

Mrs. Molla Propp



"And then," said MRS. MOLLA PROPP, "I held the watch, while Henry timed the gears."

Henry was trying to tell him we weren't going very fast because he was watching the motor and besides the car wasn't running as it should. Honestly, my dear, I THOUGHT that officer would explode. He got all red in the face and yelled, "Fast, do you say! Who said anything about speeding! If you don't step on the gas, I'm going to arrest you for obstructing the traffic!"

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Life's Little Laughs

Just Like Old Friends. "Well, doctor, how am I?" "Very well; your legs are still a bit swollen, but that doesn't disturb me."—Phoebe Gains.

Not Enough. "I graduated in singing from a correspondence school." "Boy, you sure lost lots of your mail!"—Exchange.

Oh, Dear! Parent (anxiously)—Nurse, is it a him or a her? Nurse—It's a them.—Exchange.

And Your Getaway. "Praise Flight Manager—Say, you're supposed to be in training. Why are you sitting around here with these birds telling fish stories?" Pupil—I'm developing my reach!

Very, Very Neat. A gang of men were working on street repairs in front of a woman's house. She seemed quite interested in them and asked one of them, a big curly cut, "Which is the foreman?" "Oh, am, mum," he replied, proudly.

"Really?" continued the lady. "Oh, I'm prove it, mum," rejoined the Irishman. Then, turning to a laborer at hand, he added, "Kelly, you're fired!"—Pullman News.

Hair Worth It. "You'll get a raise in salary every year, provided, of course, that your work is satisfactory." "Ah! I thought there was a catch somewhere."—Arcanum Bulletin.

Big Increase in Circulation. We heard this pipe: "I like the type That prints a kiss."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Every Bit As Good. "Charles," said a mother to her six-year-old son, "is it possible that you are teaching the parrot to use slang?" "No, ma'am," replied Charles, "I was just telling him what you without feeling charmed at you with—Exchange.

Pretty Smooth Guy. Mj44 Rabbit—My dear Mr. Serpent, I just can't look at you without feeling charmed at you with—Exchange.

Oh, Shameful. There was an amusing scene at a well-known theatrical club the other day. A bad actor, but a very good fellow, accused a certain

ETTA KETT

His Sentiments

—By PAUL ROBINSON



MAC

A Dark Secret

—By MUNCH



HIGH PRESSURE PETE

100 People Couldn't Get It So Dirty

—By SWAN



THE OLD HOME TOWN

Stanley



BLOCKING THE SIDEWALK: EH?

THE CHAMPIONSHIP CHECKER GAME IN FRONT OF BOBINSON'S STORE, HAD BEEN HOPELESSLY DEADLOCKED FOR HOURS, UNTIL AUNT SARAH PEABODY SHOWED UP.

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critic of having stated that his Hamlet was the worst he had ever seen. "There's one thing," he commented cheerfully, "next time I play if you won't be able to say anything worse." "Oh, yes I will," said the critic. "I shall say you're not up to your usual standard."—London Opinion.

Even A Child. "Oh, what a strange looking cow," exclaimed a sweet young thing from Detroit. "But why

hasn't it any horns?" "Well, you see," explained the farmer, "some cows are born with horns, some cows are born without horns, and the big reason why that cow ain't got no horns is because she ain't a cow—she's a horse."—Exchange.

when I play the piano I always feel extraordinary melancholy. Husband—So do I, dearest. Passing Show.

French rolls are really far too small. I can put a whole one in to my mouth at once. Baker—I can quite believe that, madam, but it's not the fault of the bread.—Rolie Galt Timina.

car on Sunday, ma'am? Mistress—No. Maid—Then I'd like to ask for the loan of it; mine's being repaired.—Moustique.

progress? At your age I could read fluently. Jim—Probably you had a better teacher than I, sir.—Moustique.

Said Days. "Moron—Hello how's the boy? I just had a plate of oxtail soup and feel bully. Robot—That's nothing. I just had a plate of hash and feel like everything.—Pathfinder.

On Your Way. Judge—Now, confess that you were guilty of this robbery. Accused—No my lord, I really am not, because I broke into a different house on that evening.—Brunner.

Pretty Well, Thanks. "Chlorine," said Chlorine's mistress, "I've heard about your hard luck and I'm terribly sorry." "Dead, ma'am. Ah ain't had no hard luck." "Why, wasn't your husband killed in a railroad accident yesterday?" "Oh, yes ma'am, but dat's had luck, not udun."—Hoo Prints.

Oh, Gladly! Maid—Are you going out in the

Teacher (to young Jim)—How is it that you haven't made more

Explain Please. Lady in Baker's Shop—Your

And Here's the Reason Why. Musical Wife—It's strange, but