleton "an' other eastern cities" with love's fondest illusions shattered.

Rev. Wiley Tanger says marriage is an achievement. It prob'ly is an achievement t' round up some girls, an' it may be somethin' closely resemblin' an' achievement t' hypnotize some fellers an' railroad 'em t' th' altar. But the plain, ever' day Niagry Falls marriage kin hardly be called an achievement any more than fallin' over a wheelbarrow in th' dark an' escapin' with your life. Fer a man an' wife t' find 'emselves settin' on th' verandy in th' twilight o' life in complete harmony with 'emselves an' th' world after bein' harnessed t'gether fer fifty years is an achievement.

Th' reason nine-tenths o' th' marriages come nearer bein' calamities than achievements is because at th' very moment a young couple

# BROWN COUNTY PRIMER

begin t' set ther caps fer each other they begin t' disguise ther real natures. They try t' make ther tastes an' preferences an' very thoughts conform. They pretend t' study each other's



"DON'T SPEND YOUR MONEY FOOLISHLY."

every wish. "Do you like my hair this way?" or "What kind of a hat would you git?" or "I don't care fer ice cream if you don't." Sometimes a couple 'il stall an' fourflush an' lie t'



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one another fer o'er a year, or until she feels that they're perfectly matched. Then she'll say, "I don't want you t' spend your money on me, Albert," which is jest another way o' sayin', "We'll need it after we're married." After th' weddin' comes th' ole time honored "If I'd only known" o' th' wife, an' "If I wuz only single agin' " o' th' husband.

Some married couples are tactful enough t' hold t'gether, others split up, some arbitrate, some keep on fourflushin' in public an' fightin' at home, while those who have been on th' level from th' time they first met live happily ever afterward because they knew jest what they were gittin'.

A husband or wife should have some occasional diversion outside th' home. If possible such diversion should be enjoyed hand in hand, thereby disarmin' unfavorable comment an' at th' same time relievin' th' husband from eatin' at th' Busy Bee.

June is not only th' weddin' month but also th' month o' strawberries. Many a marriage that seemed t' have all th' ear marks o' smooth

# BROWN COUNTY PRIMER

sailin' has been unceremoniously wrecked when, scarcely out o' th' bay, th' young unsuspectin' husband has been confronted by his wife's first strawberry short cake.



I don't think much of a dance where th' girl looks like she wuz bein' carried out of a burnin' buildin'.



It ought t' please th' joy riders t' know that hell's paved.



There's allus plenty o' room in th' wrong car.



A friend when you're goin' t' seed is a friend indeed.



Ther's too many folks o' limited means who think that nothin's too good fer 'em.

# A B E M A R T I N ' S

**K**stands fer kimono, a flowered housegown,  
It's all right fer th' home, but don't venture  
downtown.



It's funny a woman don't shut a car door  
once in a while without thinkin'.



Oh, fer th' good ole times when a feller  
could hold his head up in a community with-  
out havin' his clothes pressed three times a  
week.



Miss Tawney Apple says she don't know  
whether t' remain single or go t' DePauw  
University.



Housework an' fresh air used t' turn out  
some purty good lookin' women.

# BROWN COUNTY PRIMER

What's become o' th' ole fashioned mother who wuz allus talkin' about somebuddy bein' "full o' th' ole Harry"?



Jest because a candidate kin place you while he's runnin' fer office it's no sign he kin do it after he's elected.



It seems like th' surest an' easiest way t' live a long while is jest t' be downright worthless.



Th' intelligence of a family is very frequently in th' wife's name even if father does look after th' votin'.



Some fellers idea o' bein' public spirited is havin' ther hair trimmed once a week.

# A B E M A R T I N ' S

## Songs o' T'day

By Miss Mame Moon

When I stand idly by an' watch th' tango er set thro' a modern problem play I can't help thinkin' how fer we've traveled since th' days when th' mere mention o' "The Black Crook" caused th' ole time mother t' turn purple with shame. Jest think o' th' hug, kiss an' cuddle songs o' t'day an' th' dear ole ballads o' yisterday—songs like "Only a Pansy Blossom," "Ther's a Letter in th' Candle," "Meet Me by Moonlight Alone," "Molly Darlin'," "Sweet Genevieve," "My Ole Kentucky Home," "Sweet Violets," "Suwanee River," an' "In th' Gloamin', Oh, My Darlin'." Th' ole songs inspired sentiment an' patriotism—they were songs that brought out th' best that wuz in us, ballads that caused burnin' tears an' aroused tender emotions.

After th' ole time beau listened t' a couple o' verses o' "In th' Gloamin'," or "Take Back Your Heart," his brain whirled with lofty thoughts an' he wuz perfectly safe t' have

# BROWN COUNTY PRIMER

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around. Ther's nothin' about "Sweet Genevieve" or "Silver Threads," or any o' th' ole songs, t' inspire home wreckin'.



DESECRATIN' A PARLOR.

T'day our parlors are thrown open t' an ap-pallin' list o' "tremendous metropolitan hits" an' no questions are asked. Fer instance: (Allegro Moderato.)

# A B E M A R T I N ' S

"Most ever' feller meets a girl some day,  
Some little girl who steals his heart away.  
You leave your dearest friends t' take th'  
    girlie home,  
Give up all you own t' be alone.  
You've got a chance t' press her t' your heart,  
But you've just met th' girl an' you're afraid  
    to start.  
Ther's your parlor, lights are low,  
If you had any sense you ought t' know—

(Chorus)

All th' time she's waitin' fer you t' hold her,  
All th' time she's hopin' you'll get bolder,  
All th' time, all th' time, — she's waitin' fer  
    some kissin',  
Oh boy! Oh boy! look at th' fun you're missin',  
All th' time she's givin' you chances  
But you never make a move or show a sign,  
She's gittin' closer inch by inch,  
If you move over it's a cinch,  
She's waitin fer you t' love her all th' time."

Here's th' chorus of another "terrific hit"  
that's findin' instant favor in our most ex-

# A B E M A R T I N ' S

clusive homes. It is full o' inspiration an' designed especially t' cause th' average youth t' spring upon his prey long ere th' last line o' th' chorus has died away:

"Come up t'night my honey, come up t'night,  
Whistle so I'll know it's you (whistle)  
Come up t'night an' wear your love makin'  
clothes  
An' I'll find a cozy corner nobuddy knows."

Here's another sample illustrative of what is termed a "parlor hit" an' it's enough t' make a se-gar Indian topple from grace:

"Hoo ray! Hoo ray! I'm eighteen years ole  
t'day an' have never been kissed.  
Ma tells me I'm old enough,  
Pa tells me I'm bold enough,  
So put your arms around me I insist."

Is your daughter singin' th' reignin' hits o' th' day while some buddin' Lothario sets unhandcuffed in th' same room?



# A B E M A R T I N ' S

**L** stands fer love, we've all been imbued;  
'Tis better t' have loved an' lost than  
never t've been sued.



Ther's all kinds o' wives, includin' the one  
that's allus wantin' t' move t' another town.



A pessimist is usually a feller that haint got  
th' goods.



If ever'buddy wuz as pleasant as th' feller  
that's tryin' t' skin you wouldn' this be a swell  
world?



I never knowed a successful man that could  
quote poetry.



-Some folks jest seem t' thrive on adverse  
criticism.

# BROWN COUNTY PRIMER

It used t' be a common sight t' see a feller in ordinary circumstances greasin' his saw with a bacon rind.



