

ETTA KETT

The Hurry Call

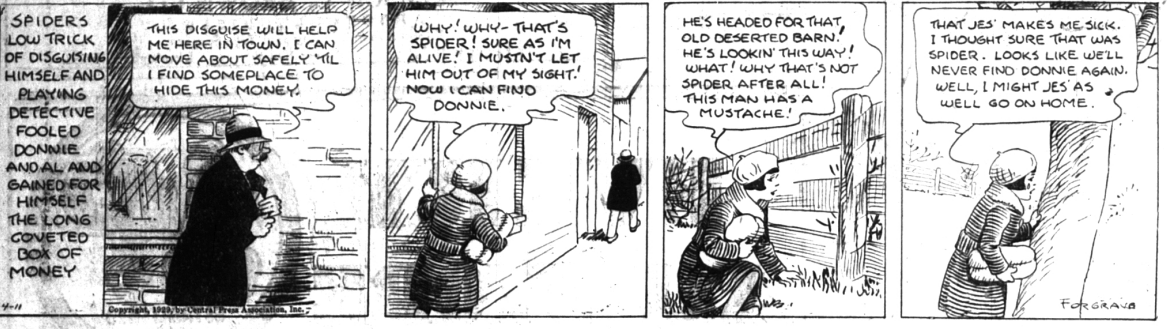
—By PAUL ROBINSON



BIG SISTER

Mistaken Identity?

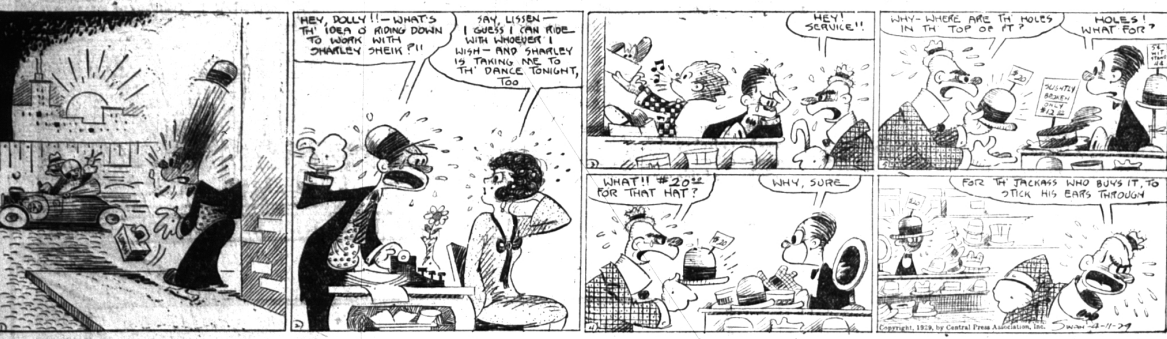
By LES FORGRAVE



HIGH PRESSURE PETE

No Sale

By SWAN



THE OLD HOME TOWN

Stanley



SIDESWIPES
In the World of Humor

Doctor (before the operation)—Nine out of every ten patients die during this operation. Can I do anything for you before we start?
Patient—Yes, just help me out with my hat and coat.—Uk, Berlin.
Artist—How dare you say of my picture, "It might have been worse?"
Critic—I will take back what I said and put it, "It could not have been worse."—Die-Musketeer, Vienna.
Joe (having just borrowed a cigarette): I'm afraid I'll have to bother you for a light, too, old man.
Bill: Do you want to borrow the blindfold, too?—Texas Ranger.
Teacher, to Tardy Pupil: Why are you late again, young man?
Pupil: My sister was married this morning.
Teacher: Well, see that it doesn't happen again.—Chicago Tribune.
Gertie: "Poor Bertie! I'm afraid he suffers from matrimonial dyspepsia."
Reginald: "Whatever's that?"
Gertie: "Oh, you know—his wife doesn't agree with him!"—Playgoer.
"When?" screamed the farmer boy, drinking a Holstein of beer. "I'd like to curdle up close to me."
"I did," said the milkmaid, "but I'm not that kind of a girl."
—Williams Purple Cow.
Bum (picking up cigarette butt on the street): That's how I keep my figure, Bill. Reach for a Lucky instead of a Sweet.—Life.
Fifty-fifty
Abe and Mavrus, partners, purchased a new sedan for the firm. The newly delivered chariot stood at the curb, and Mavrus was giving an ambidextrous ex-

planation of the dual ownership into the middle of an intersection plan.
"Now it is the both of us owns the car, Abe. When you want it, you use it; when I want it, I use it. Here is the two keys—one for you, and one for me."
Abe took his key, and studied the car for a moment.
"That's all right, Mavrus," he said, "but where's my keyhole?"
"Force of Habit
Still rather new at driving the piloted car downtown. On the main stem among the signal lights, she became confused and shot out wood.
The traffic officer, six feet three in his rubbers bore down upon her.
"Didn't you know that when I held up my hand it meant—stop?"
"No, Mister Officer," cooed the sweet young thing. "I'm just a school-teacher, and when I saw your hand raised I thought you wanted to ask a question."
Now that talkies are being main stage among the signal lights, made out there they call it Howly-she became confused and shot out wood.

Forlorn Figures



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