

Cleopatra's Scrapbook

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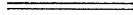


Blue Grass, Kentucky

1928 Edition

CLEOPATRA'S

Scrapbook



1928 EDITION

Consisting of 212 Pages and 84 Separate Compositions

Scrapbook Pub. Co.

Cost of Production, \$2.00

This Book is Positively Not for Sale

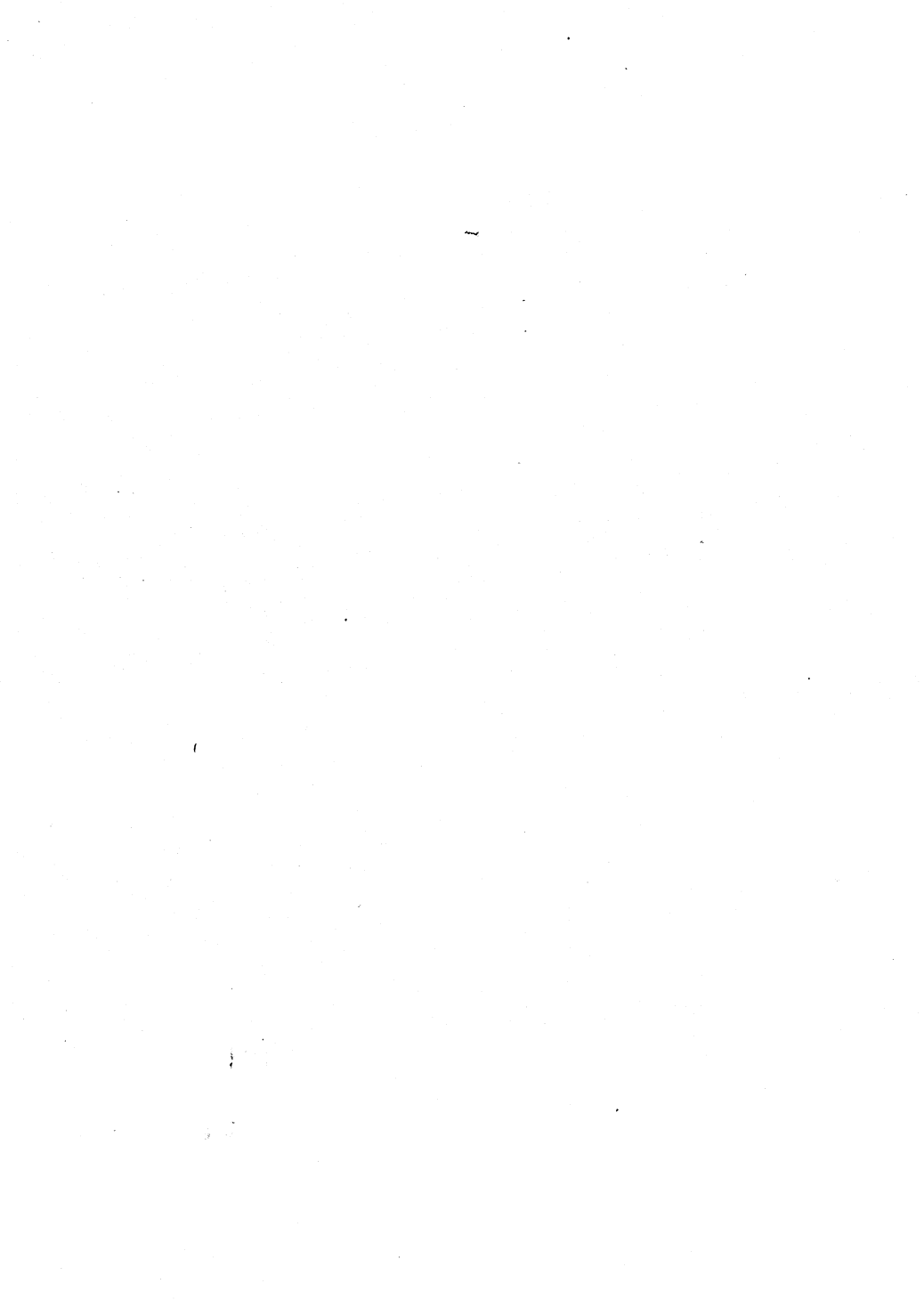
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CHOICE TOASTS

THE WOMAN

529

Here's to the woman the fairest of vine,
 She blooms every month and bears every
 nine.
 She's the only chemist that was ever
 known,
 To extract the juice from a natural stone.

530

Here's to the woman dressed in red,
 She makes her living laying in bed,
 Fifteen cents is the regular price,
 Give her a quarter and she'll do it twice,
 Give 50 cents and she'll do it once more.
 Give her 75c and she'll do it till sore.

532

Here's to the girl that stood on the deck,
 Her feet were covered with blisters,
 The white of an egg ran down her leg
 And the wind blew thru her whiskers.

533

Here's to the blue fields of Kentucky,
 And here's to the burning bars of hell,
 God damn the man that will jazz a girl,
 And then sneak off and tell.

534

Here's to the girl that wears silk hose,
 High heeled shoes and tailor-made clothes
 Her hat may be plain, and her height tall
 But her poor little cunt has to pay for all



When you start to drop your wax,
Do not forget the revenue tax,
Article six and section third,
Requires a stamp on every tird.

Here's to the Kaiser, the son-of-a bitch,
May his cock rot off with the seven year
itch,
And a blacksmith play with his balls with
a hammer,
Till his ass-hole toots the Star Spangled
Banner.

Here's to the Spaniard the son-of-a-bitch,
With his bag rotted off with Cuban itch,
He lives in Madrid, the center of Spain.
While his ass-hole whistles remember the
Maine.

HOT-TO-MOLLIES

"Eat'em while they're hot"



Teacher:

Give me a sentence with the word
'hot-to-mollies' in it.

Johnnie:

I was down at the beach today
playing with my girl friend and, 'the sun
was hot to my back and the sand was
"Hot-to-Mollies."

L 536
 There was a heathen Chinee,
 Went out in the back yard to pee,
 He said , how is this'se,
 My cockee ,no pissee,
 I have'e God Dam'ee hard'ee

THE HAPPY GUY

537
 Oh, I grabbed her 'round the middle,
 And swung her right around,
 Tripped her with my left leg,
 And threw her on the ground,
 And right below the navel,
 I bored her with my horn,
 And I never felt so good,
 Since the day that I was born.

COUNTING IN 1928

N
 A little boy asked his Mamma one day,
 "Ma how do people court?"

"Well, Johnnie, it has been a long time since Dad courted me, and times have changed by now, so I don't know how they court now-a-days, but if you will hide behind the curtain tonight when Sally's beau comes, you can see how he courts her then you will know how it is done."

That night Johnnie got behind a curtain where he could get a good view. The next morning his Ma asked him what he saw pertaining to courting— well this is what he said:

"Sally's fellow came in and sat on the davenport with

Sally. They talked a while then he put his arms around her waist. Sally seemed to like it very much. After he kissed her two or three times, he said something, but I could not hear what it was, then he unbuttoned her dress and started to play with her teats. He played with them for a while then he kissed her and said something again. Then he opened his pants and took out a live eel almost as large as my arm; he had it in his pants leg I guess. I know it was alive because Sally caught it behind the head and tried to choke it, but could not succeed. He then laid her on the davenport, drew up her dress and shoved the eel all the way in; I know it went all the way up for he had to work some time to get in."

When she had heard what he had seen, she was so surprised that she could not answer.

Johnnie waited for awhile, then said, "I suppose it is no harm in the eel for Sally seemed to like it, and was so afraid it would slip out that she threw her legs around him. I bet you it was dead when Sally let him take it out, because she kept it in there for a long, long time, and must have smothered the poor thing because its head was hanging down with white blood running out of its mouth when he pulled it out."

HAVE A DRINK

Mr. COCA COLA took MISS CHERRY COLA out under the NU-GRAPE vine. He pulled her dress up NE-HI and put in his ROOT-BEER and gave her a DELEWARE PUNCH. and she cried: "OH HENRY, I'm afraid I've got a little BABY RUTH!"

PRICE OF BANANAS

Little Boy:— Lady, what time is it, how deep is that pond over there, how much are your bananas?

Lady in store:— Half-past eight, almost nine, up to your ass, and three for a dime.

WHAT GRACE SAW

Georgetown, Ky., May 28, 1928

Dear friend Lucille:

Your welcome letter received and I read it with much pleasure.

Papa and Harry go to the races at Lexington every afternoon leaving Flo and I with Miss Mable, who looks after us to see that no man runs off with of speaks to us. I am awfully tired of having a governess after me all the time. There are lots of nice men here every day but Miss Mabel is very strict. If she catches me looking at one she marches me right in, but I have a lot of fun and see and hear, what I suppose, should make a young lady of seventeen blush and I suppose I have blushed if any one had seen me.

I can tell you I had quite an experience here the other night and if you will promise to burn this letter, I will tell you what I saw.

Well one night last week I guess it must have been about mid-night papa and every one else had gone to bed except Miss Mabel and I. We were out on the veranda. Miss Mabel was asleep in the chair, when suddenly a light gleamed thru the shutters of the next room to mine and I heard a man and a woman talking. He came to the blinds and opened the slats and looked out. It was quite dark and he did not notice me and supposing that everybody had retired he walked over to the woman and kissed her and hugged her many times. They both began undressing and I could see distinctly as if I had been in the room. She was a remarkably beautiful woman, of about 25, with magnificent figure and a beautiful bust, while he was about 30, and a better built man I never saw. She removed her dress and then commenced taking off her shoes and stockings showing a beautiful leg and a magnificent calf. In the meantime he had pulled off everything except his silk underwear, with his back to her, but turning around and noticing her bare limbs as she pushed down her stockings he crossed the room in a second and sitting upon the bed beside her, he pulled her towards him by putting his arms around her, one under her chemise and the other hand on her breasts and

kissing her rapidly which she tried to resist, but it was of no use.

I was afraid to move fearing Miss Mabel would wake, but oh, Lucille, how he kissed her and hugged her and finally pushing her on the bed—her head resting on his arm, kissing like mad for a moment but soon he drew his hand from under her and put it down and rolled up her chemise over her stomach and exposed everything. Oh my I felt as if I would jump off the veranda but was afraid to move I felt so excited. It reminded me of the picture we used to see at school and the description it gave under it. What beautifully formed legs she had and her stomach was pure white and her nest looked like a satin cushion on a snowy bank, and above all, the beautiful silky looking hair which covered her "Nancy" in clusters of big curls as thick as the hair on my head. It grew quite a way up her stomach thru which the man was running his fingers and toying as if they were his own honors while she drew herself upon the bed and spread her thighs wide open and seemed to enjoy his caresses very much while he hugged and kissed her furiously. I wondered what else they would do and I could hardly sit still I was so excited and afraid Miss Mable would wake or that I would make some noise. I also wondered what I would do if a man should do such things to me and how it would feel to have a man playing with the hairs under my clothes. He soon got up from the bed while she lay still and took off his remaining clothes and stood before her naked. I shall never forget the thrill that went thru me. Merciful heavens, I thot I would faint or sink thru the floor with excitement, such an enormous big thing standing straight up all surrounded by bushy hair and a great big red head and such a bag under it. Oh, Lucille, it was enormous, at least ten inches long and as large as my wrist. I could not believe he could get it into her, it was so large, and he did seem to have a little trouble at first. He stooped down and kissed her lips, breasts, thighs, and even her "Nancy" then raised up and tried to put his big thing into her, but it seemed to hurt her for when the head was in a little way he took it out again and tried again. This he did two or three times then he wet it with something like salve and put it in again. This time it went in eaiser and he slowly sank

on top of her and began taking long and steady strokes, then after a little while he suddenly gave an awful shove which made her cry out, "Mercy you hurt me," then he lay quite still for a while, keeping his long thing in her while she kissed him. Something else must have went in her besides his big thing for she seemed to feel better as she was twisting her big bottom and put a pillow under it, then she began with both arms working him up and down so as to meet his every motion. The motions became steadier and faster until at last she seemed to be very tired and asked to rest a while. In a minute they began again rapidly until suddenly she cried, "Oh, darling, quicker. I shall die, oh, oh,"

Then with a sigh she seemed to faint away, while he laid upon her almost lifeless. Oh, Lucille, you can't imagine how frightened and afraid I was to awake Miss Mable to ask what to do as they were lying there naked and she would know I had seen all, so I waited quietly.

My sensation during all the time was queer, for when the crisis came I experienced a thrill of pleasure, and found my legs and underclothing wet with a slimy substance that had come from me. I sat still until the couple aroused from their stupor and began kissing each other laughed and suddenly I was startled by Miss Mabel saying "come, my dear, lets go in, but walk away easy." She had seen what I had seen.

She is calling me now, so bye for the present,

VERY OLD TIMBER

Brothers and Sisters:—

I am an aged tree in the forest of the Lord, withered in the branches and hollow in th butt, the storms of 60 winters have whistled through my boughs and stripped them of their foliage; the scorching heat of 60 summers has peeled off my bark, but thank God, my old root still stands.

A DELICIOUS EXPERIENCE

Dear Bessie:—

I received your kind letter last week and will hasten to reply. I am having a fine time. We are stopping at the Park Hotel. Bessie, I have discovered a real pleasure in life. Mother is making me wear long skirts so the boys can't see my legs, but every chance I get I lift my skirt so they can see them anyhow. Last night my boy friend asked me to take a walk with him and I accepted. He put his arms around my waist and I asked him to stop, but he only held me tighter and said no one can see us, and that he did not intend to bite me. When I was not looking he slipped his hands in to my dress and caught hold of my bobbies, he worked his hands over them in such a manner that it made me feel so funny. I did not know what to do so he put his head on my breast and began sucking my teats. It felt so awfully good that I could not sit still, so I squirmed around on the bench, then he began working his hands up under my dress.

He felt of my legs and kept on working higher all the time biting my teats, and it felt awfully good, until at last he reached my pussy and pulled and twisted the hairs.

By the way you remember how we used to play with each other's pussies, and you always complained about how the hairs on me got in your teeth. If the hairs on your pussy are as long as mine, they are nearly two inches long. At last he slipped his finger into my pussy, and it felt so good I wanted to kiss my breasts. He said I nearly did the hoochie on that bench. He placed my hand on his lap and laid it on something hard, I asked him what it was and he said to find out, and I did and it was his thing; it was round and warm and throbbing, he asked me to play with it and it seemed to give him a kind of pleasure and all the time he was fingering in my pussy. I could not resist. Then he pulled up my chemise and put me astride his lap. When his warm prick touched my puss, it gave me a thrill like an electric shock. When his fingers found the hole he stuck his prick in and oh, nothing short of experience can describe the feeling I had. He kept working his ass and trying to push it in to my belly, he asked me if it hurt and I said no, push it further and faster. With a mighty shove it went clean

up to his balls. I thot I would die it felt so good then he he pulled it nearly out and shoved it in again. He told me to work myself so as to meet his movement but he did not have to tell me that for I was already doing it. He seemed to enjoy it as much as I did. In a few seconds it was so hard that I fainted, when I recovered I was still on his lap, with my head on his shoulders. He kissed me and called me his own darling and asked me if I liked it and I replied yes, do it again, but he took a rest and all the time rubbing his big prick against my cunt, I wanted him to leave it there as I was beginning to get another hard on, I tried to put it in again while we were sitting on the bench, but he said we would do it next laying down. So we slid down on the grass, he took off my dress and his pants and got on top of me and told me to put it in. When it was in he began gently twisting and showed me how to work up under it. O what a feeling I threw my legs around him and drew him to me and I could feel the warm fluid flowing from us both, then I fainted again and when I came to he was still on top of me with his big prick in my warm, juicy cunt but I could tell it was not so hard. My but it was hot work, but we did it until it was all over and became conscious of what was gonig on, then I kissed him and loved him until his tool was as hard as a brick again and I felt as ready for it as he did. He told me to trun over on my belly and he would show me another way. Well he took hold of my ass and pulled it open until he got his prick into my cunt, then he began ; laying with my breasts again and in a few minutes another pint of burning pint of burning fluid came flowing from us both. By this time we were both nearly all in, so he said we would go to sleep now and he would try again another time, so he washed out my cunt and cleaned his tool and we went to sleep. Tomorrow we will be married two days and we are going to screw another way, he knows more ways of doing it than you can imagine, we are going to do it tomorrow in a chair, he says he can ge mohe of it in that way an dl hope he does for I nearly go crazy when he gets it all in.

Well I will close for this time, bidding you a loving good night, I am your friend,

Ethel.

THE INITIATION OF PERCY

Lexington, Ky., May 29, 1928

Friend Ora:

An incident in my boyish life tonight passes before me in all the tintings of a panoramic view; and as my thots run back over the checkered pathway of forty years which has sprinkled my hair with grey, filled my life with thorns and orange bloosms, to a month that has left its imprint upon my whole life:

I wish I had the power to reproduce the picture in all its colors, and do justice to the work, which at your request I undertake tonight. I regret the favor you ask is one which compels me to write of myself. To a modest man lacking the phrenogical enlargement that as a rule in men and women predominate to such a lamentable degree, the position is embarrassing, and in the perusal of this I hope your eyes will rest on the unpleasant character I! as little as possible. I was born 'neath a warm sun and southern skies; where the air was freighter with the lended odor of the magnolia and jasmine that heightened the senses; where everything had its but and its blossom at its birth; where the dreamy languor of the voluptuary seemed inherent in all; where even in those who here in the north would be termed children, the sexual spark only waited for contact to flame up in its power; where girls are mothers at thirteen and grandmas at thirty, but up to my eleventh year I had known books and sketchings a tempered linen dressed boy, who lived out of the sunshine and ignored the innocent deviltries of youth who looked upon girls as horrid, whose life was bounded by a pony, books, pictures and flowers of the conservatory but changes for good or evil take place in every life, it came to mine, and on that sighing summer day in my twelfth year when Cupid threw apart the silken curtains, revealing the beauties of which I had not even dreamed. My hand lost its cunning, to books I said farewell and ambition was dead. That was a day of fate. How bitterly have I cursed it since, how I cursed her who snatched me

From my little heaven with its delightful anticipation and chaperoned me through the hot house of passion, where every beautiful flower was filled with subtle poison which reached the nerves, sapped life and deadened the brain.

My introduction to the pleasures and mysteries that have ever been associated with the couch of love, the keen relish for which has blasted the family hearthstone and overthrown empires, was not intrusted to a novice; no timid simpering girl taking her first steps towards realization of the anticipation of forbidden pleasures; but to a woman; to a woman of thirty, who being an apt pupil under the skillful manipulations of a husband for a number of years, had herself become a preceptor in all those delicate points that surround an amour with such delights and rosy tints. How plainly do I see her tonight.

How much keened my appreciation of the wonderful piece of anatomy that time only still deeper imprints upon my memory; the standard by which from that time all female perfections and loveliness gauged. Ah, she is before me again, and this time unveiled. Look at her! Is she not beautiful? Note the poise of her head from which her glinted golden hair falls in such wreath. See those amber eyes; those wonderful chisled lips so red, pulpy and moist, her fair cheeks tinted by their reflection. Her shoulders how perfectly and exquisitely moulded, rounded with the same finish of her beautiful swelling globes and so daintily pinked and tipped.

What belly, back and hips ever had the graceful curves of thine? And you; Rounded arms white, swelling thighs and full dimpled knees in your warm pressure of years ago I feel you again tonight, was the mould broken with your completion? Gone? Yes only in memory now, we of all things for the first time taste, whether sorrow, pain or bliss.

The house on the sound, those with whom I lived had taken for the summer months, was very small, only large enough for three and the servant, but it was delightfully situated in a perfect Eden; where all was soft air, perfume flowers and singing birds; and as I recall it now just the place for lovers and the complete enjoy-

ment of stolen sweets. One day a carriage rolled up the gravel walk to the door. A beautiful woman got out and everything tended to show that we had an unexpected guest. As I stood there with my black long curling hair 'neath a broad palmetto hat dressed in white pantaloons, and green jacket with brass buttons, by face reddened with the sun's ray on the water, she stooped down and kissed me tenderly several times, and as I remember how they produced different sensation from any kisses I had ever known before I liked them, but I didn't know why it was I hung around her all day and thought her so nice. After she had visited all the forenoon in the house which time I had learned that she was the wife of a gentleman who was a friend of my father but who had gone to California for his health. I am willing to gamble on it now that he had consumption she took my hand and we went for a stroll around the place, along the beach and up into the lovely woods with its tangled grasses and wild flowers. What to me then was all that snowy linen; those beautiful ruffled skirts as she pulled them up to step over some sticks or brable she did not seem to care how high she revealed the daintiest of feet and legs of such matchless beauty that even a cigar store indian would lose his head at sight of them. Ah; how many thousands have longed to live over again the first part of a life with the knowledge that acquired in the past. Could this happen to me what a different color this picture, of which I am writing, would have. In the dense shade, where the hot sun could not penetrate, we sat down on a log, and after she had taken off my hat and ran her dainty white hand through my hair she placed my head in her lap and pulling me close to her panting bosom, she placed her pretty lips on mine and held them there with her eyes shut until sometimes I stifled almost lost my breath; then she would take her lips away while her eyes sparkled and her cheeks reddened clear to her hair. There was something about it all that I liked, for I would ask her to do it again; and she exclaiming bless my little man would press me to her again and would kiss my lips and face which were wet from her lips. Each attack and each pressure created for me some new and delightful sensation I had not known before and there where my little pantaloons buttoned in

front, I had a pain, and a great hard lump that hurt, and in my innocence I told her about it.

Let me see, she said kindly; one of her hands that had so many rings on her fingers stole down and unbuttoned my pants, and then what I had never seen more than two inches long and soft as baby's flesh was standing out full five inches long and terribly swollen: I was terribly frightened at the sight and the pain and she took it in her hand telling me it was no matter, and I seemed to get better right away. Then she kissed it four or five times and bit it gently after which she put it back and buttoned up my pantaloons again. I wanted her to hold it some more but she said no that we must go back, and before we reached the house she made me promise on my life that I would never tell what she had done or should choose to do. I would have done anything for her, for I tell you she had made a willing slave of me in the few hours that had passed following her arrival. During the time between tea and the hour for retiring and while she was in conversation with the older ones, I hung about her knees playing with her beautiful hands and looking in to her wonderful eyes; but I soon found out that I was not so much to her as I had been when out in the woods; and signifying my determination to retire I was informed at the foot of the stairs that I was to sleep across the bed at the foot. I took off my clothes, then my regular evening sponging off put on my little short nightshirt, and then turning back very carefully as per instructions, placed me a pillow and crept in. I lay for sometime thinking of my afternoon's experience and the delightful sensation that had been awakened by the newly found acquaintance; but I could not solve the problem; but while wishing that night would be very short so that when day came she would take me walking again I fell asleep. I didn't know how long I slept, but I seemed to be dreaming that some one was tickling one of my ribs I awoke only to find that a bed fellow and that it was a pretty pair of feet that had been playing with me. I was wide awake in an instant, and had them in my hands. How soft they were. Gradually my hands stole up higher than her feet; up her limbs so round and smooth, but I did not know why I

did it unless they were soft and warm. The moon was shining brightly through the window and the room was as light as day. I turned over and there her pretty face and those great eyes looking at me. Come up and I will take you in my arms, she whispered, and I was less than a second getting there. Oh, how she hugged and kissed me, and how nice her plump, bare arms felt to my face and neck. Then she carelessly unfastened her chemise and I saw what I never had seen before two beautiful bosoms at once. How pretty they looked so soft and round in the soft moonlight. She rubbed them panting and heaving over my face and lips, and then whispered to me to bite them, and as my lips fastened over the little hard tips her breath almost burned my face and I felt a new joy that I had not learned in the woods, and realized that I was swelling as I had in the afternoon of the day before. Then I felt one of her warm hands steal down and take it.

While with the other she took my hand and rubbed it up and down on the softest and prettiest thing I had ever felt in my young life where she left it. Oh, what a plaything I had found so soft, so curly and juicy; and as my fingers found a delicate opening she jumped as though I had hurt her. Then I felt her open her legs wide apart, after which she whispered to me to get in there and lie on top of her, which I did, and as she pulled my little shirt up, I felt my bare belly fitting close to her and that her chemise was clear up to her arms. Then she kissed me and hugged me again; I thought she would break me in two and whispered to me to do just as she told me, she reached down and took the little fellow that was killing me with pain and placed it where I had my fingers when I thought I had hurt her. Now make it go in she whispered and she raised her body clear from the bed with my weight on her, and when she settled back it was in, and she gave a great sigh as I had heard people do who were in trouble.

Then she seized me and bit me, and seemed to be trying to rock me in a new kind of a cradle; then taking me by the hips she would push me off and pull me back, never letting that little fellow get out of the little nest where she had placed him; and while I felt a ting-

ling sensation in my fingers and toes and up my back, she would roll her head on the pillow from side to side, saying oh, oh, oh. I whispered to her that I would have to peepee but she said no, and putting a towel under her hips, she suddenly locked her legs over my back; then bending her back high from the bed, she panted and held me for a second trying to reach my lips, but I was too short then I lost my senses and everything got green, and I was bleeding in and all over the pretty little plaything on which I had been lying for ten minutes. Her legs and arms loosened and I got off from her shaking like a leaf but she whispered that I would feel better in a few minutes and I did. Then she got up carefully and taking a towel she went to the washstand and did something I did not know what then, and coming back to the bed she took me in her arms, telling me that I must never tell, and asking me if it was not awful nice, she kissed me a few times and made me kiss her, and with my head on her pretty bosom we fell asleep. Was it not awful nice? Well I should say it was. The little heaven I had created had all been knocked into a cocked hat by the one she had created for me. I smile when I think of my innocence, smile when I reflect what a public benefactor I was at that tender age. Then next morning, after a kiss, a look at the pretty white bosom and white bare arms, I had received my instructions as to how I should eat; and putting on my clothes I went down stairs kicking gently for having to sleep across the bed. She was a lady of culture and refinement, saw things to be done and did them with a will, could prepare the choicest of pastries and by her winning ways was soon a welcome guest at the beach; but who dreamed of the bond those most intimate relations that had so suddenly been established between us. Breakfast over at which she was asked the usual questions as how she rested and if I had made her any trouble, all of which received the proper replies I took her out in my boat in the cool of the morning for a ride; and more than once I caught sight of her pretty legs peeping out from under the snowy drapery, that had suddenly grown to have a significance with me.

She sang to me out on the water while I rowed and watched what little of her limbs as was in sight; but I had a strange desire for one of my age to see more, and so I said Mrs. B. you have such pretty legs, would you let me see them higher up? She said why certainly, my little man, I will do anything for you and reaching down she gathered her dress, skirts and etc, and put them up over her face. Gods what a picture the tight fitting stocks the blue garters above her knees and the white bare thighs. Then the skirts went down again but the picture was left on my mind. She knew the power her beautiful legs had wrought upon me and on the way back she revealed them to me at every opportunity and when I asked her if I might put my hand on that little beauty spot she said yes, but be quick, and I was; and she seemed to like it as well as I and then reaching down and putting my hand up under her skirts to the mossy charm created the same intense thrill that has characterized the same attempt in all my later years. Before we reached the cottage she charged me to be sure and eat a heavy supper and to always eat plenty of meat and eggs and to drink plenty of milk. Ah how well I know why she was so careful in looking after my diet. Meat, eggs, and milk. Oh, yes, I think I have followed these instructions every day from that time until now, thirty long years with their lights and shadows. After tea was over, I for the first time in my life experienced a high degree of restlessness and impatience. What was it I wanted? I got out my drawings; they had grown dull and stupid; I turned to my books but they were unsatisfying; and bidding all good night, I went to bed, but not to sleep. 'Twas she and only she. In the bed with its tender recollections of the wonderful night before, I grew ever worse, tossing and longing for the moments stretching into hours while I waited for her coming. How my heart beat as at last I heard her footsteps on the stairs. As she came in I feigned sleep and bending over me she kissed me with her lips and I was happy. Then she went to the mirror and began taking down her beautiful hair, which loosened fell below her hips. After she had unhooked her dress and taking it off she unfastened her skirts and stepped out of them, and taking off her underskirt she stood before me in her short ruffled

chemise, while she coiled up her lovely long hair. How beautiful she was as she stepped about here and there; and as she stooped to pick up this and that from the floor I peeped under her little short skirt and saw the white bare thighs that I had seen in the boat that had held me so tight the night before. Then she sat down and unlaced her shoes and drawing the stockings from her beautiful legs stood up again. I like you I said in a low tone, and she stepped to the bed whispering you little rascal, have you been awake and watching me all this time! I inclined my head and putting my arms around her neck whispered that I had been waiting so long for her to come, and that I thought her so nice and pretty. Bless your heart, she replied, do you think so! I answered yes and asked her if she wouldn't take all off.

Looking at me a second, she shrugged her pretty shoulders and the chemise slipped down to her feet. Then I saw all at once from her full neck to her toes I saw what I had longed to see that little beauty with golden hair, which had nearly killed me with joy the night before. Now are you satisfied, she asked me, and she bent over me while her bosom rested on my face, and as she put my hand on them as though to keep them, she put on her chemise, then took it off again, and putting out the light came to bed. I was less than a moment getting by her side and she was less getting me in her arms. I knew what she wanted, what I wanted, the ice had been broken; I was an apt pupil and the secret fire of my youth had burst forth in all its fury. I bit her arms, her bare belly, her legs; bit and sucked her rosy nipples, kissed her from head to foot, tickled her little beauty with golden curls got onto her and off of her, put my head between her fat hot thighs which pressed it until I thought it would split, sported from knees to lips in a deirium of new found ecstasy; her breath burning my cheeks as I rested a moment with my head on her bubbies. Then holding me tightly she put a stop to my gambols, and grasping her little friend, who had attained his majority and was no slouch for twelve years, I assure you, she put me on my back and bending over me, she nibbled him gently with her damp red lips, and then falling on her back, she lifted me as though with iron force above her and opening her quivering thighs let

me down gently, saying all ready and taking in her hand the pet who was eager for his duty, she gently parted the golden hair and having fitted him in, locked her arms around my body and raised herself from the bed. I pressed gently down and she fell back with a smile and glowing cheeks. The motion she had produced the night before I felt I could do and as I did so she tried to kiss me, and whispered that's right, her voice fluttering so I thought she was choking. I had found the secret of her pleasure, and hers was mine and as I alternately tickled her, briskly, then gently, I remember a suppressed moan which I now know was the acme of bliss. But I grew tired and fell where I lay, yet linked together the bliss went on in a delicious throbbing that can never be told. Soon she gasped more! more! and I loving her so strongly that I would do anything for her began the gentle movement.

