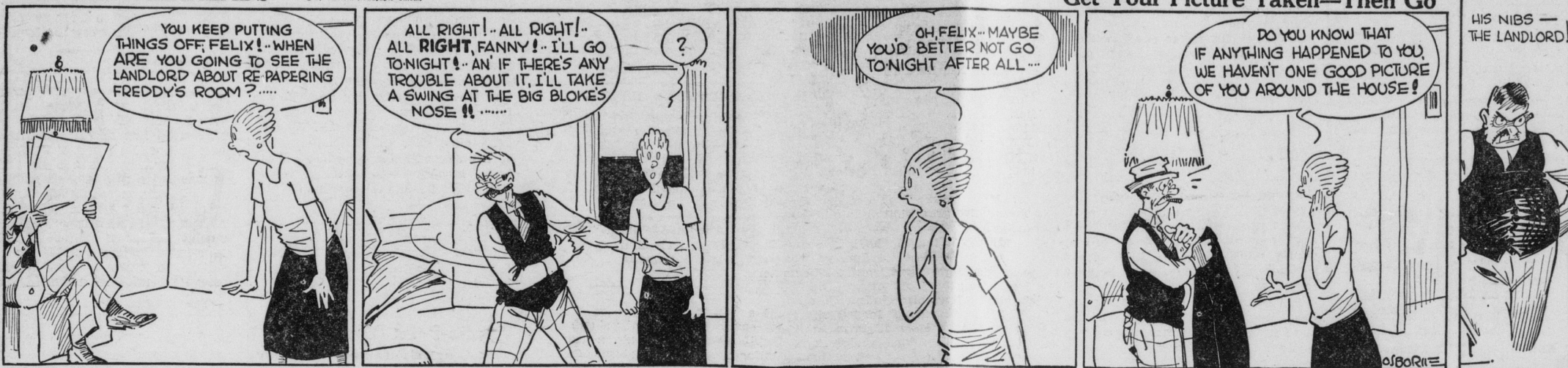


FINNEY OF THE FORCE By F. O. Alexander



THE FEATHERHEADS By Osborne



Get Your Picture Taken—Then Go

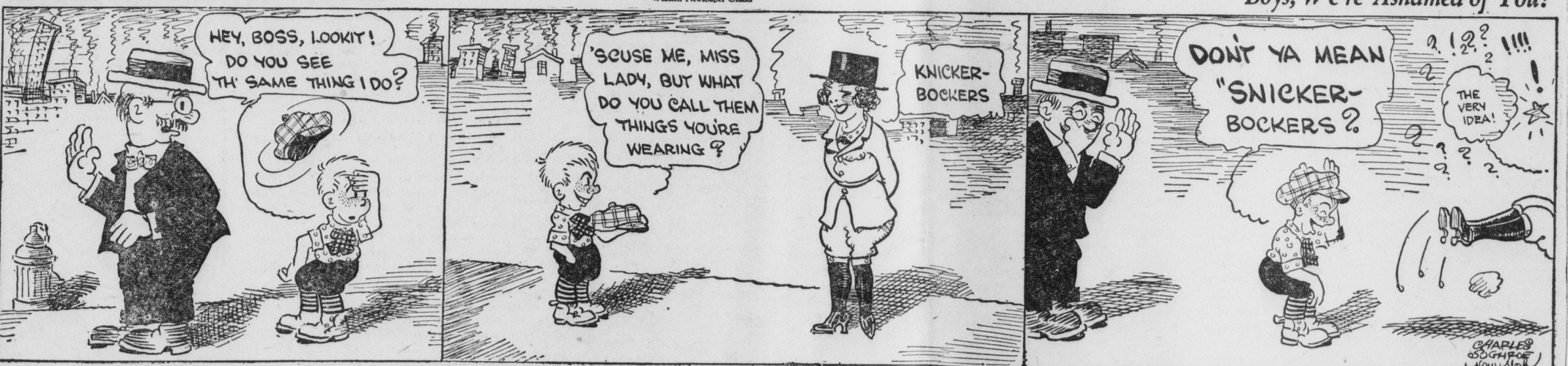
The Home Censor



Along the Concrete



MICKIE, THE PRINTER'S DEVIL



Boys, We're Ashamed of You!

**THE CLANCY KIDS**  
We Pick the Overall Club As Winner  
By PERCY L. CROSBY  
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Adrift With Humor

GOOD-BY

This particular cabin was even a more than usually dilapidated specimen of its class, and the chimney, consisting mainly of the remains of an old top hat, presented a comical appearance. One of the tourists accosted a youth who was sitting contentedly on a fence. "I say, my boy," he said, "does that chimney draw well?" "Sure thin, it does," was the boy's prompt reply; "it draws the notice o' ivory phool that passes by!"

WHY PARROT SWEARS



"Why does your parrot swear so terribly?" "We can't help it, my dear—the golf course lies right in front of the house."

Up for Dinner

Said the chamber maid to the sleeping guest, "Get up you lazy sinner, We need the sheet for a tablecloth, There's company for dinner."

Profitable Trading

Sambo borrowed a pair of rubber boots from Mose. Time passed and the boots were not returned. They met. Said Mose—Sambo, when is you all gwine gimme back dem boots ob mine?" "Ah ain't got yoh-all's boots, Mose," said Sambo. "Ah dun traded dem foh a pair ob mah own."—Recorder.

Some One Shuffled the Deck

Mr. Justwed—For heaven's sake! What do you call this dish you've made? His Wife—I haven't the faintest idea. I made it from a recipe in my loose-leaf cookbook and I'm afraid the leaves are not all in place.

A Helpful Suggestion

The Waiter—How'd you like a slice of nice hickory-cured country ham with three or four fresh eggs, right off the nest? The Customer—Fine! Just the thing! The Waiter—Ain't it so? Too bad, we ain't got none.

WHY HE WAS GOOD



"Her husband is awfully good to her, dear." "Yea, so I've heard—he's only half her size."

Similarity

This world is a tumultuous scene. And our attentive care it claims. To tell the difference between Elections, fights and football games.

A Slowness Explained

"You English are slow to see a joke," said the forward young woman. "Perhaps," answered the Londoner. "But, you see, real jokes are so scarce in our country that one has to take a little time to inspect any article that's offered."—Washington Star.

Excuse It, Please!

"How would you classify a telephone girl? Is hers a business or a profession?" "Neither. It's a calling."

Lost Is Right

Miss (interviewing cook)—Supposing I wanted you to cook an elaborate dinner for about 15 people—would you be lost? Cook—That's just 'ow the last folks lost me.—Humorist.

She Soon Showed Him

He—When I married you I thought you were an angel. She—I imagine you did. You seemed to think I didn't need any clothes or hats.