

RULES FOR PLAYING THE COMICAL GAME OF DR. QUACK

Shuffle and deal out all the cards. The dealer does not take any but reads the story printed below. At each dash he pauses while the player at his left reads aloud one of the words or phrases from his cards. The next player reads at the next pause, and so the game proceeds. The first time around read the first line on the cards, and the second time around the second line, etc. After reading all the lines, shuffle cards and deal over.

I guess you've all seen Doctor Quack, who wears a coat upon his back,
While right across his wish-bone breast, you'll find a lovely spotted vest,
And glasses, too, he wears, and spats, and pantaloons and nifty hats,
And ties and collars, white and black. A sporty man is Doctor Quack.

He has—on his face, and—in another place. With—he combs his hair, and uses—here and there. And tho you'll think it's rather queer, he takes—to scratch his ear.

And toe-nail, sharp, to scratch his back. A clever man is Doctor Quack.

Now Doctor Quack is much renowned. His feet are flat. His eyes are round.

He has—in his grip, to use in case his trousers rip

And—he also takes, to ease the pain and cure the aches.

Of anyone who makes a slip, and tumbles down and cuts his lip.

One day Miss Hen was very ill. She called the Doctor from the hill.

"Take—," the Doctor said, "and with—get in bed." "Put on—mighty thick, and keep—warm and slick, and if—comes along, a—will make you strong."

Miss Hen took doctor's good advice and soon was feeling fine and nice.

She started strolling down the lane, but soon came flying back again.

For there she saw a fearful sight: A fox with teeth all sharp and bright.

"The Fox. The Fox," she loudly clucked as under Doctor Quack she ducked.

The Doctor jumped and turned his head. "COME HERE, YOU FOX," he sternly said, and the old fox was so scared that he dropped—and leaped over—, which caught in his tail, and it swung 'round and 'round until it struck—and that went CRASH, BANG, WHANG against—with some water in it. The water splashed all over the old fox and—

He made a big jump right over a stump, And landed ker-plump with a horrible thump, And right on his forehead he got a big bump, So off to the woods he went, clumpety-clump.

"Let's have a party," said Miss Hen. "Oh! That will be fine," answered Doctor Quack.

"We'll invite all the Beavers and the Bunnies and the Bats,—

The Coons and the Chipmunks,—the Kangaroos and Cats,—

The Woodchucks, and the Weasels and the Porcupines and Pigs,—And we'll dance in the moonlight to the Jazzy-Azzy Jigs."

So they sent out the invitations, and all the

creatures came, and each sat down on—. Then Doctor Quack and Miss Hen passed around the nicest things to eat. They gave the Woodchuck—, and the Coon—, and the Squirrel—. The Chipmunk said that he didn't care for—, to eat, but would like—. Now Miss Hen didn't have that, so the poor Chipmunk had to eat—. He took a big bite; with all his might and didn't stop chewing till late that night. Most of the creatures hadn't had anything to eat at all, so Miss Hen passed— around. It was pretty tough, so Doctor Quack took—and cut it into seventy-one pieces. Then he spread—all over each piece and put a little—on the top. Every one said, "OH! How nice this is. We have never tasted anything like it before." Now the creatures all were thirsty like the dickens, for a drink.

But the Doctor had the lemonade already, RED and PINK.

A Barrel full of PINK and a barrel full of RED. "Step right this way and have a drink," the dear old Doctor said.

The Bunny then stepped up, with—in his paw. "Put some lemonade in this. It's exactly what it's for."

The Beaver with—wobbled up to get his share. And the Doctor filled—for the roly-poly Bear. It seemed too long to wait, for the jolly little Skunk.

So he clambered up the barrel-side and tumbled in KER-PLUNK.

The Doctor fished him out with—on a line. And hung him up to dry on a water melon vine.

Now all the creatures liked Dr. Quack and they liked Miss Hen, too, and after they had had all they wanted to eat and drink, they sat around and waited for the dancing to begin.

All at once Mr. Otter jumped up and said: "OH! Here comes Mr. Kangaroo with—in his hand. Let's take it and make Miss Hen a new hat." "That will be great, but we must have lots of trimmings," shouted the creatures all together. "I'll get—" said Mr. Mink. "and I'll get—" said Mr. Muskrat. "and I'll get—" said Mr. Weasel. "and we must have—and—and—and—" chimed in all the others. When the things had all been gathered, all were seated once again.

And began to make a really lovely hat for dear Miss Hen.

With—they trimmed it up, and then they trimmed it down.

And soon it was the finest hat was ever worn in the town.

Then they played on CORNSTALK FIDDLE—till the music filled the breeze.

And they danced the forest dances till they wobbled at the knees.

They chose their partners once again and danced the HIGHLAND FLING

And Doctor Quack gave dear Miss Hen a lovely wedding ring.

And that's the way the story goes, of dear old DOCTOR QUACK.

Who wooed Miss Hen and kissed her with a juicy woy smack.