She whispered to me but I was getting deaf and blind with rapture; and I whispered to her that it was coming; she straightened her snowy legs then threw her belly up against mine, loosened her arms, quivered from head to foot, gasped now then! and as a thick mist gathered over my eyes, I felt the hot stream go from me to her and all was over. Oh you sweet boy, she said as she pulled me up to her lips, covering me with kisses and biting my neck, you don't know how happy you have made me tonight how you have satisfied my restless burning fever; and getting up she went to the washstand where she remained a moment or two; then putting on her chemise she came back to bed, and taking me in her arms I fell asleep while she was smoothing my hair. How often since the days which I am recalling have I thought of that little cottage and wondered if fate had ordained that my room should be above that closed curtained parlour that was seldom used, and never after the sun went down. Ah! wise head I would that your confidence in the innocence of your boy had been less strong than the seeds of an engrossing passion which have ripened and borne fruit these long years, would never have been sown. How long it seemed to me before she came down to breakfast. I could think of nothing else but her and the many beauties she had unveiled to my young eyes and vivid senses; my only thought was to feel her kisses and dally with the pretty charms concealed beneath her whitest of skirts and pretty embroideries. But she came and I was happy. That day she com-

plained of a headache and we neither went boating, nor walking, but remained at the house all day; and when she came to bed took me in her arms but did not kiss me much and told me that I must not think of that as she was feeling bad.

Her words cast a gloom over my young life but I did as I was told and bore my grief in silence. On the following day she was well again and in her usual happy mood, we bless that which antidotes pain and sunshine is sweetest after rain. After dinner, the sun being behind the clouds and not too warm we went down to the boat for a ride. She talked to me while I rowed and kept my eyes on her observing that once in a while my eyes glanced toward her little feet, she seemed to know by intuition what was in my thoughts and up went all that hid what I longed to see. The sight sent the blood to my white face and as she put down her skirts, she looked at me and smiling said: My little sweetheart, if you will row to some nice quiet little spot where no one goes, and we can be alone you can lie between my legs you think so pretty and like so much. I was a little tried of the oars but at her words I grew suddenly strong, and being near a long strip of land that ran out in the sound, I pulled up to the point and we got out and walked but a few steps when we came to a nice little grass plot on which we sat down after she had spread out a light shawl that I had observed on her arm as she went down to the boat. With the exceptions of the twittering of the birds and water washing up against the shore all was as still as death. The great pines and cedars that moan so in the summer air were even still, while the absence of the sea breeze among the jasmine and honeysuckle made their odor almost stiffling there under the dense foliage. Oh little one, isn't this nice (she said to me as she took off her hat and tossed it aside, what a nice time we shall have here in the lovely shade, and putting her arm around me she fell back on the shawl, taking me with her. We were both on our backs looking up among the green leaves. Soon she drew me closer to her and asking me what I wanted, and as I placed my hand on the bosom of her dress, she began to unhook it at the neck one by one until all were undone and I saw them peeping out over her chemise, so white and round; then she undone other things. By this time I was on my knees unbuttoning her chemise and I turned

the corners back and took the pretty things undressed in my hands, bent over them, bit them gently and sucked them, and it seemed to me then that I would have given my life to have one of them in my mouth. I was feeling good all over as she pulled me down to her and began kissing me in such a new way; she seemed to cover my whole mouth with her lips and sucked it in between them. I felt her hot tongue in my mouth and almost down my throat, while her breath came hot and her bobbies rose and fell. I turned and saw her skirts above her knees and as with one hand I reached down to pull them higher so to feast my eyes, I felt her hand working to my pants and tickling the little eggs that I thought would burst with pain. I had just got my hand on the little bird's nest that was such an infatuation for me when she said jump up quick and take off your pants. As I arose to do her bidding, and while unbuttoning my pants from my jacket, what delightful view I had of her many charms, and those bare thighs, how intensely inviting do I remember them.

My pants off, I walked up to her and stood over her the little soldier standing hard and proud. She put up one of her hands and took hold of it then raised herself until her lips could touch it. Oh, how she squeezed and bit it, all the time muttering words of affection. Then springing from her I put my head down between her white legs and kissed little goldy until she moaned and said she could stand it no longer. Do it now! she cried, and as she threw her legs apart I crawled between them and rested my weight on her belly. Then I felt her warm fingers arranging things and when she had placed her pet where she wanted him. I felt him among the parted curls that seemed so wet, gliding so smoothly until it was all in and our bodies close together.

Oh, what delight! She seemed to be doing the same thing to me with her mossy lips as she had with her others when she kissed me a few moments before. And I felt as though she would draw me to her very heart, body and all, as she lay there murmuring. oh, you sweet boy, oh, you sweet boy, now do it nice, she said, I drew back gently and then plunged it back quickly, I felt her body drawing and writhing under me with some new motion of her buttocks that I had not felt before, which was highly electrifying to us both, but how wet and smooth she was there. Soon she began drawing her legs up, then straight-

ened them out again, her hands squeezing her bubbies, while with her eyes shut she rolled her head from side to side, a gentle moan escaping her half open lips. Now quick! Quick, quick she opened her eyes and started suddenly. I felt that I was dying but I immediately began knocking more vigorously at her little gateway, and she locked her legs over my back holding them so tight that I could not move. I felt a tingling sensation of delight and in a second her velvet lined lips were sipping the hot stream of my youthful passion. Her arms fell lifeless at her side; and her fat legs dropped from my back and the smile on her beautiful face spoke more than words. While putting on my pants she went away but was soon back again and kissing and hugging me a few times we went down to the boat and home.

Ah how that woman in three days had crept into my life. As I think of it now, I was hers body, soul and spirit; she was my sunshine, my life, no thought that was not of her, no act but tended to gain her smiles. I could look in her face and eyes for hours and never weary of it. Little did I know then what heart was, what it could suffer, what it could endure; and yet how short was the time until mine was put to the test. The days came and went, but there was no abating in my desire to see her charms; to know the delightful intoxication I found in her arms. She did not humor me in all of my desires however, knowing that for her pleasure I must have time to secrete to her passion but she was always kind and gentle and outside of the act, never denying me a wish in looking or feeling what I chose. How often while standing she has allowed me to stoop down and get under her skirt and with my arms around her hips, let me bury my face high up between her nice swelling thighs until I nearly suffocated. Yes the mould was broken after those hips and legs were shaped unexpected pleasures doth highest pleasure round. Two weeks had almost elapsed since the day she came and still our relations were unsuspected. One morning she wished to go to the city and return in the evening. On her promise to take good care of me I was allowed to accompany her. On arriving we went to a hotel and were placed in a lovely room. We ran about the stores until noon and then to the room, and after putting off our things we went to dinner. She ordered for me just what she said I must eat, and while I saw

things that I wanted, I did not let her know it but obeyed in everything. After we had finished our dinner we went to our room and after closing the lower shutters she began to take off her clothes, while my eyes were wide with wonder. One thing and then another was taken off until finally she stood with nothing but her stockings and her chemise clothed her beautiful figure.

She seemed to hesitate a second, then taking them off she threw herself in the bed with her hands over her head. How sweet she was, and as I stood looking at her, she said, come on my little man aren't you going to take yours off and lie with me. I was going to be in heaven again; and I had mine off in half the time she had taken and was as naked as she was when I stepped up and stood beside her. Taking her playmate in her hand so soft and white she tickled him awhile and saw him grow, and after nibbling me a little on my belly, she threw her arms around me and tossed me over on the bed and straightening me out full length, she drew me closely to her hot skin and covered me with kisses.

As soon as she loosened her embrace I had my mouth one one of the nipples of her snowy breast and as I remember now that act struck every electrical wire in my body does yet one hand over the little poultier nestling in the soft of her thighs, and as my fingers found it way in slowly she rather liked the two sensations; her cheeks growing redder each moment, she grasped the little fellow who at his full size was throbbing at her side, then jumping up quickly, she took the pillows and throwing them together on the bed, told me how to lie on them. Then she had me bend over them to her idea. That which she was longing to feel wedged in her mossy lips was standing up hard and proud. Then getting over me in the right position I felt her place it between her hot lips and a gentle motion on her part was all in where she seemed to be delighted to have it. "There now, ain't that nice?" she asked me with a look of mingled joy and pride and he began to slide up and down on it in a particular way that I had not known since her bosom jumping with every move that seemed to send fire through my veins to my brains. I could feel that she was making me awful wet where we were linked; but the sensation was hot and delightful and as she thought she would crush them her motion became more rapid; her lips swelling, she shut her

eyes and threw back her head, flung out her arms and drew them back again, and she trembled all over. My delight reached its height and as my love messenger took wings and flew, she fell forward on me with her weight, almost crushing my bones. She lay panting and gasping for a moment, and as she jumped to the floor, I saw that he who had given her so much comfort also my belly bore delicate crimson stains. She saw it and blushing deeply, said it was no matter and sponging me off I put on my shirt, and lay with my face to the wall as she asked me to do. Soon she came with her chemise on and taking me in her arms, we went to sleep my face resting on her white bosom. After awaking, we arose and dressed and at eight we were at the cottage. That night brought a change on her. When she came to bed she as usual let me get in her snowy arms, but kisses I had learned to love were missing.

She allowed me freedom with her bosom; but with any attempt to put my hand under her chemise she took it away, saying, "No, no more." Ah, in those boyish days I did not know that nature had ordered an armistice in favor of the little citadel which had been so often stoned and entered. The last rapture I ever knew lying between her voluptuous swelling thighs was on the day she took to the city; and that night my young boyish heart felt its first aches and trouble. Two days after she kissed me sweetly at the gate, saying that she would never forget me. It has been mutual and when the carriage took her away out of sight, the sky seemed to darken, the grass was dead the flowers lost their perfume and beauty. My life followed on after that carriage.

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HOW COULD I HELP IT

He tried her on the lawn,
 He tried her on the chair;
 He tried her on the windowsill
 But he couldn't get it there.
 He tried her on the couch,
 And up against the wall;
 She even sat upon the floor,
 But it wouldn't work at all.
 He tried it from the front,
 He tried it from the rear;
 But when he thought he had it
 The thing went out of gear.
 He put her on the hammock,
 For there he thought she'd stay;
 But just as he was ready
 The hammock gave away.
 He tried it this way and that,
 And O! how I would laugh,
 As the many ways he tried
 To get her photograph.

ME FOR YOU

"I wonder what's become of Sally"
 "Well me and my Boy Friend" took that
 "Red Hot Mamma"
 "One June Night" on the
 "Road to Mandalay" in
 "The Covered Wagon" at
 "Three O'Clock in the Morning"
 She was one of those
 "Hard Hearted Hannahs"
 I was too tired anyway so
 "Charley my Boy" and
 "Big Bad Bill" made her
 "Doodle-Doo-Doo" and
 "I Wonder Who's Sorry Now"
 She is sitting in the corner singing
 "Carolina Lullaby" to
 "Ten Little Fingers and Ten Little Toes"
 And she called it
 "Nobody's Baby" because it looked like
 "That Old Gang of Mine."

SOCIAL SCIENCE

(Copy of Prof. Kirkway's famous lecture on social science, delivered before his class of 400 students, both male and female, in Eugenics, 1928, Columbia University, New York City.)

In sexual intercourse, pleasure of the fullest kind is necessary to bring the participants into such relations that offspring of the highest excellence may be gotten. How to obtain perfection is worthy of deepest consideration of the most profound mind as pertaining to the future of the race and to the subject the writer has devoted over twenty years of hard study.

Sexuality is the science, cohabitation is the art, which if properly understood raises our moral and physical standard more than any thing else. Not one in a hundred knows how to have perfect connections without injury to both parties, and not one in fifty knows how to get half the possible cohabitations. Idiots, imbeciles, and cases of complaints occurring in wedlock are the indirect result of improper copulation.

It is known that sixty out of every hundred cases of divorce are charged by complaint as coming from indiscretion committed on the first night of marriage, which might have been avoided if the parties had had better knowledge of sexuality. Proper copulation not only prevents terrible private disorders, but the exchange of sex magnetism is positively beneficial and healthful to both parties.

On the other hand improper intercourse as indulged in by suffering humanity is almost as weakening and demoralizing as that loathsome habit called "self-abuse." In a large percentage of love cases, love is turned to disgust within two weeks after marriage, just because the parties are ignorant of the perfect union of sex. A perfect sex union is strengthening and the source of greatest pleasure to man and woman. In the first place cohabitation should never be indulged in if either of the participants are in a tired condition.

Immediately after getting into bed is not the proper time nor immediately upon the act of awakening or arising. The best result is obtained and the greatest pleasure obtained after a preliminary sleep. Set a time, say midnight for the act. Awake at the set time ready for the pleasure. Again most men are much too weak to get ready for their wives. The woman has a secretion as well as the man. The lining membrane of her vagina must be prepared by the excretion of an oily fluid which acts in the capacity of an oiler so as to allow the easy entrance of the penis and also must be preheated by the excess of blood and self magnetism so that the nervous system will be ready for the pleasure. If the man is ready only partially immediately on entering, the penis discharges a pale amber fluid from the prostrated glands that oil the vuya. If this occurs such a strain on the nervous system is produced that it sometimes causes ulcers, loss of manhood, etc. Whenever you feel depressed or disgusted with the woman after the action, it indicates that you have done it improperly and are in danger of losing your manhood if it happens too often.

The lower animals coax and tantalize each other before they undergo copulation. Human beings should cuddle, fondle, and kiss each other for at least half hour before attempting copulation and never unless the woman is anxious for it. If the female is ready or is being aroused, the man should rub his hand gently over the rectua membrane of the vagina which is situated at the apex of the mouth opening, and if the response of the penis takes place too soon, touch it to the flesh of the female and this will lessen it until you are ready. Most men eject secretion before the climax is reached, which should not be. Both should reach the climax at the same time. The climax in sexual inter-course is the place where the greatest pleasure is obtained. In man it comes at the time when the semen is ejected and in the woman when the point of self magnetism is reached. By practicing and telling each other how they are getting along during the act, both the man and the woman may bring the climax together. If both reach the climax together the highest state of ecstasy is achieved and afterward both man and woman will be exhilarated instead of being depressed.

If the woman is slow in reaching the climax she should hold her legs closer together, if not, she should hold them farther apart. To increase the pleasure a hundredfold she should present her parts freely so that the entrance for the man may be easily obtained. He should insert the penis slowly to its full length, then rest awhile before finding the motion. After a short time the couple should begin the motion slowly and work themselves into a pitch of excitement which is the climax. But before the climax is reached they should work themselves with the same motion mentioned above, slow and gentle, and then the second rest. This course should be continued for about fifteen or twenty minutes meanwhile being regular in motion. Then finally when wishing to bring about the climax and the ejection of the fluid, and bring it on with a rush, joins mouths and the climax will come with a paroxysm of joy to both.

But this is not all. The climax is great joy but the aftermath is even greater pleasure. The penis should not be taken out until several minutes later, but remain until all hardness is gone, otherwise much of the magnetism may be lost after the ejection of the fluid. Then, and then only the penis should be drawn out. The motion at this time will be very delightful. Many think the previous bed rest may be difficult, but with practice it will prove otherwise. With practice the act and its feelings may be prolonged as long as desired.

Such intercourse strengthens and invigorates the organs and nervous system, and instead of causing disgusting apathy, it generates love in a man and his wife and all of this combines to contribute to the conception of children, who will be found at birth to be wonderfully endowed with vitality and vigor.

* * * * *

A PERFECT NINE MONTHS

Mrs. Smith presented her husband with a fine boy, one which weighed 12 pounds.. This happened in the South African gold fields. An old friend went to the newspaper office and as a joke told the editor that Mr. Smith had a nugget weighing 12 lbs. A reporter was immediately sent to investigate and this is what happened:

Reporter—Does Mr. Smith live here?

Mrs. Smith—He does

Rep.—Is Mr. Smith in?

Mrs. S.—No.

Rep.—I hear he has a nugget weighing 12 lbs.

Mrs. S.—(Seeing the joke) He has.

Rep.—Can you show me the exact spot where it was found?

Mrs. S. I am afraid my husband would object.

Rep.—Is the hole very far from here?

Mrs. S.— No. quite handy.

Rep.—Has Mr. Smith been working the claim very long?

Mrs. S.— Just about ten months.

Rep.— Was Mr. Smith the first to work it?

Mrs. S. —(blushing) He thinks he was.

Rep.— Is the work difficult?

Mrs. S. It was at first, but he found it easier later.

Rep.—Is the water plentiful?

Mrs S—Its sufficient to carry the work on smoothly

Rep.—Has he reached the bottom yet?

Mrs. S.—No, but very near.

Rep.—You think there are any more nuggets there?

Mrs. S. —Oh yes, if the claim is worked properly.

Rep.—Has he worked it since he found the nugget?

Mrs. S.— No, but I told him last night it was time.

Rep.— Does anyone help him?

Mrs. S.— Only me and I do all I can to help him.

Rep.—Do you think he would sell his claim?

Mrs. S.—Oh, no it gives him the greatest pleasure to work it.

Rep.—May I see the NUGGET?

Mrs. S.— Certainly Sir. (bringing out the baby)

Rep.— GOOD NIGHT!

A SERIOUS MISTAKE

A young man desired to give his sweetheart a present for her birthday, and after much deliberation decided to give her a pair of gloves. At the same time that he purchased them his sister purchased a pair of step-ins. The saleslady got the packages mixed and when they were delivered the next day, the sister received the gloves and the sweetheart the step-ins. Unaware of this fact he sent the following note to his sweetheart:

My Dear Sweetheart:

This little gift is to serve as a remembrance of your birthday, and at the same time to replace the ones I ripped the last time I was with you. Had it not been for my sister I would not have gotten the short ones, but she said every one was wearing short ones and leaving them unfastened. They are a rather delicate color, but the saleslady showed me some she had been wearing three months without cleaning, and they were not soiled. I wish I could help you put them on the first time, but no doubt many other fellow's hands will feel of them before I see you again. I hope you will think of me every time you put them on. They looked very nice on the saleslady although they did not fit her as snugly as I am sure they will fit you. I did not know the exact size, but felt that I should be more capable of knowing than any one else. When you put them on the first time, sift a little talcum powder in them and they will slip on easier, and when you remove them, blow in them as they are new and might become damp after wearing. Be sure to keep them on while cleaning, for they will shrink. I am almost envious of them for they are to cover that sweet part of you which I love to hold in my hand. Hoping you will receive them in the same spirit that I am sending them, and that you will be wearing them the next time I am with you, so that I can have the pleasure of removing them,

I am yours,

George

THE REASON WHY

The dogs once held a meeting,
They came from far and near,
Some came in Automobiles,
And some came in on a bier.
But before into the hall they were,
Allowed to take a look,
They had to take their assholes off
And hang them on a hook.
Then into the hall they went,
The mothers, son, and sire,
But hardly had they been seated,
When someone hollowed Fire.
Then up they jumped all in a bunch,
They had no time to look,
And each one grabbed an asshole,
At random right off the hook.
They got their assholes all mixed up,
It made them awful sore,
To think they never had the one,
They used to have before.
And thats the reason why you see,
As you go down the street,
Each dog will stop and swap a smell,
With every dog he meets.
And thats the reason why
A dog will leave his bone,
Just to smell another's asshole,
In hopes he will find his own.

ATTA BOY FIDO!

✓
EARL'S ONE TUBE SET

Lexington, Ky., May 20, 1928

Dear Rose:

I must write you about Earl's one tube set. We have been reading about the Chicago girl's Cats-whiskers set which could only get local stuff. It was about midnight when Earl suggested a hoop-up that would get more distance than any Cats-whiskers set. Earl had been playing with my receiving set all evening and I was so eager for him to tune in, that I could hardly restrain myself and wait for the hook-up.

He erected his antenna outside my coil for warming up purposes, but found he could get better results inside. At first he ground on my water connections and there was a moment of static; but slight interference. He began to manipulate his vario-coupler immensely. (Hot Diggity-dog.) We were slowly but surely picking up at higher speed. Earl became so excited, as his tube picked up more distance, that I was afraid he would become exhausted and collapse on account of his earnest endeavors to please me and also to satisfy himself.

It seemed that the whole world was trying to tune in on my set, and my coil began to get hotter and hotter, until all at once Greece came in strong, and then signals began to fade, and the lights began to dim. I never knew that radios could be so interesting, but now I know why men work all night to get a long distance with their tubes. I have found from experience that an eight inch tube is about the most thrilling tube you can get. Some of these tubes are covered rubber insulation, but with these on it is harder to get results.

Earl expects to get better results as soon as he has his batteries recharged.

Hoping you can find time to try the new hook-up with Peter, and let me know the results.

I am till the bench breaks,
Margaret.

JUST A LITTLE BIT

A little pressure of my foot
Against your buttoned boot.
A scribbled note a little date,
A meeting when the hour is late.
A little room in some hotel,
A little promise not to tell.
A little drink just for two,
A little drink when we are thru.
A little mussing of the hair,
A little fussing in a chair.
A little bathroom all in white,
And a curtain shutting out the light.
A little shirtwaist laid aside,
A little bust that tried to hide.
A little shirt laid in a chair,
A little shirt of underwear.
A little blush, a little sigh,
A little promise by and by.
A little bed of shinning brass,
A little burning of the gas.
A little night robe mostly lace,
A little kiss, a tight embrace.
A little pair of hearts that beat,
A little effort to repeat.
A little towel, or maybe two,
A little nudging up to you.
A little sleep till half past four,
A little teasing for some more.
Another little sleep, and then,
A lunch in bed at nine or ten.
A little fussing while we dress,
A cigar and a dear caress.
A little bill, a little sigh,
A little promise not to cry.
A little stealing down the stair,
A little secret we can share.
A little weariness the next day,
Like little children after play.
A little wish that you and I,
May have another by and by.

ECHOES FROM THE PARLOR

Time: 11:45 p. m.

"What do you mean, George? Stop!, this very minute, I say. No sir, I won't, No sir, take your hand right away. My God! what do you mean? I'll let you know that I am not that kind of a girl. Will you behave yourself? Stop, this very minute or I'll scream. No, I tell you, you can't feel it. Stop, my God you hurt me. Quit, I tell you. What are you trying to do? They don't open on that side. Will you stop. There see what you have done? Yes you did tear them. No, I won't open my legs. My God, Mother will come down stairs in a moment. No sir, I won't lay down on the sofa. Oh my God, but I never thought you would act this way. (noise of them falling on the sofa) Oh, for God's sake quit. Oh, you are so rough. Well if I do open them for just a minute, will you let me right up? No I won't take that nasty thing in my hand. Stop, I'll squeeze it till I hurt you. See if I don't. My God, George, you never can get that big thing in. Oh, you hurt me, you won't go gently, you are only saying so to fool me. Oh, Ah, Oh, for God's sake don't hurt me so. Oh do please stop, for just a moment. Yes, that don't hurt quite so bad. Y-Yes, it does F-Feel Good. Yes, you may do it as fast as you like. What? Shove up to meet you, that way? Y-Yes, darling, I-I'll tell you W-When I am r-ready. Yes, so am I. Now darling, Oh, Now, NOW, There, there, Oh, Ah, Oh, Ah, Oh, My God, How GOOD. Oh George, hold me I'm fainting.

HOW TO RUN A MOTOR

Husband at telephone— Hello Central, give me City 133 please. Hello, is that Doctor Brown?

Doctor Brown— Yes sir.

Husband— Say doctor, my wife is very ill; she seems all run down, what would you advise me to do for her?

At this time the operator by mistake cuts the husband off from Doctor Brown and connects him with a salesman who is telling a customer how to fix his motor.

Salesman— Draw her water off and give her time to cool, take her jacket off and feel her bottom. Then blow her flue out and get her hot again, then try her with a little grease and a nine inch stroke, keeping good time Sock it to her a few times to loosen her up until she blows off. Then if she is no better you had better call an experienced man and let him have a shot at her.

THE TEN MODERN COMMANDMENTS

- I. Thou shalt flirt, tease, vamp, but restrain from petting and parking.
- II. Keep thy figure trim and sylph-like, nobody loves a fat girl.
- III. Beware of the Blackbottom, fallen arches often result.
- IV. Powder thy nose, rouge thy lips a plenty, they are a flappers trade-mark.
- V. Covet the other girl's sweetie, if you want him, but make her leave yours alone.
- VI. If you are on a joy-ride and your sweetie gets fresh, make him walk home.
- VII. Keep thy skirts to thy knees, don't leave too much to the imagination.
- VIII. Chew gum silently, park in far-away places, great is the stickiness thereof.
- IX. Honor thy Father and thy Mother, but stay away from sugar daddies.
- X. Get your man and learn how to keep him, by being on the square.

xi. Thou shalt not get found out.

LIST OF BEST SELLERS FOR 1928

Title	Author
The Chance of a Lifetime	Iver Bloomersoff
The Yellow Stream	P. A. Little
The Anxious Woman	R. U. Coming
The Rooster's Mistake	Rhoda Duck
Childless	I. M. Barren
The Shepherds Delight	A. Rams Bottom
Flapper's Wail	Missed Her Period
The Halt in the Desert	Mustapha Pea
How to Reduce A Fat Woman	Ride Her Haggard
The Ideal Husband	John Henry Everhard
The Contented Wife	Peter Be Long
The Open Kimona	Sey Mour Hair
The Dairy Maiden	Lotta Bulbs
The African Princess	Erasmus B. Black
Hoof Hearted	Ophelia Rass
The Dawn of Love	Holden Hizcock
Sheik's Demand	Must Have A. Boy
The Passionate Brute	Nina Knight
The Sore Spot	Titas A. Drum
The Happy Honeymoon	Maude Fitzgerald
The Goldenarc	I. P. Standing
The Limitation of Offspring	Dr Kutcha Knockoff
The Optional Route	R. Sole
Lover's Labor Lost	Miss Carry Agee
The Spot on the Wall	(Chinese) Who Flung Dung
The Chamber Maid's Romance	Carry P. Daily
Dangerous Days	Pastor Period
Nothing Doing	Iva Woodcock
The Easiest Way	Eileen Back
Man to Man	Oscar Wild
Beyond Control (Yiddish)	S. Leyft Shitler
At the stroke of 12	John Henry Bent
Favorite Shot	Her Bottom
The Great Rubber Failure	Iva Child
The Russian Passion Play	I. Bitter Titzoff
Birth Control	Iona Seerynge
The Wild Cat's Revenge	Claude Balls

THE AMERICAN CIRCUS

You Philipinos don't know what you are missing by not wanting to become citizens of this grand country of ours. There isn't anything like it under the sun. You ought to send a delegation over to see us—the land of the free, land of fine churches and 180,000 licensed saloons; Bibles, forts and guns, houses of prostitution, millionaires and paupers; theologians and thieves; libertines and liars; politicians and poverty; Christians and chain gangs; schools and scalawags; trusts and tramps; money and misery; homes and hunger; virtue and vice; a land where you get a Bible for 15c and a bad drink of whiskey for 10c; where we have a man in congress with three wives and a lot in the penitentiary for having two wives; where some men make sausage out of their wives, and some want to eat them raw; where we make bologna out of dogs, canned beef out of horses and sick cows, and corpses out of people who eat it; where we put a man in jail for not having the means of support and on the rock pile for asking for a job of work, where we license bawdy houses and fine men for preaching Christ on the street corners; where we have a congress of 400 men who make laws and a supreme court of 9 men who set them aside; where good whiskey makes bad men and bad men make good whiskey; where newspapers are paid for suppressing the truth and made rich for teaching a lie; where professors draw their conclusions from the same place they do their salaries; where preachers are paid \$25,000 a year to dodge the devil and tickle the ears of the wealthy; where business consists of getting hold of property in any way that won't land you in the penitentiary; where trusts "hold up" and poverty "holds down"; where men vote for what they do not want for fear they will get what do want by voting for it; where a girl who goes wrong is made an outcast and her male partner flourishes as a gentleman; where women wear short hair and short skirts and men wear long hair and long trowsers; where the political wire puller has displaced the patriotic statesman; where men vote for a thing one day and cuss it for 364 days; where we have prayers on the floor of our National Capi-

tol and whiskey in the cellar; where we spend \$1000 to bury a statesman who is rich and \$10 to put away a working man who is poor; where to be virtuous is to be lonesome and to be honest is to be a crank; where gold is substance—the one thing sought for; where we pay \$15,000 for a dog and 15c per dozen to a poor woman for making shirts; where we teach the 'untutored' Indian eternal life from the Bible and kill him off with bad whiskey; where we put a man in jail for stealing a loaf of bread and in congress for stealing a railroad, where the checkbook talks, sin walks in broad daylight, justice is asleep, crime runs amuck, corruption permeates our whole social and political fabric, and the devil laughs from every street corner. Come to us Fillies. We've got the greatest aggregation of good things and bad things, hot things and cold things, all sizes, varieties and colors, ever exhibited under one tent.

HOW DID THE SWEDE BET?

