

PILING THE ROCKS



Mrs. Arista Krat: My son's a geologist, and he's piling up the rocks as we don't know what to do with them. Mrs. Reese Emily Rich—Ain't it grand? My Charlie's doing the same thing—but he's in the grocery line.

THE TIME TO INVESTIGATE



Her Husband—I wish I could remember if I paid that last life insurance installment. Mrs. Malinchance—Yes, it's paid. I showed the company about it last week when you were sick.

ACTED AS GUIDE



"He called on her and simply sat here lost in admiration." "What did she do?" "Finally showed him the way out."

A RARE ARTICLE



Moth—Come on, fellows, here's a real wool coat!



FOLLOWING DIRECTIONS Her Mother: That skirt is disgracefully short. I told you that the edges shouldn't come within four inches of your shoe tops. Vera Phillip: I know you did. But you neglected to say whether you meant above or below my shoe tops so I used my own judgment.



CROSS-EXAMINATION Mother: You've been into the preserves again. I see your finger marks all over your face. Little Waldo: That is not conclusive. Have you compared the marks with my authenticated finger prints?



IN SUNDAY SCHOOL Teacher—Why did Adam and Eve leave Eden? Young America—I suppose the landlords raised the rent on 'em.



WELL-BRED "What an air of well-bred repose young Newrich has." "Yes, he was naturally lazy to begin with."

AW, WHAT'S THE USE



NO, I DON'T WANT THE HENNA RINSE—I WANT THE DYE.

THE DYE IS VERY STRONG SO BE SURE NOT TO LEAVE IT ON MORE THAN 10 MINUTES.

BUT FANNY WOULDN'T BELIEVE THE DRUGGIST AND LET IT ON FOR 2 HOURS AND THEN SET IT WITH COLD WATER.

By L. F. Van Zelm

Next Time She'll Take the Druggist's Advice

FOR A FULL DAY SHE SCRUBBED FRANTICALLY WITH SOAP & WATER TO GET IT OFF.

THEN THE HAIRDRESSER SCRUBBED FOR ANOTHER FULL DAY WITH OIL AND BLEUING AND ALCOHOL—BUT—T WAS NO USE!

MICKIE, THE PRINTER'S DEVIL

DARN A COLD ANYWAY!

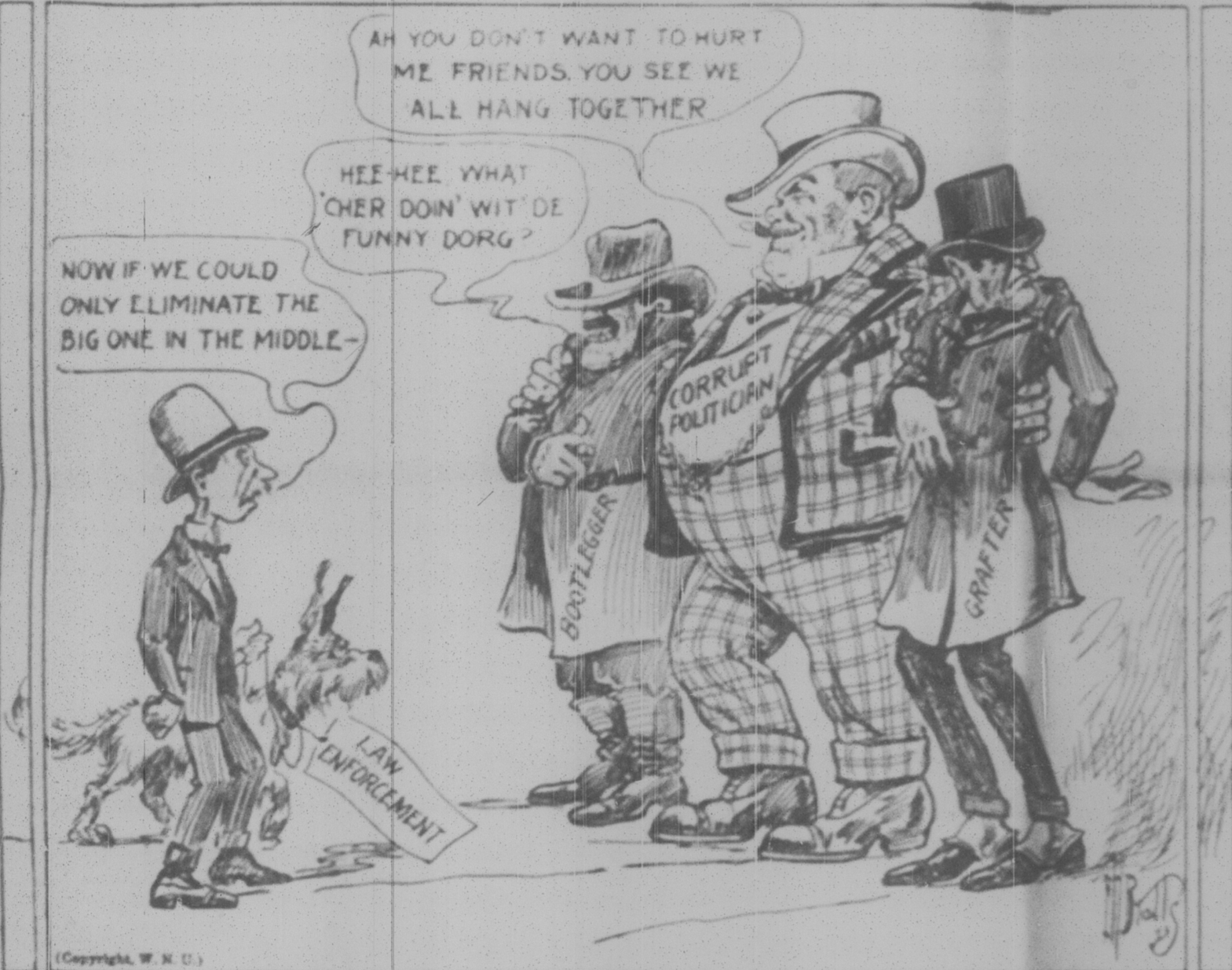
I JUST BLOW MY BEELER ALL DAY.

