

Mrs. Molla Propp



"I always watch the thermostat," said MRS. MOLLA PROPP.

"so I won't exceed the speed limit."

MY DEAR, it was AWFUL! Henry, being mechanical, was telling me what caused the knocking and joggling as we drove along. It was quite clear to me at the time... something about the what-you-may-call-it and the transmission—or was it, the vacuum! Anyway, I told Henry that the car never behaves like that when I take it out and was in a state of the compression or WHATEVER it is.

It did seem funny, my dear, for while I may not know all the names like almitis and high tension, I do know I have driven cars for several years, without any trouble. You just push THAT and step on THIS and away you go.

Well, I kept telling Henry it was this and that. But he KNEW it all. All men are like that. He kept saying it was something in the multiford—or was it the displacement? I

thought I noticed a funny smell and finally I told him to drive in at an oil station, and Henry told the oil station men just what seemed to be the trouble. No doubt, Henry said, the distributor wasn't working and then the oil couldn't get to the shackles—or something like that.

Henry was so fussed up, but just the same he asked me to take an ice cream with him while the car was being fixed. He CAN be awfully nice at times.

When we got back we asked the station man if everything was all right and he said it was and Henry asked him how much it was and he said nothing. "What was wrong?" Henry asked of him.

"Nothing," said the man. "Only you had the emergency brake on."

"Oh," said Henry, and he didn't have a word to say all the way to town. He didn't get a

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ETTA KETT

Don't Say It, Uncle

—By PAUL ROBINSON



MAC

Mac Goes Shopping!

—By Munch



Life's Little Laughs

Life is Hard
Landlady—You will either pay the two months' rent you owe or go today.
Lodger—Thanks for the alternative. My last landlady wanted both.—Buen Humor.

It's a Good Place for Rheumatism
"It's that sur, Ol' get mine 'ere."—Punch.

Right at the Head
"I am proud of the way my son has worked his way up."
"He's a director now."
"No, but he started as a shoe cleaner and is now a hair dresser."—Berlingske Tidende.

As!
Lady—My husband was tramps, too, but he suddenly decided to make a man of himself!
Mendicant—No wonder, lady, with a beautiful woman to tempt him.

Brooklyn Eagle
Nothing Like a Steady Job
Begger (at the door)—Please help a blind man.

Housholder—Aren't you the lame man who begged a dime off me yesterday?
Lodger—Impossible, sir! I've been born blind for the last seven years.—Chicago Tribune.

A Good Trick If You Do It
Billy—You keep very strange hours in your house?
Willie—Yes, we try to sleep when baby does.—Wrexham Advertiser.

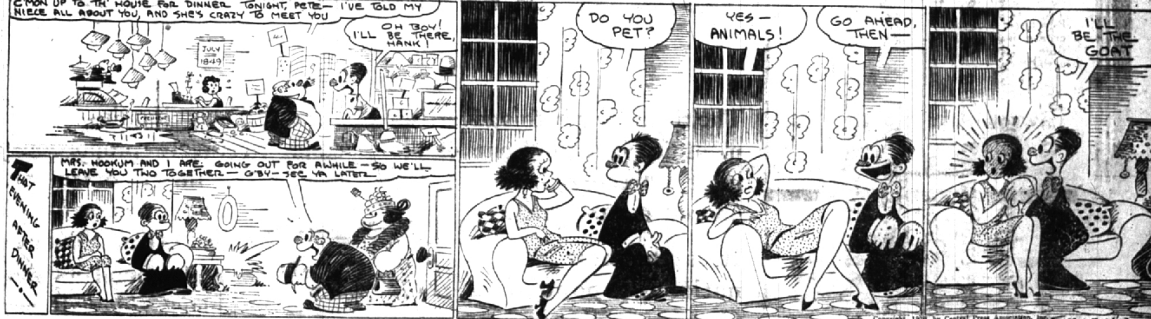
Well? Indeed
His wife began to laugh at him.
You silly she said: "fancy being superstitious after all these years! Why, do you remember the first time we met? We walked under a ladder, and you said you were sure something horrible would happen to you."
"Well," said he.—Tit-Bits.

