

OMAHA, NEB., SUNDAY MORNING, JUNE 23, 1907.



NOW! WHEN OUR BISCUITS ARE LIGHT AND AIRY, THEY'RE SURE TO PLEASE OUR GOOD COOK MARY; BUT WHEN THEY'RE HEAVY, AS HEAVY AS LEAD, HER FACE TURNS A COLOR, AND THE COLOR IS RED. ONE DAY SHE TOOK FLOUR, WATER AND YEAST, AND PROMISED TO US A VERY FINE FEAST; BUT THE FEAST WAS ENDED, I'M SORRY TO SAY, BY THE INVITED GUEST JUST RUNNING AWAY.

# BUSTER BROWN

SOME COOKS ARE GOOD AND SOME COOKS ARE BAD. WHEN THEY'RE GOOD WE'RE GLAD AND WHEN THEY'RE BAD WE'RE SAD. BUT THE COOK WHO ALWAYS TAKES THE CAKE IS THE ONE WHO KNOWS HOW BISCUITS TO MAKE. NOW! MARY CAN COOK BISCUITS IN ALL KINDS OF WEATHER AS LIGHT AS THE DAINTIEST KIND OF A FEATHER; BUT WHEN TIGE AND I GIVE HER SOME HELP, SHE'D BE BETTER OFF IF SHE MADE THEM HERSELF. B.B.

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1

SO YE LITTLE DARLINTS WANT TO HELP MAKY DO YE?

MARY, CAN TIGE AND I HELP YOU MAKE THOSE BISCUITS?

AH! DON'T REFUSE US, MARY DARLING, PLEASE DON'T!



2

PLACE THOSE BISCUITS NICELY IN THE PAN, BUSTER, DEAR.

SEE, TIGE! I'LL PUT THESE LITTLE IRON WEIGHTS INSIDE THE BISCUITS.

YES, BUSTER! THEY'LL MAKE NICE CURRANTS.



3

MARY, TIGE AND I HAVE BEEN LONGING FOR BISCUITS FOR A MONTH.

DON'T LET THEM DROP, BUSTER!

NOW! SWEETNESS, CARRY THEM OVER AND I'LL PUT THEM IN THE OVEN.



4

I HEARD MAMA SAY THAT YOUR BISCUITS ARE AS LIGHT AS THE AIR, MARY.

MARY DEAR! WILL YOU TEACH ME HOW TO MAKE APPLE PIE?

DID YOUR MA SAY ANYTHING ABOUT RAISING MY SALARY, BUSTER?



5

SONNY! COULD YER GIVE A POOR MAN WOTS OUTER WORK TWO YEARS' SOMETHIN TER EAT?

IF YOU COME INSIDE, I'LL SEE WHAT OUR COOK CAN DO FOR YOU.

SAY! HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO CHOP A CORD OF WOOD?



6

MARY, YOU'RE JUST LOVELY TO GIVE THAT MAN ALL THOSE BISCUITS!

OH! ISN'T THAT FELLOW HUNGRY, LOOK AT HIM! BITE THAT BISCUIT.

HERE'S MORE SIR! NOW! EAT PLENTY!



7

OH! EF OW! TAKE THEM AWAY, I'M POISONED!

I HOPE THAT BISCUIT WON'T HIT ANYBODY.

GOOD SHOT! GREAT!