KA-CHOO!

COME TO MY OFFICE AND I'LL GIVE YOU SOMETHING GOOD FOR THAT COLD.

I DON'T WANT ANYTHING GOOD FOR IT—I WANT SOMETHING BAD FOR IT!

The Three Disgraces



NOW IF WE COULD ONLY ELIMINATE THE BIG ONE IN THE MIDDLE.

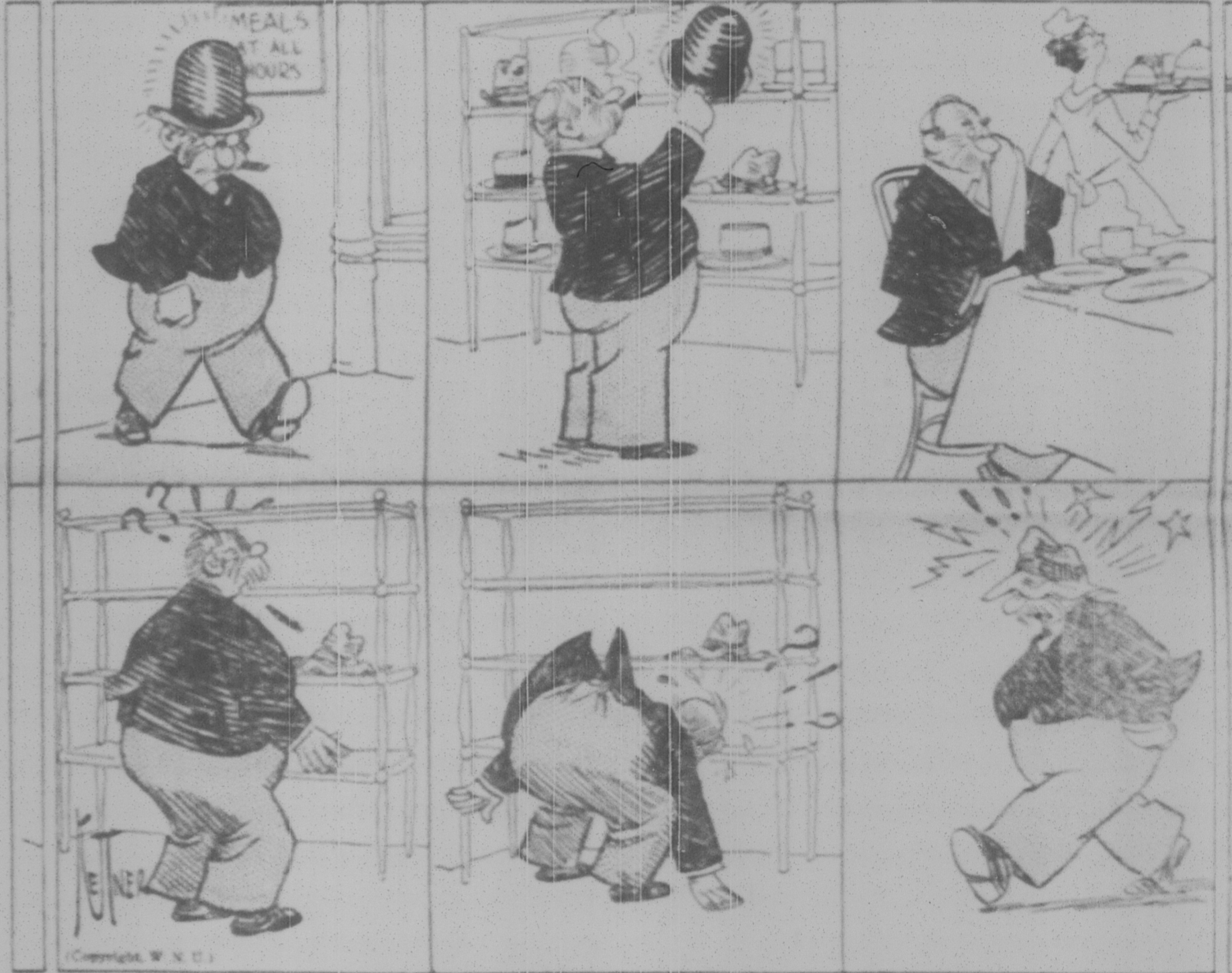
OH YOU DON'T WANT TO HURT ME FRIENDS, YOU SEE WE ALL HANG TOGETHER.