Not Even Sick
Strolling through a field with his sweetheart he spied a bull rushing toward them. Quick as a flash he beat a hasty retreat.
"Why, Paddy, you were afraid," she said when they reached safe-

HIGH PRESSURE PETE

You Can't Kid Pete

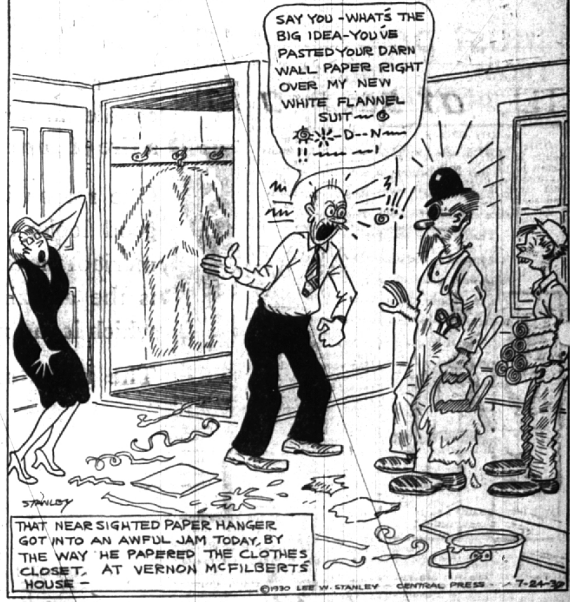
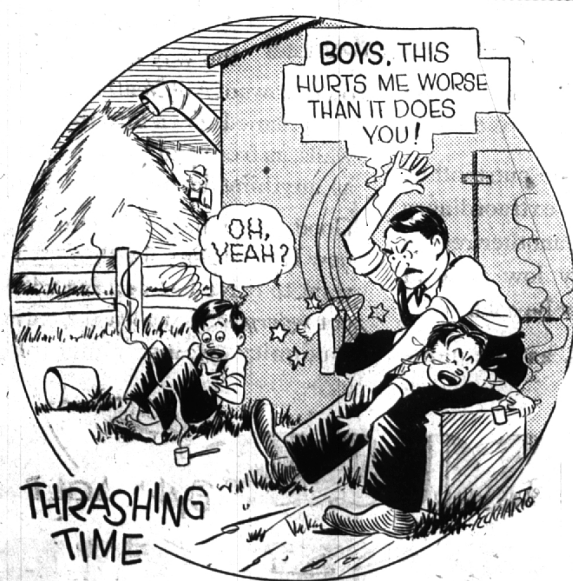
—By SWAN



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by, "and you said you would face death for me."
"I know I said that," Paddy replied, "but that bull wasn't dead."
—Montreal Star.

Very Neat
"Oscar," said the bank manager, "there'll be a vacancy here soon and I'm thinking of giving your twin brother the job."
"My twin brother?" exclaimed Oscar.
"Yes, the one I saw watching the ball game yesterday while you were at your aunt's funeral," explained the manager.
"Oh-er-yes," said Oscar. "I remember! I'll go and hunt him up."
"Good!" said the manager. "And don't come back till you've found him."—Pathfinder.

Slightly Shopworn
"Waiter, take this steak back." "I can't sir! You have bent it."
But It's A Falling Market
Small Brother—I just saw you kiss my sister.
Young Man—Here. Keep still. Put this quarter in your pocket.
Small Brother—Here's a dime change. One price to all—that's the way I do business.—Lehigh Burr.

The Talkie Star to His Love
"Ah, shall I sing to you, my love.
Beneath your balcony,
My song shall be of you and love
And moonlight, stars and me,
I'll sing how to be by your side
I'd cross a hundred oceans;
Of course somebody else will be singing. But I'll go through the motions."
—London Opinion.

We Know
"How old are you, little girl?" "Six."
"What will you do when you get to be as big as your mother?" "I won't let myself get that big. Mother was foolish to lose her finger."
—Louisville Courier-Journal.

They Catch Cold Easily
She displayed much interest while going round the fur-farm. "And how many skins do you get from each silver fox?" "Three," he explained shortly. "If you took off his skin any tinner, he'd become ill."
—Pages Gales.