The Chronic Kidder
By W. E. Hill

Some kids never know when or where to stop. This one tried to kid a traffic cop with a bell on his neck. Officer Greentinger is going to give him a nice heart-to-heart talk, and then hand him a little pink slip for remembrance.

"Hello, mom! Hear you've been 'round having a group photo taken of yourself." A chronic kidder is all right around the home until he starts kidding his ma-in-law, and then somehow this line doesn't go nearly as well as with the boys in the Rotary club. (This loving husband has unfortunately broken in upon one of those heart-to-heart talks between mother and daughter—the sort of confab ending: "Well, Dorothy, I'm afraid he's just like your father, and I spent the best years of my life trying to make something out of him").

"I'll bet you girls were out making whoopee last night!" says Uncle Alvin Monksey to the Misses Belle and Minnie Calico. The Misses Calico are delighted by the implication of delectability and are going to kid right back, calling Uncle Monksey an old cackledutter and other names.

"I know you country girls. I'm done at 9 o'clock with the cows and the chickens." Traveling salesmen are terrible kids, especially the greeting card salesboys like Mr. Rype here, who is trying to taunt Besose, the dining room cashier, into a heavy day. Besose is "pretty wise, even for a country lass," and knows that two and two make five if you can get it, and that there really isn't any Easter frenzy, though she still believes in Santa Claus. Mr. Rype thinks he has Besose all strung out with embarrassment. (Besose is really wondering if Mr. Rype has a car, if he gets noisy on a party, and whether Mabel and her boy friend would like his type.)

There would be more empty phone booths in pay stations if only those ladies who like to kid the boy friend for hours at a time over a telephone wire (telling him it's Mrs. Astorhill speaking, and how the old tin can anyway) would realize that some boy friends don't like to stay by a telephone longer than five minutes straight.

"You're just a dear big naughty baby, that's what you are—just a naughty old baby!" This line of fancy and assured kidding goes big with the old boys.

Kidding in intellectual circles is just like any other impish pranks among the common herd. Just because, will you, to Prof. Flummers of the Latin department telling Eng-lish Instructor Liske not to worry any more Student Ohio (which is Latin for nickels). And Instructor Liske (who has just been giving half the freshmen class in English A & D minus, on a written test asking why Ophelia wore her rue with a difference) is coming back right royally with "Et tu, Brute?!"