HAWTHORNE RACE

Anne Moore	2:10
Mary Anderson	2:09
Norfolk	2:07
Belle	2:08
Mrs. Langtrys	2:05
Layon	2:04
Kannote	2:03
John Johnson	2:02
Trade Dollar	2:07
Abbett	2:06

(Read up)

"THE BED OF LOVE"

A rose-tinted room with a soft light playing upon it dimly from the pink shrouded lamp that stood in the corner near the dressing case, draped in rose-colored silk. The fire in the grate, burned down to red coals, sent out little capricious puffs and flashes of light that suddenly illuminated dark corners, revealed the pink coverings of the low bed, the lounge with its pale red cushions, the cherry toilet stand with its white ewer basin, two rocking chairs draped with white covers embroidered in roses. The dimness, with its soft explosions of lambent light from the fire place, was mysterious, suggestive soothing, sensual.

The lock clicked; the door opened; they entered.

He, tall, with masterful eyes, wrapped in his overcoat, gloved and well groomed. He held the door open for her as she came, not gliding, not tripping, but with the elastic yet firm and vigorous step betokening youth and adventurousness, restrained by cultivated elegance.

She wore a long, dark coat that fitted her slight, swelling body as close as the soft glove upon her hand; a dark skirt just touched her well-formed calves. Above these a soft hat with a fleur de lis of ostrich tips of black, that swayed voluptuously as the movements of her head suggested. A close drawn, thick veil covered the face and even the hair, and of the personality of the face of this charming, elegant and enticing figure nothing could be seen.

But one might guess anything of the pair of very bright eyes that gleamed through meshes of the veil—eyes that seemed to dance with excitement, pleasure, daring amusement, curiosity, expectation.

She had walked to the fire-place and stood with one little foot poised on the fender, one hand, released from the muff holding up the skirt, below which could be seen peeping the gleaming white laces of delicate lingerie.

Closing the door, he bolted it carefully and taking off his overcoat, hat and gloves, he flung them on the lounge. Coming up behind her he softly slipped his arms around her waist and took possession of the muff, which he threw upon the lounge with his wraps. Not a word had been spoken, but now he said in a coaxing whisper:

"Shall I help you off with your coat and make you comfortable."

"In a moment," she said, in a voice so low that it seemed to him like the first long-drawn sigh of the orchestra beginning the nocturne. The look under the veil must have been arch, smiling and tender. This you might guess from the light that sprang from her eyes.

Then dropping the skirt, she patted the hand that lay on her waist, quickly—once, twice, three times—as a bird would flutter its wings upon a caressing hand. Going to the dressing case she slowly drew off her gloves, deftly unpinned the veil and reached up to remove the hat. He watched the soft, small curve of the bust as she stood in the three-quarter pose. He saw the soft hands, the rounded wrists showing against the blond-brown hair, and a great inspiration of happiness stole over him. He sighed—.

There came a little chirrup of bird-like laughter from her, because, from where she stood, she could see him distinctly reflected in the mirror. She laid down the hat, turned with a smile that displayed little white teeth beautifully set in a mouth framed with lips of glowing rose-leaf, and clasping her hands for warmth she came forward on her toes with that indescribable walk of the young woman who feels love throbbing hysterically within her. "Poor boy!" she murmured plaintively, smilingly. She leaned against the other end of the mantle, her cheek against one hand and catching up the dark skirt with the other, she shot the dainty little foot forth upon the fender again.

"Poor boy, are you then SO impatient?"

A beautiful blond face it was, with tints of sea-shells on the cheeks, in the delicate ears; the pale blue porcelain behind the deep sea-blue iris of her eyes, large luminous, innocent, yet comprehensive of glowing emotions. The blonde-brown hair was drawn in a knot at the back of the perfectly formed and well poised head. Curls of blonde-brown hair started out where the pins did not confine them; strayed upon her neck rounded as a pillar. This face smiling, the eyes flashing half reproachful, half merry banter, was lighted up by fitful flames leaping in the grate, or buried in sudden eclipses of darkness, until it grew Rembrandtesque, vague, yet distinct, seeming to take some of the fitfulness of the light from its nature.

"I am never impatient," he answered, "when I can feel you are with me. I merely swim in expectation, so that the impatience is dulled by its own joys."

"That's very pretty," she answered.

Then standing where she was, her hand strayed up to and lightly loosed the buttons of the coat upon her bosom. All the while she looked at him playfully. Then suddenly turning about, with her arms stretched out behind, she backed up to him with a little gesture of helplessness to be removed of the coat. He stepped forward to meet her, both arms around her and her head fell back upon his breast. With brutal directness and confidence his hands went to the two small, soft swells of her bosom and clasped them. He stood looking down into her eyes. Both were smiling, both were self contained, and yet at that moment subtle fire began to tingle in the veins of each. Under his hands he felt the beating of her heart through the swelling curves, and she felt that his hands, so rudely, deliciously disturbed the soft mysteries of her breasts, were confining sighs that labored within her. They smile vacantly at each other, laughing meaninglessly. He gave her a tight squeeze and released her.

"I am astonished at that!" she said to herself. "Poor thing," she thought. "I can also wait."

He folded the coat, placed it on the lounge, and then, wheeling one of the great chairs before the fender, sat down.

"Fancy," she cried in a little horrified tone. "I like your courtesy, monsieur."

"But you will like this much better," he replied, taking her hand, guiding her around until she stood in front between his knees. She looked at him as one in a smiling trance, obeyed the slightest pressure of his hands, and thus directed, sat down— not upon his knee, but closely, warmly upon his lap, where, with a thrill, he could feel the full rounded tournure at the very citadel of his physical being.

"But you know," he began softly, "that I like to be rude and direct with you, simply because you are so delicate, so secure from rudeness in your very sensitiveness?"

"Ah, but you are not rude with me," she answered coyly; "you are delicious with me."

"That is because, then, you understand the delicacy of rudeness. One, may delight to rudely shock modesty when he alone is to know of it. And modesty may be desirous to be shocked by love. Yet I could not endure to be rude to you before another."

"I understand you," she whispered. "You shock me into delight and expectation."

"Modesty in the desire for love," he said, "is like the soldier who feels not the shock of wounds in the heat of battle. Such shocks only decrease at the time of the ardency of pursuit. Love's rudeness is a love-blow, a delicious pain, an exquisite outrage when compared with the convention of usual life. For instance, here is the kiss of a brother." And with tight drawn lips he gave her a glancing kiss off the mouth. "Here is a husband's kiss," he gave her a subdued but direct kiss on the lips. "But here is the Kiss of Love's Desire," he added. She had caught the meaning of his play.

As she saw his lips approaching she yielded herself, fascinated, to the game. Her own lips were pouted softly half apart as if she were listening eagerly to far-off music; her eyes closed; her bosom heaved with a little sigh and then she felt the quivering, passionate pressure of his lips touching, devouring, outraging all the modesty of her own, with a burning sensation of languishing, sinking pain and delight that was sucking up the whole marrow of her physical being. She was racked, tortured, burning, bursting with sighs, as mysterious as dreams, yet she clung to the kiss until he drew his lips away and left her collapsed, heaving, dewy-eyed and limp in his arms.

In the swimming, delicious agony of that moment, one thought reeled thru her brain: "I am all his—all of me."

Then he bent forward again, and once more with eager abandonment, she closed her eyes and her lips met his as before. Not with the same thrilling shock, however, or, was it? She felt a moment's doubt and then the very soul within her surged in despairing incitation to her lips.

Then she awoke to the burning languor again. There was a whirlwind of a sigh that racked her bosom. Somewhere, far off from her lips, she felt the touch of an intrusion that was brutal, but oh, so soft, so welcome, so filled with excitement that every drop of her blood rose delighted to meet it. She felt his hands toying with her skirts, felt

the soft touch of his fingers upon her silken stocking. With his lips glued to hers she felt helplessly outraged, physically numbed. His hand wandered lightly, tenderly upward. She felt it playing with the garters that clasped her swelling limbs, above the knee, and then they caressed the naked skin itself. She gasped, fluttered, like an imprisoned bird and unconsciously, under the torturing delight of the dalliance, her limbs fell apart and she was wholly at the mercy of that rude, yet caressing captor.

Yet, it did not go higher, but caressed the rounded contours of the knees, the soft satin of the skin and was suddenly withdrawn. Then he threw his arm around her waist, pressed her closely to him and then released her. She smiled up at him, like a half-frightened, fascinated child, her eyes half veiled by the throbbing lids, in an ebbing ecstasy.

"Are you afraid of me?" he whispered to her, smiling.

"If I were," she answered reproachfully, "I would not thus give myself to you."

She paused; she wanted to give herself to that determined conqueror who led passion in such silken fetter. She pulled his head down with her arms about his neck and sighed to him: "Undress me if you wish."

"There spoke Aphrodite, the lovely one," he said. "I'll do it, but first I will equip myself for that labor of love."

Rising with her still in his arms, he deposited her limp form in the chair, and standing before her he quickly disrobed down to the silk, and stood like a stripped athlete before her.

"Now," said he, taking her hand, and with her eyes upon his and a beautiful, vague smile upon her lips, she stood up before him.

His hands played for a moment with the buttons of her dress and then laid open the mystery of her bosom. He removed the bodice that gloved her and released the white shapely arms, both of which he kissed. He loosed the dark draping skirt and let it fall about her feet. Then, pressing a light kiss upon the swelling beauties of each of her girlish busts, he unclasped the armored defence of her satin corset and flung it upon a chair. She stood before him now, a rose-tinted Venus, in the white foam of her dainty chemise, rooted in the dark skirt that had fallen about her feet like a beautiful statue upon a ro-

pedestal. Leaning forward he clasped his hands about the lithe, sensuous, yielding body that palpitated with life under the jealous chemise, and drawing her close to him lifted her out of the skirt. Holding her so they both could feel their hot limbs pressing against each other, her bosom was against his heart, her warm thighs were helplessly and closely impacted upon for a moment, and then he set her down on her feet, a released houri, no longer a statue, but a coquettish vision of the world's desire in soft tinted flesh, in white chemise and black stockings.

Then seating himself again, he took her once more upon his lap, with only the cobwebbed gauze of her chemise and his thighs between the flesh that clothed these two radiant, enraptured, expectant bodies, at this moment as it were *arrectis auribus* upon the threshold of the vague infinitude of passionate love.

And yet he postponed the moment— dallied with the dream.

"Do you know?" he whispered in the little ear at his breast, while she curled up like a bird in its warm nest—"Do you know that I have loved to think of you, on this night borne in to me lying upon a white litter, as you are, your chemise covered with rose leaves, triumphantly but silently upon the shoulders of black slaves, and laid at my feet. I have loved to dream of that moment when I should suddenly lift the cover of your drapery, gaze upon your beauty as all mine, devour your sweet body with kisses and sink to sleep in the delirium.

"Ah," she thought in a numbed trance, drawing closer to him, her hips writhing in voluptuous restlessness upon his lap, "when he talks so to my heart all of me is his slave." In a tense, low whisper she said: Why not? Why not?" He planted a long soul kiss upon her lips.

"I am my own black slave," he answered, "and I see the rose leaves covering you in blushes." Without another word he arose, took her across his arms as one might carry a child. He moved to the bed and laid her down at full length upon the pale cover. In the mysterious rose light he looked at her as she lay, her eyes bright but half veiled by the trembling lids. She lay like a Venus in the soft light, the clinging chemise falling over her body, enclasping, enfolding, holding, yet revealing her. Taking her hands he placed them above her head on the the downy pillow. "I parole them there," he whispered, "upon honor, not to move."

"On parole of honor," she murmured.

"Tiens ta foi," he whispered, "you are asleep—till love shall awaken you." Her eyes closed.

He lifted with light hand the filmy chemise below the knee, until the stain of her bare leg shone above the black of the stockings encircled with their beautiful colored bands. Then he said:

"There are six places to kiss the woman you love." Two kisses he planted, one each upon the rounding limbs just above the garters. Then with a motion ravishingly swift and yet deliberate, he drew the veil of her chemise still upward, until—there grew the curling blonde-brown hair again, a little love's forest of Ardennes between the rounded marble-like columns that guarded on either side the gateway to paradise. And just above the curling nest next he pressed a sudden burning kiss. "Three," he said, and then with vandel hand and eyes he uncovered the snowy-white bosom and placed two more upon the twin strawberries that nestled upon the girlish busts. Then raising his lips to her quivering red ones, he pressed a long, hard soul kiss, so long that when he felt her wilting in his arms, he released her.

"Almost!" she gasped, and then with the last sigh of the eager, yet resisting languor she murmured, "Ah, if you would knock again."

And once again he started at the knees and kissed his way thru that beauteous wilderness. When he touched again the nest of curling moss, he felt the passionate quiver of her swelling thighs and heard a sigh begin in tremor and convulsively escape her bosom. So when he reached the lips again and ceased, he asked:

"Have you no further orders?"

"No orders," she whispered. "But where you have knocked so tenderly, you may enter when you please, monsieur, my love."

He lay down beside her, took her in his arms and said: "If madame will lead me in."

Where the mystery of his life abode he felt, as in a trance, half of pain, half of delirious pleasure, the magic of a soft, feverish touch that thrilled him as with fire.

No other word was spoken. The fitful fire flashed dreamy explosions. Beneath the bed clothes was a silent rustle, the heaving of the sea, the sudden swift overmastering struggle of the primal instinct which betokened the arrival of that wondrous moment in love which the immortal Goethe addressed with despairing appeal:

"Stay, oh, stay yet awhile—thou'rt lovely."

With a last fitful flash the fire went out.

MY EXPERIENCE

Thinking that there would be someone that would like to read it, I have decided to tell my experience in being initiated into the mysteries of sex.

At the age of eighteen I was as innocent a girl as ever lived. I knew that there was some mystery connected with the marriage relation, but just what it was and how it was done I never knew.

At that time I was about five feet, four inches in height weighed about one hundred and thirty pounds, and had well developed titties that stood out pretty and white and were well rounded.

My parents were spending the summer in Europe, and I had gone in the country with my aunt and her family to spend the summer at one of the lake resorts. We had been there several weeks and as I was a girl for solitude. I had formed the habit of wandering off by myself along the lake shore with my book to spend the afternoons.

In the course of time, I had found a secluded spot where I could lay and dream without being molested. It was well screened with vines and bushes that anyone passing within a few feet of it could not see me.

On this afternoon, I had hardly seated myself in my little nook when I heard voices. Not wishing to be disturbed I lay quiet, thinking they would pass by. As they drew nearer I could tell by their voices that it was a man and a woman, and as they drew still nearer I peeped out and saw that it was a young couple that I had noticed at the hotel where we were stopping, and they seemed very much devoted to each other. In place of passing by they seated themselves in a few feet of me and by moving branches I could get a very good view of them without them seeing me. Their conversation was such as you would expect from two love-sick swains for some little time, but finally they began to hug and kiss with much gusto.

After a few moments of this, I saw his hand slide down to the bottom of her skirt and up her leg. As he

did this she squirmed a little but made no further resistance. Emboldened by her passiveness, he drew her skirt up to her waist and I could see that she was a splendid specimen of womanhood in her prime. It did not take long to realize that she was ripe to be plucked for he reached up and unbuttoned her waist and slipped it off, loosed her skirt and drawers and slipped them off, leaving her with nothing on except her underwear and stockings. The vest he pulled up until her titties were exposed. They were not very large but beautiful in contour and firm and round as they were exposed to full view. He gave a little squirm and seized one in his mouth and began to bite and kiss it with great ardor, then I saw her hand slip down to his trousers and unbutton them. She took out what I knew must be the male Engine of Love.

It was of good size, though I have seen and tested larger, but as this was my first one to see, I thought it fierce looking as it held its great head straight up in the air and throbbed with restrained passion. By this time I was greatly excited and my nest was twitching with a desire that I did not understand. Peeping thru my leafy bower again, I saw things were coming to a climax. He had stood up and loosed his trawlers and slipped them off, and was now lying down alongside the almost naked girl, with one hand playing with her titties and the other gently parting the hair around her nest and rubbing it up and down.

This seemed to increase their desires, for with a groan he pulled one of her legs over him and slipped his engine up, and began to feel for the entrance to Paradise. After a few misses he got it started and seizing her fat buttocks in his hands he slowly pressed her up to him, and from where I was still watching I could see the lips of her nest red and glowing spread out to allow his engine to penetrate, slowly at first, but finally with a vigorous shove he drove it home up to the hilt, and all that I could see was the stretching lips of her nest and his great balls hanging down between her legs.

With a convulsive gasp of pleasure, she now pulled him over on top of her titties and whispering words of love, she gasped and panted, "Oh I will die, I will die" until he transferred his mouth from her titties to her

mouth and effectively stopped all her gasps with one vigorous shove that buried his engine clear to the hilt. They both groaned and gasped and lay passive in each other's arms, kissing and giving no further sign of life. By this time I was nearly frantic, with desire, and as I watched the approach of the climax, my desire became so strong that I could hardly keep from crying out. I felt the gush of something warm, and soon felt it running down my legs.

They lay this way for some time; finally he sat up, without withdrawing his engine and taking one of her tities at a time in each hand he gently rubbed and tickled ties at a time in each hand he gently rubbed and tickled them, kissing her frantically until she began to raise herself up and down, and as she raised I could see that his engine was again swelled and giving her the satisfaction that she desired. As they approached the climax again he gave one frantic heave, threw her over backward, landing on top of her without withdrawing and began to push and heave until you would have thought it would have broken her in to, but just seemed to be what she wanted for at each shove she panted harder, all the time teasing squirming and raising her buttocks to meet his downward thrusts, until with one final gasp both collapsed and lay panting in each other's arms. They lay quiet for some time, and then he withdrew his engine, which now was soft but swollen to enormous size, and as the great head came out she gave a long, deep sigh of relief, then they resumed their clothing, and left me to my thoughts. I was burning up with desire. My nest was throbbing and feverish and I made up my mind to not let another opportunity pass. If necessary I would make an opportunity to taste of the sublime pleasure that I had just witnessed.

Returning to the Hotel, I was very much interested in seeing the return of a young man from the evening boat. He was about twenty-five years of age, six feet tall, of athletic build, and while not handsome, was especially pleasing looking and gentlemanly in appearance. On going up to my room to prepare for dinner, I glanced thru the slats of the closed blinds and was more than pleased to see the young man taking possession of the room right across the court from mine, and with the window exactly

opposite, we really could almost touch each other. I watched for the young man at the dinner hour, but did not see anything of him, and after sitting on the porch for a while, I retired to my room to reflect over the happenings of the day. The light was burning in the hall and, as this shone in thru the transom, I did not light mine; as the weather was warm, I quickly slipped out of my clothes. I Sat down on the side of my bed and without thinking hardly what I was doing, my hand slipped down to my nest and began to rub and fondle it. This felt good at first, but as I grew more ardent, I found it very unsatisfactory and came to the conclusion that nothing but a man could relieve my desire.

My blinds were still closed and I walked to the window without a light; I watched for him and seeing him, a desperate resolution came over me. Lighting the gas and turning it down low so as to make a dim light, I stepped back to the window, thrust it open and leaned out, naked as I was as if to get a breath of air. I heard an involuntary gasp from him, but acting unconsciously as I could, I leaned there for a few moments, then stepped back to the bed, which was on a line with the window, and lay down on my back with my legs spread out in such a manner that he could see all that I had, and lay there trembling at my audacity, but determined to carry it out.

Of course I did not dare to look his way, but after lying there a while, absently allowed my hands to run down my thighs. I arose and walked over to the window, and peeping thru the slat, I could see that he was standing full in the middle of the window and gaping with all his eyes full at me. I walked back to the bed again, and once more lying down, spread out my thighs wider than ever and lay quite still.

After lying this way for a few minutes, I peeped over at his window, but could see nothing of the young man. Believing that he would now come, and being desirous of placing no impedient in his way, I crossed the room and unlocked the door, and after carefully closing the blinds again, I stretched out on the bed in the most enticing manner that I could assume. How my heart did beat! How my nest burned and throbbed with desire! I was so frantic with desire that all my maidenly modesty was cast aside and I would gladly have welcomed any man in-

to my arms and embrace. In a few minutes I heard a stealthy step in the hall, and then a light rap on the door. I tried to answer but could not bring my courage to the point and so lay with my heart beating like a trip-hammer. Soon the knock was repeated and then I heard the knob turn gently and saw the door open slowly. Apparently satisfied with what he saw thru the partly open door, he slipped in hastily, closed and locked the door, and approached the bed on which I lay. I closed my eyes and appeared to be asleep, wondering what the next move would be. As he came nearer I could hear him breathing until I could hardly restrain myself from crying out. One of his hands slipped down between my thighs and gently parted the hairs of my nest, pinched and tickled the lips, while with the other it slipped up to my titties and began rubbing and tickling the nipples. The sensation was the most delicious I had ever experienced, altogether different from my own manipulations. I could no longer restrain my passion, and reached out and rubbed where his engine was standing out in his trowsers and gave it an ardent squeeze. Without saving anything he stepped back and loosed his trowsers, dropped them down, pulled off his shirt, and was standing there as naked as I. I saw his engine in all its glory, full one-third larger than the one I had seen in the afternoon. Not losing any time he rushed over to the bed, threw himself down beside me, seized my titties in both hands and covered my face with kisses with equal ardor. I could now feel his engine along my belly, hot and stiff and throbbing like something alive.

He raised up, reached down and parted the hairs of my nest and pushed the head of his engine in between its rosy lips. He began to work it in, I could feel the lips of my nest stretching until I thought they would be torn. The pain was intense, but at the same time delicious, and I only wanted him to keep on pushing. Gently pushing, I could feel the lips of my nest distended as he forced his engine further and further, and finally when the delicious pain seemed more than I could bear, he gave a convulsive push, something gave way, and I felt that I was fully entered. He lay still for a minute and gluing his lips to mine, his tongue darting in and out, meeting mine, twisting in and out as mine involuntarily

responded and darted into his mouth, gently bit my tongue and darted in with his, which I gently bit, realizing that all kisses that I had before experienced were merely child's play, and that this was the first real love kiss that I was now experiencing. My nest was burning up, twitching and smarting with pain. Once he almost drew it out and thrust it in again, now faster and faster, while our tongues played hide and seek with each other. I had ro-fited by what I had seen in the afternoon and was meeting each of his shoves with the best of my ability, until I felt I would die of pleasure. As he approached the climax, his movements became faster and faster until nature could stand it no longer, and with a gasp, "I am dying" I felt the love elixir gushing from my womb, and at the same time felt his donation to the shrine of love, bathing my feverish parts like balm gilead. I think that I must have fainted away from sheer pleasure, at any rate I lay passive for some time. I finally came to the realization of my position to find him slowly beginning motions with his engine which was again swollen to even a larger proportion than before, at any rate it felt so to me. However the pain was gone and the inflammation of my lips seemed all dissipated by his elixir, and the pleasure seemed all the greater, if such a thing were possible, than it was before. Again we reached the climax and with our bodies pressed as closely together as possible at every point of contact, a point of the most exquisite pleasure for me, we deposited our mutual donation to the Goddess of Love, and our burning parts again deluged with the cooling, healing stream. We lay exhausted in each other's arms. After a few minutes he rolled off and lay with his hands roaming over my body, caressing and fondling me. Then the first words were spoken and he said to me: "How did you like it?" For an answer I pulled his head down to me and gave him a long soul kiss. I told him all about my experience in the afternoon, what I had seen and how it affected me and that I had deliberately set out to be seduced and had exposed my person to his ardent gaze for no other purpose than to draw him to my room. He took my tale for its full worth and said he did not blame me for my actions in the least, and would endeavor to treat me so that I would never regret my strange actions.

We got up and washed our parts carefully and I was surprised to find that I had left a red mark of blood upon the sheet of my bed. I rolled these up and tucked them away and we again reclined stark naked upon the bed. We lay and talked for a time and I found him to be a perfect gentleman of good address and able to converse intelligently upon any subject. After we had exchanged confidences and were again refreshed, I thought I would follow the lead of the young lady I had seen in the afternoon, so sitting up, I leaned over him and took his engine which was very soft and flabby in my hand, and began to rub it gently and was not surprised to find it swelling in my hand. He was not to be outdone and turning began to stroke the hairs of my nest. His engine now stood up in all its glory. I was surprised to see a substance coming from its head. My passion was so aroused that I began to beg him to mount me again, and he seemed perfectly willing to do so. I could tell by the way his engine was throbbing that he had almost reached the limit. Raising up, he took hold of my legs, turning me almost across the bed with my feet hanging over the sides, he drew me down until my buttocks were on the edge of the bed, then raising me up, he placed a pillow under them.

In this position my nest was fully exposed as he had spread the lips apart, and I reached down and guided his engine into the opening which by this time was throbbing with desire to receive it. With one fierce lunge it was buried to the hilt, and as our position was a good one, he was able to drive it further home than before, and it seemed to me that it certainly reached clear thru me. Kissing his lips and darting my tongue in and out, I responded to his movements, and each time he pushed in I raised up to meet him with every push. He seemed to penetrate me further and further. He had the ruby nipples of my titties in his hands and was rubbing and tickling them, giving me the most delightful sensation, one impossible to describe but the very acme of bliss. Once more we approached the climax, our motions became very frenzied, and I threw my legs over his back pressing him to me; we collapsed limp, exhausted, panting and gasping with the exertions of the climax. Finally he said that he had better go back to his room and see

me some other time when we were both refreshed, but I begged him so hard that he finally consented to stay. I once more got in bed, drew him to my side and raising myself up, threw one leg over him and slipped his half hard engine up into my hairy nest. With my arms about his neck and adjusting my body to a comfortable position lying across on top of him, I kissed him good-night and settled myself to sleep.

I could feel his engine hot and sticky and feverish in my nest. A delicious languor flowed over me and completely exhausted with this trying ordeal I had gone thru I dropped off to sleep with his engine far up in my insides. Our exhaustion was so complete I don't think either of us stirred all night and when I awoke just at daylight we were in the same position, his engine still soaking in my warm and juicy nest, half hard and he was still fast asleep. I worked the muscles of my nest's lips, contracting and squeezing with all my might, soon I was rewarded by feeling it swell far up in my nest. I continued squeezing and moving my buttocks up and down, gently at first, gradually increasing in fervor, until finally with a gasp he awoke just as our mutual deliberations were once more poured forth.

When he was wider awake he told me that he had had a delicious dream, that he thought he was surrounded by beautiful girls and that they were all trying to administer to his wants, some kissing him and fondling him, others playing with his engine, while he fondled and played with their charms. When he awoke, however and found it was only me, and that he was in the last gap of an accomplished connection, he was more than satisfied with the situation. We lay and chatted for a while and he drew me on top of him again and we took another round of pleasure. This was slower and lasted longer than any we had had thus far, but was equally satisfying. It was now time for him to make his escape. After promising to meet him at the hotel steps that afternoon, he gave me one long passionate kiss and slipped out and down the hall. I locked the door and peering thru the blinds, saw him enter his room safely, then threw open my window stood back a few paces to give him a last look at my charms, he reciprocated by dropping off his pants and

gayly waving his engine at me; then I threw a kiss as I closed the blinds. I threw myself on the bed completely exhausted and sank into a dreamless slumber, which lasted until noon. I lay for some time going over in my mind, the events of the previous day, then arose, slipped on my bathrobe, went to the bathroom where I took a good gentle bath in warm water, well sprinkled with toilet water. After drying myself, I went back to my room and ordered lunch served for myself. After this was disposed of, I dressed leisurely and strolled down to the hotel piazza, seated myself and glanced idly at a book. I was soon approached by a genial hotel clerk who said there was a gentleman who desired an introduction to me and asked if I had any objections. Telling him I had none if he could guarantee that the gentleman was alright, he retired and soon appeared with my young man. Introductions were soon over and after this sort of conventionality, he asked me if I cared to take a walk with him. I assured him that I would be delighted, and we sauntered off in the direction of my little retreat. On arriving there we seated ourselves comfortably in our leafy bower. After a little desultory conversation he asked me if I consented to his slipping his hands under my skirts, he drew up my dress and sat looking at my beauties exposed. I had put on my best and very fancy lingerie, also my best silk hose. The view of my white skin shining thru the lacework of my hose, with the strip of velvety skin at the tops of my stockings, then the glimpse of my round smooth belly just showing in the opening of my drawers with the curly locks close together at the entrance of my nest, was certainly an alluring sight to susceptible mankind but just then we heard voices approaching, pulling down my skirts, we peeped out thru the leaves and saw the same couple approaching that I had seen the day before.

Putting my fingers to my lips to enjoin silence, we watched them and saw them draw near the seat as they had done the day before. They did not waste much time in preliminaries, but slipping off their clothes they were soon working hard in an effort to offer their elixir to the Goddess of Love. While they were in the convulsions of their first climax and while the noise they were making

might drown any that we might make, my love managed to slip up my dress and opening his trousers pulled out his lovely engine, and standing in its princely glory, and slipped it into my nest. We did not dare to make any noise for fear of being heard, but lay quivering with desire while our friends went thru the ceremony of bringing man's engine to the desired point, and the woman's passion to the point of desire to receive his engine. When this was done they went at it again. Watching their movements closely, we managed to squirm and twist until we brought forth our donation of that wonderful elixir and fell back exhausted.

This was not satisfying, so while they were adjusting themselves for another round and making considerable noise, my lover spread out my thighs so he could get better access to my nest, and again shoved the wonderful, lovable and throbbing engine into my twitching and burning nest. We lay this way watching the progress of our friends. Finally they resumed their clothing and also their walk.