HEE-HEE, WHAT 'CHER DOIN' WIT' DE FUNNY DORG?

CORRUPT POLITICIAN

LAW ENFORCEMENT

Our Pet Peeve

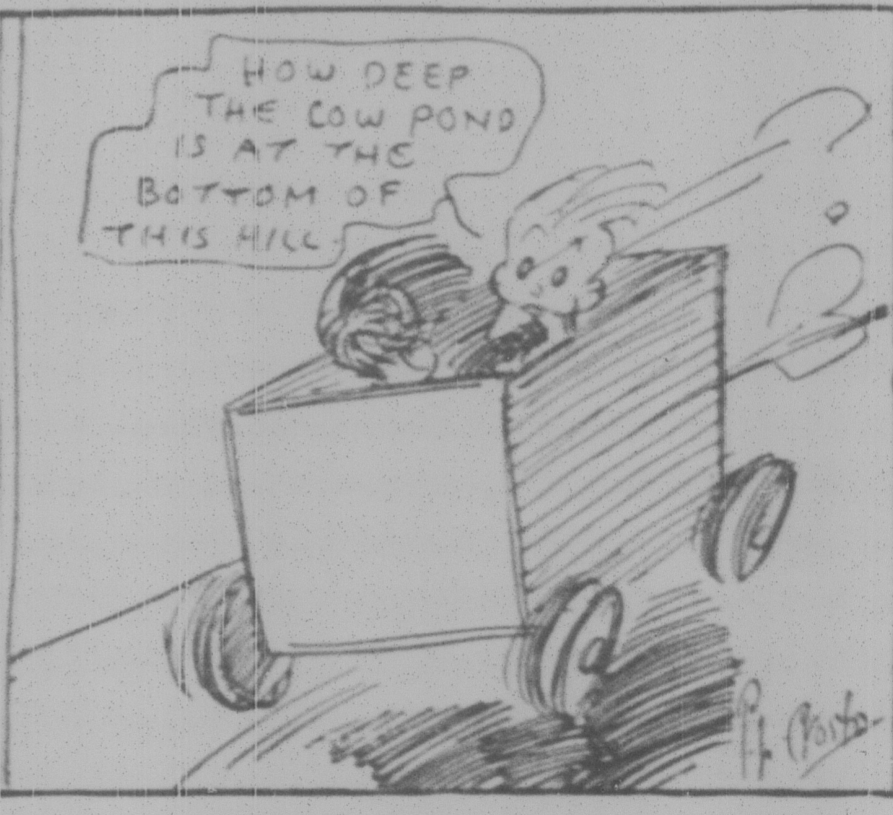
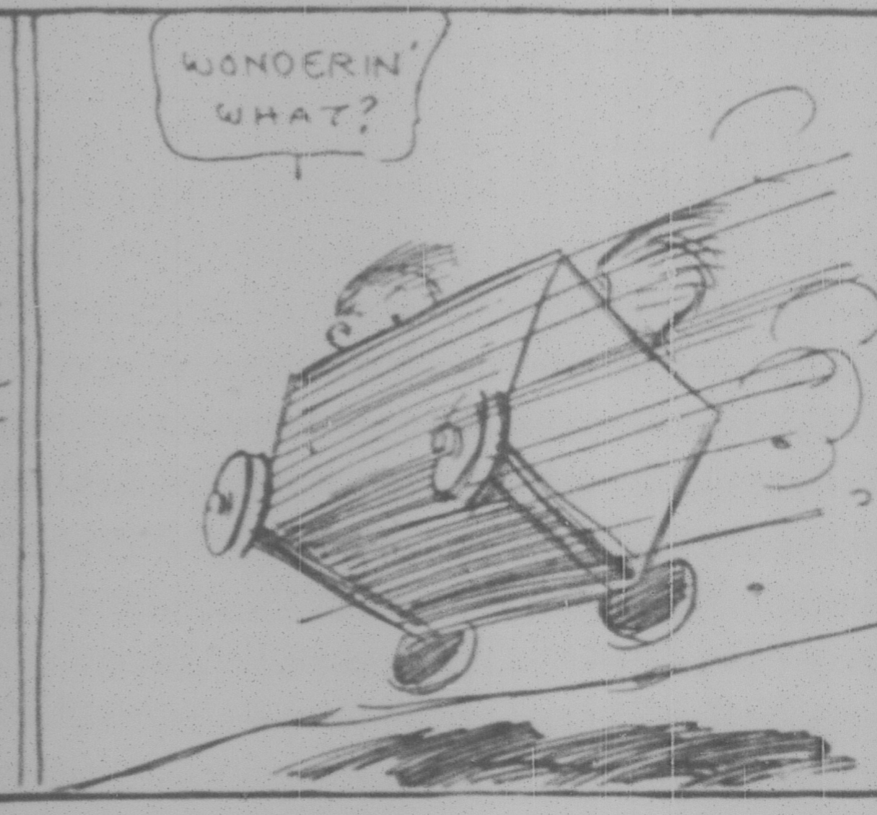


MEALS AT ALL HOURS

WONDERIN' WHAT?

HOW DEEP THE COW POND IS AT THE BOTTOM OF THIS HILL

The Clancy Kids Why Bother About Little Things By PERCY L. CROSBY



RADIO RALF AND HIS FRIENDS

YES HE WAS QUITE A STRIKING WIFE. I WENT HOME WITH HIM THE OTHER EVENING AND SHE WALLOPED HIM TWICE.

I WONDER IF AN ASTROLOGER HAD A GREAT DEAL OF WORK TO DO WOULD HE 'PLANET' AHEAD OF TIME, I'LL NOW SAY "HE WAS SO DUMB HE THOUGHT A BUCKET SHOP WAS A HARDWARE STORE."

I'VE GOT A DEAL—FELLOW, HE WALKS IN AND STAGGERS OUT. WHY WHEN HE GOES TO A BANQUET HE WEARS HIS OWN CLOTHES.

HE WENT INTO A RESTAURANT AND ORDERED APPLE PIE. WHEN IT ARRIVED HE TOLD THE WAITER IT WASN'T FIT FOR A PIG TO EAT. THE WAITER REPLIED, KINDLY WAIT A SECOND—I'LL GET YOU SOMETHING BETTER.

RIGHT Mr. Phrog: So you can't make your sweetheart believe you're worth a hundred dollars? Mr. Tortoise: No. Why I'm worth that much made up into tortoise shell combs—say nothing of snuff!

REDUCING EXPENSES Mr. Seokler—May I have your daughter, sir? Her Dad—Yes, if you can support her. Remember that my auto goes with her.