Anybuddy that's got time t' read half of th' new books has got entirely too much time.



Th' feller that tells a good story allus has t' listen t' a couple o' poor ones.



Th' less a feller deserves th' keener he seems t' feel some disappointment.



Th' store keeper who don't advertise generally has a circus bill hangin' in his window thro' th' winter.

# BROWN COUNTY PRIMER

How soon we are fergotten while we're still here.



Who remembers th' ole fashioned cardamom seeds a feller used t' chew before he asked a girl t' waltz with him?



No self-made man ever did such a good job that some woman didn' want t' make a few alterations.



I wonder what ever become o' th' feller who used t' have a friend in th' country who gave him a turkey ever' Thanksgivin'.



Ther's nothin' in a name, an' anybuddy who has ever eaten a Ben Davis apple knows ther's nothin' in a color.

# A B E M A R T I N ' S

## Great Men o' Humble Origin

By Rev. Wiley Tanger

Th' population o' this country is well nigh ont' ninety-three million an' th' boy or girl who expects t' tunnel t' th' front thro' this wilderness o' humanity must possess th' qualities that win. What are th' qualities that win? Energy an' thrift! Standin' in front o' th' pustoffice complainin' about Wilson an' knockin' Bryan won't buy groceries. Go t' work at th' first thing that comes along an' save your money. A good hod carrier soon gits some-thin' better, but once a poor hod carrier allus a poor hod carrier. I speak o' hod carryin' because it's employment in every sense o' th' word. Become proficient in whatever you do if it's only drivin' a' dressed' poultry wagon. Efficiency means promotion an' promotion means better livin' conditions. Ever' successful man o' t'day kin remember when a two-cent piece looked as big as a soda cracker. Andy Carnegie, Tipton Bud, John Rockefeller, Henry C. Frick, Tilford Moots an'

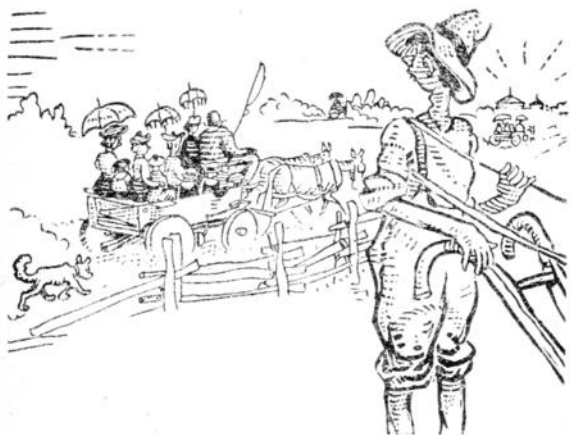
# A B E M A R T I N ' S

Charley Schwab are all men o' humble origin who have brushed th' snow from ther pillows in th' days o' ther youth. Carnegie wuz a telegraph operator, often workin twenty-four hours straight in his barefeet; Tipton Bud wuz a barefooted boy in Kokomo, beggin' a banana from each one he met; John Rockefeller wuz a plain clerk behind th' counter where his feet could not be seen; Tilford Moots plowed in his bare feet, sometimes on circus day—even missin' th' parade. Charley Schwab, o' th' steel trust, stood around th' forge in his bare feet, often steppin' on a hot slug; Henry C. Frick, th' steel magnate, blew stumps on his father's farm before he worked up t' his first pair o' boots. Tell Binkley is another member o' th' ole barefoot squad who wuz well ont' forty years ole before he tasted his first lobster. Biography records scarcely a better example o' industry an' economy leadin' ther possessor out o' th' most unpropitious circumstances t' honor an' affluence. Tell Binkley's father could drink or leave it alone so he soon went t' work, walkin' fourteen miles t' his task an'

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carryin' his dinner, which consisted of a cold buckwheat cake.

This is th' age o' opportunity an' ther is no excuse fer anybody playin' pool in th' day-



PLOWIN' ON CIRCUS DAY.

time. Indulgent parents are th' worst handicap a boy kin have next t' a fondness fer athletics. Work is th' natural exercise. Nobuddy kin talk as bitterly agin our economic system

# BROWN COUNTY PRIMER

as th' feller who's savin up fer a vacation. So begin early t' toil an' save, rememberin' allus that ther's plenty o' time t' git married after you git on a payin' basis.

Remember, too, that next t' whittlin' ther's nothin' as demoralizin' an' tissue dryin' as sowin' wild oats.



Many a family tree needs trimmin'.



Jack Frost is th' originator o' th' loose leaf system.



Ther has never been any question about th' fact that th' horse must go.



Why does a middle aged couple with no children allus build a fourteen-room house?

# A B E M A R T I N ' S

You kin fool part o' th' people all th' time,  
an' all o' th' people part o' th' time—but not on  
a last year's straw hat.



If it wuzn' fer th' plain, common, ever'day  
folks who pay cash, it wouldn' be possible t'  
conduct any kind o' business.



In th' good ole days o' chivalry an' Hoyt's  
German Cologne ever' feller gave his girl a  
copy o' "Lucile" fer Christmus.



We often hear o' corporations layin' off  
men, but nobuddy ever heard o' them cuttin'  
any salaries.



Give an' fergit.



# A B E M A R T I N ' S

**M**stands fer money, root of evil an' vice,  
However, nothin' succeeds like havin'  
th' price.



When some distasteful feature o' house-keepin' is mentioned ther's allus some feller who says, "I let my wife look after ever'thing like that."



A screen door spring is about th' only thing that works too good.



Never have a front view photergraph taken unless you want t' look like you'd been caught in a graft net.



Even folks who are used to sayin', "Oh, what's the difference, we only live once, anyhow?" hate t' pay forty cents fer eggs.

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## **Th' First Robin**

By Ex-Editor Cale Fluhart

There's three kinds o' spring — forward, backward an' th' plain almanack variety, which arrives with th' vernal equinox on th' twenty-first day o' March, rain or snow.

Ther's many harbingers o' spring which are regarded as bein' absolutely trustworthy signs that th' season which we long fer is comin' soon." Wild geese flyin' north, marble playin', blue-eyed violets peepin' out o' th' slush, th' robin, th' shaggy umbreller mender with th' workhouse palor, th' candidate fer sheriff with his fresh hair cut, an' th' display o' onion sets, winter elbows an' garden tools—all are looked upon as bein' unmistakable evidence that winter is beatin' a hasty retreat.

While we're liable t' burn more coal after th' arrival o' th' first robin than we've burned since he took his departure, he's still th' most highly regarded forecaster o' th' vernal season in th' business.

Th' political candidate has been fooled so

# **BROWN COUNTY PRIMER**

often by th' first robin that he withholds his activities till th' umbreller mender shows up an' th' frost is out o' th' court house steps an' it's balmy enough t' lean agin th' pustoffice. We rarely have any sleighin' after th' ambitious office seeker gits his neck shaved an' his cards printed.

But t' return t' th' first robin. Nature, in spite o' her celebrated reputation fer lookin' out fer ever'buddy, seems t' have given th' robin th' worst of it. Unequipped fer anything colder than 30 above, he's more frequently th' forecaster of a blizzard than th' dandelion. Ungressive an' meek, he'd sooner starve than question th' priority o' th' English sparrow. Th' only thing a robin 'll attack is th' blind, helpless, squirmin' angle worm. Yit nature sends him north a full four weeks before the angle worm is available. Utterly lackin' in th' instinct t' keep away from his natural enemies he invariably selects a buildin' site within easy reach o' th' family cat, or in th' roof gutter, where he an' his family fall an easy prey t' th' April freshet.