As soon as they were gone we got ready for a real round of joy. He unbuttoned my waist and loosed my corset and after stripping me of my clothes and doing likewise to himself, he started in by playing with my tit-ties as he had never done before, and was rubbing my nest in such a way that I was more desirous than ever before of having him enter me, at the same time he smothered me with kisses, the like of which I have never since experienced. Working his wonderful engine into my nest in such a way that I was about to die from the pleasure of it and working myself as I had never done before, we were soon gasping with pleasure and our donations were melting as we poured them on the altar of love. After resting for a while we adjusted our disordered attire and strolled back to the hotel. I introduced my friend to my aunt, we had dinner together and after sitting and chatting on the piazza for some time, I pleaded a headache and retired to my room. Slipping off my clothes, I put on my bathrobe and had another perfumed bath as I expected to have some more of that wonderful engine. I then went back to my room to wait the arrival of my lover. We had made no arrangements, but

when I returned I peeped thru the shades and saw him gazing with loving eyes toward my window. I slipped off my clothes and stood forth as naked as I was born, then stepping to the window threw it open and leaned forth. He disappeared almost instantly and stepping to the door I listened until I heard him coming down the hall then I opened the door for him. He slipped in, I closed the door and locked it and rushed over to the bed, he came quickly over to me, but I told him to undress first, this he did and stood forth with his magnificent engine waving its red crested head.

My beautiful nest was twitching and squirming, the desire being so strong for receiving his engine. I walked up to him, threw my arms about his neck and he picked me up and carried me over by the window which overlooked the lawn. He stood me down in front of him and we were locked in each other's arms, then I reached down and seized his engine in my hands and spread out my thighs to receive it. He gasped the situation instantly bent his knee a little and in it slipped. Standing erect again he fairly raised me off my feet and I was literally impaled upon his engine. From where we stood it was directly in front of the dresser which had a long mirror, and I could see our reflection in the glass. It certainly was a funny sight. He tall, well formed, and muscular, with arms and shoulders well tanned from the summer's sun was in contrast with my milk-white skin. My mouth pressed close to his, our tongues darting in and out, we worked in this position until we had spent our last drop, then sank to the bed completely exhausted. He rose and dressed to leave, as he left we agreed to take a walk after lunch and for two weeks of his stay we spent each night and day in love embraces with his engine in my nest. After he left to resume his work, we corresponded for some time and the following year we were married and have been living together for the past five years. It was with my dear husband's consent that we have described this to convince the doubting world that such a nice romance beginning under such exceptional circumstances could end so happily.

Los Angeles, California, June 1928

A YOUNG STENOGRAPHER

I am a young stenographer
My age is just eighteen
I will frankly tell you
The things I've done and seen

The men have always called me
A very pretty girl
My form they say is perfect
My mother named me Pearl

My first job was in Harlem
I was greatly pleased
I left the second day
Because my tits were squeezed

And then I worked for a broker
And this job was a cinch
I liked him very much
Until my ass he pinched

I slapped the fresh old dude
In the butter, eggs and cheese
Because his hands were working
Just above my knees

A lawyer next employed me
Who hadn't much to do
He spent his time in flirting
And asked me for a screw

A boy worked in his office
He teased me till I cried
He boldly took out his prick
And jacked off by my side

A smart professor told me
That surely I could pass
I quit because he wanted
To goose me in the ass

I tried a certain doctor
Who came here from the south
He offered me a bribe to take
His prick into my mouth.

I felt the insult keenly
As it was quite a shock
I resigned again because
I would not suck a cock.

At last I then decided
To take things as they came
And then if I lost another job
I'd have myself to blame

I saw an advertisement
For a confidential clerk
There I found a handsome bachelor
Who offered pleasant work.

I came on Monday morning
And knew where I was at
The boss got down to business
While I took off my hat

He sat down in a rocker
And said I'll treat you right
He pulled me down upon his lap
And kissed and hugged me tight

He pulled my skirt up gently
Above my shapely knees
The scarlet garters that I wore
The boss he roughly seized

Along my lace trimmed panties
His fingers shyly stole
I kindly spread my legs apart
To help him reach his goal

In just one second
 He found my pussy there
 I felt his hand touching
 My locks of curly hair

His other hand unbuttoned
 My shirt waist clean and new
 And in another second
 My breasts came into view

Those big white bobbies
 He patted, squeezed and shook
 The tender nipple of the left
 Between his lips he took

His index finger started
 To tickle my hairy bit
 And while engaged in doing that
 He sucked my heavy tit.

At last the boss he stripped
 And said "Please do the same"
 And I disrobed completely
 Without regard to shame

We both stood there stark naked
 Like kids when we were born
 His prick was big and husky
 Just like an ear of corn

He made me feel his pecker
 Which made it bigger still
 He raised his balls in my hands
 And I felt a pleasant thrill.

"My dear" he said politely
 "You've got it good and stiff
 Come now and let me put it
 Right in your pretty quiff."

The head of his prick I guided
 Right in my hairy puss
 He clasped his hands around my ass
 And gave a dainty push

My maiden head was busted
And I didn't give a damn
I urged the boss to drive it in
As hard as he could ram

Each time he sent it drilling
His tool would gain an inch
My belly bumped up promptly
To meet each fitful flinch

He fucked me with such passion
That I wiggled like an eel
Against my big round ass
His balls I could plainly feel

The old boy raised his buttocks
And with a panting grunt
He sent his prick a lunging
Full length into my cunt

His motion now grew faster
And, oh, how he could fuck
My tongue slipped into his mouth
And then I felt him suck

I nearly smothered with rapture
Because I loved it so
His big balls were discharging
To meet my maiden flow

We both went off together
And heaven was in that room
With both emulsions mingled
Within my throbbing womb

For some time we panted
Locked in each other's arms
Until I felt it dripping
That wad of magic charms

About one hour later
The clock was striking ten
The boss once more got busy
And sucked my tits again

I grabbed his beautiful penis
 Because I could not resist
 And with rapid motion up and down
 I jerked it with my fist

This quickly did the business
 And made that organ swell
 The boss was lying on his back
 And I was hot as hell

This time I got above him
 And into my cunt I tucked
 The head of his enchanting prick
 And worked on top and fucked

I thought at first I'd work slowly
 To make the paradise last
 But gradually increased the pace
 Until I finished fast

The boss began to wiggle
 To him I sure did pass
 With arms around my belly
 He fucked me in the ass

I heard his heart panting
 Each time he made a thrust
 I took the fucking gently
 To satisfy his lust

And suddenly my bobbies
 In both his hands were grabbed
 His prick with rapid motion
 In my tender hole he jabbed

He reached the thrilling climax
 Which I considered bum
 Then between my buttocks
 I felt him shoot his gun

Then cigarettes were lighted
 He played a little joke
 Between my cock he stuck one
 To teach it how to smoke

Before the day was ended
He tried another trick
Between my big round bobbies
He placed his swelling prick

I kept on squeezing harded
His cock went into fits
And then the sticky fluid
Went trickling down my tits

At nine o'clock the next morning
I went back it's true
Because I was very happy
And itching for a screw

The gay old sport was waiting
He called me darling kid
And while he hugged me closely
Some other thing he did

He locked the door and opened
A bottle of champagne
We got drunk and raised the devil
As each glass I gently drained

Of course it made me giddy
For I had quite a gag
I stripped myself stark naked
The boss pulled off his rags

Reclining on the sofa
And blushing like a belle
I spread my legs out widely
My box was hot as hell

My knees were elevated
And thus exposed I lay
The boss gazed at my beauty
And then I heard him say

"Your cunt is like a rosebud
So pretty, fresh and pink
I must taste of its sweetness
And of your juicy fluid drink."

"Your ass is fair and glossy
Your thighs are white as milk
Your bush is blond and curly
With hair as soft as silk."

He bent his head down low
To gaze with sparkling eyes
And then he bent still lower
Between my soft plump thighs.

Before me the boss was kneeling
He braced himself in front
And it gave me a quiver
As his tongue ran into my cunt.

My heart was beating faster
His nose was lightly pressed
His lips went into it sweetly
And kissed the cuckoo's nest

And then in that most sensitive organ
With greediness, but desire
His tickling tongue was quivering
It set my blood on fire

And then with rapid motion
That was marvelously slick
He stuck it in still further
Till it felt just like a prick

The boss informed me later
That it was just like a peach
And he sucked it nicely
As far as he could reach

With hands upon my bobbies
I shook them to and fro
To keep time with his lapping
That thrilled me down below

Believe me he was some lapper
That very few can match
His lips drew long and fiercely
As he fucked my lovely hatch

The lapper was rewarded
His name was Richard Goff
And right into his open mouth
He had me going off

And then his tongue revolved madly
And did a slippery stunt
His wet lips sucked out the juice
That filled my creamy cunt.

Mr. Goff at length rose slowly
And sat down upon a chair
I saw his penis standing
The rise was something rare.

Said he "Now come on darling
If you will blow my flute
I'll gladly raise your wages,
Just take a pleasant root.

I've heard of girls who practiced
The French, unnatural vice
And I was in to try it
To see if it was nice

The boss lay back and waited
And every desire was felt
And so without hesitation
Between his knees I knelt

In a moment I was busy
Behind those office walls
And in the most delicious manner
I kissed his prick and balls

My fair white arms were clasped
Around his naked hips
I took the head of his penis
Between my ruby lips

I felt his body quiver
As with an electric shock
A thrilling joy went thru him
My lips had touched his cock

My pretty mouth just fitted
 Around that noble shaft
 I drew in all that I could take
 And then my employer laughed

And then with delicious passion
 While kneeling on the floor
 I sucked that nice, sweet, juicy prick
 Just like a Parisian whore.

My moist, red lips were sliding
 On flesh erect and firm
 Every time they did it
 The boss would pant and squirm.

I varied the operation
 And used my tongue to lick
 The most sensitive throbbing
 Of that enormous prick.

He said I was an artist
 And that it beat a fuck
 I did my best and gave
 A long and luscious suck.

His cock with fierce convulsions
 Threw out a gushing stream
 And instantly my mouth was filled
 With warm, delicious cream.

My mouth was overflowing
 With warm delicious cream
 But even then I did not stop
 For I gulped the pulsing stream

I still continued sucking
 His dripping prick slipped in
 Until his balls were resting
 Upon my dimpled chin.

At length my head was lifted
 And I must now confess
 Though I was really a bit proud
 I like the French way best.

Before the day was over
 We got down once more
 We tried a double header
 Just like the greatest whores.

The boss lay stiff on the sofa
 His legs apart were spread
 Reversed to him stark naked
 I straddled o'er his head.

My plump thighs white as lillies
 Concealed his handsome face
 He kissed me upon my fragrant flesh
 And fixed his mouth in place.

His tongue at once got busy
 My ass he fondly slapped
 My snow white bobbies rose and fell
 And, oh, how my cunt was lapped.

He had a nice, big hard-on
 The kind that I adore
 I took its tempting head
 Between my lips once more.

I sucked his cock in ecstasy
 And liked what stood so stiff
 And pressing upon my ass
 He sucked my juicy quiff.

His head and my buttocks
 Were bobbing north and south
 While Goff was working his ass
 And fucking me in the mouth.

I had his prick working
 My cunt began to pout
 The climax came from his nuts
 And I sucked the gravy out.

It was a big sensation
 Of mild delicious bliss
 The most prolific screwing
 I bill the news like this.

When both of us were satisfied
He pinched my ass to rise
I had him almost smothered
Between my perfumed thighs.

I have often repented
Such acts of bliss and sin
While I am growing stouter
My boss is growing thin.

I draw a handsome salary
And Goff eliminates the beaux
I dress in the latest fashions
And see the hottest shows

Besides I meet good fellows
Who like my little box
I often go to their private rooms
And practice sucking cocks.

I yielded to temptation
And so have many more
But now I have plenty of money
Girls, it PAYS to be a WHORE.

THE FINIS

WHAT IS COMING NEXT?

I have been bawled out, held up, held down, bull-dosed black-jacked, walked on, cheated, cheated others, squeezed, and mooched; stuck for war tax, excess-profits tax, state tax, dog tax, and syntax; Liberty Bonds, Baby Bonds and the Bonds of Matrimony; Red Cross, green cross and double-cross; asked to help the Society of John the Baptist, G. A. R., Woman's relief Corps, men's relief and stomach relief.

I have worked like hell and have been worked like hell; I have been drunk and gotten others drunk; lost all I had and part of my furniture; and because I won't spend and lend all the little I earn and go beg, borrow or steal, I have been cussed and discussed, boycotted, talked to and talked about, lied to and lied about, held up, hung up, robbed and dam near ruined, and the only reason I am sticking around now is to see what in the hell is coming next. vw mxtsxllimxnx341,htimS xykxnotgnixeLx gh

THE SPEARMINT KID

Please give me some the youth insisted,
 Around her waist his arms were twisted.
 She said, "I will, if you will agree,
 To buy some spearmint gum for me."
 The youth was wise and bought the gum,
 Then told the girl he wanted some.
 "All right, my dear, the girl replied,
 For gum for me you have never denied."
 "This is one thing I have never done,
 For those stiff things I always shun."
 "But if it is as good as the gum I chew,
 I know I will like it as well as you."
 He laid her down upon the grass,
 And chewed her gum and worked her ass.
 She gave a twist with all her might,
 And locked her legs around him tight.
 She swallow'd her gum, grabb'd him quick
 "I love my gum, but oh! you Dick."

BRIDAL EXPERIENCE

Two young ladies in a boarding school for girls, being fast friends, with an innate desire to discuss connubial bliss, agreed between themselves that upon leaving the school, should either or both get married, they were to give to each other their first night's experiences on the bridal couch.

Their names were Lulu and Viola. In the course of time after leaving school, Miss Viola joined her fortune with the man of her choice, and remembering her pledge to her chum of other days, resolved to write to her and tell her all. But being a church member and very orthodox withal, and somewhat bashful, wrote her the following starin:

Bardstown, Ky., May 21, 1928

My dear friend Lulu:

I pledged you while at school to tell you what was done to me the first night after my marriage. But—oh! I can not! I know you will look upon me as being a very rude and vulgar girl. But I will say words fail to express or to convey the joys of the wedding bed, and to convey to you some idea of my experience, I shall quote from the book of Job, the words are to be found in the dear old Bible—Job 40 to 41, verses 61;17 and 19: "To his strength is in his loins, and his force is in the naval of his belly. He moveth his tail like a cedar, the sinnes of his stones are wrapped together—one is so near to the other that no air can come between them. They are joined one to another that they can not be sundered."

Now dear Lulu, modesty prevents me saying more. Hoping that you be fortunate enough to add love to love you and will be as frank with me as I have been with you, I will leave you now for the arms of my love.

Your friend of college days. Viola.

About six months later Miss Lulu was joined in wedlock to her chosen love, and to redeem her pledge she wrote to her friend, and being of jovial disposition, and a poetess, too, and always enjoyed a little smoot, couched her report in the following pathetic poem:

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"My dear Viola, 'tis just as you said,
Words can't express the joys of the wedding-bed.
Of course I was nervous, but I had no fear,
For of all men, my "hubby" is the most dear
"You know the college girls used to speak with dread,
About a maiden losing her sweet "maiden-head."
But, Viola, had I known the joys were so,
I would have pulled my 'pudding' long, long ago.
"Oh the bliss I find under the cover folds,
While jioning our giblets and tangling our ass holes,
To tell you this is not necessary at all,
For you, dear Viola have beenthru it all.
"But I must tell you how it all came about,
And how my nervousness was all put to rout.
We took a trip, you know, as most brides do,
At home 'twould be naughty to take our first screw.
"At the hotel, hubby, he called for a room,
I knew then that I was about to meet my doom,
At the word bridal chamber, oh, how I blushed,
And was on the eve of telling hubby to hush.
"To bed with a man! Oh, horrible the thought!
But as other brides, I must do as I ought
Hubby ordered the porter to bring in the wine,
And some refreshments on which to dine.
"The wine and the oysters, you can safely bet,
Fired my desire and passion to learn more yet.
So I went to our room, turned the light lower,
While my hubby he lingered out side the door.
"I knew that hubby did love and adore me,
Else I would shrink from the duty before me.
Then I sprinkled rosewater over the bed,
Crawled under the cover and covered my head.
"I had turned the light so it burned very dim,
And called to hubby—dear you may come in,
I thot of the sacrifice that was to come,
And the father and mother in their distant home.
"I heard his disrobing—I trembled and shook,
And, oh, Voila, how I wanted to look,
But before I could think, with a tiger's tread,
He bounded beside me into the bridal bed.
"He showered kisses on me like springtime rain,
And falt of my titties again and again.

Then he felt of my belly—to tell you I must,
 His hand went further down and felt of my nest.
 "I asked hubby could I play with his awhile,
 Then he looked at me with a quizzical smile—
 Yes, my, dear, but I'll tell you on the level,
 For the present, it is a dead as the devil.
 "Then something pressed against my leg—oh, dear,
 Has hubby come to bed with a roasting ear,
 I put my hand on it, 'twas hard as a rock—
 He told me 'twas only the key to my lock.
 "Of course I must squirm with a maidenly pride,
 And in self defence get away from his side.
 But, hadn't he rushed me, I would have been mad,
 For this was the first chance that I ever had.
 "To see and to know, and be known by a man,
 So I just lay still and didn't care a clam,
 Then the hair on my puss he fondled awhile,
 'Til really with passion I thot I'd go wild.
 "At length he whispered, dear, open your thighs,
 And let your dear hubby measure your size,
 Then, oh! with his right hand he made a bold rush,
 And he pulled wide open the lips of my puss.
 "I wanted it bad, but, oh, how I did dread,
 For my hubby to rupture my maiden-head.
 It was not for the sacrifice that I must make,
 But I imagined the pain would be so great.
 "But hubby he put some vaseline on it,
 So I did not feel it when he pressed upon it.
 I took it in my hand an put it in place,
 And it seemed to me it slipped to my waist.
 "I pretended I didn't know what he meant,
 But my legs flew open and at it he went.
 The first push he made there was a stinging pain,
 'Til he pulled it out and shoved it in again,
 "I thot his dear pickle was as big as my wrist,
 For it made me heave, sit, wiggle and twist,
 Give the tip and sifter, the rip-saw motion,
 While hubby, dear hubby, worked to his notion.
 "Then I swooned away in the arms of my love,
 I felt that I was with the angels above,
 And with them enjoying such acstatic bliss—
 Surely the joys of heaven doesn't equal this!

"When I came to myself—oh what a surprise—
 My hubby had his head down between my thighs,
 And was licking the little nest in the boat,
 While on the wings of love I was still afloat
 "When I awoke from my swoon I felt no pain,
 And had him measure me again and again,
 If your hubby does his work as well as mine,
 There is nothing to keep you from a good time.
 "Hubby did not mean this as wholly a bluff,
 For it was soft and limber, and sick sure 'nough,
 But when I played with it for a little spell
 It reared up, raised its head and began to swell.
 "When I worked the skin it began to quiver,
 And its face shined like a piece of fresh liver,
 When I looked at it closely—oh, my, oh my,
 The poor, dear little face, it had but one eye.
 "Another thing to me which seemed rather queer,
 Like my own, it was het in a nest of fur.
 There are two lovely pink lobes—gems that he owns,
 And it made me laugh when he called them his stones.
 "It sounded to me funny—two stones made fast,
 In a flabby sack that had grown to his ass.
 And was hanging down like a bunch of wet rags,
 Why, I could cut a shirt waist off his bags.
 "He laughed when I to'd him it looked like old rags,
 And he says—Dear Lulu, that's my summer bags.
 Wait 'til Old Borious brings his frosty blast,
 You'll think it a lemon crossways in your ass.
 "I told my hubby I knew a lot better.
 For the skin 'round its neck looked like a sweater,
 Then hubby he told me, I know 'twas to vex me,
 That it was threatened with appoplexy.
 "And that the only specific was a lotion,
 That I could give with the whip-saw motion.
 So to save it from an appoplexic pain
 I laid on my back and he went at it again.
 "Surely my dear, the wedding couch can bestow,
 Loves that the unmarried will never know.
 Each night when the clock on the mantle strikes nine,
 Hubby says—dear, its our swooning time.
 "When we turn the key in the lock—I'm one girl,
 Likened to th nuns—I'm shut out from the world.

I may lose fortune and health, and have ill-luck,
 But I'll praise the night hubby taught me to fuck.
 "Oh the joy, the bliss and the holy delight,
 To be found in the bed on one's wedding night.
 I don't blame a girl for being a whore,
 For I never sampled such good things before.
 "Hoping your joys equal mine, I will bid you good-
 night, its swooning time.

Lulu.

P. S. "Here's hoping you may grow big and 'round,
 Live till the hair on your puss drags the ground,
 And bring forth a man child to bless this old world,
 To tickle the ass of some lonely girl."

Hollywood, Calif., May 22, 1928

THE NEW ALPHABET

- 540
- A is for ass upon which we sit,
 The eternal end and the passage for shit.
 B is for balls, each man has a pair,
 In a wrinkled old sack covered with hair,
 C is for cunt so juicy and slick,
 Its home sweet home for a seven inch prick.
 D is for diddling, it never grows stale,
 For there is nothing so good as a good piece of tail.
 E is for eggs that are laid in the grass,
 That object that comes from a speckled hen's ass.
 F is for fart that odious breeze,
 Its fully as bad as Limburger cheese
 G is for guts that tangled up mass,
 That separates our belly from the hole in our ass,
 H is for hair that surrounds an old cunt,
 To find the houe a man nightly will hunt,

- I is for Ireland the home of the hicks,
They fight their way with crowbars and bricks,
- J is for juice that's sticky like cream,
That specks up the sheets when you have a wet dream
- K is for king who wears a crown on his bean,
His favorite pasttime is fucking the queen,
- L is for love that fails to stick,
It starts in the head and ends in the prick,
- MM is for marriage when a man gets a wife,
Then lives in misery the rest of his life.
- N is for unts that furnishes the sap,
And sometime the making of a dose of clap.
- O is for old-age or rather the time
When your prick don't stand up like it did in its prime
- P is for prick that pettified prong,
That ranges from four to twelve inches long,
- Q is for quivers that come with a thump,
That funny sensation when you blow off your lump.
- R is for rags that are used I presume,
To wrap up a cunt when it's nicely in bloom.
- S is for shankers they come so quick,
They blossom all over the head of your prick.
- T is for tits they are supposed to be sucked,
They never get fresh until a woman is fucked.
- U is fir urine, a pot full of piss,
My but its awful to use such language as this.
- V is for vxenus a shape we all love,
You crawl on her frame and give the old bone a shove
- W is for woman a cradle of sin,
She is splip half way from her ass to her chin.
- X is for xray a magnifying glass,
That the doctors use to look up your ass.
- Y is for yes when a woman gets hot,
Then nothing but pecker will cool her twat.
- Z is for zero supposed to be cold,
The temperature of your balls when eighty years old.

541

A TRIP TO HEAVEN

She was but a simple maiden,
With red and rosy cheeks,
Who went to church on sunday,
And prayed in accents meek,

It was about the reverend father,
Who loved to see her face,
So full of sweet devotion,
Of sweetness, and of grace.

Now he sauntered home with her,
When services were o'er
He would speak to her of home,
And of the golden shore,

Then up the maiden spoke and said,
"Oh father dear," said she,
I'd give the world if I ,
The golden shore could see."

"Then come to my cottage,"
The holy man did say,
"At nine this evening,
An hour or two to stay."

I will dear reverend father,
And happy will I be,
To catch a glimpse of heaven,
And hold commune with thee,

She reached the preachers, house,
As the clock was striking nine,
Ha ha he said with steady smile,
I see you are on time.

Pray step into my chamber,
Where the lights are burning low,
And I will soon be with you,
Then heavenward we will go.

He presently joined the maiden,
Then to her he kindly said,
"We soon will be with those who,
Are numbered with the dead,

But ere we make the journey,
 We must ourselves prepare,
 And take our earthly garments off;
 They no garments wear .

The maiden blushed a minute,
 Then turned her head aside,
 She knew that she had naught to fear,
 While at the preachers side.

Kind sir she said, I know ,
 That you are noble, true and just,
 Just what you say I will do,
 For you I deeply trust.

The pastor then took off his pants,
 And other garments too,
 And stood as he was born,
 A noble man, tis true,

The maiden stood reluctant,
 Until he to her kindly said,
 Take off your hat and jacket dear,
 And sit down on the bed.

She silently obeyed him,
 And did as she was told,
 While he with nimble fingers,
 Her waistband did unfold,

He took the garments one by one,
 And placed them on a chair,
 Until she stood before him,
 All naked, pure and fair.

Now we are as we were made,
 The preacher said to her,
 And surely we'll reach heaven,
 If nothing does occur.

He took the maiden in his arms
 And placed her on the bed,
 And laid down beside her,
 And this is what she said,

Oh father dear do tell me,
 What is this big thing,
 That is standing up so straight
 And stiff and awful slim,

And what are these other things,
 That are hanging down below,
 The one is quite the larger,
 Has the other ceased to grow,

That is the key to heaven child,
 And you possess the lock,
 It has its works and movements,
 Just like an eight day clock,

He took her hand in his,
 And pressed it to his lips,
 Her hand was hot and burning,
 Clear to the finger tips,

Then he gently put his finger,
 Into her kitties nest,
 And gently pressed the button,
 And nature did the rest.

He felt her bosom heave,
 And throb against his chest,
 Her breath came quick,
 She cried, "Oh let me rest."

He gently laid her on her back,
 And pressed her legs full wide,
 To put the key into the lock,
 Full half an hour he tried,

At last he was successful,
 And to the maiden cried,
 Oh put your arms around my neck,
 The key is at last inside.

She pressed her hot and burning lips,
 Against his burning face,
 And clasped her legs around his hips,
 And pulled him into place,

Then he began a motion that,
 With pleasure caused her pain.
 Yet presently she cried,
 "Again, Again, AGAIN."

'Tis heaven to me she cried,
 It is heaven, what joy, what pain,
 Pray leave the key inside the lock,
 Don't take it out again.

Six times they went to heaven,
 Before the night was over,
 And as the Father fell asleep,
 She faintly cried for more

The morning came, the Father,
 Was repentant and afraid,
 His conscience sorely upbraided him,
 He spoke thus to the maid,

"My dear girl, I've ruined you,
 My God what shall I do?
 I've stolen your virginity,
 And lost my honor too.

My God, my wife and children,
 They must not know my shame,
 My God, what a great calamity,
 I've brought upon my name.

Then up spoke the maiden,
 And this is what she said:
 Do not run away with the idea,
 That you've got my maidenhead,

You darned old fool, you are,
 Thick as mud, you'll soon see,
 You've only caught the dose of clap,
 That your son did give to me.

When your prick is in a rag,
 This to your wife pray tell,
 That you took a trip to heaven,
 And landed right in hell.

Let this be a lesson,
 You poor old simple fool,
 Don't think that all are virgins,
 Who go to Sunday School.

One woman is enough for you,
 Take my advice and not try,
 To fuck your congregation,
 For if you do, you'll surely die.

THE SCARLET LETTER

My dear teacher:—

I must really ask for your forgiveness for not answering your letter but so much has happened here since, that I have not had time to write the long letter that the subject deserves. Little did I dream, my dear Preceptor, when you initiated me into the art of love and awakened my maidenly passions with your well-worn Dido, that there could be so much and so delightful a difference to the real article, of which yours is so poor an imitation. I have realized the difference to my utmost unspeakable delight. To tell the truth I have been stayed with most properly since the last time that I saw you and I hate to think that in a few more days I must leave the man that has given me so much joy and see him perhaps no more.

You know that I am staying at the hotel kept by the father of my old friend Betty Moore. Bett is a beautiful girl, with splendid shape and full of passion. She it was who led me from the path of virtue, which she has long ceased to tread, and shameful as it seems, I am not sorry. She and I sleep together and after finding out that I am no prude, she began to excite my passion by telling me of her experience with her father's night clerk, Johnnie Green. He had seduced her and her description of his actions set me wild then she would fondle my breasts which you think so pretty, and then rubbing my belly with her hands and legs she went as far as to kiss my pussy until I would writhe with delight. All the time she kept talking about Johnnie and his lovely tool, until finally I consented to have him come to our room. At first he was very respectful, but his manly beauty overcame me and I felt his tongue glide between my lips as one of his hands gently squeezed one of my breasts. I was about to swoon, I think, when I heard Betty tell him to come at midnight. His room and ours adjoins and as midnight approached, both of us girls stripped naked, turned down the lights and lay on the bed fondling each other's breasts, I heard the door softly open and the sensation that swept over me at that time cannot be described. Johnnie was also

nude and I must admit that Betty's description of him was not overdrawn. He is about twenty-five years old and shapely as a statue, and vigorous as a lion. His tool it was that took my admiration as it was so big and long in proportion with his shapely legs beneath a crop of curly hair around. I could not move and he lost no time jumping into bed and while Betty laughed, he took me in his arms and clasped my naked form to his. He kissed me in a way that I had never known before, from my lips between which he inserted his hot tongue, down to my knees he sported, not even missing my pretty pussy which now seemed to be on fire. His great tool, now hot and hard beat against my belly and he strained me against his breast, and I seemed to be in a trance, not able to move or speak. Then Betty pulled my legs apart and turned me on my back and while Johnnie lay flat on me, Betty took his tool, with her hand parting the luxurious growth of hair around my puss, placed the big prick between the parted lips if it and told him to push. He did and although there was a slight pain, the exquisite sensation of the first insertion I shall never forget. He placed his lips to mine and with his hands under my ass he forced the big prick farther into my hot belly and the deeper the prick intruded the further he forced his tongue into my mouth. My brain was whirling, and I was gasping, and I heard Betty whisper "Fuck, her good, she needs it." I was being fucked good. Faster grew his motions and instinctively I threw my legs and arms around him as I felt his great hot tool forcing its way into my throbbing womb.

Then he worked harder as a stream of hot liquid from him seemed to meet a gush from my very soul. I fainted away and as I came to, I heard Betty say "For God's sake don't keep me waiting all night." In an instant he had drawn his tool from my cunt, still dripping and stuck it into her pussy which was open and ready.

