

Mrs. Molla Propp



"He told us," said MRS. MOLLA PROPP, "that the starter amateur needed fixing."

Y'KNOW, my dear, there are so many things to a car and when one reads the instruction books telling how to take care of it, one wonders how to get time for driving. Henry will study his book for hours and hours. But I'd much rather drive or play bridge. The other day we planned a long trip. Just before we started Henry took a notion to see if the valve stems would go this way and that the way they should... and after about three hours he said that maybe we'd better take MY car. Well, the motometer showed 500 miles since the oil in the condenser had been changed and, my dear, you can't imagine what trouble you CAN have if you don't watch that. So I drove to MY station and you should have seen Henry. He sat with his mouth open watching the men look to see how much water there was, wipe the windows, inspect the grease in the thing we shift with and in the round places back there, give us fresh air in the tires, change the oil, stick a thermometer in the battery. They said that something needed fixing in the amateur and I asked if they meant Henry, that made them smile, all but Henry who said it was a two-for-nickel miswreck. When we left, Henry said, "So that's how you do it!" "Do what?" said I. "Keep your car going all the time," answered Henry. And I told Henry all the way to Loveston—and that's a hundred miles, my dear—but if he'd do the same, he'd cost less and drive more. "Let the mechanics fix your carburetor like they do mine," I told him. "Darned if I won't," said Henry. —Exchange.

Life's Little Laughs

Surrounded Them "Have you ever kissed a man before?" "Yes." "Tell me his name so that I can threaten him." "But—but—he might be too many for you."—Ferne Fries. Sara, That's Why They were riding along a beautiful stretch of country highway. She was driving, and suddenly a caped repair man climbing the telegraph poles. "Why, Henry, just look at those men," she exclaimed. "Do they think I never drove a car before?"—Exchange. The Trail Blazer Heavy Stranger (returning to theater between the acts)—Did I tread on your toes as we went out? Seated Man (grimly)—You did sit. Heavy Stranger (to wife)—That's right, Mattie, this is our place.—N. Y. C. Magazine. Discharged Schultze was standing before the judge for having injured his wife. Judge—You maintain that you threw your wife out of the second story window through forgetfulness. Schultze—Yes, we used to live on the ground floor, and I'd forgotten we'd moved.—Lustige Koller Zeitung. And Inlist on Them First Cluhman—My wife is a great woman for facts. Second Cluhman—So is my wife! My wife will sit up until two o'clock in the morning for facts.—New Bedford Standard. More Work Pat was one day employed by an old lady in the country. At tea time, when the old lady was serving the tea, she laid a small morsel of honey on the plate. "Begorra, ma'am," said Pat, "I see you keep a bee."—Punch. Rabbit's Foot Somewhere Seaman—I see where Miss Snickpeff has broken her engagement with Ensign Houghbeater. I think he deserved it, myself. Boatwain—Me too. The en-

MICHIGAN BELL TELEPHONE CO.



Let out-of-town relatives and friends know your telephone number

Get their telephone numbers, too, so you can reach them quickly and easily Telephone visits with out-of-town friends... or with absent members of the family... are so personal and enjoyable. It is reassuring to hear their voices and to know that they are well.

And when you go away, let those at home know the number of the telephone where you can be called, so you can be reached quickly, if necessary.

Long Distance rates are surprisingly low and the service is fast



ETTA KETT



ETTA'S spending the hot dog days down with the other beach nuts—and is having one glorious time!

The Sea Raiders



WHEN SHE GOES ON A VACATION—ALL SHE NEEDS IS ROOM AND SURF-BOARD. LISTEN DIGGERS! I'M SPOCKED—WHAT SAY WE RAID MAMA'S ICE BOX? OH GAWD—LOOK AT THE CHICKEN SANDWICHES—WHAT IS THAT THING—AN INGUATOR? WATCH PAPA PUNISH THAT COLD HAM! ONE PENICILLIN IS SO COLD WE HAVE TO PUT HEAVY UNDERWEAR ON THE FRESH CHICKEN.

MAC



SO YOU'VE BEEN FIGHTING AGAIN? YES, POP—TOUGH OLEARY SAID I WAS A LITTLE SISZY--



'N THEN HE CALLED YOU ALL KIND OF NAMES-- GEE, HE SAID YOU WERE A PENNY FINCHER 'N I BOUGHT MOM'S PRESENTS WITH COUPONS--

Poor-Pop!