# ABE MARTIN'S

But th' amount o' publicity th' first robin gits is enough t' make th' Colonel turn green with envy. He's th' only bird that gits his



TH' ARRIVAL O' TH' FIRST ROBIN FROM GREENSBORO,  
NORTH CAROLINA.

name on th' editorial page. Long before he gits fairly balanced on th' bare twig of an apple tree his arrival is heralded broadcast by

# A B E M A R T I N ' S

th' nearest newspaper an' discussed in every home.

How many times have we drawn th' curtain in th' mornin' an' looked out upon a bleak, snowy landscape an' beheld th' first robin with a sad fer away look in his eye, an' wonderin' what kind of a meteorological disturbance nature wuz goin t' hand him next.

Napoleon, standin' on th' barren, slaty bluffs o' St. Helena, lookin' gloomily out o'er a vast expanse o' speckless sea, didn' have anything on th' first robin.



Ever' once in a while we miss a nuisance, an' then find out he's got a political job.



Remember when your big sister used t' write you an excuse t' stay out o' school 'f you'd promise t' build a fire in the parlor stove Sunday afternoon?

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A boy never begins t' appreciate his mother till his father tells him t' go t' work.



It seems like it's impossible for a girl t' get through life without wastin' a lot o' valuable time on some handsome fool.



Miss Fawn Lippincut went up t' Indynoplus t' see "Th' Garden o' Allah" last night. She says ther wuzn' anybuddy settin' behind her that had seen th' play in Chicago, but ther wuz a woman in front o' her who had read th' book in Seymour.



Some fellers think they're gittin' off easy by givin' ther wives ever'thing they want.



When a woman says somethin' wouldn' surprise her much she means it would please her.

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**N**stands fer Nancy, an' ole fashioned name  
That's been supplanted by Ethyl, Ellyn,  
Edythe an' Mayme.



When a woman says "they say" she means herself.



All th' world's a film an' most of us are  
merely cowboys an' Indians.



None but th' brave kin live with th' fair.



What's become o' th' ole time grocer that  
blew in th' sack?



Th' day has gone by when you have t' invite  
anybuddy t' dinner twice.

# **BROWN COUNTY PRIMER**

## **Toadyin' After th' Great**

By Miss Fawn Lippincut

"Ze thing about your Amerika which impresses me ze most is ze great army o' bores—let me see—hero worshippers, I think you call 'em—that camp on ze trail o' ze great," said Signor Antone Colorado Maduro, th' celebrated Icelandic accordion player, while hidin' in a box stall at th' livery stable t' avoid th' entertainment committee o' th' Ladies Art Society. "In no other country in ze world have I found so many—let me see—toadies I think you call 'em—as I find in your Amerika. They no let me sleep! They no let me walk! It's ze tea, ze dance, ze reception an' ze luncheons. I no take a bath. See, my beard has grown beyond my control! I can no shave! I shake ze hands an' eat all ze time! My stomach no good! It's—let me see—all shot t' pieces I think you call it!"

Th' craze t' be mixed up in some way or other with th' great an' almost great has about reached th' limit in this country. In time th'



# A B E M A R T I N ' S

fad will drive our own great celebrities abroad, as well as discourage those o' Europe from seekin' laurels an' other things among us.

Real celebrities want t' be let alone. Great



ON TH' TRAIL OF A CELEBRITY.

speakers an' musicians an' statesmen an' actors an' actresses must rest an' bathe an' shave jest like paperhangers an' lawyers an' other folks. If great people didn' need th' money an' pub-

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licity they wouldn't stand a minute fer th' average celebrity trailer. It seems t' be as much a part o' th' contract o' a celebrity t' stand fer bein' bored all th' time as it is fer em t' play or sing or speak.

What a tryin' ordeal it must be fer a Norwegian xylophone player, or a Scandinavian 'cellist, or a Peruvian pianist, or a noted exponent o' altruism, t' be surrounded by a bunch o' perfumed an' powdered tea pourers while he feels th' need o' a bath, or a shave, or a steak with onions.

Some celebrities, o' course, travel in ther own special cars an' kin sleep an' shave while they hide on a side track in th' suburbs, but they've all paid th' price early in ther careers.

It's great fun t' watch a reception committee while it waits fer th' train bearin' a celebrity. Th' plan o' attack has been arranged an' rehearsed like a fire drill. Ever' contingency is provided fer. Th' committee huddles t'gether with grave an' sober faces. Each member is thoroughly sensible o' his great responsibility. Each thinks only o' th' part he

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is t' play. Th' occasional click o' a huntin' case watch is all that disturbs th' quiet vigil. Th' committee knows its business. When th' whistle blows it's th' signal fer th' leadin' hardware merchant t' crank his Ford an' have it in readiness. Th' leadin' banker an' prominent pastor move t' a position where th' coach bearin' th' celebrity is likely t' halt. It is th' pastor's business t' greet th' celebrity an' pass his luggage t' th' leadin' banker. At this juncture th' mayor who has remained in th' offin' walks forward an' extends a fat damp hand an' escorts th' party t' th' Ford. Then th' celebrity is spirited t' th' home o' a prominent club woman, where th' committee on entertainment take him in charge. At eight-ten p. m., after eatin' an' shakin hands an' inspectin' th' new water works an' th' heatin system o' K. of P. hall, th' celebrity appears pale an' exhausted fer th' evenin's entertainment.

Have you ever noticed that th' greater a celebrity is th' later he arrives in town an' th' earlier he gits out? Next t' thunderous applause ther haint nothin' a really great cel-

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ebriety likes better'n gittin out o' town before his audience kin recover from his closin' remarks.

Th' penalty fer being great is bein' bored.



What's become o' th' feller who used t' be willin' t' work at anything till somethin' better come along?



Th' only time some fellers are ever seen with their wives is after they've been indicted.




Ever'buddy seems t' think it's funny t' be a bad speller.




Who ever saw a woman that wuz polite enough t' quit talkin' while another woman talked?

# A B E M A R T I N ' S


**O** stands fer opery, grand opery, you know;  
Nobuddy kin see it, but a few of us go.




Th' feller that walks th' chalk at home goes  
th' limit downtown.




Some folks never miss a show or pay a bill.



Mrs. Lafe Bud has traded a cradle fer a  
foldin' card table.



No girl is ever so sure of a feller's love that  
she'll let him see her before breakfast.



Nearly ever' day we meet somebuddy who  
moved t' Floridy once.

# BROWN COUNTY PRIMER

Some fellers don't let their wives run anything but th' furnace.



Nothin' makes a ugly feller as mad as t' have a candidate shake hands with him an' say: "I ought t' remember your face."



It don't make no difference where you wear your heart if your liver is out-o' order.



Th' trouble with mixin' business with pleasure is that th' pleasure allus comes t' th' top.



Constable Newt Plum's married daughter up t' Indynoplus has aged twenty years since payin' two dollars t' see how young Lillian Russell looks.

# A B E M A R T I N ' S

## Gossip

By Miss Tawney Apple

We kin fortify ourselves agin a burglar er recover from a cheap plumber; we kin flee t' th' mountain an' avoid th' flood that sweeps th' lowlands er we kin muff a Wagner recital, but ther is positively no escape from a gossip.