At once I saw how valuable experience was. Betty was truly an artist at the game of fucking for her beautiful white legs were soon locked around his back, her arms clasped his neck, his tongue slipped into her parted lips and at it they went in great unison, their bodies rose and fell, and she moaned with delight as he buried his great hot dick deeper between her divine thighs. Together they

fucked like mad for what seemed like nearly an hour, while I lay and watched every motion, my own dissatisfied body burning like fire. Soon she became limp and rolled over and seemed to be fainted.

Then at Betty's suggestion we washed and lay down on the bed again. My curiosity to examine the tool that had given me such exquisite agony and delight, caused me to take it into my hands. It was as soft as a baby's wrist. I fondled it for a time, then Betty whispered "Kiss the beauty." I obliged and found its head like satin. As my hot lips touched it we tried a new plan. I was hot enough to do anything and I was not surprised to see Betty take the swelling thing in her mouth and begin sucking hard. Betty then picked me up, setting my ass on his breast, at the same time spreading my legs apart. He moved up until my cock was just over his mouth and then I felt his hot tongue slide between the hot lips of my vagina and lick the clitoris. The sensation was even more lovely than the first and gradually he worked closer until the hair of his black mustache was mingled with the soft curly hair of my cunt. Faster moved his tongue faster Betty sucked, higher and higher grew my sensation of delight until it reached a zenith and that former exquisite feeling and I fell over Betty who had fainted.

When I awoke, I found it was morning, that Johnnie had gone, but I knew that it was no dream. Then Betty kissed me when we were preparing for a real early morning dip in the sea, then she carefully opened the seams of my bathing drawers and stitched them to keep them from rubbing my sore cunt. When we reached the beach we were joined by Johnnie and another man who took charge of Betty. After swimming around for a while all four of us got out of the crowd and with water up to our necks, I soon found out why Betty had opened up my drawers. Johnnie soon found that I had been prepared and he put his hand on his tool which soon grew hard. Betty kept under water a great deal and I soon saw that her legs and arms were locked around her friend. Johnnie told me to do the same and once again I felt his big prick slowly force its way into my throbbing belly. The thrill that ran thru me caused me to work my belly up closer to him and once again had fully

nine inches of hot prick in me as far as it would go. I again experienced that most delightful sensation and once more responding to his gentle prick motions I felt the hot stream of love pour over my womb meeting the discharge from my own, and unless he had held me in his arms I would have fallen into a faint. But the water soon revived me and to my surprise I saw at least a dozen other couples locked into each other's arms and all of the girls looked as if they were being well fucked.

This has happened several times and my friend, I am sorry that I cannot describe it for your benefit, the night scene in our room. They have been frequent and I must confess that I have learned much. Johnnie and Betty and I enjoy it every way.

One more experience and I'm thru. Almost three weeks ago a bridal couple came to our hotel the groom 60 and the bride about 20 and as lovely as a girl could be. Betty decided she needed better treatment than she was getting and so we invited her to our rooms one night for lunch, and Betty began telling her own experiences. She almost cried when Betty bluntly asked her if she had ever had a real good fucking. We kept after her and one afternoon we got her into our room and coaxed her into stripping and stretching out on the bed. Then Betty began her work and soon had the bride crazy with excitement. She had the prettiest form that I have ever seen and for once I wished myself a man so that I might part her lovely cunt locks, and storm her lovely womb. As we lay working ourselves into fever, Johnnie came in without knocking, the bride gave a little scream, but we held her until Johnnie got his clothes off, then we actually held her legs while Johnnie kissed her box, his tongue did the rest and he found little resistance when he tried to mount her. His tool was so big and her cunt so little that it would not go in until Betty wet his tool with saliva, while she held her legs open Johnnie gently forced it into her until his balls were resting against her ass. She quivered with excitement and moaned while he fucked her and we envied her the delightful sensation she was experiencing. When she came she swooned but we soon brought her around all right. It must have been real good fucking and the kind Johnnie liked for no sooner had she recovered

than Johnnie placed her on her hands and knees, and her big lovely white ass was plainly in view. The bride blushed and hid her face. Then Johnnie got behind and placed the head in her lovely cunt, and shoved the full nine inches in her with one great shove, the bride screamed for it hurt her so, we had to hold her, while she moaned. I was afraid he had torn her cunt, but Johnnie kept right on, he would pull his tool out until he could see the crimson head and then he would shove it back again. Each time the bride would draw up and moan, she was about to cry but after a few strokes it stopped hurting and we let her go, she began to wriggle her ass but soon became limp, the bliss was so great that she could not help but cry "Take it all, honey, it all belongs to you."

He obliged and they were both coming at the same time, and she enjoyed it so that she bit holes in the bed sheets. Then she fainted away as Johnnie held her ass against his belly and the hot stream of love again poured itself over her womb. When he pulled his tool out of her, it dripped from her cunt and ran down her legs by the spoonful then we washed her cunt and legs for her, Betty and I were wild with passion, we were so hot. He then set her on his breast as she did me but I could stand it no longer and I took his tool in my mouth and sucked it frantically while Betty slipped under me and put her tongue to my box. Johnnie put his fingers in her and we all sucked with great rapidity, and just as my pleasure reached a climax I felt a hot stream from Johnnie gush into my throat, the bride fell back on me and the great sweet prick in her mouth while Johnnie got on his knees and began to suck her off. I must have lost consciousness for as I came to, I found the bride at my box, and when I went off, she cried, "Such sucking and fucking will drive me mad." Next week I will be home and will give you something that will last you and make you forsake your Dido forever. Tonight Betty will be away and I will have Johnnie to myself for a royal time and you can bet I'll give him all he wants, any way he wants it. No Dido for me, its live prick or tongue after this.

Your Graduated Pupil.

= THAT LITTLE BIT OF WHANG

I will tell you a little story,
 A story that I have heard,
 You may think it is a fable,
 But it is gospel— every word.
 When the Lord made father Adam,
 They say he laughed and sang,
 As he sewed him up the belly,
 With a little piece of whang.
 But when the Lord had finished,
 He found he'd measured wrong,
 For when the whang was knotted,
 It was several inches long.
 'Tis but eight inches, said he,
 So I guess I'll let it hang,
 And so he left on Adam's belly,
 That little piece of whang.
 When the Lord made mother Eve,
 I imagine that he did snort,
 When he found the whang he sewed with
 Was several inches short.
 It leaves an awful gap, said he,
 But I don't give a dang,
 She can fight it out with Adam,
 For that little piece of whang
 So svery since the ancient day,
 When human life began,
 There's been a constant strife,
 'Twixt the woman and the man.
 Women declare they'll have that piece,
 That from our bellies hang,
 To fill that awful crack of theirs,
 The Lord left when he ran out of whang.
 So let us not be selfish, boys,
 With that which the women lack
 But lend that piece of yours,
 To fill their awful crack.
 For the Lord never intended,
 That it should idle hang,
 When he left on Adam's belly,
 That little piece of whang.

J

ONE ON THE TEACHER

Teacher— "Johnnie, what was all that noise down in the bushes?"

Johnnie— "The boys were making me fuck a sheep."

Teacher— "Why didn't you come to me?"

Johnnie— "Why, teacher I didn't know you would fuck.!"

I have fought for many days,
And never once been hit,
For I am in the S. O. S.
Which means the same old shit.

I do it for my meat,
If I don't —I don't eat.

HOT DIGGITY-DOG

High is the mountain, green is the grass,
The fairer the maiden the better the ass.

Here's to Cunt, a noble creature,
Covered all over with hair,
It smells like a rotten potato,
And looks like the ass of a bear.

Barking at the oak, sucking at the sap,
Wouldn't mind the fucking wasn't for the clap.

No.
 SIXTEEN HUNDRED AND ONE
 By Mark Twain

Yerternight toke her Majesty ye Queen a fantasie such as she sometimes hath, and had to her closet certain yt do write plays, bokes, and suchlike, these being my Lord Bakon, his worship Sr. Walter Raligh, Mr. Joe Johnson and Frances Beauford, which being sixteen hath yet turn his head to ye doing of ye Latin masters into our English tong, with grete discession and much applause. Also came with these ye famous Shaxpur. A right strange mixing trully of mighty bloude with mean, ye more inespacial since ye Queen's grace was present, as likewise the following towit: —

Ye Dutchess of Bilgewater, 22 years of age; Countess of Ganby, 36; her doter ye Lady Helen, 15, and also these two maidens of honor, ye Lady Margery Bothby, 65; and ye Lady Alice Dilberry, turnes 70; she being two yrs ye Queen's elder.

I, being her Majesty's cupbearer had no choice but to remaine and behold, rank forgot, and ye high hold converse with ye low as upon equal terms, a grete scandal did ye world hear there of. In ye heat of ye talk, did befel yt one did breake wind yeilding an exceeding mighty distressful stink, whereat all did laugh full sore and then —

Ye Queen: "Verily in my e'ght and sixty years have I not heard the fellow of this fart. Meseemeth, by ye greete sound and clamour of it, it was a male; yet ye belly it did lurk behinde should now fall flat against ye spine of him yt bene delivered of so great, stately and so vaste a bulk, where as ye guts of him yt quiffsplitters here, spande calmly still and around. Prithee let ye author confess ye off-spring. Will my Lady Alice testify?"

Lady Alice: Good, your grace and had I room for such a thinder gust within my ancient bowels, tis not in reason I could discharge ye same and live to thank God for it. He did choose a maiden so humble whereby to shawe his powers. Naw, tis not I who have brought forth this rich o'er mastering fog, this fragrant gloom, so pray ye seek furhter,

Lady Margery Bothby: So pleases, you, my limbs are feeble with ye weighte and droughte of five and sixty winters, and it behooeth yt I be tender unto them. In ye good provinces of God and had I contained this wonder forsoothe wolde I had given ye whole evening of my sinking life to ye dribbling of it forth, with trembling and uneasy soul, not launched it suddenly in its matchless might, taking myne own life with its violence, rending my weak frame like rotten rags. It was not I your Majesty, ye Queen.

Ye Queen: O, Gods name who hath favored us? Hath yt it come to pass that a fart shall fart itself? Not such a wane as this, I throw younge Master Beaumonte—but no: twould have wafed him to heave like down of goose boddy. Twas not ye little LUady Helen—nay, nere blush child, thoul't tickle thy tender maiden heede with many a mouse squeak before thou learnest to blow a hurricane like this. Wasn't thou learned and ingenious Johnson?

Mr. Johnson: So felle a blast hath mine ears saluted nor yet a stench so all prevadind and immortal. Twas not novice, did it, did you your Majesty, but one of veteran experience—else he had failed of confidence. In sooth, it was not I.

Ye Queen: My Lord Bacon?

Bacon: Not from my lean entrailles hath this prodigy burst forth so please your grace. Nought doth so befit ye, find yt tis not from mediocrity this miracle hath issued.

(Though ye subject be but a fart yt will this tedious sink of learning pounrerously philosophise. Mean time did the so and deadly a stink prevail all places to that degree that never smelt I ye like, yet dared I not leave ye presence, albeit I was like to suffocate.)

Ye Queen: What sayest ye worshipful Master Shaxpur?
Shaxpur: In ye grate hand of God I stand and so proclaim my innocence. Though ye sinless goust of Heaven had foretold ye coming of this most desolating breath, proclaiming it ye work of uninspired achievement in one course of naturs, yet had I not believed it; but had said ye pit itself had furnished forth ye stink and Heavens artillery had shook ye globe in admiration of it.

(Then there was a silence and each did turn tward the worshipful Sir Walter Raligh, yt browned, embattled, bloody, swashbuckler who, rising in a simpering way:) Sir Walter, Most: Most gracious Magisty, 'twas I that did it but deed it was so poor and frail a note, compared with such as I am wont to furnish yt in sooth I was ashamed to call the weakling mine in so august a presence. It was nothing—less than nothing, Madame. I did but to clear my nether throte; but had I come prepared, then had I delivered something worthy. Bear with me, please your grace, 'till I make amends.

(Then delivered he himself of such a godless rock-shivering blast yt all were fained to stop their ears, and following It did some foul and dense a stink yt went before it did seem a poor and trifling thin besides it. Then sayest he, feigning that he blushed and was confused: "I preceive yt I am week today and cannot do justice to my powers," and sat him down as one would say, "there, is it not such, yet he who hath an arse let him follow yt and think he can." By God, and were I Queen, I would even tip this swaggering bragger out of court and let him air his grandeurs and break his intolerable wind before ye deaf and such a suffocating pleaseth.)

Then they fell to talk about the manners and customs of many people and Master Shaxpur spoke of ye Michael de Montaine, wherein he mention of ye customs of widows of Perigord to wear upor the headdress in sign of widowhood a jewell in ye similitude of a mans member, wilted and limber, where at ye Queen did laugh and say in England widows did wear prickers too, but between the thighs and not wilted either 'till coition had done it for them. Master Shaxpur did likewise observe how yt ye sieur Montaigne hath also spoke of a certain Emperor of such mighty powers that he did take ten maiden-heads in ye compus one night, yt while his empress did entertain two and twenty lusty Knights between her sheets and yt was not satisfied. Whereat ye merry Countess Granby saith a ram was yt ye Emperors superior, saith he will tup a hundred yews twixt sun and sun and after if he can find no more to shag, will masturbate 'till he hath enriched whole acres with his seed.

Then spake ye damn windmill Sir Walter, of ye people in ye uttermost parts of America yt copulate not untill they be five and thirty years of age, ye women being eight and twenty, and then do it but once in seven years.

Ye Queene: How doth ye like that my little Lady Helen? Shall we send ye there and preserve thy belly?

Lady Helen: Please, your highness Grace, my old nurse hath told me yt there are more ways of serving God than by locking thy thighs together, yet I am willing to serve Him that way too sith your Highness Grace hath set ye example.

Ye Queen: God's wonders, a good answer, child.

Lady Alice: Mayhap 'twill weaken when ye hair sprouts below ye naval.

Lady Helen: Nay, it sprouted two years hence. I can scarcely more than cover it with my hand now.

Ye Queen: Hear it ye, my little Beaumont? Have ye not a little birdie about ye that stirs at hearing of so sweet a nest.

Beaumont: 'Tis not insensible, illustrious Madam; But mousing owls and bats of low degree aspire not to bliss so whelming and ecstatic as is found in ye downy nest of ye birdies of paradise.

Ye Queen: By the gullet of God, 'tis a neat turned compliment, with such tongue as thine lad, thou'lt spread the ivory thighs of many a willing maid in thy time and thy cod-piece as handy as thy tongue.

Then spake ye Queen of how she met old Rabelais when she was turned fifteen and he did tell her of a man his father knew yt had a double pair of buttocks. Where upon, a controversy followed concerning the most just way of spelling the word ye contention running high betwixt ye learned Bacon and ye ingenious Johnson until at last old Lady Margery, wearing of it all, saith, "Gentles, what matterth how ye spell the word. I warrant ye when ye use ye buttocks ye shall not think of it; and my Lady Ganby be ye content; let the spelling be. Ye shall enjoy the beating of them on your buttocks just the same, I

throw. Before I had gained my fourteenth year I had learned that them that explores a cunt stopped not to consider the spelling of it."

"In soothe, when a shif't turned up, delay is meet for naught but dalliance. Baccacia hath a story of a priest that did begile a maiden into his cell, then knelt him in the corner to pray for grace to be rightfully thankful for this tender maiden ye Lord hath sent him; but ye abbot, spying thru the key-hole, did see a tuft of brownish hair with white flesh about it, wherefore when the priest had done his prayer, his chance was gone, for as much as ye little maid had but one cunt and yt was already occupied to her content."

Then conversed they on religion and ye mighty work of ye old Luther did doe by grace of God. The next about poetry and Master Shaxpur did rede a part of his Henry V ye which yt seemeth unto me, is not of ye value of an aseful of asnes, yet they praised it bravely, one and all. Ye same did read of his Venus and Adonis to their prodigious admiration whereas I, being sleepy and fatigued with all, did deem it but paltry stuff, and was the more discomforted in yt bloody bucanier had got his wind again, and did his turn his mind to farting with such villian zeal yt presently I was like to choke once more. God damn this windy ruffian and all his breed. I wolde yt hell might get them.

They talked about ye wonderful defense which old St. Nicholas Throgmorton did make for himself before ye judges yn yt time of Mary which was unlucke matter to broach, since it fetcht out ye Queen with a pity yt he, having so much witt, had not enough to save h's dotor's maidenhedde sound for her marriage bed. There was silent uncomf'rtlessness now twas yt a good turn for alk to talk sith if ye Queen must find offence in a harmless debauching when pricks are stiff and cunts not loath to take the stiffness out of them, who of this company was sinless? Behold was not ye wife of Master Shaxpur four months gone when she stood up before ye altar? Was not her grace of Bilgewater roger'd by four Lords before she had a husband? And behold, were nor Lady Alice born on her mother's wedding day? And behold, were nor Lady

Alice and ye Lady Margery there, mouthing religion, whores from the cradle?

In time they came to discourse Cervantes, and the new painter, Rubens, yt is beginning to be heard of. Fine words and dainty wrought phrases from the ladies now, one or two of them being in other days, and Shaxpur did fidfet to discharge some vemon of sarcasm yet dared not in ye presence of ye Queens grace being in flower of ye Euphuist herself. But behold, there be they yt having a specialty and admiring it in themselves be jealous when a neighbor doth essaye it, nor can abide in them long. Wherefore it was observable yt ye Queen waxed discontent and in time labored gradiose speech out of ye mouth of ye Lady Alice, who manifestly did mightily pride herself thereon, did not quite exhaust the Queen's endurance, who listened till ye gaudy speech was done, then lifted up her brows with vast irony, memeing said: "O shit" where at they alle did laffe but ye Lady Alice, ye ole foolish bitch.

Nor was Sir Walter minded of a tale he once did hear the ingenious Margarettee of Navarre relate, about a maid which being like to suffer rape by an old archbishop, did smartly contrive to save her maidenhedde, and said to him "First, my Lord, I prithe thee, take out thy holy tool and piss before me." which doing Lo, his member felle, and would not rise again.

Ass-Ole-Right— Yes?

* * * * *

"LOVE"

Lexington, Ky., July 14, 1914

Miss Mattie Harris,
Nicholasville, Ky.

My dearest Love:

Every time I think of you, my heart flops up and down like a churn dasher. Sensations of exquisite joy caper over it like young goats on a stable roof, and thrill thru it like spanish needles thru a pair of thin linen trousers. As a gosling swimeth with delight in a mud-puddle, so swim I in a sea of glory. Visions of ecstatic rapture thicker than the hairs of a blacking brush, and brighter than the hues of a humming-bird's pinions, visit me in my slumbers and borne on their invisible wings, your image stands before me and I reach out to grasp it like a pointer snapping at a blue-bottle fly.

When I first beheld your angelic perfections, I was bewildered and my brain whirled around like a bumble-bee under a glass tumbler. My eyes stood open like a celler door in a country town, and lifted up my ears to catch the silvery assent of your voice, my tongue refused to wag and in silent adoration I drank in the infection of love as a thirsty man swalloweth a tumbler of hot whiskey punch. Since the light of your face fell upon my life I sometimes feel as if I could lift myself up by my bootstraps to the top of a church steeple and pull the bell rope for a singing school.

Day and night you are in my thots. When Aurora blushing like a bride rises from sapphired-colored couch: when the jay-bird pipes his tuneful lay in the appletree by the spring-house: when the chanticleer's shrill clarion heralds the coming morn: when the awakening pig ariseth from his bed and goeth for his morning refreshments: when the drowsy beetle wheels his droaning flight at sultry noontide and the lowing herds come home at milking time I think of thee. And like a piece of gum elastic, my heart stretches clear across my bosom.

Your hair is like the mane of a sorrel horse powdered with gold, and the beautiful gold pins skewed about your neck fill me with unbounded awe. Your forehead is

smoother than the elbow of an old coat, your eyes are glorious to behold. In their liquid depths I see legions of little cupids bathing like a cohort of ants in an old army cracker. When their fire first hit upon my manly breast, it penetrated my whole anatomy as a load of bird-shot thru a rotten apple.

Your nose is from a chunk of Parsian marble and your mouth is puckered with sweetness, Nectar lingers on your lips like honey like honey on a bear's paw, and myriads of unfledged kisses are there ready to fly out and light somewhere like bluebirds out of their parent's nest. Your laugh rings in my ears like wind's harp strain, or the bleat of a stray lamb on a bleak hillside. The dimples on your cheek are like bowers on beds of roses or hollows in cakes of homemade sugar.

I am dying to fly to thy presence and pour out the burning eloquence of my love as a thrifty house-keeper pours out hot coffee. Away from you I am as melancholy as a sick rat.

Sometimes I can hear the june-bugs of despondency buzzing in my ears and feel the cold lizard of despair sand minnows, nibble at my spirits, and my soul is pear-crawling down my spine. Uncouthed fears, like a throued with doubts as an old cheese is bored with skippers. You are fairer than a speckled pullet, sweeter than a yankee doughnut fried in soughum molasses, brighter than the top-not plumage on a muscovy duck. You are candy kisses, raisins, poundcake and sweetened toddy together.

If these few remarks enable you to see the inside of my soul, and me to win your affections, I shall be as happy as a jay-bird in a cherry tree or a stage horse in a green pasture. If you cannot reciprocate my thrilling passion, I will pine away like a poisoned bed-bug and fall away from a flourishing vine of life an untimely brand and in coming years when the shadows grow from the hills and the philosophical frog sings his cheerful evening hymns, you happy in another's love, can come and drop a tear and—— catch a cold upon the last resting place of your own true love.

Yours till the rooster crows,

Volly Lykins

OH, HOW I LOVE IT

Put your arms around me darling,
 Kiss my cheeks until I blush,
 Tickle me until I tremble,
 If I murmur make me hush.
 Keep your arms around me darling,
 Put your hands beneath my dress,
 Take me to your bedroom, Harry,
 And give me the thing I love best.
 Do it nicely, Harry, darling,
 Rip me open if you can,
 Draw me closer to you darling,
 What is life without a man.
 Shove it into me darling,
 You can please me if you try,
 Keep it up a little longer,
 Do me good and let me die.
 Shove it up into me darling,
 Knock me up and let me go,
 Fuck me until I cry for mercy,
 Gracious, I do love it so.
 Drive it up into my belly,
 Cram me until I faint away,
 Keep it up a little longer,
 Break it off and let it stay.

547

Here's to the jack that peepd thru a crack
 With his eyes as black as coal,
 He fucked so quick he broke his prick,
 And hell-fire shot out his ass-hole.

548

Wrote with a pen, sealed with a kiss,
 Get out of the house if you want to piss.

Kitty's Experience

I will tell you, in a rhyme if I can,
The story of how I was first tapped by a man,
And how my cunt felt when my darling Dick,
First stuck into me his great big prick.

We went to a picnic, he and I,
On a big excursion, one forth of July,
We danced and we ate until nine o'clock,
Then Dick and I went for a walk,

We went thru the woods a mile at best,
Then Dick proposed that we sit down and rest.
Down on the grass his handkerchief he placed,
And sat down beside me, his arm around my waist,

We were alone when he gave me a kiss,
It tingled clear down to the hole where I piss,
I believe he knew very well that I liked it,
For he opened my dress and played with my teats,

Then he said he thought it best,
For us to lay over and rest,
So we laid over and gazed up at the sky,
And before I knew it he had hold of my thigh,

His hand went up my stocking to the top,
I twisted and turned for I was awful hot,
Then he pressed me close and I felt his cock,
Throbbing against me, hard as a rock,

And although I said, don't you dare,
He tickled my cunt and pulled its hair,
Then I reached down most awful quick,
And gently but firmly got hold of his prick.

Believe me or not, as sure as you were born,
His cock was hard as an old ram's horn,
I gave it a squeeze, and bless my soul,
He slipped his finger right into my hole.

He said: Kitty don't be bashful at all,
 So I grabbed him again and got hold of his balls,
 I gave them a squeeze and then almost shit,
 For Dick in my drawers had torn a big slit.

He pulled up my clothes and got upon me,
 And that was the start of my first fuck you see,
 My legs were spread open ready for him,
 And darling Dick stuck the head of it in.

Oh, my it did hurt, you never could guess,
 For my cunt had never received such a guest,
 And made me groan and tears come to my eyes,
 But I said go ahead, I'll fuck you or die,

I was determined, though blood be spilled,
 To take his prick clear up to the hilt,
 I spread my legs until the bones did crack
 And grunted when I threw them around his back.

He played with my teats and felt of my ass,
 Until becoming frantic I tore up the grass,
 For never on earth had I fancied such bliss,
 Could come out of the hole where I piss.

He got stronger and better every jerk,
 Then into my cunt the juice did squirt,
 I almost fainted, but soon I let go
 And all over my cunt the juice did flow.

550

THE LITTLE BROWN HEN

A big red rooster and a little brown hen,
 Had a date in the barnyard at half past ten,
 The night was so dark that she couldn't see a soul,
 But she felt something enter her little brown hole,
 O, Mr. Rooster, said the little brown hen,
 I haven't felt so good since I don't know when.
 Then a big voice said: "I am not no rooster."
 And she knew right away the gander had goosed her.

HONEY, I LOVE IT

How I like to press the pillow,
Of a nice white feather bed,
And behold a sweet form lying,
With me there beneath the spread,
Safe are we from all intrusion,
None but girlie's eyes to stare,
As my willing fingers travel,
'Neath her dainty underwear.

With my head upon her bosom,
Oft I bite her bubies plump,
And my hands glide down her belly,
O'er her hip and pats her rump,
And she murmurs in a sweet voice,
Darling this is great, immense,
But I am dying for a change, love
Let me linger not in suspense.

And she reaches for my peter,
That's been limber all the while,
And it stiffens like a porker,
At her slightest touch and smile,
And my young heart beat a tattoo,
Like an army drummer's roll,
And a trumpet sound goes rushing,
Thru the chambers of my soul.

And some power from within her, ?
Though define it, I cannot,
Draws my peter to that
True electric spot,
And she guides it to the entrance,
As upon her form I leap,
And she murmurs there's no limit,
Shove it in ten inches deep.

Then my passion seems to heighten,
And my strokes contain more speed,
As she wraps her legs around me,

And saying make it come or bleed,
 Just a sigh and all is over,
 My head drops and all is done,
 As I hear a sweet voice whisper,
 Bless the man behind the gun.

* * * * *

552

THE LONG PEGGIN' AWL

As I went out on the fields so green,
 Up jumped a maiden, the prettiest ever seen,
 Up she did come and down she did fall
 And she begged me to probe her with my long peggin' awl.

Oh, dearest maiden, come with me and go,
 To some foreign country, some pleasures to know,
 I will take you to parties, to dances, to balls,
 At night I'll amuse you with my long peggin' awl.

But up jumped her mother and swore she could't go,
 To some foreign country, for some pleasures to know,
 He will fuck you and bang you, the devil knows it all,
 At night he will amuse you with his long peggin' awl

Oh, I tell you, dear mother, you know you are to blame,
 For when you were young, you dearly loved the same
 And left your dear parents, kind friends and all,
 And followed my o'd daddy for his long peggin' awl.

Peaches get ripe and you know they must be plucked,
 Young girls get horny and they must be fucked.
 Young people, old people—including them all,
 Have taken a liking for the long peggin' awl.

SOUTHERN PASTIMES

A certain Southern Judge who kept many servants, was reading one evening in his study, when he heard a hell of a noise proceeding from the kitchen. He rang the bell for butler and questioned him as to the cause of the commotion, when the butler replied:

"I beg your pardon, your honor, but we were enjoying ourselves playing the new game called 'Southern Pastimes'.

Being asked to explain it, he said:

"May it please your lordship, we blindfolded all the kitchen maids, and then we catch them and fuck them and make them guess who it was."

"Indeed," said the Judge, "but I will not have any such plays in my house and you will have to stop it. But what was the cause of the great uproar that I heard just a moment ago?"

"Well your honor, we blindfolded the cook and stuck a rolling pin in her ass and she guessed it was you."

THE DIFFERENCE

What is the difference between kissing a woman and kissing a mule?

Ans. You must get off the mule.

ANOTHER DIFFERENCE

What is the difference between a woman and a good boxer?

Ans. The boxer stands up to be knocked down, and the woman lays down to be knocked up.

A TANGLED UP MESS

553
Mary said to the Grocer—

~~—~~ **fuck'n**
"Give me a dime's worth of your fucking meat for my fucking cat, not too fucking lean and not too fucking fat"

Grocer:—

"Here's your fucking meat for your fucking cat, its not too fucking lean and its not too fucking fat. Now lay your fucking dime on that fucking table, and lay down on the floor and let me see your fucking navel. Now, that I have seen your fucking navel and put my fucking cock in your fucking twat, you can pick up your fucking ass and get out of my fucking shop.

ADMIDST THE BUTTERCUPS

554
My thots wander back where my maidenhead flew,

To the green mossy banks where the buttercups grew,
Here in my childhood, I'd wander and play,

And finger my cunt in a curious way,
Till my half naked quiff was wet with dew,

As I jerked off on the bank where the buttercups grew.
On the soft green bank sloping down the hill,

The spot where he got on me and gave me my fill.
He put in his pole and fearfully did grunt,

As he bursted my gall bag and maltreated my cunt,
He opened up my piss pot and varnished my flue,
As I lay on the bank where the buttercups grew.

My maidenhead is gone, my cunt is all sore,

And I'm looked on now as a dirty old whore,
My quiff is all scabby and often gives me pain,

As I lay on the bed in a house of ill fame,
Fucking old bums who wear dirty collars,

Just to earn a few of their good dollars.

