

LIMBRICKS

TEXT AND PICTURE BY OLIVER HERFORD



VIII—THE CANTANKEROUS 'GATOR

THERE was a cantankerous 'gator  
For whom 't was no pleasure to cater.  
If he happened to find  
No dish to his mind,  
He would like as not swallow the waiter.

## GREETINGS FOR TWO

BY J. W. FOLEY

KNOWED him more 'n twenty year';  
 Liked him through an' through;  
 Him an' me was neighbors here  
 When the land was new.  
 He druv past here every day,  
 Wave' his hand jes' so;  
 Then he 'd holler, "Howdy!" an'  
 I 'd holler back, "Hello!"

I 'd be workin' in the field,  
 He 'd be off to town;  
 An' I 'd hear that rattin'-wheeled  
 Buggy comin' down;  
 I 'd look up from hoein' corn,  
 An' I 'd see him go;  
 Then he 'd holler, "Howdy!" an'  
 I 'd holler back, "Hello!"

Never was no other talk  
 Had by him an' me;  
 See him go by, trot er walk,  
 Wave—an' let him be.  
 Always knowed when I looked up  
 Jest how it 'u'd go:  
 He 'u'd holler, "Howdy!" an'  
 I 'd holler back, "Hello!"

Say, I call *that* neighborin'  
 In the proper way;  
 Ain't no kith o' mine er kin  
 Fur as I kin say;  
 Always friendly, cheery-like,  
 Sunshine, rain, er snow,  
 He jest hollers, "Howdy!" an'  
 I holler back, "Hello!"

He 'ten's to his own affairs,  
 An' I 'ten' t' mine;  
 He don't put on any airs,  
 I don't cut no shine;  
 Weather bad er weather fair,  
 Drivin' fast er slow,  
 He jest hollers, "Howdy!" an'  
 I holler back, "Hello!"

That 's the way we started out  
 When we settled here;  
 Like t' keep it up about  
 'Nother twenty year'.  
 Look out yonder in the road—  
 There! Now see him go!  
 Soon he 'll holler, "Howdy!" an'  
 I 'll holler back, "Hello!"



Drawn by W. O. Wilson

## A CLOSED INCIDENT

"'Youse kids kin beat it. I bin indooced t' accept the position meself."

THE DE VINNE PRESS, NEW YORK