"Ther goes Hattie Moon t' th' pustoffice agin jist as fast as her skirt'll let her. It's th' fifth time since ten o'clock. Is it any wonder decent people talk about her?" said Mrs. Tipton Bud t' Mrs. Tilford Moots this mornin'. Th' two women had stopped t' exchange reports on Art Simmons an' his new wife an' discuss th' possibility o' an early divorce.

Now th' truth is Hattie Moon is takin' stenography by mail with th' intention o' supportin' her widowed mother, but as she is purty an' stylish th' chances are she'll have t' git out o' town. Gittin' talked about is one o' th' penalties fer bein' purty, while bein' above suspicion is about th' only compensation fer bein' homely.

# ABE MARTIN'S

Ever'buddy that hears a little dash o' gossip remounts it an' burnishes it up an' sends it on its way. If you try t' head it off you only stir



"THER SHE GOES."

it up. Nearly ever'buddy is more er less inclined t' gossip, but not allus maliciously. Folks gossip t' be interestin'. Th' fact that Ike Brown is a model husband an pays his



# A B E M A R T I N ' S

debts don't interest no one. Th' fact that his wife is a splendid good woman has no news value. But if you intimate that Ike Brown is on his last legs er that his wife has been visitin' her mother unusually long you have a crowd around you in a minute. Jist whisper t' some friend that a certain woman looks unhappy an' th' card clubs 'll have her separated from her husband in a week.

An' gossippin' haint confined t' women an' little towns. Wherever ther's people ther's gossip. Clubs are clearin' houses fer gossip. Some clubs are organized fer historical research, some are organized t' better social conditions, some are organized t' combat certain evils, some are organized t' gamble fer stock-in's an' pottery while others are organized fer purely social pleasure. Yet I doubt if anybuddy ever attended any kind o' a club meetin' without annexin' a little information o' a sensational nature.

Nobuddy's affairs ever demanded so much o' ther time that they couldn' give a little attention t' gossip. It's wonderful how much

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capacity some folks have—how easily they kin watch ever' detail o' their own business an' yours too.

A long nosed model housekeeper kin take her sewin' an' pull her rockin' chair up t' a side window an' see more thro' a pair o' ninety-eight-cent lace curtains than a Scotland Yard detective could find out in a year.



Th' richer a relative is th' less he bothers you.



Only one feller in ten thousand understands th' currency question, an' we meet him ever' day.



Lafe Bud takes a magazine jest fer th' underwear pictures.

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**P**stands fer parlor, with no light but th' grate,  
A fat powdered daughter an a pompadoured skate.



Steve Dunston, o' th' Tulip Gazette, an' one o' th' best-known film critics on th' flicker circuit, set thro' th' first two laps o' th' "Fatal Kiss" at Melodeon Hall last evenin'.



All th' world loves fried mush.



Folks who manufacture things out o' whole cloth haint worryin' about free wool.



Th' feller who refuses t' neglect his business an' foller th' crowd is called a grouch.

# A B E M A R T I N ' S

Uncle Lemuel Moon who died at th' poor farm yisterday, left two Floridy orange groves an' a guitar.



Look out fer th' feller who kin drive a car an' talk on any subject.



Th' feller who sleeps till 9 a. m. might as well stay in bed.



Lots o' fellers think a home is only good t' borrow money on.



What's become o' th' ole fashioned girl who had sense enough t' protect her wishbone in th' winter time?

# A B E M A R T I N ' S

## Th' Liver

By Dr. Mopps

Th' shameful treatment that is bein' accorded th' human liver in this day an' age is a reflection on our boasted civilization. We're rushin' ahead unitin' oceans, reducin' th' tariff, passin' currency bills an' checkin' hog cholera while th' great American liver struggles along doin' two livers' work without a friend in either branch o' Congress.

Th' human liver (Swedish LEFVER) is a large light maroon colored digestive gland about the size of a catcher's glove that reposes in th' upper right hand corner o' th' abdominal cavity an', when conditions are as they should be, it weighs one-fortieth as much as th' body t' which it is attached. It is th' main gazabo o' th' human works but, notwithstandin' th' important role it plays in our pursuit o' life, liberty an' happiness, it is th' most abused, most misconstrued, most ignored, most imposed on, most neglected an' lied about organ

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of which th' medical fraternity has any knowledge.

Next t' a yeller dog ther hain't nothin' that



WHEN TH' LIVER IS HITTIN' RIGHT.

responds as readily t' kindness as th' human liver. Prunes, when properly stewed, are fine fer th' liver, but how many of us are darin' enough t' ask for them? We occasionally eat

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an apple jest t' please th' liver, but we rarely take th' liver int' our confidence when we attend a Jefferson Day banquet. We are not chummy enough with th' liver. How many of us have any knowledge of it's plumbin'?

A feller's disposition is regulated by his liver. Th' liver is th' switchboard o' his inclinations an' impulses. We often hear it said of a feller that he entered int' this er that with his whole heart. It wuz his whole liver. Most o' th' credit that goes t' th' heart rightfully belongs t' th' liver.

Some fellers are very lavish till ther asked t' do somethin' fer ther liver. Next t' a poor relative ther hain't nothin' they're less interested in than ther own liver. Some girls laughin'ly powder over a liver spot on ther cheek without ever thinkin' of goin' t' th' seat o' th' trouble.

One o' th' hardest things that come up durin' th' liver's daily routine is handlin' a large steak after its owner has consumed it an' sunken heavily int' an easy chair.

When th' human liver (Latin JECUR) is

# A B E M A R T I N ' S

happily situated an' th' lines leadin' therefrom  
are open t' traffic ther is nothin' that looks as  
bright an' beautiful as th' world.



Ther's gittin' t' be too many thirty-cent  
people that look like a million dollars.



So many clerks seem t' have missed their  
callin'.



Some folks never begin t' figure till ther's  
nothin' t' add.



Keepin' a marriage a secret must be a good  
deal like hidin' a bass drum.



Lots o' fellers are not known by th' com-  
pany they keep.



# A B E M A R T I N ' S

**Q**stands fer quack, a travelin' M. D.,  
Room fifty-seven an' consultation free.



A optimist is often a feller that lives fer  
t'day an' lets his grocer take care o' t'morrow.



So fer I haint heard o' nobuddy who wants  
t' stop livin' on account o' th' cost.



Ever'thing comes t' him who waits but a  
loaned book.



What's become o' th' ole fashioned dog  
named "Carlo"?



Th' worst jolt most of us ever git is when  
we fall back on our own resources.

# BROWN COUNTY PRIMER

I've never yit seen a big fine lookin' athletic feller that didn' either have a soft snap or wuz lookin' fer one.



Ther's no secret about success. Did you ever know a successful man that didn' tell you all about it?



Mr. an' Mrs. Lafe Bud entertained a few neighbors at ther home last evenin', but were soon separated.



Th' reason some folks don't understand th' income tax is because they can't beat it.



When we watch some folks eat we can't help thinkin' what great brickmasons they'd make —specially if ther's some apple butter on th' table.

# **BROWN COUNTY PRIMER**

## **Popularity**

By Ex-Editor Cale Fluhart

Th' trouble with most men an' women who chase after popularity without makin' any noticeable headway is that ther either lackin' in th' peculiarities o' th' genuine or money.

Ther's two kinds o' popularity—th' real, inexpensive, natural finish, or uncommon variety, an' th' smilin', smirkin', flashy, shimmerin' short-lived sort which depends entirely on one's willin'ness t' come across.