555

AS YOU WERE

They were sitting in the parlor,
Daughter and her beau;
They were sitting there because,
They had no place to go.
He was a soldier lad,
And had gone to town on pass,
So he had quite decided
To get himself some ass.
He told her things she shouldn't know,
And lifted up her dress,
And like a million other girls,
She had to answer 'yes.'
All was still within the house,
The clock had just struck eleven,
When the girl and boy went away,
On a little trip to heaven.
Now father wore a number ten,
And stood at six foot three,
And he was ranked as captain,
In the field artillery.
The blissful moment had arrived,
There was no time to stall,
When the boy heard footsteps,
Coming down the hall.
The boy stood at attention,
The girl lay on the floor,
And that was what the captain saw,
When he opened up the door.
The captain answered the boy's salute,
And then he had preceived,
That the boy had quit his post,
Without being properly relieved.
Now what the daughter wanted,
The father saw she got,
And one look at the boy's cannon,
Showed it had not been shot.
Daughter looked at father,
And father looked at her,
And as he turned to go to bed,
He commanded: "As You Were!"

OVER ONE OCTAVE LONG

Dear Katy:

Two more days and I shall have been here three weeks and such a fine time I have been having since I left you. I had no idea a person could visit a sick Uncle and have such a swell time, but oh boy, you should be with me. I always heard Uncle was a cranky person and never having seen him, of course believed it.

Then he had the accident and broke his leg and arm we thought he would die but he is doing nicely now and will be out in a few days. He wrote mama and papa to come but as they could not get away they sent me.

I hated to leave so much and miss those good times we had together Katy I am having a fine time here and could stay for year and be happy. You know Aunt Jane, Uncle's wife died a few years ago and he has never married again so he has a house-keeper and she is the dearest thing I know. She has told me so many things we talked about and she has had to much experience. I listen closely to everything she tells me and I shall try and tell you everything that has happened since I came down here, as I am quite sure you will be glad to hear it.

The train reached here about ten o'clock in the evening and as I stepped off a beautiful woman with a winning smile came to me and asked me if I was Miss Madison and I told her I was she introduced her self as Mrs. Rollins, Uncles' house-keeper.

I found him in a great white bed all propped up with pillows. He was fine looking and I hardly believe I was his brothers child and his pleasant ways relieved all my fear. He introduced me to a fine looking man who was standing near by and who he said was his nurse. His name was Mr. Warren. Uncle said for me to make my self at home and I could have anything I wanted.

Mrs. Rollins then showed me to my room and bath.

It was such a pretty one and the furnishings was simply lovely. The room next to mine was Mr. Warren's and the one next his was the maids. The cook slept in the wing so we were all that slept on that floor. After dinner that evening we went to Uncle's room and had a lovely time till ten o'clock. I was feeling like I had known them for years. After the company had left we bade Uncle good night and as we were going along the hall I asked Mrs. Rollins if I could sleep with her as I was afraid to sleep in a strange place alone. She said certainly and laughed and put her arms around my waist and led me to her room. I began to undress immediately as I was very tired. As I was slipping out of my dress I looked at Mrs. Rollins who was standing in front of the mirror combing her hair. Her panties were down around her feet and as she was kicking them off her little shirt hung around her naval and I could see her little white stummy, pretty hips and shapely form as far down as her stocking and Fate, just below her belly there was a big bunch of hair. I remember how we used to look at each others and wonder if there would be any hair on ours. I continued to look and wonder if my hips would ever be nice and large like hers. Then I said: "Mrs. Rollins what a pretty figure for a girl you have." "Do you think so," she said. "I am pretty sure you have a pretty figure for a girl of your age so take off your clothes and I will comb your hair for you. I took off my brassiere and chemise and stood by her. She looked at me and said "Well dear I am sure the husband will have no cause to complain of your pretty legs. Then I put my arms around her and kissed her and Kate she had the loveliest big round titties you ever saw. I pulled down my shirt so she could see mine and she said in another year they would be good size ones. She fixed my hair and then she sat on the edge of the bed and took off her shoes and stockings and I put on my slippers and went to the closet. I was sitting on the stool and she was bathing her face and hands in some cold cream. She told me to put some on my face. I rubbed it in and she told me that it would make my face nice and soft. She sat on a stool and she had a bag filled with some water with a hose attached which she stuck in her pussy and told me that I should try it too. I got a straddle of the stool and stuck it in my pussy as

far as I could get it. The water flowed in my pussy until I thought I would bust but it felt so good I washed off my legs and she did the same. I put my arms around her and kissed and hugged her titties and she said "My daear you make me feel as if my husband was here" Kate I was so awful anxious to find out what kind of a pussy she had that I put my hand between her legs and put my fingers in her funny spot. She jumped and put her arms around me and hugged me tight but I kept my fingers in and moved them up and down and her titties were close to my face. I put one of them in my mouth and sucked it and at the same time working my fingers. I thopght she would crush me she was so strong and she began to moan and cry. I knew she was going to have that funny feeling that we use to have when we used to play together. She drew her skirts up and began to move up and down as fast as she could then lifted herself clear off the bed on her back and began moving her hips then I felt the warm fluid run down my hand on the bed. Her eyes were closed. Then I reached on the dresser and got a towel and wiped her pussy out and got a good look at it. It was as pretty as a peach. She folded me in her arms and asked me if I knew what I had done and I said, yes. You and I used to do the same thing and had great fun." She said we must not do it to much that it might hurt us and cause trohble. She then put her hand on my pussy and began playing with it and I began to do the same with hers I was wild and suddenly she turned completely over and catching hold my buttock with both hands and grasping me tightly she put her tongue in my pussey. I could feel her warm face and lips as she rubbed against my pet. She rubbed around it until I thought I would go insane. The feeling was so lovely I put my arms around her pretty hips and kissed her pussey and tried to kiss her all over at once. It seemed to deprive her of her sense. She laid me flat and drew my legs around her back and drew her pussey close to my mouth. My belly was on her titties but she was so much larger than I that I could not reach her pussy. I just laid down and moved my hips sidewise and rubbed it all over her mouth suddenly I seemed to feel that delightful feeling coming over me again, I wanted to get oc her mouth but she would not let me and began doing some-

thing with her tongue then everything turned black before me as the fluid run out of my pussey and Katy it ran into her mouth and then I fainted when I came too I found myself all clean and a clean spread over me. I got up and went to the bathroom where I found her and she told me to mash my mouth out with some perfumed water and go to bed. She told me not to do it any more as it might hurt me so we went to sleep.

The next morning the maid brought my breakfast into me. In a short time Mrs. Rollins came in dressed for street. She sat on the edge of the bed and kissed me and asked me how I felt. She said she was going to the city and would be gone all day and that I could stay in bed as long as I wanted too. She said Uncle did not get up until three o'clock so I did not get up until lunch time.

Then I got up and took a bath and used the syringe with hot water and Oh how good it felt. Then I went into my room and began to unpack my trunk. When I heard a noise in the bath room. I listened and heard some one splashing some water so I slipped out and peeped through the key hole. I saw a man and could not resist the temptation and he was standing under the shower bath as naked as the day he was born. He was not much taller than I but he had such nice hips, as nice as Mrs. Rollins only he had a big white rod which stuck out and was long as an octave on your piano and almost as thick as my wrist and as hard as a coupling pin. It a' most made me wild as my pussey began to turn and twist and I wanted to call him into my room and have him stick it into me. I did not know why I felt that way but I suppose it was nature and I never felt like disobeying natures laws. But just then a side door opened and a maid slipped in quickly and closed the door. He began to hug and kiss her and call her pretty names. She said "Jim we will have to hurry for I could get away for only a few minutes." She took a towel and laid it on the dresser and then he lifted her and put her on the place and lifted her skirts. She did not have on any drawers at all. He kissed her several times and took hold of her buttox and placed them so that they were just over the edge of the dress-

er. And placing his legs on each side of her buttox he sat on the towel. He put his dasher right into her pussey and they were grunting and groaning when it slipped out and she said "oh honey you have spoiled it." She then took hold of it with her chubby hands and began to play with it and soon she placed it between the lips of her pussey. He began to shove it in further and she began to shove him and told him not to be so rough. "I know it hurts he said but then she said "Oh Jim it seems so big today why don't you put some vaseline on it." Jim stepped across to a shelf and got some vaseline and rubbed it on his dasher. He got between her legs again and she put it in her pussey. Their belly's were almost together and they worked like murry. They worked together for a while then she drew him up closer and said "Oh' hurry Oh' hurry Oh' oh' and her head dropped over the edge of the stand. Jim just kept on working and pretty soon she raised up and started a speedy movement and he caught hold of her just below the knees and nearly drew it out then he would shove it just as far as it would go. And, Katy, I saw that it was all wet and slippery and every time it would come out white stuff would come out of it and all the hair around her pussey was wet but they did not seem to mind it at all and I should not have dared to either for I had my hand on my pussey to and it was all wet too. Some times he would take his dasher nearly out and with it this way he would move it around and around and she would try to draw him nearen then he would shove it as far as it would go, it seemed to go farther every time he would do this. He would put her knees back until they would nearly touch her chin leaning over with his dasher still in her he kissed her several times and they worked faster and faster and as her knees was over his shoulders and their bellies smacked together. He suddenly leaned over and pressed his lips to hers. His body gave a few convulsive jerks and his head fell on her breast and I knew he had spent. They stayed this way for a few minutes then he drew his dasher out and it was all wet and hung like a wet eel. Jim helped her on a couch and got back under the shower. Then taking a towel dried himself briskly. She got up and throwed her arms around him and ask-

ed him if there would be any more for her tomorrow. "Certainly but be sure no one sees you." Then he hugged her and she took his dasher in her hand and began to work the cover of it up and down and Kate you know it began to grow stiff again. Jim kissed her and told her he would have to hurry that he would be back tomorrow. After that he left and she locked the door and began to wash her hands and face and then took some soap and some water and washed her pussey with a bottle just like Mrs. Rollins used. She dried her chubby legs and combed her hair and began cleaning up the bath room. Poor me I could not move and stood there just burning up with excitement and suffering as no one could suffer. I had my fingers in my pussey and was feeling faint and weak and stood up against the wall. I had spent all over my panties. While in this state the maid knocked on the door but I could not answer so she walked in and there I stood on the table and she saw I knew all. I got down and she began begging me not to tell. I asked her if that was her husband and she and she said no and began to cry harder than ever. She was a pretty girl and I could not blame any man for wanting to put his dasher in her, I put my arms around her and told her not to cry that I would not tell any one. I looked around and saw Mr. Warren. He looked straight at me and said "I beg your pardon but I could not help overhearing what was said and as I am one of the parties concerned. I think I should be included in it, he said: "Miss Madison, I have just heard you say you would not tell anyone and I hope my name is not mentioned." I told him I was sorry I had played evesdropper but I was jealous of Lou. (that was the maid's name) We went into the room and all sat on the bed. Jim. (that was his name) sat on one side of me and Lou on the other. Jim said: "Miss Madison I have a friend who is a fine boy and he is also a nurse. He will come out to relieve me tonight and I will introduce him to you. I said I would like to meet him and Kate my heart was fluttering and my pet was just burning up. Mr Warren said he would relieve him while we were together so that there would be no danger of us being caught. Lou smiled and said I was the dearest girl on earth and sure I would like Jim's chum. She then told me how to do it and told me

how she liked to do it and all that. I told her I would like to do it to. Just then Mrs. Rollins came in but she was tired and went to bed at once. It was not long before Lou came in and told me my company was there and Uncle wanted me down to his room so he could introduce me to them. I began to dress at once and Lou helped me. I put on my prettiest stockings and chemise as I wanted to look as nice as I could when Jim's friend came. Lou and I laughed and talked while I was dressing and I asked her if it hurt her when Jim shoved it into her, but she said that I would not mind it after I had done it once or twice and that it was so good that she did not mind if it did hurt a little bit. I said it must have torn your pussy but she said no, you can look for yourself, and I did but not a tear could I find. Then she asked me if I could get two fingers in mine and then I told her to try and see. She did and could barely get two into it and I was afraid it was going to hurt. She said that I would like it. I finished and went out to Uncle's room and visited until dinner and had a fine repast. The company stayed until eleven o'clock, I thought to my soul they would never leave. When they did leave I said good-night and went to my room. Lou helped me undress and just as I got into bed, Mrs. Rollins came in and said she was tired and would retire at once. She asked me if I was afraid to stay alone and I said no. I kissed her good night then she went to her room.

Lou said her friend was sitting on watch but would be in as soon as he could. Pretty soon she came back with some pie and wine and we ate and drank. But oh, Kate, I felt so queer. Pretty soon Jim came in and we talked. Then Jim and Lou went out to the lawn to stroll a while.

It was not long until they returned with Jim's chum and oh what a handsome boy he was. He was about 20 years old and six feet tall and broad of shoulder and as handsome a man as I have seen. We were introduced and his name was Fred Sanford. He was very jovial and very interesting to talk to. In a little while Jim and Lou went out to leave us alone. As soon as they were gone Fred came over to where I was sitting in a chair and took me in his arms and kissed me several times, and—Kate, his kisses were so different from any that I had ever

received before. I felt sure he would not keep me waiting. He began to undress me and I helped him for my lonely spot was burning up and I felt faint and weak. I undressed my chemies and put my arms around him and rubbed my teatties against him for they itched awfully bad. He picked me up and carried me to the bed and laid me down on top of the covers. I had nothing on but my stockings by this time as my chemise had dropped to the floor when he carried me over to the bed. I put my arms around him and drew him down to me and put one of my teatties in his mouth and one of his fingers into my pussy and then lay quiet for a little while. Oh, Katy, this set me on fire. I was suffering agony all the time. He knew what pain I was in so he slipped off his clothes and crawled on the bed beside me. I reached down and got hold of his dasher and Kate it was as big as Jims and kept throbbing and jumping all the time I had it in my hands. I kept squeezing it and it got hot as fire. He then set up and it seemed to get bigger all the time and I said that I did not think he could get that big thing into me for it would hurt too bad. And he said he would try and he laid me down on the bed and put his dasher between the lips of my pussy. I nearly went mad. It was so hot it nearly burned me. He rolled over and gave a little shove but it stuck there and it would not go any further. I grabbed hold of his legs and told him to try again for I must have it. It would not go and hurt so bad that I told him to go into the lavatory and get the vasoline Jim had used. He soon returned and rubbed it all over his thing and I put it between my thighs and with both hands started it in. It slipped in about an inch farther than before and stopped. I told Fred to shove and he put both arms around my hips and started to shove. I knew my time had come. I began to cry, for it did hurt so bad, but he kissed the tears away. He was holding his lips to mine so tight that I could hardly breathe. He then gave a mighty push and I felt as though I was torn open. I fainted away and when I came to he was working his dasher back and forth as fast as he could and, Kate the head would touch my womb, and every time I felt it was like so many needles. There was something ticklish about it and I was enjoying it, even though it did hurt. I reached up and hugged and kissed him and then he stuck his tongue into my

mouth and began to suck it and at the same time work his hips up and down. His dasher came very nearly coming out several times but I would grasp it with my pussy. It was very slippery, but that was all the nicer. Soon I felt that heavenly feeling coming over me and I put my legs over his back and my hands on his hips and drew him closer to me. He did the same thing and nearly crushed me. I could feel his dasher growing bigger and bigger and I thought he was about to spend too, so I held him to me closer. I held myself there and soon had the most delightful sensation. The hot fluid shot up against my womb and it seemed as though I would choke. I held him closer and pushed harder. I held myself there with my legs. Then another spurt put me in bliss. For three times in succession we did this. He kept on increasing his strokes and I kept on moving my hips around and around and the tickling seemed to start at my toes and go clear to my head. I was overjoyed those three minutes and at last realized that I had that feeling I had been longing for and looked forward to for so many years. Fred held me and kissed me then started to draw away but I held him tight. The bed and my stomach was all wet but I did not mind that for I wanted some more.

I was burning up and began working faster and faster and his thing began to get bigger and bigger. The head of it was now in my womb and it was so hot it felt as if it would burn. I could not stand the sensation any longer so spent again. I could feel the hot fluid reach every fiber in my being and I felt as though I was in heaven. Fred then put both of my legs over his shoulders and put his hands on my teatties and began to work his dasher with renewed vigor. He would draw it away then push it in as far as it would go. We kept this motion up for quite a while. I reached down where his bag was and began to play with his stones. His back was all wet and slippery and his things were too. Soon his long strokes died away and he took shorter ones. I began to feel as though I was going to spend again so I drew him up close as possible as I did not want to lose a drop of the precious fluid. He began gasping and spent again. We had the pleasure of feeling it twice more then it began to get small and slipped out and Fred rolled over on

the bed completely tired out. He kissed me and said I was his darling. I went to the bathroom and used the syringe as I saw Lou do. Then we sit in a chair, me sitting on his lap and had some lunch and wine. In about half an hour I began to feel as though I would like a little more.

There is no way I can tell you the delight one can obtain and one can only realize it by doing it ones self. I am going to get all I can while I am here for I may be deprived of it when I leave. We talked of the different ways of doing it and we would have a big laugh. Fred went to the bath room and had a shower and soon returned and said he could stand some more. He slipped into my dressing gown and Kate I felt as though I could love that boy to death. In a few minutes Lou and Jim came in and I could see they had been enjoying themselves to. Jim told Fred about the chubby legs Lou had and Fred said she had nothing on me. Then he picked up my nighties so it just covered my pussy and Jim did the same to Lou. She was a little fleshier than I. Her legs were nice and straight while mine were small but of good shape. We then sat on the boy's laps and had a good time drinking wine and coffee. Jim had to go to attend to Uncle so Lou went with him. When their footsteps died away Fred carried me over to the bed and we laid in each other's arms. I began to feel the effect of the wine and I c'ung close to him. He picked me up and set me astraddle his body and said for me to stay on top. I felt his dasher against my pet and it felt as hard as it did before. I felt it slipping in and pretty soon, felt it in my womb. After laying with it tickling my womb for a while I began to feel that creepy sensation again. I could work my hips and get it in any position I wanted to. Oh how, it felt as I played with it as I wanted to and then began to work trying with all my might to get it into my womb and pretty soon felt it slip all the way in. I pushed closer and it seemed so set Fred crazy with excitement. I kept moving my hips around and around and still held to his dasher and the sensation was lots better than any way we had tried it before. All at once I spent and dropped over on Fred's shoulder and enjoyed the feeling as long as I could. My womb kept twisting and soon I managed to touch the back of his jock and it felt as hard as a rock.

I asked him if I should stop and he said no, and laid me on his side and as soon as it came out it popped like a bottle. "Now" he said, "We will try it another way." I got down on my hands and knees and he got behind me and did it like we have seen dogs do it. He worked his dasher and pretty soon he put his hands on my hips and began to draw it back and forth. He pushed his belly up against my butt and soon I began to feel his jock thrust and swell. I pushed back to him and could feel the hot fluid as it run into my womb. He worked faster and faster and soon I spent again before he did. After we were both satisfied and had enough we resumed our clothing and went out for a stroll in the beautiful garden which surrounded my Uncle's home.

Katy, when I see you I can tell you a lot more than I can write. I am sure that you and George can enjoy the same thrilling experience that Fred and I enjoy most every night. I will be seeing you in September.

Please answer this soon and tell me about you and George. With love and best wishes, I am

Margie

556

THE LIVE CANDLE STICK

Two boarding school maidens sweet charming and bright,
Had gone to their room to retire for the night
Then as ladies do as they slowly undress
Each her secret feelings did freely express.

Said Nellie the youngest the most luscious young dear,
I wish at this moment my Johnnie was here.
For he is a darling as sweet as a duck
And I am half dead for the want of a fuck.

She pulled off her chemise, her drawers let fall,
 And naked like venus stood fairest of all
 Withe her sweet pretty bobbies soft round and white
 With red nipples delicious to sight.

On her round little belly like drifting snow,
 The ring of venus plain right and left.
 And her hair curling around the cleft below
 An showed plainly open it vermillion cape,

Her friend now stood naked the same state,
 As sweet little Nellie, her friend's name was Kate.
 Says Kate I will play that I am a man,
 And will give you a fucking the best that I can.

Says Nellie I will but where is your prick?
 Says Kate a candle will do the trick,
 I will put it in gently just the round end.
 And you won't know the difference when you come
 to spin.

So lie down on the bed and close both of your eyes
 And then open your beautiful thighs
 First I'll blindfold you, sweet Kate said
 When oh! Nellie's lover sprang from under the bed.

He had been hid there by Kate and was in good luck,
 And just like Nellie, half dead for a fuck.
 His prick stood erect like a drum major's stick,
 And seemed to burst in too quick.

Extending his hand with luck right into her lips,
 He tickled her just in its red lips,
 Her bosom swelled like waves on the ocean,
 And his ass moved in an up and down motion.

Not a moment to wait
 But extended at once in lovers best strait,
 And shoved it quickly clean up to the hilt
 Lovers extract in her belly was spilt.

Oh! Kate she said if its a candle I felt,
 It seemed in my cunt to tickle and melt.
 But really I think that you have played me a trick
 She pulled off her blindfold and caught hold of his
 prick.

But she did not get angry or show any pain
 But made it all right and said fuck me again.
 No you don't said Kate you have had your turn.
 And I'll take him myself for my cunt it does burn.

So she pulled Johnnie up on top of her belly,
 And he gave her a dose like the one he gave Nellie.
 Poor Johnnie he got in an awful bother,
 For they kept him all night fucking one or the other.

When at daylight he took his bout
 He said! Ladies good morning my prick is worn out,
 So he sprang as he spoke from between them in bed
 And left them all gasping, shining and red.

BIBLE QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Q—Who was the first jockey?

A—Adam, because he put Eve on the Turf and entered her for the coming race.

Q—Who won the race?

A—Eve, because she took the pole and kept it to the end of the heat.

Q—When was seduction first mentioned in the Bible?

A—When Isaac left Abraham to Mount Mariah, and took a ram in the bushes.

Q—What three men never sat on their shirt tails?

A—Cain, because he was not Able. Balaam, because he had difficulty with his ass. Elijah, because the Lord made him ascend upwards.

Q—What did Adam do when he found out the difference between himself and Eve?

A—He split the difference and raised Cain, and did it again when he got Able.

A WOMAN'S JOB

A negro trying to get exemption was asked what his trade was. He replied that he was a mechanic. On being told to be more specific he said "Why boss, I hardens tools." The army officer put him in class "A", saying that was a woman's job anyway."

HE WAS MODEST

A couple got married. The young woman went on to bed, but the young man was rather slow in undressing—a real modest boy. She called to him "John, come on to bed." He didn't answer. She called him again. Still he didn't answer. In the meantime he had turned off the light. She turned on the light and there he was with one foot in the slop jar, pissing down his leg so he wouldn't make any noise.

DID SHE ALIGHT

A couple got married and the girl got ready for bed first. She jumped on the bed and said "My goodness, I'm so passionate." Then she jumped down and got up on the dresser, repeating this a number of times, then she jumped down and got on the washstand, saying "John aren't you ever going to get ready?" "wait a minute said friend hubby, "If you would alight a minute I might do something for you, but I'm not a bird— I can't do it on the fly."

FATHER OF MASONRY

The school being asked to submit a composition on Masonry, the following prize winner was handed in to the teacher. "King Solomon was the Father of Masonry. He had 900 wives and 1576 concubines. That is the reason there are so many Masons in the world."

557

WOULD YOU?

If in this world there were but two,
 And all the world was good and true,
 And you knew that no one else knew,
 Would you?

If you dreamed of Pajamas blue,
 And a strong arm encircling you,
 And then awoke and found it true,
 Would you?

If the world was good and bright,
 And if I stayed with you all night,
 Then, if I turned out all the light,
 Would you?

If we were in a certain place,
 And we were sleeping face to face,
 With nothing between us but some lace,
 Would you?

And when me in your arms you take,
 With reddening face, you charming rake,
 Your breath comes fast, your brown eyes blaze,
 And then grows dim like the wild grapes glaze,
 And I respond, would you resist,
 Would you?

FOR RENT

A young lady wishes to rent a beautiful spot at the bottom of a gentle slope, thru which flows a stream of clear water.

It was built by her father about 20 years ago and is now in splendid condition. About six years ago shrubbery began to grow which completely covered the spot from view.

It is a splendid opportunity for a pushing young man with a good stiff, standing capital.

Apply early to avoid the rush.

J

PAY BEFORE YOU ENTER

Three young men from Wyandotte courted and married three beautiful and presumably virtuous sisters. In Kansas City they agreed to put up at a hotel downtown the first night and to compere notes the next morning. Upon arising the next morning the first one that appeared had a doleful look on his face. He said he had been disappointed and imposed upon, that his wife insisted on washing after each occasion, saying that she always washed after staying with a man. The second said that he had been fooled worse than that. His wife insisted on placing a pillow under her bottom before she would do it, saying the the fellows always did that way with her and she enjoyed it much better that way. The third was all broken up. He had a towel around his head, and said that on going to his room he insisted on his wife stripping to the skin, and when she did so across her belly was tattooed in big black letters: You have got to pay before you enter" I kicked about it, but she laughed and said "O that's nothing, I was always sure of my money when the fellow spied that." Look here and she turned over on her belly and so help me God, across her ass was "Look out for the draft."

N

SEA CONDITION, SAILOR

1. Your Naval Base must be surrendered.
2. You may keep your frigates in stripped condition but I reserve the right to board her poop deck and inject my yard arm in her mainmast leaving gobs in her holes.
3. You may scrub out her hole and holy-stone her deck if you so desire.
4. Keep your spit-tits clean and keep your scuttlebut in good running order.
5. Upon appearance of my six inch gun, open up channel to the valley as wide as possible so as to admit passage after which close locks around the main body, thus obtaining a secure and intact assurance and preventing a slip of my six-inch gun. If we work together in this operation and my gun is discharged on the buzzer at the right time satisfactory results will be obtained, and in due time you will be awarded a Dove of Peace.

ARMISTICE TERMS

A young lady had a serious scrap with her sweetie, and she was desirous of making up, and to that end made overtures with a girl friend who was perfectly neutral. Her sweetheart's reply to her overtures was as follows:

Your application for an armistice at hand and having full consideration I shall be glad to give a limited armistice to you which will forward a lasting peace.

Stipulations of Terms:

1. We must meet in a quiet sector to arrange for this piece.
2. All camouflage must be removed from the entire length of your front.
3. I must have entire control of the Rhine and freedom to move up and down the Rhine Valley.
4. I must have full control of your breast works and the front line trenches.
5. I shall occupy any shell hole that I so desire.
6. I may enter your dugouts and explode bombs therein, also shoot liquid fire into the same with my projector.
7. You are to keep shelter shrubbery around the trenches free from cooties at all times.
8. You are to refrain at all times from gas attacks.
9. I am to have all the time I want to practice on your range with my six-inch gun.
10. I am not to blame if my long tom puts your big brother out of commission, I will not try to use a limber.
11. You are to be stripped, bare, of all the out-skirts guarding the Rhine, so an entrance can be readily obtained into the Rhine Valley.

A CHILD WANTED

The following conversation took place between an editor of a newspaper and a beautiful young lady.

Lady—Is this the editor?

Editor—Yes madam, I am the editor,

Lady—Are you the gentleman who has charge of the advertisements?

Editor—Yes ma'am

Lady—I wish to procure a good healthy child, how much do you charge to put it in?

Editor—Only one dollar for three insertions.

Lady—If I do not get a child after three insertions, how much will you charge to put it in again?

Editor—If I don't get you a child after three insertions, and I can keep it standing, I will put it in until you do get a child, or until the matter runs out for two dollars.

Lady—Very well sir you may put it in.

Editor—Thanks, I hope to be successful in getting you a child on the first insertion.

Lady—I hope so, but I am willing that you should keep it standing for six months or until I get a child.

NOTE:— She got the child the first insertion—

THE EGG

(Little blue hen to egg) "You may be all the world to some folks, but you sure are a pain in the ass to me."

A FRENCH MENU

HOTEL SCREWEM

Mrs. Ida Fatt Asse

Bill of Fare

French Fashion with fingers in ass-hole	25
Common old fashion fuck	\$2.00
Didling on edge of bed one foot on floor	2.00
Fucking between breasts with teats tight	4.00
Blowing between Ass-hole, new style	1.60
Back Scuttle 49c With Juice	99
Dry Fuck	50
One Fuck, 10 minutes Soak	2.70
One Female Suck-off, Stones on Mouth	1.50
Under Fucking woman on top with teats in your face with extra woman play with your balls while blowing up your ass-hole with a goose quill	14.00
Peeping at a Fucking Match with woman to jack you off	75
Tongue on Cunt or Prick only	62
Having Prick Sucked while Sucking a Cunt	6.00
Maid to tickle your prick hard, guaranteed	75
Ass-hole Fucking for men under 45 years	1.00
French Cunt ticklers for maids	1.49
Teeth Cleaned and Polished with limber Prick	35
Common old cock	1.25
18 year old pussy, been fucked twice	8.00
City Negro Cock, 15 years old	1.25
Country Negro Cock, tight, Loose	1.75 1.00
Just common Negro pussy, any kind, four bits and a drink	

THEY FOOLED HIM—??

A girl living out of town, having a piano and getting tired of playing the old tunes, asked her father to come to town and buy her some new music., accordingly the old gentleman dressed himself in a swallow-tail coat, plug hat and red bandana handkerchief went to town and entered a large music store.

The lady clerks, thinking to have some fun, gathered around him. Said he: "My daughter is tired of playing old tunes, and wants me to buy her some of the latest music." The forelady, winking at the others, said, I will write down Maggie May, In the Cottage by the Sea, The Old Arm Chair, The Old Oken Bucket, Old Black Joe, When the Cruel War is Over, Only a Pansy Blossom and Annie Rooney.