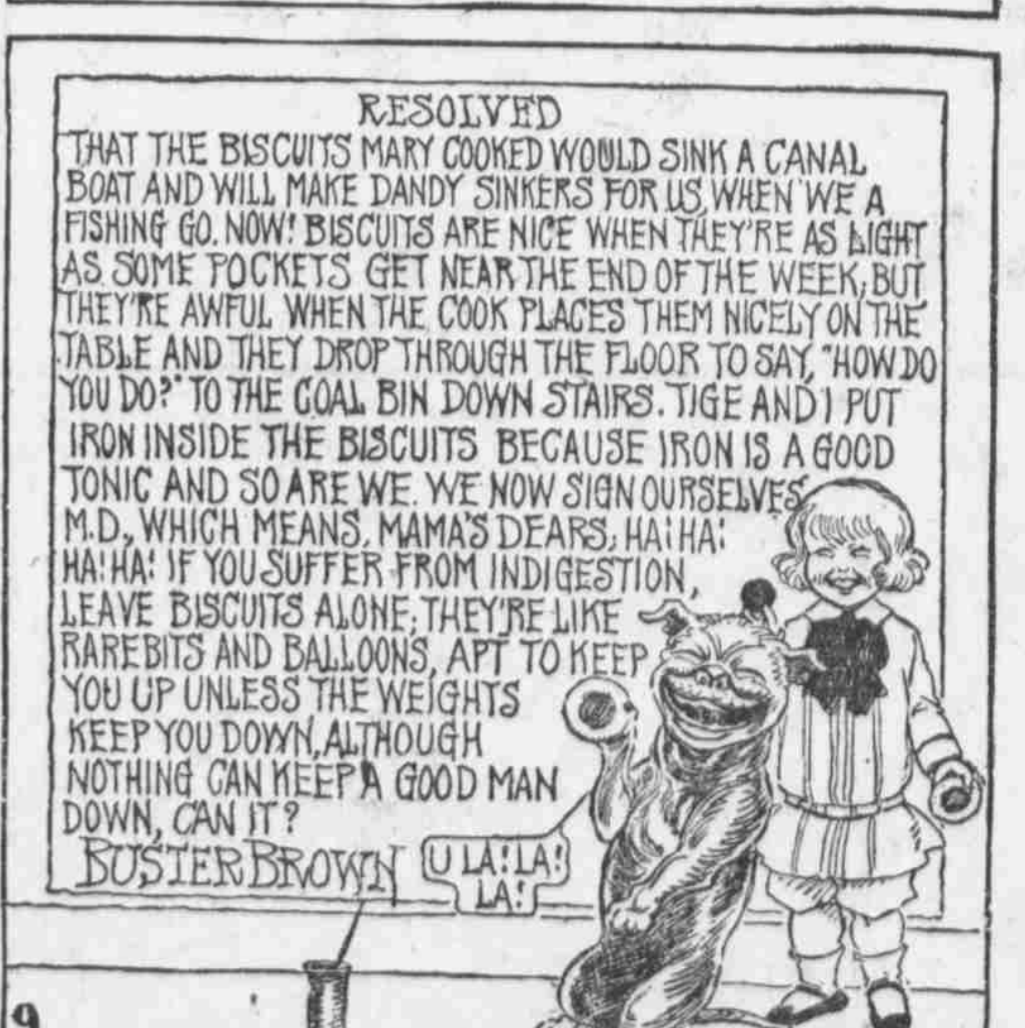


8

THAT'S THE FIRST TIME THAT ANYBODY INSULTED MY COOKING! 000-000-000-000.

AH! DON'T CRY, HE DIDN'T MEAN TO HURT YOUR FEELINGS! 000 EH! 000! EH! 000!

IT MAKES MY HEART ACHE TO THINK OF THE WAY THAT MAN INSULTED YOUR BISCUITS, MARY DEAR.



9

RESOLVED THAT THE BISCUITS MARY COOKED WOULD SINK A CANAL BOAT AND WILL MAKE DANDY SINKERS FOR US WHEN WE A FISHING GO. NOW! BISCUITS ARE NICE WHEN THEY'RE AS LIGHT AS SOME POCKETS GET NEAR THE END OF THE WEEK, BUT THEY'RE AWFUL WHEN THE COOK PLACES THEM NICELY ON THE TABLE AND THEY DROP THROUGH THE FLOOR TO SAY, "HOW DO YOU DO?" TO THE GULL BIN DOWN STAIRS. TIGE AND I PUT IRON INSIDE THE BISCUITS BECAUSE IRON IS A GOOD TONIC AND SO ARE WE. WE NOW SIGN OURSELVES M.D., WHICH MEANS, MAMA'S DEARS, HA! HA! HA! HA! IF YOU SUFFER FROM INDIGESTION, LEAVE BISCUITS ALONE, THEY'RE LIKE RAREBITS AND BALLOONS, APT TO KEEP YOU UP UNLESS THE WEIGHTS KEEP YOU DOWN, ALTHOUGH NOTHING CAN KEEP A GOOD MAN DOWN, CAN IT? BUSTER BROWN U LA! LA! LA!