Th' ultimate obscurity that seems t' be th' inevitable fate o' all who have known th' glamor of a brief, wasteful season o' popularity is often pathetic. T' be suddenly, or even gradually, torn from those who have laughed at your jokes, those who have used you an' fattened on your vanity, those who have got ahead thro' your generosity an' those who have shown you a good time no matter how much it cost you, is one o' th' common an' pitiable spectacles o' life.

Look at th' grand ole mansion that has been

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turned int' a boardin' house because it no longer met th' requirements o' th' gay throngs whose laughter once shook its great chande-



HOLDIN' HIS FRIENDS.

liers from ther moorin's! T'day it is a shrine fer th' forlorn failures o' society—fruit tree agents, outcasts an' solicitors.

How many people do you know who were

# A B E M A R T I N ' S

once pop'lar an' who, thro' some breach o' th' code or ill luck are carryin' th' banner t'day, frazzled an' fergotten?

Popularity is fleetin'. It is here t'day an' gone t'morrow. It vanishes before sudden adversity like a paper dollar on Saturday night. Popularity is like a babe. It must be nursed an' cuddled lest it withers an' fades. As it thrives its unkeep increases.

It's as hard t' build up a long neglected popularity as it is t' put a run down hotel back in th' game. T' keep his popularity in good runnin' order a feller should be a nice even tempered goat with a kind word an' a good se-gar fer all.

Ever' time I see a widely pop'lar feller surrounded by a lot o' smilin coyotes I allus think o' that dear ole lyric, "I'll Love You When Your Money's Gone, But I'll Not Be With You."

# BROWN COUNTY PRIMER

A flirt allus thinks one good turn deserves another.



If ther wuz jist some way t' bridle th' energy that's wasted knockin' Secretary Bryan th' problem o' cheap power would be solved.



Miss Fawn Lippincut talks some o' startin' an open air school t' teach milk men how t' write with ther mittens on.



Th' older a feller gits th' less he wants t' take a sleigh ride.



No feller wuz ever so pop'lar at home that he didn' have t' go out o' town fer his fame.

# A B E M A R T I N ' S

**R**stands fer rotten, which seems t' express  
Our thoughts when we're trimmed by a  
"New York success".



It's wonderful what a run ther is on worry  
when you consider that it never helped any-  
thing.



Th' hardest thing about bein' a aviator is  
knowin' when t' quit.



Folks in a little town don't worry half as  
much about ther pustmaster's qualifications t'  
run his office as they do about his wife's ability  
t' gossip.



Steaks are rarer, while th' consumer con-  
tinues to be well done.

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Next t' a yeller buggy whip with a blue ribbon tied t' it ther haint nothin' that looks as good t' a country boy as a street car conductor.



Ever' time I read where some woman gave a "short talk" I wonder how she stopped.



Next t' a painter climbin' around on a scaffold ther haint nothin' as cute an' cunnin' as a parrot.



When I look at some rich folks I don't blame fortune fer smilin'.



You don't have t' be on th' water wagon t' notice th' days gittin' longer.



# A B E M A R T I N ' S

Lafe Bud says marriage wouldn' be so bad  
if it wuzn' fer th' few weeks each year when  
it's too cool t' send your wife t' Michigan an'  
too warm t' send her t' Floridy.



I don't believe baked beans have an enemy  
in th' world.



Th' applause fer a mother song allus comes  
from th' gallery.



What's become o' th' ole time landlord who  
used t' say, "I kin feed you, but I can't bed  
you?"



We all run in debt fer things we wouldn'  
think o' payin' perfectly good money fer.

# **BROWN COUNTY PRIMER**

## **Trouble**

By Prof. Alex Tansey

If we kin believe ever'buddy we talk to ther haint nothin' that's as equally distributed in this life as trouble. Trouble finds its way int' th' tall stately mansion among th' elms an' in th' humble cot. Th' smilin' grafter, th' well groomed man o' wealth, th' glossy loafer an' th' tired shoveler all have ther troubles.

We see a prosperous lookin' feller whizzin' by in a luxurious tourin' car an' we think how happy he must be. It never occurs t' us that he may be goin' t' th' depot t' meet a lot o' relatives, er has jist paid two dollars t' have a valve ground.

People who act th' happiest may have th' most troubles. A feller may be all life an' sunshine in th' presence o' his associates an' brood when alone because he looks like h—l in a dress suit. A gushin' society belle may be th' queen o' her set an' still weep bitter tears because she's got a mole in th' wrong place. A husband may eat a hearty supper an' chat

# A B E M A R T I N ' S

pleasantly with members o' his household an' then jump in th' river t' keep from meetin' a note. A wife may be surrounded by ever' lux-



"OH, SHOOT!"

ury t'day an' leave a note in th' mornin' sayin',  
"I've gone t' Seattle."

Trouble is jist a part o' th' scheme o' life  
an' no home seems t' be complete without its

# BROWN COUNTY PRIMER

errin' son er daughter, its mortgage, its poverty, or calamity o' some sort. Trouble softens us. It disturbs that feelin' o' selfish security that's all too likely t' develop with a little easy money. Trouble is a great leveler an' a wonderful conceit diminisher an' it seems t' make a specialty o' hittin' th' high places. Fer how often we see folks readin' th' help wanted ads t'day that were frownin' down on us from th' dizzy peaks o' prosperity yisterday.

So th' fact that ever'buddy has ther troubles should make us all th' more reconciled t' our own. Let us study th' beautiful optimism o' poor Robert, th' laborer, in th' ole third reader story, when he says: "Well, then I must sup t'night on an onion. Last night I had nothin'. It will make no difference with me t'morrow what I have had t'day." So sayin' he trudged on, singin' as before.

# A B E M A R T I N ' S

**S**tands fer Steve, of melodrama fame,  
"Stand back, dad, don't tech her, th' gal  
haint t' blame!"



What's become o' th' ole twenty-five-cent  
dinner with eight side dishes, includin' a piece  
o' cross barred apple pie in left field?



Next t' a dinin' car mutton chop ther hain't  
nothin' as rare as a day in June.



Th' less ther is back o' you th' better front  
you need.



There'll allus be somethin' funny about a  
weddin' write-up no matter how seriously it's  
written.

# BROWN COUNTY PRIMER

Th' demand fer heart balm is allus in excess  
o' th' supply.



Whenever ther's an errin' husband th' spin-  
sters allus say: "That's a man fer you. Ther  
all alike!"



When does a college student study?



Mrs. Tipton Bud's nephew, who wuz re-  
cently convicted o' manslaughter, has been de-  
nied a new trial as he only had one farm.



It takes some folks five minutes t' put a flag  
up an' a week t' take it down.



Ther's lots o' difference between makin'  
over a husband an' a last year's hat.

# A B E M A R T I N ' S

## Noises

By Rev. Wiley Tanger

Oh, fer th' ole restful noiseless days when nothin' disturbed th' peace an' quiet o' th' community but th' milkman's bell, or an occasional grind organ! Oh, fer th' joy o' livin' agin through that blissful period precedin' th' advent o' th' raspin' phonograph!