The old man looked at the list and thought, they think they will have some fun with me, so he took out a pencil and wrote: Take Maggie May, put her in the Cottage by the Sea, give her a good Old Arm Chair to sit in and The Old Oken Bucket to shit in, let Old Black Joe fuck her till the Cruel War is Over, take the Pansey Blossoms and stick them in your ass and leave it wave, until the band plays Annie Rooney.

Good bye ladies, I'm off,

THE OBLIGING WIFE

(War Veteran who had been wounded and had leg off at knee, and had just married without telling the girl about it, had gone to bed and felt that the time had come to tell her and the following conversation took place.)

"Honey I have kept an awful secret from you, but I feel that you will forgive me. Taking her hand he placed it down upon the stub-leg, which she felt of, running her hand all over it from knee to hip, and then gave a sigh and said: "Well John, dear, it is a pretty big one, but it you will spit on it, I'll try it."

n select

Excerps from Letters received by the War Risk
Insurance, Washington, D. C.

I ain't got no book lurnin and am riting for inflammation.
She is staying at a disappated house.

Just a line to let you know that I am a widow and four
children.

Previous to his departure we were married by a justice
of the Piece.

He was inducted into the surface.

I have a four months old baby and he is my only support.
A lone woman and sparsely dependent.

I was discharged from the Army as I have Appendicitis,
which I was sent home on.

I do not know that my husband had a middle name, and
if he had I don't believe it is NONE.

I need assistance to keep my mind enclosed.

Caring to my cindition which I haven't walk in three mo
from a broke leg whose number is 975.

Your relation to him? Ans. Just a mere Aunt and a few
Cousins.

Kind Sir or She.

I enclose lovingly, yours.

I am left with a child 7 months old and she is a baby
and can't work.

I received \$61.00, and I am certainly provoked tonight.
Your relation to him? Ans. I am still his beloved wife.

In service with the U. S. Armory.

I received my ins. Polish and have moved my Post Office
I am his only wife and his only air.

You ask my allotment number. I have four boys and two
girls.

Please correct my name as I could not and would not go
under a consumed name.

Date of birth? Ans. Not yet but soon.

Both Sides of our parents are old and poor.

Please send me a wife's form.

I have been in bed with one doctor for thirteen years
and intend to try another.

Hello Mr. War Risk Insurance. How are you? I am well
and hope you are the same.

Dear Mr. Wilson, I have already written to Mr. Headquarters and received no reply. Now if I don't get one from you I am going to write Uncle Sam.

I am a poor widow and all I have is in the front.

We have another war baby in our house, how much do I get? (about allotment.)

Money was kept for the elopment of money, which I have never received.

My Bill has been put in charge of a spitton, will I get any pay?

I am sitting in the YMCA writing with the piano playing in my uniform. (from a boy's letter to his mother.)

I am pleating for a little more time to pay off my deths war wrists Insurance.

To woom it may consume.

Please return marriage certificate baby hasn't eaten any in three days.

Now Mrs. Wilson I need help bad, see if the President can't help I need him here to see after me.

A PRETTY ASPECT

(Preacher being shown the chickens by a member of his church, and seeing an old setting hen with her tail feathers out, remarked:) Look at that, isn't that a pretty looking aspect?" In a few minutes another hen came by and little Johnie said: "Looky there, Ma, is another old hen with her ass pecked."

LOVE

A nice warm room, a nice soft bed,
A big stiff prick, and a nice maidenhead.

ONE MODEST—THE OTHER DUMB

A newly married couple were looking for a house in the country, and after finding one that they decided was suitable, were making their way home. The young wife after reaching home happened to think they had not noticed a Water-Closet on the place and decided to write the owner about it.

Being very modest she hesitated to spell out the word Water-Closet in her letter, so she referred to it as W. C. The owner did not readily understand just what she meant so after pondering a while, decided she meant Wesleyan Church, and answered the letter as follows:

My dear Madam:

I regret very much the delay in answering your letter and now take pleasure in informing you that the W. C. is located about three miles from the house and is capable of seating about 1260 persons. This is very unfortunate indeed, if you are in the habit of going regularly; but no doubt you will be interested to know that a great number of people take their lunch with them and make a day of it. Others who cannot spare the time go by auto and usually arrive just in time, but generally are in too big a hurry if the place is crowded.

The last time my wife and I went was six months ago and we had to stand up all the time.

It may also interest you to know that it is planned to hold a bazaar to raise funds for plush seats for the W. C. as that is a long felt want. I might mention that it pains me very much to be unable to go more frequently. It surely is thru no lack of desire; but as we grow older it seems more of an effort, particularly in cold weather..

Yours truly,

THE LANDLORD.

Prospectus of the
AROMATIC MUFFLED BEAN CO., Ltd.

Capital, \$100,000.00

G. Howie Phartz, Pres. **A. Low Rumble, V. Pres.**
Will U. Smelle, Secy. **A. Sweet O Dore, Treas.**
Head Offices: ARSOLIA, CAL., U. S. A.
Krapp & Leavitt, Solicitors **S. Tink & Co., Auditors**
Local Agent, A. Sole Wright, Krapp Bldg.

Phone 331 Phartz

The Aromatic Bean Company, Limited, has been formed to place upon the market an entirely new agricultural product and one which, in the opinion of unbiased experts will be a boon to the world.

This product is known as the Noiseless Bean, and is the result of crossing the common Payon Bean with the California Clam.

Ever since the dawn of civilization the bean has been esteemed, in all parts of the world, as one of the most appetizing and nutritious of foods. Its use, however, especially among refined people, has been somewhat restricted owing to certain results which invariably follow its consumption at any time of the night or day.

The results are too well known to need recapitulation here, it will suffice to say that they are apt to cause unpleasantness in any company the bean-eater happens to be

With the Noiseless Bean, all the unpleasant aftermath, so to speak, has been absolutely eliminated. The bean lover can eat the Noiseless Bean with impunity. He can run, jump, bend or dance and get into society with proper security. Should the gas escape, the noise is always restrained.

Our official staff has also succeeded in scenting the beans so that they will give forth any of the popular odors: Violet, Old Rose, New Mown Hay, Cornation. We have also experimented with Jocky Club but discarded it owing to the horsey smell.

The Noiseless Bean will be a great thing for ladies attending card parties, receptions, etc. How often have you seen ladies at such functions squirming in their chairs, first on one cheek, then on the other, at last settling down to a comfortable position, and then, What? An awful odor permeates the room. Every woman straightens up and looks at her neighbor, and then moves slightly away from the woman she wants to hand it to.

All this can be avoided by substituting the Noiseless Bean for the common bean. Hostesses of all manner of social functions may arrange in advance to avoid all clashing odors by marking in the corner of each invitation card "Violet," "Old Rose," "New Mown Hay" or "Carnation."

The world-wide adoption of the Noiseless Bean will soon be an accomplished fact. Nothing can stay its progress because it does away with all conflicting odors, avoids all hard feelings and affords perfect relief all times.

Investors are invited to look over our extensive bean gardens and perfuming works at Arsolia, Cal. In conclusion, we may say that experiments are now progressing in the direction of the musical bean for the use on occasions where conversation is flat and uninteresting. A method of reproducing the octave has been discovered, but the half-notes have not yet been located.

G. HOWIE PHARTZ,
President.

* * * * *

DAT POLE-CAT!

I'm hunt de bear, I'm hunt de rat
Sometimes I'm hunt de cat
Las week I'm take ma ax an go,
To hunt de skunk pole-cat

My fren Bill say hees got ver good fur,
Sometimes hees good to eat,

So I tell ma wife, I get fur coat,
Same time get some meat,

I walk two, three, four miles,
I feel one awful smell,
I'm tink dat skunk gone die,
An fur coat gone to hell.

Bim'by I see de skunk,
Close up by one big tree,
I sneek up ver close behind,
I tink he no see me.

Bim'by I get up ver close,
I raise ma axe up high,
Dad got dam skunk, he up and spunk,
Trow someting in ma eye.

Sacre, Bly', I tink I blin,
Jesu Cris' I can no see,
I run roun and roun and roun
Till I bump in got dam tree.

Bim'by I drop de axe,
And lite out for the shack,
I tink about a millun skunk,
Hees clim upon ma back.

My wife she meet me at de door,
She seck on me de dog,
She say you no sleep here tonite,
Go sleep out wit de hog.

I try to get in hog pen,
Jesu Cris' now wat you tink
Dot got dam hog no stan for dat,
On account of awful stink.

So I'm no hunt de skunk no more,
To get hee's fur an meat,
For if hee's piss, he smell so bad,
Jesu Cris' what if he sheet?

A THRILLING NOVELETTE

The subject of this story is a lovely girl I once met late at night in the precincts of the well known Haymarket, the recognized center of dissipation in London. She so fascinated me that I stopped in her company for days, during which time I gathered from conversation enough of the details of her previous history to put this little narrative in the form of a novelette.

"My memory carries me back to the time when I was about seven or eight years of age. I have always been particularly interested in matters of the private nature, whether relating to the human or brute creation. My father was a country gentleman in Sussex, which if you are acquainted with that part of England, is rather remarkable for the laxity of its morals—in fact girls there used to consider themselves (and yet do)—for that matter, much better off with the allowance they could get from the fathers of four or five bastard children than if they were married. With such surroundings you may be sure I never had to go very far in search of such information.

How well do I remember one day asking my governess, a prim old-maidish female, on the wrong side of thirty, why the flies were so spiteful, jumping on each others backs and biting them behind, etc. to which she replied, "Its only their play, my dear." But I could see that she was slightly non-pulsed, so I rattled on, "Can you tell me, Miss Goode, what Papa carries in his trousers pocket? He always has a soft lump of something and says it is his keys, but I know better." Don't talk such nonsense, Kate but go on with your lessons," she said. Not much did I get out of her and one day she took me from the tea table, because as Jennie was handing round the toast, I exclaimed, "Papa, did you ever feel of Jennie's teatties, they are just like new bread."

My greatest treat was to sleep with Jennie when Miss Goode was gone for the holidays. How we used to cuddle and how I would nestle my head between her two soft bosoms, which I thought the most lovable spot about her, but she never permitted any further liberties.

Whenever we had any visitors about my age, whether boys or girls, I used to get them in an empty room or some secluded spot out of doors, and generally found them ready to enter into any kind of rude play.

One precocious boy about eleven, a cousin of mine, called Cecil, always wanted to see how little cracks were growing, and would kiss it most lovingly, thrusting his tongue into it as far as it would go, creating a most delightful tickling sensation, while I used to return his attention by caressing his swelling pintle and kissing the ruby head as I drew back the foreskin.

Things went on much in the same way until I was over twelve years of age. My old favorite Jennie had gotten married and in her place we had a girl of about seventeen very pretty, with rosy cheeks, straight nose and large blue eyes, a lovely white skin and red hair, a color which you know is always supposed to indicate an excessive tendency to venereal pleasure. I had her for a bed fellow very often and soon found that she had not the slightest objection to joining me in any kind of freedom. In fact I so tickled the little button at the entrance to her love grotto that she hugged me convulsively to her bosom and went off in a curious kind of fainting fit, in which her thighs twitched spasmodically together, and I felt my fingers bedewed with a warm, creamy kind of moisture. "Oh, Kate you darling, what pleasure you have given me," she would say, "Let me give you the same pleasure you have given me" she sighed as she came to herself. You may be sure that I was not loath and the dear little girl by her scintillations soon brought me to the blissful overthrow of that creamy blossom, so well known to all who practice the art of love. This may be said to be when I lost my virginity, although my hymen was as yet unbroken.

My father had bought me a handsome little carriage and I would go for a ride with him, but sometimes I had to go accompanied by William, the groom, who was a young fellow of about two and twenty. After a while I fancied there was a peculiar significance in the looks that Lura and William exchanged with each other, and determined to unravel the mystery, especially as she did not take me into her confidence, as she did in most things. So one day, having dismounted at the stable door, I told

William that I would send Laura with a jug of beer, as it was so warm he might be thirsty. Then entering the house I dispatched my red-haired maid with the foaming malt and slyly followed to see the result. She entered the stable and closed the door behind her, but as there happened to be a ventilator I could easily see thru it, all that was going on inside. "Now I've got you, my darling," I heard him say before I had time to look thru the ventilator. "The door is bolted from the inside and you won't be missed for half an hour at least," he said. "Well, drink your beer, my pet, while I unbutton your breeches and see how he is," said Laura. Perhaps you have had Miss Kate while you were out. I don't think she would mind if you were to try it, for she is a dead hot little thing," said Laura. "But William, don't let me catch you, that is all." "She is not any hotter than you are," he said, "as you are always ready and looking for a chance. The governor is a nice looking old gent and I saw him scratching his head the other day when you were putting on his slippers for him after a ride, so you see I have had my eyes open as well as you," said William. By this time she was busy getting out his John Thomas and quickly had it standing out straight before her nose as she knelt in front of it. What a beauty it was. The shaft was so white and the red head had a most extraordinary fascination for me as she drew back the foreskin and took it right into her mouth, seemingly to enjoy the luscious suck she gave it for about half a minute. Then holding it in her hands she looked up at his face and said, "I wouldn't kiss it so William, only I couldn't tell by his looking so nice and white as I uncovered his head that he had not been in a girl for the last three hours at least. An old woman let me into the secret. The lips of a girl's pussy or the head of a John Thomas always look red and excited for three hours after fun, so be careful or I will find you out."

Putting down the beer he drew her to a comfortable heap of hay. It was a three-stall stable and the first one to the door was empty and had a good light from two windows high up in the wall where no one would be expected to climb to. "I would like to know how many girls you have had in this corner," said Laura, as she drew him up on her and opened her legs as she pulled up her dress. "Well," he said, "Jennie was the last and best until you

came and you beat them all. I have been with the governor for six years and have had every cook and housemaid that has come to the place. They all used to say that the master was after them and I think that he had them too," he said.

Now I had my first sight of loving to encounter. Such a beautiful sight it was. Such a lovely belly, ornamented on the mount by a delicate grove of soft silky-looking auburn hair, more of a golden tint than that on her head. Then I could see just a glimpse of the two pouting, half open ruby-colored lips which plainly indicated the entrance to her pussy, and I could see her directing his manly shaft to the aperture of veneral bliss. He was quite as ready for the fray and she dividing those glistening lips with her fingers the head of his prick passed in and meeting his thrust with a heave of her bottom, it was engulfed to the utmost of its length. Then throwing her arms around his neck and her beautiful legs over his bottom, she squirmed and plunged under his exciting thrusts till I thought she was going to expire from excess of pleasure, which in fact she did in a few minutes, but only to revive again and urge him to ride her as furiously as possible. In less than five minutes she died away again and he seemed to come at the same time. They both lay together anyhow in a sort of listless stupor for a short time, during which I had a delightful view of the conjunction of their secret parts, which had given them so much pleasure. What I had seen put me in such a state of feverish excitement that I had to rush to the privacy of my apartments and by manual titulations procure some relief for my pent up feelings.

It was some little time before Laura returned from the stable and having cooled down a little, I resolved to keep what I had seen to myself and always have my eyes open for any chance of enjoyment that might offer. The next day William accompanied me for a ride and as we were going thru a very shady and retired road with thick woods on either side, I suddenly called to him to help me dismount as I felt faint, and asked him if he could find a drink of water somewhere. "No Miss Kate," he replied. "but here is some weak brandy which master always carried in case of necessity and if you do not mind tasting

it, it will revive you at once." I took a sip, then told him I must sit down somewhere for a minute. "Look here," I said, "there is a wide gap in the fence, lead the horses into the woods out of sight, for it would look so foolish for anyone to see us stopping here in the road." We were soon more than a hundred yards from the road and free from observation, then sinking on the turf at the foot of a convenient tree, I said, "oh I feel so bad, I know I shall faint, give me some more of that brandy and rub my hands, William," as I dropped backward in an apparent faint. "My God, she's gone off dead, what a chance if I only dared," he said "She must have a beautiful little pussy and I mean to have a look at it if nothing more." Muttering this to himself he went down on his knee and gently laying my legs apart, raised my dress and I could feel his hands opening the slit in my drawers and moving the obstructive chemise which covered the object of his desire. His hands seemed all atremble and as they touched the electrical spot, what a thrill it sent through my whole frame.

His fingers seemed almost afraid to touch me, but I heard him say to himself, "I must kiss it if I am hung for it' what a beautiful slit and how it quivers at the touch of my fingers." Then his warm mouth touched the love spot and I felt a delicious sensation of pleasure as his tongue parted the lips of my Vagina and reveled around my Clitoris. I felt certain that he was playing with himself at the same time and I could no longer resist the temptation to take him at a disadvantage by suddenly waking up. My eyes opened, but he was too busily occupied lower down to notice it and I could now perceive that his head was burried between my thighs, while the delicious strange feeling was going on where his tongue was employed. The turf sloped away from my quivering ass and as he was laying away from me, partly on his side, his breeches were open and that fine prick which I had seen used so effectively upon Miss Laura in the stable, was protruding, fiery red, red-headed and as big as my wrist, while one hand was gently rubbing it up and down, pulling the skin back with each backward stroke more energetically than ever, while his hand quickened its rubbing motion and I noticed a jerking movement of his ass when a lot of thick whitish fluid spurted to the grass

from his agitated prick. "Where am I? My God, William what are you doing to me," I said, trying to push his head away from my person. I'll tell Papa, you nasty fellow, how dare you expose me so?" "I'll have something for it then," he muttered fiercely, as his hands clasped me around the waist" I cried, struggling to get from under him, but one of his hands stopped my mouth and I found myself quite powerless against his immense strength and somehow my legs never seconded my virtuous efforts by closing against his approach, and I at once felt his hot-headed engine trying to force an entrance. The effects of its first touch made me long for the marvelous insertion which had given Laura so much pleasure, that although I made semblance of sistance, my efforts aided rather than hindered the intentions of my ravisher, who soon broke through all the natural obstacles and burried his prick into my cunt up to his balls. The pain was intense, but he lay heavily upon my belly and kept still for a moment or so, seemingly enjoying the sense of possession. "Now, you little devil," he said, "see if I can't make you like it and then perhaps you'll tell your papa how nice it was." I heard him say. Withdrawing a little he commenced to gently work up and down and then presently I felt quite a warm flow of soothing essence spurt to the furthestmost extremity of my womb, which so excited me that I surrendered at once, exclaiming as I did so, "Let me kiss you, William, you darling, what Heavenly bliss." Then I really fainted from excess of emotion as I felt my self giving down a responsive emission of love juice.

After this by taking Laura's place in the stable I often cheated that worthy young lady of her just rights, until one day she found out my Armour with William and threatened revenge. I, at once resolved to run away from home, before she could let my father know, as he happened to be away from home at the time. So without waiting, for his return, I packed a small trunk and took all the money I could find in the bureau, about thirty pounds, and what jewelry I could find, got William to see me to the nearest railway station, he promising to write to me as I was only going to my Aunt's. I managed to arrive in London late that night. As I neared the great city my thoughts ranged naturally as to how I should find

a place to stay. I had made up my mind to call a cabman and have him drive me to a moderate-priced, but respectable hotel.

We arrived at Hern Hill Station and several passengers getting out I found myself alone with a very handsome young man about twenty years of age, well dressed and wearing a fine brilliant ring on his finger. Somehow he seemed to take an interest in me all at once and made such good use of the short time before our arrival at the Victoria Station that he persuaded me to allow him to see me to the house of a lady friend of his, living in Pillico, whom he assured me would let me live with her until I could find a place of my own. A very few minutes took us to the home of Mrs. Busch, who was the wife of a friend of his. We were ushered into the parlor. "Why, Albert, who is this young lady you have brought with you," asked Mrs. Busch, as she arose from an elegant couch on which she had been seated beside another fine looking gentleman. "If she is only right, Walter and I will be only too glad to have her company," Mrs. Busch said. "Frank Martin and Estelle are coming presently for one of our jolly suppers." My new friend assured her that he had found a real gem of the first water. "Allow me to introduce Miss Kate Hancock, who has told me that she has run away from home for fear her father might learn of some of her little love affairs. So My Dear, I persuaded her to come and stay a day or two with you, and no doubt if she is fond of love, we may be able to improve her ideas somewhat," he said.

After supper we are joined by Estelle and Frank and everything was so nice. There were three nice young girls and gentlemen who were in the party and there was plenty of champagne which soon loosened our tongues until jest and free voluptuous badinage became the order of the night. Then presently as we arose from the table, heated by the wine, and our eyes and cheeks showing too plainly the wrath of our desires, each gentleman carried his partner to a couch and commenced the game of love. The sight of the two other couples as they kissed and tongued, their hands reveling in every species of freedom with each other, till the ladies skirts were raised and their

lovers sprang upon them, charging their pussies with fire, erect pricks and the actual engagement — "A la cock and hen," so affected me that Albert soon effected his purpose and giving himself up to the impulse, which I could not resist, I received his manly attentions with all the abandon of my libidinous nature. We reveled in all the delivious sensations of enjoyment, till the flood gates were opened and I received such an emission of the elixer and responded so copiously that we both sank into the delightful state of lethargis obliivion from which lovers awake only to find how fleeting are greatest joys of life. Presently it was agreed that we all strip naked, then the gentlemen were blindfolded, and we had a glorious game of blind man's bluff and which ever one caught a lady had her once on a couch, but sometimes they managed to catch each otehr, and feeling of each other's prick, would have a gentle fuck, then part in search of a proper victim. At last the gentlemen were used up, as they had each of them had us a number of times.

"Now drink our health in true Pillico fashion," said Mrs. Busch, then draw lots for bedfellows and retire, as we all must be up in time to see the boat race tomorrow, or I should say this afternoon." Our hostess set the example, uncorking a bottle of fizz, she poured it out over her breast when each gentleman in turn caught it in his mouth as the sparkling fluid ran off the hair of her pussy. my turn was last. I am at a loss to describe the extraordinary and delightful feeling which thrilled through my frame as the champagne ran down between my breasts and over my belly as the warm mouths of my gallants in turn, sucked and swallowed every drop from the hair of my pussy. Frank Martin, who was to sleep with me, was the last and how he lingered on his knees and his long tongue reveled between the lips of my still-loving pussy, and when we got to bed he made me take his limp prick in my mouth till I soon had it in a glorious state of erection, then mounting him I rode a splendid course till the clinging lips of my bounding pussy had sucked the last drop from the dear fellow, and he fairly sighed with exhaustion when at last I gave down my final tribute of love and lay motionless on his bosom, where I slept until the servant called us to breakfast.

CONCLUSION

THE FIRST NIGHT
Told by A BRIDE
IN A LETTER TO HER BEST FRIEND

Dear Babes:

You and I have often wondered just what happens when a girl sleeps with a man the first time. We have been told by old busy bodies that the first night of marriage was a terrible experience for an innocent girl. Remember how old Mrs. Van Alson come to me when my engagement was announced and told me how sorry she was for me. Among other things that I recall, she said that I would not be able to walk for a week after the first night that I was married, that Joe would tear my clothes off, strip me naked and half kill me, well that was all bunk. My Joe is as good a man as any you can judge for your self by what follows but he is no brute such as that old liar made out all men are, and I doubt if any man is, of course there may be exceptions to the rule, but I believe that the average man is as gentle and loving to the woman that he loves on the first night as he is at any time during the engagement, well any way here is what happened to us the first night.

Joe had rented a cottage as Granca Lake for our honeymoon and as soon as the ceremony was over we slipped away in his car and after a three hour drive we arrived at the cottage. Joe behaved beautifully to me on the way up he did not try to break any speed laws but drove along slowly with one arm around me all the way. He talked to me about how happy we would be, he told me how much he loved me and kissed me when ever we struck a good place in the road. And in general behaved more like a sweetheart than ever. By the time we reached Granco Lake I was thrilled all over and it seemed that nothing the world could make me as happy as I was at that time.

The cottage was off to its self at least a quarter of a

mile from any other house and as far away from any inquisitive eyes or ears. We went in and closed the door. Joe took me in his arms and held me tightly to him not saying a word for at least two minutes just holding me tightly and looking at me out of eyes that had the HUNGRY look in them. It was like he had never really seen me before, and was going to eat me up with his eyes. Presently he lowered his head and kissed my neck just where the hair curls up behind my ears and murmured, "OH DARLING GIRL, how I love you and want you!" Babbs that kiss and those words thrilled me as nothing had ever before done. I wanted to cry, or laugh, or scream, I didn't know which. My knees got weak, my head began to swim and I think I must have fainted because the next thing I knew I was being held in his arms in a chair and he was kissing me wildly and begging me to open my eyes. He was saying "Dear Darling, I did not mean to frighten you, your Joe won't harm you." I opened my eyes and looked up at him, he was really frightened. I could not talk to him just yet, but I put my arms around his neck and buried my face on his shoulder. In a minute or two I had recovered my self control and I told him, "Joe, Darling, I am not afraid of you, I just love you so much I can't stand it, it hurts me some how but its a hurt that I love." He tightened his arms around me until I thought something would break, and he began talking to me. He said, "Sweetheart, that is your womanhood yearning for my manhood, its nature's way of making you willing to surrender yourself fully to me and unreservedly, tonight sweetheart things will happen I hope you will not fully understand maybe you will be shocked at some of them and think that they are wrong but darling there is nothing to be afraid of in relation of a man and his wife they are as natural as breathing and if they were not they would not be so. Just trust me and act as you feel like acting." I answered, "Joe you are my husband and I am your wife, I am not ignorant of course but I am innocent what I may know is what has been told to me and I want you to show me and tell me." Joe said, "You darling that is the way to be lets go to our room and start the first lesson." Picking me up in his arms he carried me to our room and stood me in front of him. "Now," he said, "you must let me get

a lesson in undressing you" and started unbuttoning my blouse. He slowly drew this off and a little gasp escaped him as he saw me in my brassiere. Quickly he loosed my skirt and let it fall. I confess as I stood there in my teddy and stockings I blushed but I did not want him to stop or leave me. He now threw off his shirt and loosened his trousers kicking off his shoes he slipped his trousers off and stood before me in his B. V. D.'s and socks. Now Babbs, you and I would have been mortified to death if we had seen a man that way, but that never occurred to me at all this was my man and what was his was mine and what was mine was his and what I saw at that moment only gave me a feeling of pride. Quickly Joe stepped to me and pulled the shoulder straps of my teddies loose letting them drop to the floor and there I was with nothing on but my stockings, Joe shut his eyes tight and said you are too beautiful to look at, I can't stand it but he changed his mind again and opened them again. With a quick jerk he pulled off his B. V. D.'s and he and I were naked and unashamed. Yes, Babbs unashamed. It seemed perfectly all right. Now Babbs, I have tried to make this letter nice but to tell you from here on I have to use some words that may not sound so nice but well to be frank you cannot call a pecker a penis or a pussy a vagina and make them sound like what they are so here goes and if you blush you will have to blush.

Joe's pecker was standing straight up and it looked to me like it was a foot long and six inches through below it and close was his balls they were big and round. Joe pulled off his socks and then pulled off my stockings and drew me over to the bed. He laid down and pulled me down close up to him. Babbs talk about thrills the feeling of his flesh on mine from neck down to my feet the feeling of his pecker against my stomach hard and hot and throbbing that is a thrill that is a thrill. Joe groaned what's the matter. I said nothing Joe except that I can't stand it and he started kissing me. He kissed my neck he kissed my breast each one separately with a lingering kiss that wound up with a little licking bite on the nipple that made me feel like I was drifting away he kissed my stomach, he kissed right down my legs then he turned me over and kissed from the bottom of my feet right up to

my buttox and up my spine to the nap of my neck and every now and then his pecker would come in contact with me and when it did I could feel it throbbing. Joe was making little noise sorta like a pup whinnying and when he got to my neck he laid down on my back and his pecker resting between my buttox. Joe groaned and said darling girl I have dreamed of this for months but I never knew it could be so good and the best is yet to come. I wish I could describe to you the sensation I was having while this was going on but they are indescribable. I was in a haze. Everything was rosy looking and I was enjoying myself in a way I could not understand. My pussy felt hot, tight and moist and every now and then there would be a little gush of something warm down there. Joe turned me on my side and pulled one leg over him and put his hand on my pussy gently he rubbed it, squeezed its lips together and letting his fingers slip thru the hair down there squeezed the lips apart and laid one in the slot and slowly moved it back and forth. This gave me the most delicious sensation and I moved myself a little so his finger would go farther in that was what I seemed to want. Gently Joe pushed it in about an inch when it came to something that hurt a little. "Oh" I said and Joe said "Steady, now sweetheart, that is your maidenhead and it hurts a little but that will soon be over" As he said well when he pushed his finger past that place the pain was kinda bad but it was a pain that felt good while it hurt. Joe ruptured my maidenhead with his finger, and told me that it hurt less that way than if he tried to do it first without. The pain was practically gone now and I moved back and forward on his finger so as to make it slip in and out. This gave me the most delicious pleasure that seem to increase as the friction increased down there. Before I really realized what I was doing I found myself moving my pussy back and forth and kindly grasping as I did so, thats right said Joe keep it up a little and soon your little love nest will be lubricated for me to try to put my pecker in there. It's too big and any way if it is any better than this I could not stand it. Joe laughed and hugged me closer. It will go all right after a while he said then he pulled me a little higher on him until the head of his pecker was throbbing right against my pussy. It felt awful hard and hot the throbbing now became almost a jerk. Joe pushed against the entrance

a little and the head slowly slipped in spreading the lips apart and giving me a perfectly heavenly feeling. Joe's lips were biting mine and his tongue was licking out and I put my tongue and touched his. God, I can't stand it burst from Joe and his buttox quivered with a long hard push his pecker went in about two inches more and suddenly Joe started jerking back and forth his face was hid and drops of perspiration stood out on his forehead for a moment I was bewildered at what was happening. The sensation of that hard hot thing being rapidly pushed in and out of me took my breath away. Then a feeling rushed over me that was what I wanted more than anything else was to get all that pecker in me, I wanted to feel it touch the bottom. I wanted to kiss Joe and I did and at the same time I moved my buttox up to meet Joe and it went all the way. Oh, Joe cried and pushed it up in me with all his might. Something snapped and I could feel myself being deluged with a hot wet stream of something that was coming out of Joe's pecker in jerks doubling up Joe got one of my breasts between his lips and started slipping his tongue around the nipple with a fast circular motion. Oh, Babbs, that joy the emotion that grasped me at that moment I didn't know it then but I was having my first good come. My pussy seemed to relax for a moment then it tightened up on Joe's pecker and a steady stream of something hot begun to flow from me. My toes curled up and I wrapped my legs around Joe and my tongue and his seemed to wrap around one another and all the while my buttox and his seemed to be moving in sort of a grinding motion that seemed to make his pecker touch every excited nerve down there. I wanted Joe to stop but I would have killed him if he had. Slowly the delicious climax ebbed away, relapsed to a throb each throb an agony of delight to at last it stopped and Joe and I was lying in each others arms exhausted. I felt that all I wanted to do was to snuggle up in Joe's arms and sleep. Joe was all in too. I had no sensation in my pussy now at all but I could still feel Joe's pecker in there but it was not hard. It seemed to have softened now and while still big was not throbbing. We lay there for about five minutes I guess and then Joe slowly drew it out and stood up. His pecker was hanging half down and his balls instead of being up close were

hanging way down. Joe stooped and kissed me and said darling I love you more than ever now he said. You are sure enough flesh and blood woman and we will have lots more good times together. He got a basin of water and drew me to the side of the bed and bathed my pussy till it was nice and clean and then he leaned over and kissed it after washing himself. Joe came to bed with me and we started to loving each other. He kissed me and rubbed my pussy and took my hand and made me hold his pecker. Joe said you kissed mine now I want to kiss yours. That's my girl he said. So I slipped down in bed and kissed his darling old pecker right on its head and lay there looking at it. I took it in my hand again and squeeze it and moved the skin back and forth on it, it quivered in my grasp and began to get hard again, by this time the sensation was beginning to return to my pussy-wussy again and I realized that I wanted some more. Joe, I said, I want it. Kiss it once more said Joe and I think you can have it, so I leaned over and gave it a long kiss and let my tongue run around its head with a licking motion. Gee, you never saw anything jump like it did in half a second it was hard and throbbing again, and a moment later Joe had it burried in my quivering love nest and was furiously moving it in and out with a fast motion that I was responding too with all my might, flesh and blood could not stand that any longer and soon my palpitation nerves gave away and Joe and I went off together again. Babbs darling get married, you don't really live until you find out for yourself what married life is I will tell you more when I see you but I must stop now as Joe is coming up the path after a weeks absence and I know that he is going to want something right away and I'm dying to give it to him.

