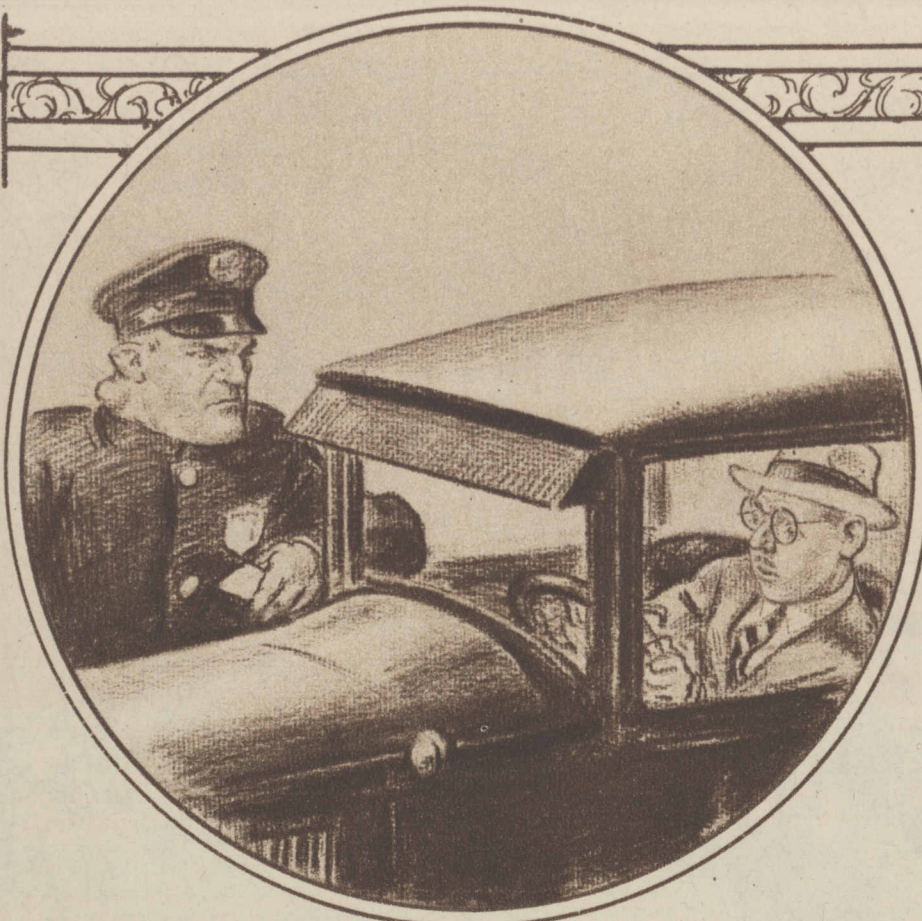


# The Chronic Kidder

By W. E. Hill

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



Portrait of a chronic kidder being kidded himself, for a change. These inveterate kidders love better to give than to receive.



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

"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 his line doesn't go nearly so 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!"")



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



"I know you country girls. In bed at 9 o'clock with the cows and the chickens." Traveling salesmen are terrible kidders, especially the greeting card salesboys like Mr. Rype here, who is trying to taunt Bessie, the dining room cashier, into a heavy date. Bessie 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 bunny, though she still believes in Santa Claus. Mr. Rype thinks he has Bessie all a-tremble with embarrassment. (Bessie 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.)



Kidding in intellectual circles is just like any other impish persiflage among the common herd. Just hearken, will you, to Prof. Flummerfelt of the Latin department telling English Instructor Link not to accept any wooden dracuma (which is Latin for nickels). And Instructor Link (who has just been giving half the freshman class in English 4, D minus, on a written test asking why Ophelia wore her rue with a difference) is coming back right royally with "Et tu, Brute!"



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. Astorbilt speaking, and how's the old tin can, anyway) would realize that some boy friends don't like to stay by a telephone longer than five minutes straight.