When it comes t' din th' blatant notes o' a minstrel pe-rade are as soft an' soothin' as a summer zepyr compared t' th' turmoil an' clatter o' th' march o' progress, with its player pianners, typewriters, automobiles, addin' machines, belchin' motorcycles, nickel the-ater megaphones, flat wheeled street cars, hospital ambulances an' rumblin' interurbans. With th' possible exception o' th' rubber heel all o' our modern inventions an' innovations are accompanied by some nerve rackin' noise. Wherever we turn we run int' some new kind of a noise. The quiet Sunday at home passed out with th' comin' o' th' player pianner. Th' wheezin' graphophone has

# BROWN COUNTY PRIMER

drowned out th ole enjoyable conversations around th' cheerful grate, while th' impatient ring o' th' telephone bell destroys one silent



"YOU MADE ME LOVE YOU," ETC.

meditation after another. If we seek th' lonesome seclusion o' th' country lane we're startled by th' auto horn or snortin' motorcycle. In th' cafe th' low necked cabaret nightingale



# A B E M A R T I N ' S

sings "You Made Me Love You" as she wabbles aimlessly among th' tables scatterin' talcum dust o'er th' steaks an' caviar sandwiches. Ever'where is noise. In ever' town that's flourishin' enough t' support a "Pearl" laundry or a "Weekly Banner" we find th' fussy little gasoline engine puffin' like an enraged wart hog brought t' bay. Thro' th' turmoil an' bustle o' traffic we cross th' downtown street with our life in one hand an' a cane or a mackerel or somethin' in th' other. In th' evenin' when we git ready t' retire some neighbor decides t' try out a new grand opery record on th' Victrolay, 'or th' blushin' debutante next door grows tired o' holdin' hands an' concludes t' do a little foot work on th' player pianner. At intervals thro' th' night we're aroused by th' milkman as he whistles his way t' th' window sill t' keep up his courage, or by th' rough voice o' th' street sweeper as he curses his mules. In th' mornin' th' wide open muffler o' some early chauffeur proclaims th' breakin' day. Once back in th' city streets we hear th' constant rumble o' heavy trucks an' th' ter-

# BROWN COUNTY PRIMER

rific explosions o' countless tires an' our thoughts revert t' th' siege o' Liege. We are surrounded by th' artillery o' traffic.

Nothin' seems t' succeed these days without a noise. Th' prosperity o' our towns an' cities is measured by ther noise. Even a feller's prominence is reckoned by th' noise he makes.

If a feller quietly buys a nickel se-gar these days th' bang o' th' cash register destroys his whole line o' thought.



Who remembers th' ole days when ever' ventriloquist wore a mustache like a walrus?



T' hear 'em holler you'd think some fellers had been hit by an ax instead o' th' income **tax.**

# A B E M A R T I N ' S

**T**stands fer tango, knocked by pulpit an'  
press,  
Which largely accounts fer its tremen-  
dous success.



Makin' a long stay short is a great aid t'  
popalarity.



No Mexican news is good news.



Lem Granger's trial fer hoss stealin' is set  
fer next week, an' Attorney Tell Binkley is  
rehearsin' his wife an' baby on how t' cry in  
court.



You never find a poor man in th' hands o'  
his friends.

# BROWN COUNTY PRIMER

It's too bad that anything as cheap as politeness hain't nutritious.



Why is it that th' feller who owns a tourin' car (or has one) allus smiles when he hears o' someone else buyin' one?



A real friend never gives your name t' an agent.



Some folks seem t' make a specialty o' makin' a short story long.



A sober second thought is all right, but it's th' sober first thought that counts.

# A B E M A R T I N ' S

## Th' Attitude o' th' Father Toward th' Son

By Prof. Alex Tansey

Does your boy run up an alley when he sees you comin'? If he does, why does he? Why don't he run down t' th' corner t' meet you? If he don't, why don't he? Does he boast o' 'my paw' t' his companions, or does he refer t' you as 'th' ole man'? Does your boy place his order fer a new bicycle tire, or a haircut, or a pair o' shoes, thro' his mother, or does he come direct t' you? If he don't, why don't he? Is your boy afraid o' you? If he is, why is he? Is it because you're a receiver fer a cannin' factory where your word is law, or because you're a director in two or three business concerns an' feel yer importance? Is it because you've been prominently mentioned fer county treasurer?

If your boy is afraid o' you because you are great it is only a question o' a few years till he gits on t' you. Then he'll laugh—er run away. He'll find out that after all you are only a human bein', an atom with nothin' new t'

# BROWN COUNTY PRIMER

offer. A plain man with a little downtown responsibility.

Do you come home in th' evenin' with a knit brow an' sink int' th' best chair an' pull out your watch? At th' evenin' meal do you ever



"BEAT IT, HERE COMES TH' MAIN SQUEEZE!"

shove th' butter over where your boy kin reach it, or show him other little attentions t' make him feel that he's your son an' that you're goin' t' see him thro' till he gits a start? Or do you scowl when he timidly

# A B E M A R T I N ' S

looks at his mother an' lifts an egg t' his plate?

Confide in your boy. Take walks with him. Fight off ole age by makin' a chum o' him. Make him respect you an' discipline 'll take care o' itself.

Not long ago I wuz strollin' along th' street in th' residence district o' a city when I came upon two youngsters who were discussin' croquet. Suddenly th' older o' th' two said, "Hurry! Beat it! Here comes th' Main Squeeze!" an' they both rushed panic stricken across a lawn an' were soon lost in th' shrubbery. Turnin' about I saw a pompous gentleman approachin'. His chin wuz well up an' he seemed t' be entirely unconscious o' th' fact that any other livin' thing existed besides himself. That he wuz a gentleman o' rare ability ther could be no doubt, but in what callin' or profession he excelled I wuz unable t' figure out. I walked leisurely t' th' corner an' halted. I wished t' study him at close range. My hopes were shattered when he turned t' enter th' residence across th' lawn of which th' boys had

# BROWN COUNTY PRIMER

disappeared. I watched him. He never limbered or seemed t' fergit th' fact that he wuz great. His bearin' never changed. He entered th' house, an' thro' a window I caught a last glance o' him. His chin wuz still up. I wuz much interested. I asked a gentleman who chanced t' pass who lived in th' house. He replied "Th' cashier o' some public service monopoly. I've never heard his name."



Th' feller who tells how his wife fixes turnips is hard up fer news.



Th' average voter would jump at th' chance t' exchange his right o' franchise fer th' courtesy an' consideration that is shown a woman.



# A B E M A R T I N ' S

**U**stands fer Uncle Tom, with his blood-  
hounds an' ice,  
Who's still playin' t' capacity tho' we've  
all seen him twice.



A five-cent picture show don't only leave  
somethin' fer th' imagination, but also some-  
thin' fer th' groceryman.



Mr. an' Mrs. Lafe Bud gave a Washin'ton's  
Birthday party last night an' buried th'  
hatchet.



Some folks are too polite t' be up t' any  
good.



Don't knock th' weather. Nine-tenths o'  
th' people couldn' start a conversation if it  
didn' change once in a while.

# BROWN COUNTY PRIMER

Th' ole time father who used t' go home at noon an' eat a hearty dinner now has a married son who refuses t' take any chances.



Uncle Hiram Blake, aged ninety-three, froze t' death while choppin' wood east o' town yisterday. He will not be buried till his four sons kin be located.



Some folks read ever'thing but th' signs o' th' times.



Haint it about time fer th' farmer t' pass th' prosperity?



Th' more a feller amounts to th' worse he looks in a plug hat.



Too many folks hang up ther religion with ther Sunday clothes.