'N HE SAID YOU WERE A BIG SAK 'N GEE, A LOT OF OTHER NAMES AND OF COURSE, YOU PUNISHED HIM?



YOU BET! NO KID CAN CALL ME A LITTLE SISZY

HIGH PRESSURE PETE



I GOTTA STOP IN THE BARBER SHOP AND GET A SHAVE BEFORE I GO HOME, PATE— COME STRIVE!



WASN'T BUT IT MAKES ME SURE PAAT THINK I'M A BIT MINDED— I FORGET TO GET SHAVED 'BORY



AS IF I WOULD FORGET—SHE SURE PAAT THINK I'M A BIT MINDED— I'M NOT THAT DUMB YET



GIMME A SHAVE, TONY B-BUT—



I JUST SHAVED YOU THIS NOON, MR. MOOHUM

Not Absent-Minded, MUCH!

THE OLD HOME TOWN



NO SIRRE 1973 WAS A NOTTIE YEAR— I STILL SAY IT WAS 1888. OHEY, HE MISSED OUT BY ABOUT 50 FEET!! YOU DON'T MEAN TO TELL ME! TWICE TODAY, WILBUR FIZZLE TRIED TO DELIVER A DOZEN EGGS, BUT IN EACH CASE, THEY HATCHED OUT BEFORE HE COULD REACH THE CUSTOMER'S HOUSE.

THE GREAT AMERICAN HOME



HOT DOGS—10¢ HAMBURGER—10¢ SOFT DRINKS—5¢ GAS. THE "FILLING" STATION. I'm a half pound of cheese. In 1936— Customer—I'd like a dime's worth of cheese. Proprietor—Clear, let the gentleman smell the cheese.—S. W. Standard. Bridge parties, dancing, night clubs, theaters, night after night. You are becoming a regular child of the devil! Daughter—Oh, father!—Pathfinder. Bite It! Doctor, why does a small cavity feel so large to the tongue? "Just the natural tendency of your tongue to exaggerate, I suppose."—U. P. Magazine. Oh, That's All Right Romantic Girl—This is quite like old times, darling, isn't it? Young Man—What old times? Girl—Oh, I beg your pardon; I was thinking of someone else.—London Opinion. Now the Wood! Say, looky here, Rastus, you know what you're doin'? You is goin' away fo' a week and they ain't a stick of wood cut fo' de house. "Well, what you all whir about, woman? I ain't takin' ax wid me an' I'm—" Montreal.

sign's a "good guy.—Army and Navy Journal. So It Doesn't Count. Maid—I am afraid I must leave you, ma'am. Mistress—But you only came yesterday. Maid—Well, I can see you don't trust me. Mistress—Who, I gave you the key of the cellar, of my jewel case, of master's desk. Maid—Yes, ma'am, but none of them fit.—Faun. Helas! "What are these tickets I found in my husband's pocket?" "Your husband is an archaeologist. These tickets are evidences of a lost race."—Detroit Jabberwock. Life Gets Like That. Jinks—Have you got your automobile paid for? Binks—Practically. Three more payments and it will belong to the fellow that bought it from the chap I sold it to.—Brooklyn Eagle. Life's Pretty Dreary. "My dentist was a fine fellow. Each time he extracted a tooth he gave me a glass of whiskey." "Don't you go to him any more?" "I haven't any teeth left."—Sentinel. Here's How. "Do you prefer beer or wine?" "Oh, that depends." "On who's paying?"—Mummel. I Remember, Too. Customer—I'd like a dime's worth of cheese, please. Proprietor—Ocar, get the gen-

leman a half pound of cheese. In 1936— Customer—I'd like a dime's worth of cheese. Proprietor—Clear, let the gentleman smell the cheese.—S. W. Standard. Bridge parties, dancing, night clubs, theaters, night after night. You are becoming a regular child of the devil! Daughter—Oh, father!—Pathfinder. Bite It! Doctor, why does a small cavity feel so large to the tongue? "Just the natural tendency of your tongue to exaggerate, I suppose."—U. P. Magazine. Oh, That's All Right Romantic Girl—This is quite like old times, darling, isn't it? Young Man—What old times? Girl—Oh, I beg your pardon; I was thinking of someone else.—London Opinion. Now the Wood! Say, looky here, Rastus, you know what you're doin'? You is goin' away fo' a week and they ain't a stick of wood cut fo' de house. "Well, what you all whir about, woman? I ain't takin' ax wid me an' I'm—" Montreal.