

OMAHA, NEB., SUNDAY MORNING, JULY 21, 1907.

# BUSTER BROWN



BIG AND LITTLE LAKES GET FROZEN,  
THE ICE TRUST GETS THE ICE,  
THE PEOPLE GET A LITTLE,  
BUT AT AN AWFUL PRICE.

NOW! IF THE SUN SHOULD GO A-FISHING,  
AND LEAVE US WITHOUT HEAT,  
THE ICE TRUST WOULD BE BEGGING US  
FOR A LITTLE BITE TO EAT.



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Buster

1

BUSTER: I LIKE ANNA, SHE'S A LOVELY GIRL— BUT DOES SHE TREAT?

TIGE: I HEARD ANNA SAY SHE IS GOING TO TAKE US TO THE STORE WITH HER TO-DAY

2

AFTER YEZ LEFT MRS. KIND'S HOUSE YESTERDAY BUSTER, SHE FOUND AN ONION IN THE RICE PUDDING!

DID YOU NOTICE THE BIRD ON ANNA'S HAT, YES? NO?

I HOPE SHE DIDN'T BLAME US, JANNAL DARLING

3

HOW MUCH IS THE BILL MR. ARCHIE?

YES! ANNA HAS ENOUGH TO DO TO CARRY HER HAT

ANNIE TO-DAY YOU LOOK SO PRETTY! LIKE A LAMB CHOP!

I'M GOING TO CARRY THIS SALT TIGE, YOU CARRY THE BASKET

4

I LOVE ICE CREAM ANNA, DO YOU?

AH! HERE COMES MY FRIEND MR. COLD THE ICE MAN

IS ANNA GOING TO TREAT BUSTER? I'M THIRSTY!

5

WEL, ANNA, HOW YOU WAS?— OH! MY VOT A LOVELY UPSIDE DOWN HAT, UM

MERCY! HOW CHILLY YOUR HAND IS!

THIS SALT WILL SHRINK THAT ICE IN A FEW MINUTES!

A COLD HAND MEANS A WARM FOOT OR SOMETHING LIKE THAT!

6

IT'S POSE YOU HEAR, THAT MRS. CATNIP'S CAT DIED, YAH!

WHAT! THAT LOVELY MALTESE?

A HOT STOVE IS NOT THE ONLY THING THAT MELTS ICE

DOES ANYBODY KNOW WHERE BUSTER IS?

7

YAH! HE TEASED THE CHILDREN SO MUCH, SOMEBODY GAVE HIM MALT MIT SOMETHINGS AN HE DIED, YAH!

MERCY! WHEN IS THE FUNERAL?

OH! LA LA LA IT'S RAINING!

YAH!

8

SEE HERE TIGE! WHAT ARE YEZ LAUGHING AT?

WELL! GOOD BYE ANNA, I MUST HURRY MIT DIS ICE—YAH!

ICE!

THE SAME THING BUSTER IS LAUGHING AT—YAH!

9

RESOLVED

THAT ICE LIKE BUTTER, MELTS. TIGE SAYS THAT ICE IS A PART OF A LAKE OR RIVER THAT CAUGHT A COLD AND FROZE TO DEATH. WE USE IT TO FREEZE AND KEEP THINGS FRESH. LOTS OF PEOPLE IN THIS WORLD ARE SO FRESH THEY DON'T NEED ANY ICE WHAT THEY NEED IS A BIG CLUB. NOW! UP WHERE THE NORTH POLE IS THE ICE TRUST WOULD STARVE BUT THEN I GUESS THE TRUST WOULD FIND A WAY TO SELL ICE TO THE SUN. IT MUST BE WARM UP THERE, I HOPE IT'S WARMER THAN SOME STEAM HEATED FLATS ARE IN THE WINTER WHEN THE JANITOR HAS A HARD TIME WARMING UP TO THE FURNACE, HE'D RATHER PLAY PENOCHE OR HELP THE LANDLORD RAISE RENTS, BUT THEY'RE SO GOOD AT THAT THEY DON'T NEED ANY HELP. IF RENTS GO MUCH HIGHER, SOMEBODY WILL MAKE A FORTUNE SELLING SOAP BOXES FOR PEOPLE TO LIVE IN— OH! IT'S AWFUL, MERCY ME.

BUSTER BROWN