# A B E M A R T I N ' S

## Th' Cost o' Sparkin'

By Miss Tawney Apple

After a feller gits thro' sparkin' these days he's insolvent. Lots o' good sensible fellers would like t' git married but they can't afford t' take th' time an' money. If a feller could git married after a week's sparkin' he might be able t' catch even again. But th' modern girl seems t' demand a long extravagant courtship before she's willin' t' give in an' drop out o' th' game. Then th' young husband finds himself bankrupt with a yeller cane, a plug hat, a dress suit an' a doll on his hands. With each spurt o' economy her love grows colder. He gits tired o' lookin' shiny an' her muff goes out o' date. A separation soon follers—th' wife returns t' her ole home on Chestnut street an' th' husband joins his regiment on th' rialto.

Back in th' ole days o' th' fuschia nosegay, ice cream parlors, cinnamon drops an' autograph albums a feller had a chance t' win a heart without th' use o' dancin' pumps an' neglectin' his business. Love makin' wuz almost

# BROWN COUNTY PRIMER

self-sustainin' in 1880. Girls looked ahead o' ther noses, an' th' feller who gave promise o' bein' able t' support a wife eventually wuz



PLAYIN' TH' GAME.

grabbed off in a hurry. Girls didn' make love o'er th' chop suey bowl or in a dark 5-cent theater. An' they didn' expect t' git on th' outside of a few cocktails an' a filet mignon after

# A B E M A R T I N ' S

ever 'performance o' "The Two Orphans" or "East Lynne." Th' parlor or th' narrow livery rig wuz th' clearin' house fer affairs o' th' heart.

What's th' sense o' exhaustin' all th' pleasures o' life durin' th' first few months o' courtship? Why not save a few pleasures t' look forward t' after you've satisfied th' instalment houses? Marriage at best is quite a comedown fer most any girl, 'specially if her engagement period wuz one long an' riotous dream. An' when th' tale tellin' furrows o' care an' disappointment begin t' appear in her face, an' she appeals t' a young husband fer a new pair o' shoes it haint goin' t' git him nothin' t' say, "Wuzn' I allus good t' you in th' ole days, Nell?"

It's fer better t' have loved an' lost than it is t' stall along on nothin'.

# **BROWN COUNTY PRIMER**

Winter elbows may be cleaned by a lively application o' cornmeal an' a stiff brush.



Garland Curl, who is out on parole, is at home t'day workin' on his report.



Some women seem t' be able t' entertain ever'buddy but ther husbands.



You don't have t' peddle a good thing.



While feelin' his way carefully along a roastin' ear this mornin', at th' Little Gem Resturint, a stranger with a droopin' mustache became confused an' fell off his stool.

# A B E M A R T I N ' S

**V**stands fer villian. Oh, who can't recall  
Th' one in East Lynne who says, "My  
curses on all".



Th' auto kin never take th' place o' th'  
white-legged hoss an' narrow buggy fer th'  
country boy an' his girl, who hain't goin' no  
place in particular.



Ike Soles an' wife are back from Kansas an'  
look almost poor enough t' have ten children.



Speakin' o' harness records Tilford Moots  
an' wife 'll celebrate ther golden weddin'  
t'morrow.



It's gettin' so if we live thro' Sunday we're  
purty safe fer th' rest o' th' week.

# BROWN COUNTY PRIMER

A young lady o' Vevay writes t' know if its proper t' double back after reachin' th' end of a roastin' ear.



O' course things are not quite th' same when father is loafin', but it's when mother lays off that th' home goes t' th' dogs.



It seems t' make a auto driver mad if he misses you.



Wherever ther's a nagger ther's generally a jagger.



Who remembers th' feller who used t' say he never worried about th' wheat crop 'cause he had t' buy his flour anyhow?



# A B E M A R T I N ' S

## Th' Element o' Boldness an' Its Relation t' Success

By Dr. Mopps

We're livin' in an age o' sharp competition, when no element is so indispensable as boldness in th' attainment of all that is desirable in life. A finished education, purty hair, an' unimpeachable character, finely chiseled features, th' form of an Apollo, a fine tenor voice, fashionable raiment an' good folks avail but little in th' battle o' life when unaccompanied by th' element o' boldness—or nerve.

Boldness is a positive characteristic o' th' spirit. A feller may be bold thro' fearlessness, but he may be fearless without bein' bold. He may be fearless where there is no apprehension o' danger or no cause fer apprehension, but he is bold only when he is conscious or apprehensive o' danger an' has th' nerve t' encounter it.

Th' venerable example o' penniless ole age who loves t' chaw t'backer an' refer t' th' time when he could have bought th' ground

# **BROWN COUNTY PRIMER**

where th' pustoffice stands fer two dollars, an' th' spinster who could have married th' best man in town, both illustrate t' us how a whole



**A VENERABLE EXAMPLE O' PENNILESS OLE AGE.**

life may be changed an soured thro' th' lack o' a little nerve.

Th' best maxims o' t'day were written almost a century ago, an' if they fitted condi-

# A B E M A R T I N ' S

tions as they existed then how much truer are they t'day when th' minds an' energies o' th' most resourceful amongst us are often exhausted in an effort t' even rise above mediocrity. If "Strike when th' iron is hot" meant anything in 1836 how much more must it mean t'day? If he who hesitated fifty years ago wuz lost what chance is ther t'day fer th' feller who says, "I'll think about it?" "Nothin' ventured nothin' won" wuz a pop'lar sayin' long before th' death o' Cornwallis, an' yit t'day ther's folks tryin' t' succeed without advertisin'.

So in our modern system o' reachin' th' front boldness is th' all important, over shadowin' pre-eminent an' dominant requisite. If we're t' git a seat on th' end o' th' aisle in th' third row we'll have t' beat somebuddy t' it.

As Tell Binkley says, "Faint heart never won fair lady or sold any life insurance."

# BROWN COUNTY PRIMER

All day t'day a steady stream o' friends called t' congratulate Mrs. Tipton Bud on her foresight in buyin' a Brussels carpet when she did.



Fears is about all some people ever entertain.



Speakin' o' th' war, one o' th' latest styles o' four flushin' is pretendin' t' be uneasy about relatives.



One o' th' commonest ailments o' th' present day is premature formation o' opinion.



Who remembers when we used t' call a kiss a buss?

# A B E M A R T I N ' S

**W**stands fer woo, t' court or t' spark,  
T' fill some girl with taffy in auto or  
park.



A good fer nothin' husband is bad enough,  
but an idle wife is th' limit.



An ole night shirt makes a dandy dust rag  
fer a auto.



Carryin' a tune, writin' a beautiful hand an'  
rollin' a perfect cigarette are among th' little  
accomplishments o' life that seem t' have a  
peculiar fascination fer th' feller who's "not  
doin' anything now."



Back t' th' bath tub: White Rose perfume  
is made in France.

# BROWN COUNTY PRIMER

You never really know some folks till they go on a trip an' write a letter back t' ther home paper.



A mountain goat hain't got nothin' on a movie actor when it comes t' climbin' around.



Miss Fawn Lippincut broke a gold tooth t'day while shiftin' gears on a roastin' ear.



Some fellers git credit fer bein' home lovin' when they're really doin' th' housework.



Th' worst drawback t' hot weather is th' odor that hovers about some folks like they wuz runnin' with th' emergency breaks on.

# A B E M A R T I N ' S

## Th' Industry o' Knockin'

By Tell Binkley

Ther's one great an' growin' industry in this country employin' hundreds o' thousands o' people in ever' city, nook an' hamlet that's not losin' any sleep on account o' President Wilson's program, an' that's th' business o' **KNOCKIN'**.