Bye

Bye

Friend Bess.

559

LOVE ON THE DELAWARE

The other eve I stole away
To meet my true love on the Delaware
bay

I met him and we took a walk
And as we walked both hand in hand
Each footprint in the sand
He turned and said, "Do you care
If I kiss you on the Delaware?"

He said he loved me, and if I must
A sweet kiss to him entrust
His arm around me threw
And closely to his bosom drew
I turned and said, "I don't care"
So he kissed me on the Delaware

As we on the beach together sat
To have a little chit-a-chat
And soon to hug me he began
And in my bosom put his hand
I couldn't resist I do declare
So he felt my tities on the Delaware.

And in a moment I saw his drift
And soon he was beneath my shift
Then kisses sweet and nature warm
With promise fair to do no harm
The temptation was so great, to my sur-
prise

He put his hands between my thighs
To keep my secret he did declare
So he felt my cunt on the Delaware.

He took my hand and oh, what a shock
And he placed it on his long slick cock
I felt its stiffness and its length
Which seemed to give it still more
strength.

And just below it swung its tags
A long and noble pair of bags
As you will find anywhere
Hung beneath his legs on the Delaware.

He pulled it out and at me shook it
 Then I concluded I must take it
 I feared it, though I thought it best
 As I had the chance to try its test
 He layed me down and then he tried
 To get his legs between my thighs
 It nestled its head among the hairs
 That encircled my cunt on the Delaware.

I opened my legs for I did love it
 And gave him a chance farther up to
 shove it
 As every nerve in me was driven
 I prayed for him more power to be given
 My cunt felt so good and above it
 Felt so nice as home he shoved it
 And soon he had not an inch to spare
 For I took it all in on the Delaware.

He shoved it up both firm and strong
 You could not tell to whom the bags be-
 longed
 And as his prick in me was driven
 I forgot earth and thought of Heaven
 How good it felt when he began
 To work it quickly out and in
 I couldn't resist I do declare
 Of fucking on the Delaware.

He began to blow and grunt
 And off it went right in my cunt
 He kissed it sweet and how he sent it
 Oh, delicious we both thought it
 It felt so good I could not stop
 Until he spent the last sweet drop
 We both had all that we could bear
 Of fucking on the Delaware.

In an hour or two I began to feel
 That an inch or two I would like to steal
 I turned and saw that its head
 Was hanging down as if it was entirely
 dead
 That prick that was so stiff and strong
 Was dead and not two inches long

I nestled down in deep despair
Of its rising again on the Delaware.

Then I said "Dear let us go
As we are late and it is dark you know"
He buttoned up and I took his hand
But I found his prick was on a stand
I forgot my resolve and back I layed
And in my bowels his prick he played
I have often wondered how a prick so
blunt

Can run so lazy into a lady's cunt
I found it lazy, I thought it fair
So I fucked it home on the Delaware.

And now dear reader let me say
There is not a lady who wouldn't play
With a long slick prick if she had the
 chance
To have it stuck in her she would fairly
 dance

I loved it first, I tried it twice
Some say it naughty, some say its nice
They all say its dangerous, what do I
care
For I've never been knocked-up on the
Delaware.

Le Bout.

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Hugs and Kisses A Specialty

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PETER'S DOWNFALL

At the close of our existence,
 When we've climbed life's golden stairs;
 When the chilly winds of autumn
 Rudely toss our silv'ry hair.
 When we feel our manhood ebbing,
 When we've up to life's last ditch,
 When we find our faithful "JIM-DOG"
 Soundly sleeping at the switch.
 Gosh! Almighty! Ain't it awful?
 Don't it make us deathly sick
 When the painful fact confronts us
 That we have a lifeless prick?
 Oh, my, poor old loyal "KING-PIN"
 How my heart goes out to you;
 Oh, how foudly I remember,
 All the stunts you used to do.
 How you charmed the maids and matrons
 And the dashing widows, too;
 How you had the whole push begging
 For a little taste of you.
 Do you think I have forgotten
 How when each girl you tried,
 I could never make you leave her
 Until she cried, "I'm satisfied."
 Oh, its sad for me to know,
 When I take you on the street
 That you never more will wrestle
 With the pussies that you meet!
 That you never again will bristle
 On a wet and rainy day
 When some woman shows her lingerie
 In that very graceful way.
 Think you that I'd now desert you,
 Just because you're growing dead
 And because, when I command you,
 You cannot raise your head?
 No, indeed! My noble comrade:
 Naught can rob you of your fame;
 Henceforth, you are my pissar,
 Loved and honored just the same.

MARION'S COUSIN TOM

Boston, Mass.,

May 8, 1918

Dear Clara:

In my last letter I spoke to you about my cousin Tom, who has been in France for the past 4 years attending school. And that he was coming home soon, and how crazy I was to see him, I have heard so much about him. Well he arrived last month. And believe me I am struck on him. He is 22, and is awful stalwart, and handsome, and has such a fine form, and beautiful complexion. I just worship.

He has all the French habits, I will tell you all about the nice times and now and agreeable pleasures I have experienced with his assistance since his arrival.

We are the first of his relatives that he has visited since his arrival, and I can tell you that we appreciate it, and if mama and I have anything to say in regard to his leaving, he will stay for some time.

Of course you know what a pretty woman mama is, and altho she is 37, she scarcely looks to be 25. And she has become beautiful since you saw her, for she was awful ill at that time. But now she is just as plump as she can be, and her complexion is just like a rose. And she has the finest breast I ever saw on a woman.

When Tom came we were living in Boston. But after he was with us a week, we came up here to stay. The cottage we are living in was given to mama by an admirer of hers, and has ten rooms, and it is beautifully furnished. Mama gets \$600 every three months from Papa's estate, and we live very comfortable. It is very lonesome here as our nearest neighbor lives nearly two miles away.

The first day we were here, Tom and me went out for a walk and returned about 2:30 in the afternoon, and we found Mama asleep. So not wishing to disturb her we went out and sat in a hammock which was slung under a

large grap harbor, which is just as cool and shady as can be.

We started fooling and playing, and all of a sudden I felt something give way about my clothes, and as I stood up to see what it was, my drawers fell down around my ankles. Tom was kind enough not to make fun of it. I picked them up and was going in the house to put them on again when I thought of mama asleep. So I just rolled them up and put them over in a corner and sit down in the hammock again.

We started fooling and teasing again, and I proceeded to forget all about my drawers for awhile. I had on some very pretty stockings that day and Tom seemed to take notice of them for the first time, and wanted to know how high they went, I told him in a joke that it was for me to know and him to find out. I never thought that he would call my bluff. But he did and started running his hand up under my clothing. I did not mind very much very much, for I knew he could not harm me, and besides, I loved him very much, and would let him do anything he wished to do. He pulled me down beside him, and gave me a sweet kiss, and put his hand up a little farther. It felt awful good to have his hand on my bare skin, He kept his hand there for a minute as we were kising each other. Presently he ran his tongue in my mouth and it nearly drove me wild, with a feeling that at times I did not understand. And at that instant his hand ran up close between my thighs and put the ends of his fingers on that little muscle just at the top of my Hot Bed. Oh, But I cannot explain how good it felt, I nearly fell out of the hammock. All I could say was: Oh, Oh, Tommy, and squirm my rump. He tried to run his finger in my little pee hole, but the hole was too small.

But he kept his hand on it and kept it moving up and down, until I thought I would go into spasms. He told me to work my rump up and down, and it felt much better. So I did and I cannot explain the exquisite pleasure I experienced at that moment. He told me that I had went off; and I told him to do it some more for I thot it was awfully nice. We lay there for a moment, and

finally he asked me if I had ever been screwed, I told him that I did not know what that meant; and he told me that when a man puts his prick into a woman, that was called screwing, I asked him what a prick was, and he told me to put my hand inside his pants and I would find out. So I unbuttoned his pants and put my hand inside, and I felt a long piece of smooth flesh. It was awful nice and smooth and seemed to be swelled, and I felt it throb like a person's pulse, and it had a funny shaped head on it. This was the first time that I ever knew there was any difference in a man and a woman, and I was very much surprised. He finally asked me if he could screw me, and I told him that he could. But I did not think that he could stick that big roll of hard meat in me; So he rolls over on top of me, but on account of the hammock bending in the middle he could not work it. And just at that moment I had become so passionate I had spent again, and the head of his roll was as red as it could be and stood out straight as a stick. Just then mama called me, and I got up and hastened in the house. Several times after that I let him jerk me off, as he called it, and I enjoyed it more and more.

One morning he was up stairs helping me make the beds, and we began teasing each other again, and he layed me on the bed, and pulled my clothes away up under my arms, and pulled my drawers down to my ankles and began playing with that little spot again until I thought I would die of pleasure. He then leaned and kissed me on my bare stomach, and run his tongue all over my naked abdomen finally putting the end of his tongue on that little muscle. Oh, I thought I would go wild; he kept his tongue working around my little mound until I had spent three times, and apparently he liked it as much as I did.

He tried several times to screw me but I had heard that in that way girls got babies and I did not care about getting in trouble like that, so I would not let him do it. I told him that he could put his tongue down there as much as he wanted to but that did not satisfy him, and I couldn't understand for a long time why it did not for it certainly made me feel awful good.

Mama and I always sleep together; and one night she

drank quite a lot of wine for supper and they began cutting up something terrible; after a short while mama told me, that I had better go to bed. So I went up stairs and undressed and went to bed, but as I had drunk quite a bit of wine, I could not go to sleep. About ten minutes later mama came up stairs, and she had drank so much that Tom had to assist her. She sat down on the bed and asked Tom if he would please remove her shoes and stockings. I pretended to be asleep. Tom took off a shoe and stocking, and as he was pulling the stocking over her knee he leaned over, and kissed her on the knee. She told him to stop his foolishness, but he only laughed and did it again. When he had taken off the other one he reached up under mama's clothes and began playing with the hairs on her pussy. She told him to stop or he would have to leave her at once. He only laughed and asked her if she didn't want him to help her undress. She loosened all her clothes and stood up, and as she did they all fell off, and left her as naked as the day she was born. Then she realized what she was doing, and bade him to leave the room immediately. But instead he layed her down on the bed and he stood on the floor with his legs between hers and started kissing her in the mouth. I could see that she was getting too hot to control herself. But all this time they thought I was sleeping and I did not let them get wise to me. He kissed her on the mouth a few times and then began kissing her on the breast, and took one of her nipples in his mouth and bit it gently. Then he kissed her on the stomach and on the breast again. Then he got down on his knees and spreading her thighs apart he kissed her right on the pussy, and ran his tongue as far in it as he could. She couldn't stand it any longer and she told him if he didn't stop she would go crazy. I was in the same room, but they screwed pretty near all night. And finally I let them know that I had seen the entire performance. So mama told me if I wouldn't say anything that I could sometime do it with Tom. In the morning mama got up pretty early as she had to catch a train to town to do some shopping. So that left Tom and me alone. We lay there hugging and kissing, and finally he suggested that we take off our night gown and undress, so we could be right naked and close to each other, and I liked to feel his bare skin up against me I consented, and we took

them off, and after we had layed there a short while and he had kissed and cuddled me, and I was beginning to feel pretty warm, I asked him what it felt like to be screwed. So he suggested that we try it, and I was willing, so he rolled me over so I would be flat on my back, and pulled my legs wide apart and got between them, and then he parted the hairs so they would not be in his way and put the head of his prick between the lips of my little burning pussy, and it felt so good that I just couldn't help working my rump up to meet him, and all of a sudden I felt something give way and there was a slight pain, and I knew my maiden head was gone. After a short while of easy working it in and out he finally shoved it all in, and I experienced the best feeling of my young life, and finally we both spent together and I thot I was in Heaven.

And from that day up to the present time he goes to bed with both mama and me and screws first mama and then me.

One morning he and I was laying in bed after mama had gotten up and I thought I would have some fun with him. So I took his prick in my hand and began working the loose skin up and down on its head, and pretty soon I could see that he was getting pretty warm, so I leaned down and kissed him on the stomach, and then I moved lower down and kissed him on the head of his peter, and that little act of mine almost drove him wild, and he told me to keep it up. So I put my hands on each side of him and resting them on the bed and slipped his peter in my mouth, and started working it up and down just as if it was in my pussy, and pretty soon I felt his body quiver and at the moment I felt a hot fluid rush out of the head of his peter into my mouth, and I just swallowed it as fast as it came out for it didn't taste bad at all—just like the white of an egg.

And now I like it better that way than I do screwing, Tom is getting awful thin but I am nice and fat.

Well dear, I wish you were to share in these good times with me, but be sure and take my advice, if you get a chance don't miss it, but try it for its the best thing on earth.

Your Loving Schoolmate,

MARION

560

THE WHORE'S CONFESSION

When I was young and pretty,
I met a charming man;
Who lured me to the city,
Of course you understand.
He took me to a little flat,
And said I'd be his bride;
So naturally I fell for that,
Not thinking that he lied.
We had a little supper there,
I drank a glass of wine;
Together we sat in a chair;
And I was feeling fine.
I let him kiss my little tits,
And also feel my leg;
And then he madly squeezed my tits,
And made me hold his peg.
My clothes began to come undone,
He said I was sure some class,
And seemed to have a lot of fun
With his finger in my ass.
He laid me down upon the bed,
Took his clothes and mine;
He said I'll eat your maiden head
And wash it down with wine.
His cock was near ten inches long,
I held it in my hand;
There never was a stiffer prick;
Oh, Boy, it sure felt grand.
He put his finger in my cunt,
And sucked upon my tits:
It tickled so I had to grunt,
I almost had six fits.
He said, "Dear, spread your legs apart,
I'll teach you how to fuck;
And if you like it from the start,
I'll give your cunt a suck."
He got upon me then, Oh, Gee,
We lay there skin to skin;
And I was anxious as could be
For him to sock it in.

He pushed its head against my split,
But couldn't make it go;
I then almost fought for it
Because I loved it so.
We worked and worked to get it in,
I prayed we would succeed.
He gave a shove and ripped the skin,
My cunt began to bleed.
He oozed it in a little more,
Then shoved it all the way;
I never felt so good before,
This was my lucky day.
I worked my ass into a sweat,
But his was sweating too;
The thrills I never shall forget;
When first I learned to screw.
He came a little, so did I
Believe me it sure was fun;
That prick of his did satisfy;
The juice began to run.
We both went off, what a thrill;
Our two loads went as one;
We lay there, jism running still,
From his double action gun.
That is how I learned to jazz,
But the best is yet to come;
For next I sucked his peter
Like a baby sucks its thumb.
I held it in my hand again.
And it was soft and wet;
He said give it a little kiss
And stiff it soon will get.
I pressed my lips against its head,
Then slipped it in my kisser;
And as we lay there in the bed
I sucked my sweetie's pisser.
I sucked once and then some more,
I held my tongue close to it
Until my mouth was almost sore:
But still I loved to suck it.
The cream began to roll out then,
I sucked in joyful glee;
He came three time and then again
Four loads he shot at me.

My mouth was full of peter soup,
 Again his jock was soft;
 I sure did gobble lots of juice
 When I learned to suck it off.
 Between my knees he got down then,
 And lapped my legs and hips;
 He slipped his tongue into my brown,
 And then he smacked his lips.
 He then began to suck my slit,
 The feeling sure was swell;
 His tongue was lapping up in it
 And tickling me like hell.
 I couldn't hardly see his face
 But knew that it was there;
 His tongue was slipping every place,
 His breath came through my hair.
 I thought my guts were coming out
 With ever ysuck he drew;
 It tickled till I had to shout,
 "It's better than a screw."
 His tongue then hit a certain spot,
 It set my gash on fire;
 One awful load I shot
 With all my hearts desire.
 He sucked it in, drank it down
 And wildly cried for more;
 So then we went another round,
 Or was it three or four.
 My story now is near its end,
 There's not much more to tell,
 In just a week my charming friend
 Said I could go to hell.
 He turned me out upon the stree,
 Called me whore instead of honey;
 Said, "Be gone, dizzy, shake your feet,
 There's lots of easy money."
 Of course I had no place to go,
 And not a friend in town;
 So you see I was very low,
 And began to peddle my brown.
 I had no trouble getting ten,
 My cunt was worth the price;
 Got twenty-five from lots of men
 And only jazzed them twice.

But now I am only a common whore,
 My cunt is full of clap;
 I've had it several times and more
 With plenty of other crap.
 My story now has reached its end,
 There's nothing more to tell
 About the man with the ten inch gun
 Who dragged me down to hell.
 So that is why I walk the street
 Selling my body and soul:
 Willing to jazz who ever I meet
 With my worn out jelly roll.

FINIS

STOP! LOOK! LISTEN!

Actual copy of letter in the archives of the State of
 GEORGIA

Atlantur G. 6—1898

Superntendat of Western Atlantick railroad Atlantur
 Georgia.

On the 25 of janary yore tranes that was goin to atlantur
 run over my bull at 38 mile post

he was in my pastur ye ort to se him your road tuk a
 peace of hyde outer his belley between his nable and his
 pecker at least a foot square and tuk his bag and he lost
 his seed i don't believe he is goin to be any use as a bull
 animore

i wish you would tell the presitent he is dead for he is as
 good as dead every since he was hit by yore tranes

very respectfully
 w i harris

p. s. be sure to report him dead as he has nothing left
 but his pecker he was a red bull but he stands around
 now these days looking dam blue

SALESMANSHIP

Georgetown, Ky.,

June 15, 1928

Messrs. Schletzer & Goldstein,
New Orleans, La.

Shentlemens:

Der last two pags of Koffy vot ve got vrom you vas mixt mit rat shitt. Der Koffy may be good enuf but der rat durds schpoils der hole drade. Ve did not seen der rat shitt in der samples vich your agent showt us.

It dakes to much dime to bick out does rat durds all out. Ve vant and ordered clene koffy and pou gended us rat shitt mixt mit koffy. Der vos some misdake. Ve brefer dat you send us de rat shitt in von sack and de koffy in anuder sack und den ve will mix it to suit our gustomers.

Blease write us if ve should ship back der rat shitt und keep der koffy or vill ve shipp it all back. Ve vant to do vat is rite in dis matter, but ve do not like dis tam rat shitt pizness.

Mit much respect,

Jacob Y. Bronsky.

"CONFESSIONS OF A FEMALE DEGENERATE"

When I was a girl fourteen years old I was sent to a large boarding school and there I learned some queer things.

Nearly all the girls were "MILKERS". I was the room mate of a girl nearly eighteen years old, named Susan. They asked me if I had ever been milked and not knowing what they meant was laughed at. They got to stroking my legs and squeezing my bobbies and a girl named Fannie put her hands between my thighs and gave my cunt a rub. I was too ashamed and powerless to say or do anything. Fannie said, "Let's milk her." And then Susan began to suck my nipples. They made me feel queer. It was such a funny feeling, not unpleasant. Fannie was leaning over my belly, I was on my back and the queerness of it made me spread my legs apart, when Fannie who was watching me put her head down between my legs and began kissing my cunt. Susan had raised her head from my bobbies and began kissing me in the mouth. She ran her tongue in my mouth and almost down my throat and making me feel as tho I wanted to turn myself inside out. Fannie at the same time ran her tongue in my cunt and began licking my clitoris. It felt awfully good and I liked it, spreading my legs apart. I began working my ass up and down. I had never spent before and I thrilled all over with the intense pleasure and it grew so great that I thought that I would die. There was one spot up inside me that itched awfully and I was wishing that Fannie's tongue was long enough to reach it. At last my bliss was over powering me. I shook and jerked powerfully and was melting away in rapture when Fannie asked me if I liked it. I only squeezed her to me and kissed her. Opening my legs again, "You little sweet" she said. "You have lots of nice cream, let me milk you again." She kneeled across my neck and laid herself on top of me and began licking me again. She was a red-headed girl and had very large thighs and bobbies. Her position brought her cunt right over my face and her kneeling position made

her cunt gap open, it touched my mouth and without a thought of what I was doing I ran my tongue into it. Her tongue was in mine. She had an awful large clitoris. Again I was melting into convulsions and bliss. Her gaping cunt was pressed against my mouth when she spent and I had to swallow the stuff to keep it from choking me. We lay still for a long time. I was actually hypnotised by then and soon Susan said "Let me milk you now". And we layed on our sides with our heads between each others thighs. Susan went off first and I was swallowing her love juice and soon she was swallowing mine. I found out what milking was. All the girls did it frequently milking each other four or five times a night. It makes you clitoris grow. Some of the girls had them three or four inches long. It also increases the love juice that squirts out of you at the supreme moment. I don't think I spent over half of a teaspoonfull. Do you know that blondes spend more than brunettes. The practice makes your bubbies grow but it will ultimately destroy your desire for a man. I have been fucked several times but I don't like it. I never spent when fucked and a man's prick is hard and hurts me. It is much better to be milked.

We had girls in our class and each of us milked to number four. The girls milked the others unless they had their courses on. We always swallowed each others love juice. I have milked every one of the girls during the night and each spent several times during the night and was of course milked by them in return. A young girls love juice is like the white of an egg, only warm, sticky, and tastes like fresh cream. Some times the girls would lick each others clitoris until she went off to see which could squirt the farthest and longest distance. It always hurts a girl to be fucked after she has been a milker. Fucking stretches a girl's cunt while milking causes it to grow tighter so after a time it is hard to force your tongue into it as it is to force a stiff prick into a dipplers cunt. You need have no fears when you practice milking. When you fuck you don't know when you are being knocked up. I can't see why some women are so fond of being fucked as they are, I should think it would kill them to take a big prick. The fellow that fucked me had a prick eight inches long and it nearly killed me. Sister

Mary's husband has a prick ten inches long (she told me that she had measured it) and when I am home I hear them diddling away at all hours of the night. She played a joke on me one night. It was about ten o'clock when her husband had left. She came into my room and wanted to be milked and I milked her. I thought she was spending an awful lot I kept sucking at her cunt and swallowing the juice after I was through she told me that her and Jim had been fucking just before he left and that I had sucked out his spendings, and it tasted good. Now when they get thru she tells him that she is getting up to piss and she comes into my room and I suck out her cunt. I wouldn't let her husband fuck me for the world but I would suck his prick as long as he could spend.

RUNT

A farmer's dog came into town,
His Christian name was Runt,
A noble pedigree had he.
"Noblesse Oblige" his stunt;
And as he trotted down the street
'Twas beautiful to see
His work on every corner,
His work on every tree.

He watered every gateway, too
And never missed a post,
For piddling was his specialty,
And piddling was his boast.
The city curs looked on amazed
With deep and jealous rage,
To see a simple country dog
The piddler of his age.

Then all the dogs from everywhere
 Were summoned by a yell
 To sniff the country stranger o'er
 And judge him by his smell.
 Some thought that he a king might be
 Beneath his tail a rose,
 So every city dog drew near
 And sniffed it up his nose.

They smelled him over one by one,
 They smelled him two by two,
 And noble Runt in high disdain
 Stood still till they were through
 Then just to show the whole shebang
 He didn't give a damn
 He trotted to the grocery store
 And piddled on a ham.

He piddled on a mackerel keg,
 He piddled on the floor,
 And when the grocer kicked him out,
 He piddled through the door,
 Behind him all the city dogs
 Lined up with instinct true
 To start a piddling carnival
 And see the stranger through.

They showed him every piddling post
 They had in all the town
 And started in with many a wink
 To pee the stranger down.
 They sent for champion piddlers
 Who were always on the go,
 Who sometimes did a piddle stunt
 Or gave a piddling show.

They sprung those on him suddenly
 When midway in the town—
 Runt only smiled and polished off
 The ablest, white and brown,
 For Runt was with them every trick
 With vigor and with vim—
 A thousand piddlers more or less
 Were all the same to him.

So he was wetting merrily
 With hind leg kicking high
 When most were hoisting legs in bluff
 And piddling mighty dry.
 Then on and on Runt sought new ground
 By piles of scrap and rust,
 Till every city dog went dry.
 And only piddled dust.

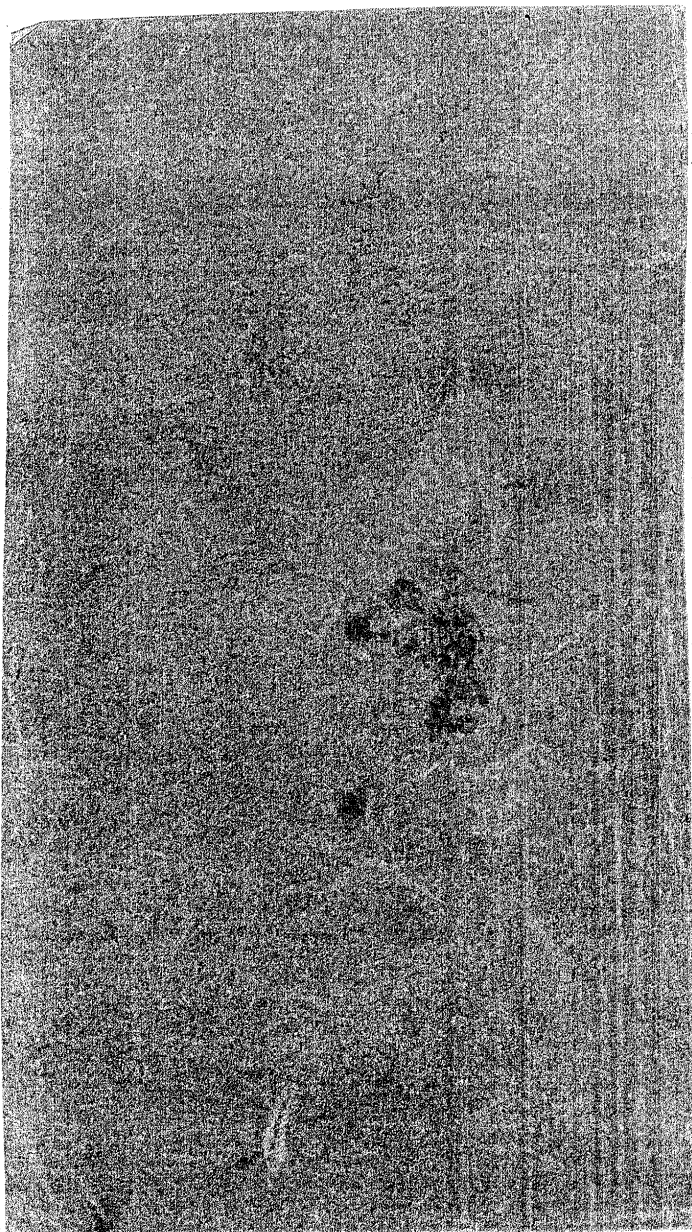
But on and on went noble Runt,
 As wet as any rill,
 And all the champion city pups
 Were peed to a standstill,
 Then Runt did free-hand piddling
 With fancy flirts and frills,
 Like "double dip" and "gimlet twist"
 And all those graceful things.

And all the time this country dog
 Did never wink nor grin,
 But piddled blithely out of town
 As he had piddled in.

ENCORE

The city dogs convention held
 To ask: "What did defeat us?"
 But no one ever put them wise
 That Runt had Diabetes.

* * * * *



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