

ETTA KETT

Just Means to an End

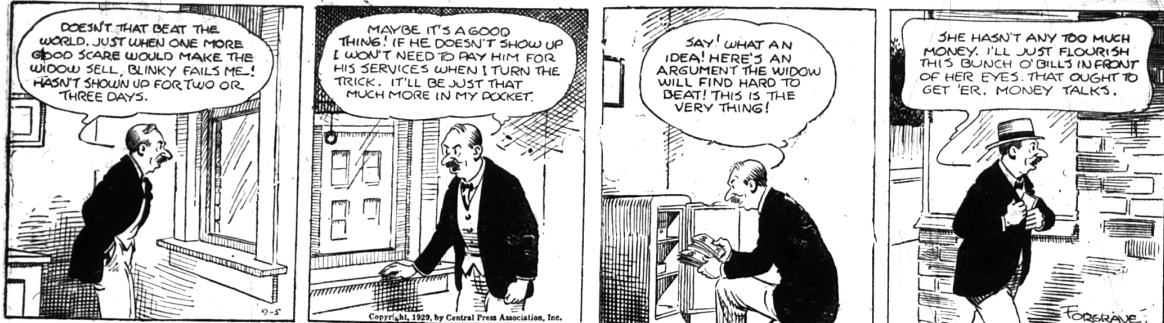
—By PAUL ROBINSON



BIG SISTER

The Voice of Money

By LES FORGRAVE



HIGH PRESSURE PETE

Hank Had It Coming to Him

By SWAN

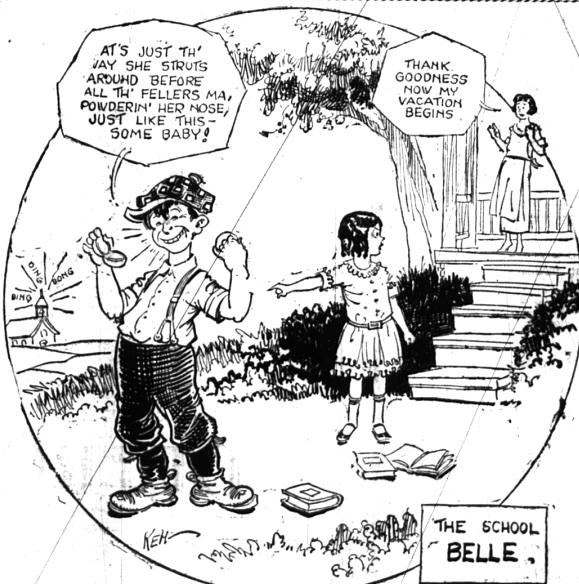


THE OLD HOME TOWN

Stanley



THE GREAT AMERICAN HOME



JUST AMONG US GIRLS!



Dinner Stories

**Motorist**—Is there any speed law here?  
**Native**—Naw, you fellers can't get through here any too fast for

**us**—Boston Transcript.  
**Just Once Would Do**  
 An airplane built for an American millionaire contains a bathroom. An excellent shower may be obtained by clinging tightly to the rim of the tub and then signaling the pilot to loop the loop

**No Loose Talker**  
 Two farmers met in town a few days after a cyclone hit the countryside.  
 "Yes, it did quite a bit of damage out our way," said one reflectively. "By the way, Hank,

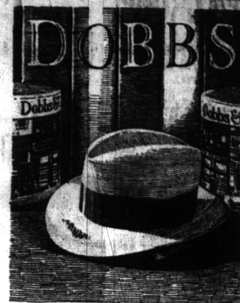
was that new barn of yours injured any?"  
 The other shifted his wad of chewing tobacco.  
 "I can't say rightly," he answered slowly. "I ain't found it yet.—The Outlook.

**New Version**  
 "Mother, can I go out to fly?"  
 "Yes, my darling daughter; Don't go more than three miles high."  
 "And don't fly over the water."—PINK 'UN.

**No Hard Feelings**  
 "Please, suh," said a Negro servant to his employer, "I'd like tomorrow off."  
 The employer did not look too pleased.  
 "Well, Sambo, I gave you a day off a month ago to attend your

wife's funeral. What do you want another day off for?"  
 Sambo looked confused.  
 "Well, suh," he said at length, "so's I can get married again."  
 "Married?" exclaimed the white man. "How can you think of getting married again when your first wife hasn't been dead a month?"  
 "Well, suh," confessed the widower, "I never was any to hold a grudge long."—Tit Bits.

**Epidemic**  
 Doctor—Well, my friend, what seems to be your trouble?  
 Patient (nervously)—I believe I have caught insomnia, doctor. I cannot sleep a wink until about 3 o'clock in the morning.  
 Doctor—Nonsense. Insomnia is not contagious.  
 Patient—It is in my case, doctor. The baby next door has it.—N. Y. Magazine.



DOBBS HATS

The old-time, spellbinder or prima-donna of the opera numbered the audience by a few thousands. Today the radio carries word or song to millions of listeners. The wonders of science and art have served hat makers, too. Dobbs Hats for Fall are a triumph of American manufacturing genius.

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