Ther's allus been a little knockin' goin' on here an' there since th' beginnin' o' time, but it has operated under th' sobriquet o' backbitin' an' wuz widely scattered. But somehow it got in with the' vanguard o' our country's progress an' t'day it is regarded as a matter o' course, jest th' same as th' typesettin' machine an' th' straight front corset. It is one o' our established customs. It seems t' be impossible t' make th' most commonplace remark without leadin' up t' a knock. Th' one thing above all others, t' my mind, that has furnished more real practice fer th' anvil chorus is th' automobile. What a relief it must be fer a poor auto owner t' git away from his neighbors an'

# ABE MARTIN'S

---

spin along th' quiet country lanes an' be able t' look int' th' faces o' smilin' cows an' friendly woodpeckers.

If knockers don't know anything mean about



FLEEIN' FROM TH' ANVIL CHORUS.

somebuddy they'll change th' subject. Ambitious wives with poor husbands make th' worst knockers, unless it's a bookkeeper with twelve children. Even at a weddin' knockers are am-



# **BROWN COUNTY PRIMER**

bushed behind banks o' sweet smellin' blooms, er tall stately palms, waitin' fer a burst o' laughter er th' low mumblin' tones o' th' organ that they may put over a well aimed knock without bein' heard. At th' banquet table, where good cheer an' friendship are supposed t' abide, th' knocker sits with glass turned down an' fumbles his roquefort cheese while he waits fer a chance t' slip one over. When a new baby comes t' brighten th' home an' fond neighbors flock t' shower congratulations er run t' th' drug store, th' knocker is th' first one t' jolly th' mother an' chuck th' tiny pink stranger under th' chin—an' th' first one t' go away an' make fun o' its nose. Even in th' stricken home th' knocker appears an' snoops around with a solemn face an' stands with bared head under a pear tree in th' door yard an' remarks t' his nearest neighbor, "She won't be a widder long."

# A B E M A R T I N ' S

No matter how well a boardin' house is conducted, it seems like it's jest impossible t' keep th' feller who likes t' set around in his undershirt off th' verandy.



What's become o' th' feller who used t' refer t' an ole sweetheart as an ole flame?



It's jest as wrong fer some folks t' take a vacation as it would be fer 'em t' take a pocket-book.



Wherever ther's a courthouse th' jail is hard by.



Of all th' home remedies a good wife is th' best.

# BROWN COUNTY PRIMER

**X**stands fer Xenia, O., a hamlet o' note,  
Th' birthplace o' Wilbur Nesbit, toast-  
master an' poet.



"Th' poor we have allus with us," t'gether  
with th' feller who says, "You won't ketch me  
in this climate another winter."



It's easier t' git t'gether at a banquet than  
it is at th' polls.



Another style o' four flushin' is applaudin'  
an imitation of an actor you never saw.



A crank allus starts somethin'.

# A B E M A R T I N ' S

Let's all join th' good roads movement an' mend our own ways.



A feller don't only come back from a vacation tired, but he proceeds t' make ever'buddy else tired.



Miss Fawn Lippincut tried t' filmize "Ten Nights in a Barroom," but gave it up. Too many reels.



Some folks crave cherry pie, some have a hankerin' fer ice cream, some sigh fer watermelon, while others would give th' world fer somethin' sour, but ther's times in all of our lives when ther hain't nothin' that hits th' spot like ham an' eggs.

# **BROWN COUNTY PRIMER**

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Ever notice how an office seeker's eyesight fails after he gits what he wants?



Lots of us make ourselves more miserable in extreme weather by worryin' about th' folks who could escape it if they wuzn' so stingy.



Th' longer it takes you t' select a cantaloupe th' worse it is.



Th' honeymoon ends when th' husband puts his wife on an allowance.



Since it takes all kinds o' people t' make a world what's th' use o' knockin'?

# A B E M A R T I N ' S

## Th' Little Town

By Rev. Wiley Tanger

Stew Nugent is at home t' put his feet under his mother's table. He has been t' th' city fer three years an' says that th' trouble with a little town is that ever'buddy knows ever'buddy else's business. That's th' reason Stew went away, an' it's one o' th' best things about a little town. You know who your next door neighbor is, an' you know who lives over th' hardware store. An' you know who's able t' own a tourin' car.

In a city where you don't need no other credentials but a good front it's different. Some folks flourish in a city that couldn' git trust fer a box o' corn flakes in ther home town. Some fellers apologize fer livin' in a little town. When you ask 'em where ther from they color up an' stammer an' say, "I—er—why—I—I'm from Rossville—that is my folks live ther. I've been livin' ther too, but I'm thinkin' o' goin' t' Chicago. Ther's no opportunities in a little town fer a young man."

# BROWN COUNTY PRIMER

---

An' when you size him up you can't help picturin' what a flurry he'll cause in Chicago. O' course some folks that go t' th' city succeed, but they've got th' ole home metal in 'em.



"I WONDER WHAT THER DOIN' AT HOME?"

In th' great city parks th' benches are filled with poor unfortunates from th' little towns who have tried an' failed. Pride alone keeps

# A B E M A R T I N ' S

'em from returnin' an' they become aimless wanderers an' are lost an' fergotten in th' mist o' time.

Some folks jist seem t' be cut out fer th' artificiality o' th' city, an' that's where they ought t' live. But if you want t' live an honest, quiet, peaceful life an' enjoy th' love an' confidence o' your friends an' neighbors, ther's no place like th' little town where one-half th' people knows how th' other half lives, where respectability is a real asset, where a K. of P. watch charm won't save you if you can't toe th' mark, an' where you're remembered long after th' hearse gits back t' th' livery stable.



# BROWN COUNTY PRIMER

**Y**stands fer yellor, in hues without number,  
Pop'lar with journalism an' th' seedlin'  
cucumber.



Why don't th' feller who says, "I'm no  
speechmaker," let it go at that instead o' givin'  
a demonstration?



Even merit has t' be advertised before it  
pays.



Somehow things never seem th' same agin  
after your wife comes home with a cute little  
serviceable ever' day hat without much on it  
fer \$24.



Next t' an Osage orange ther hain't nothin'  
as bitter as a disappointed Democrat.

# A B E M A R T I N ' S

Ther's two critical periods in ever' feller's life—when he wants t' belong t' a band an' when he feels entitled t' an office.



When we read about th' spring styles we almost dread t' see th' first robin.



Show me a smile that won't come off an' I'll show you a cheerful idiot.



Th' feller who quits work in th' evenin' like he wuz leavin' a penitentiary never reaches Easy Street.



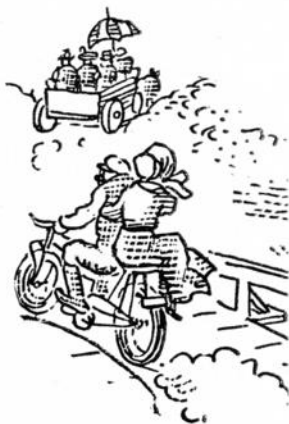
It must make some folks mad t' feel at home.

# BROWN COUNTY PRIMER

**Z**stands fer Zanzibar, in th' tropical zone  
Where th' belles dress as scantily as our  
girls here at home.



Why does a Republican lawyer allus have a  
Dimmycratic partner?



TH' END.

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