

These Kids Are Clever

By W. E. Hill

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Shirley is a very observant child and has a sixth sense for finding out domestic secrets, which makes her very popular and entertaining to the near neighbors. Shirley is making a Saturday morning call on the people next door and is telling them all about how mad daddy got when he heard mamma had invited grandma to stay with them all summer.



Daddy and mumsie are bringing up June in the old fashioned way and are letting her believe in Santa Claus, Mrs. Santa Claus, the three bears, the Easter bunny, fairies, giants, and the brownies. This is very convenient at times, because whenever June is naughty and in danger of corporal punishment, she can say: "I couldn't help it, daddy; the bad brownie made me do it!" Aunt Margaret told June that baby brother was brought by the baker in a loaf of bread, but June doesn't believe that.



Roy is what you might call an incipient humorist of the most comic hue, and will shout gleefully, "And they shot Lincoln!" whenever a grownup makes a bad break.



"Good land! That child is beginning to whoop!" Some children are quicker to absorb and assimilate than others, and Junior is just that way, being usually the first to start the neighborhood epidemics. Little playmates are forever being snatched from Junior's proximity by anxious mothers who suspect a rash or a cough.



Herman is going to Harvard in six or seven years, and already the girls in his neighborhood are beginning to look with adoring eyes and are wishing for Harvard banners. Herman belongs to a gang which is continually warring on another gang, so that he has very little time for "the women," as he calls them—yet.



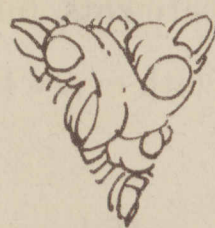
Harold is one of those infant musicians who are going to do great things to the keyboard later on. Harold is playing for a select gathering. Just now the piece is "Warum," and the gathering is wondering "why?"



Roberta's family is thrilled to the limit by the really remarkable things Roberta is doing in the artistic line, and you know how critical one's immediate family can be. Roberta says this is a picture of a horsie running away from a mounted policeman in the park because he wants his dinner. "Why, really!" exclaims Auntie Genevieve, "at her age I couldn't have drawn a straight line—and just look at what the child can do!"



"And, Betty, dear, I must tell you what he said to his grandmother the other day when she asked him what he was doing. He said: 'None of your — — * * * ! ! ! business!'" "Well, Ethel, you can see he's all boy!" (Three-year-old Eddie can swear better than most truck drivers and almost as fluently as the minister's boys. His parents, though they pretend to be horrified, think Eddie is pretty darn cute.)



Grace is one of those medically minded little darlings. Grace is very frank about digestion, and so forth, and will say: "Uncle Junius had terrible gas in his stomach last night and mamma said, 'Junius, why don't you take a good dose of—'" (and right here Grace is suppressed).

