



The Author

The Private Life of Mrs. Noah

Norah was Noah's second wife. Before he got his divorce, he planned the ark as a love-nest, and was called a swain by the people because of his love for Norah. So he decided to move to the boat so that he could be a boatswain, which didn't sound so bad. Norah loved animules (ancient for animals), so the dashing Noah bought her a zoo. Then came the flood.

It was dress rehearsal aboard the ark, and the lights went out.

"Turn on the lights," screamed the Mrs.

"Which lights?"

"The flood lights, you damn fool."

It was the second scene of the first act. The first seen boarding the ark were two mongeese. Jupiter was warming up for the marathon, lightning struck the pilot house, and even the fleas fled to the interior of the ark.

You haven't heard? All these incidents are B. C. (not Biblical Corrections, but Bad Chronologically.)

The first day out, the Mrs. objected to having the goat in the parlor, not that there was no sense to it, but that the fleece was bad in the spring. So they clipped the Angora, and if they had had a spinning wheel on the ark, I'd have darned a good yarn to give you. Now, wool you be good?

Noah made the first Maltese cross, by stepping on its tail as he was returning from what was supposed to be a meeting for the committee on the eradication of crustacea, their arch-enemy. It was late. The Mrs. jumped out of the twin bed—everything was twin aboard the ark, except the rabbits, of which there were four, making Noah's voyage more of a hare-raising adventure.

"Noah, what does the clock say," queried the Mrs., and Noah, tired of answering her fool ques-

tions, scored the first great come-back:

"The clock says 'cuckoo;' the sheep say 'baa baa;' the cows go 'moo moo;' and the poor fish I was to bring you here, says 'tsk tsk,' and keep your wooden leg off my bed." Not a bad bit of wit for a man in that day.

Noah retreated to the back of the ark, for the sake of peace and quiet. And again the lights went out, and where was Noah, but down in the cat conservatory, consoling Cicero. The west-end faction of the Feline Fleas had put six of the Leopard thugs of the Capone district on the spot. The old lady flitted about here and there, but she flit without avail. This being before the day of advertising, the fleas did not take their insecticides seriously. Yet even in that day, death was fatal nine times out of ten.

Having no more flood lights, the folks were kept in the dark, until Norah suggested that two less elephants would make the ark light. Barnum objected, and the objection was sustained.

At this time we have Bimbo at bat, quiet on deck, and a pinochle game in the hold.

Although Pivius rained without, Norah reigned within. She broke up the game, and sent the old man below, to put the parrots to bed. All the other creatures aboard knew when to go to bed, and the only explanation of the parrots' failing is that they were only a parakeets at the time. The solutions are my own, and I have lots of pun figuring them out.

They ran across a whale, who threatened to come aboard the ark to be treated for indigestion. The whole trouble was a stowaway named Jonah. Noah refused any relief to Leviathan—this being the big boy's name—but the whale continued to follow, blubbering his grief to the wet waters. Norah attempted to pole the monster off, keeping