

Forlorn Figures



When you have just mailed alimony installment to ex-wife and read in the paper she has been married again to a rich boss.

Fugitive: "Quick! The police are after me. Where can I find a place to hide?"
Office Manager: "Jump into the filing cabinet. No one can ever find anything there."

SIDEWIPE

In the World of Humor

"Dear miss," wrote a particular mother to the teacher. "don't whip our Tommy. He isn't used to it. We never hit him at home except in self-defense."—Better Health.

All Wet
Customer: "Are you quite sure this suit won't shrink if it gets wet on me?"
Mr. Greenberg: "Mine friend, effery fire company in the city has aquitted water on dot suit."—High Tension News.

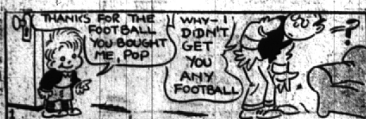
Two juniors were called before the Dean for having been drunk at a college dance.
"Young men," said the Dean, "do you realize that you are not living up to our standard?"
"Well, sir," replied one of them, "we drank all we could."

"Woman, disain't white male in dat bottle—dat am Pluto water. You ain't gonna drink dat, am you?"
"Big boy, I ain't gonna do nothin' else."
"Yes, you is, honey, 'deed you is."

Premature
An Irishman lay dying when the odor of cooking assailed his nostrils. Summoning his weeping daughter to his bedside, he said: "Now, darlin', ain't it doughnuts that I smell?"
"Right for ye, father," the girl replied.
"And would ye be asking your mother if I can have one before I die?"
The daughter delivered the message to mother in the kitchen and brought back this answer: "Mither says ye cannot have one of them doughnuts as they're fer the wake."—The Life Astoria.

GOLDEN DAYS

by Evans



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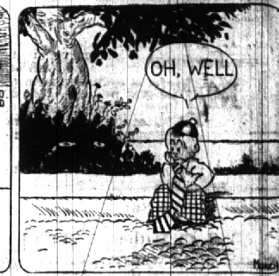
A Little Too Hasty

—By PAUL ROBINSON

MAC

A MAN OF HIS WORD

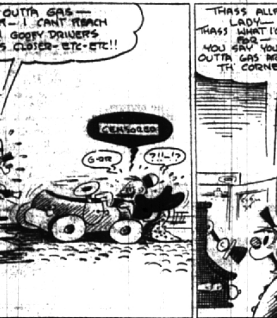
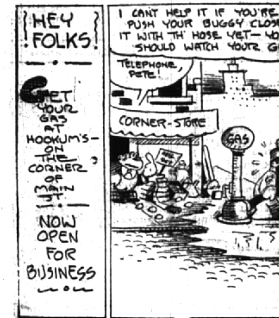
By Irving



HIGH PRESSURE PETE

Ain't It a Fact, Fellas?

—By SWAN



THE OLD HOME TOWN

Stanley



Being rich enough to maintain three or four big houses really amounts to being proprietor of 3 or 4 servants' boarding houses.

In the suburbs of a certain town there is a cottage, the door of which must be raised a little to be opened, and for this purpose a hatchet had come to be generally used. One night, a knock came at the door and one of the youngsters was sent to see who was there.

"Who is it?" inquired the boy.

"It's me," said the voice outside.

The youngster, recognizing the voice, shouted back: "It's Mrs. Murphy; get the hatchet."

Mrs. Murphy didn't wait.

The Dear Boy
"Did the children behave when you bathed them?" asked the mistress of the new French nurse.

"All but one biggest boy—and a mirabul"—how he said and kick an' nearly tear se face off me before I could get him in."

"Which biggest boy—we've on only one boy, and he's only two years old."

"Ket is no him at all, I mean. It's a boy who wears glasses an' has se curly hair."

"Boy! Boy! That's not a boy. That's my husband!" The Ink Spot.

"Broders, we must do something to remedy de Status Quo," said a negro preacher to his congregation.

"Brudder Jones, what am de Status Quo?" asked a member.

"Dat, my brudder," said the preacher, "am Latin for de mess we's in."

A Practical Answer
"If I eat a beefsteak in two."

The Great American Home



asked the teacher, "then cut the halves in two, what do I get?"

"Quarters," returned the boy.

"Good. And then again?"

"Eighths."

"Correct. Again?"

"Sixteenths."

"Exactly. And what then?"

"Thirty-seconds."

"And once more?"

"Hamburger," cried the boy, impatiently.

Waiting
The man was playing alone. Two boys kept following him around the course. At the ninth hole, he turned to the boys and said: "You'll never learn to play watching me."

"We're not watching you," said one of the boys. "We're going fishing as soon as you dig up some more worms."—Tackle.

Oh—So Dumb
Officer: "You can't turn around in this street, madam."

Fair Motorist: "Oh, but I'm a better driver than you think!"

Just for Fun
"How long you in jail for, Mose?"

"Two weeks."

"What am de ch'ge?"

"No ch'ge, everything am free."

"Ah mean, what has you did?"

"Done shot my wife."

"You killed ya wife and on in jail for two weeks?"

"Dat's all—then I got hung"—Rustcraft Rust

Tag! He Was In—Physician at Community hospital yesterday removed part of a knife blade from the spinal cord of Willie Clark, Negro. Clark told hospital authorities he was stabbed by his wife while both were in happy mood.—Whelanist (N. C. Star.