

When To Be Nonchalant
By CLIFFORD MCBRIDE



When near-sighted guest picks up percolator and asks you which golf tournament you won.

Life's Little Laughs

Nature's Way
The two cracklers had been talking for hours at a "church" table. They were about to give up when one of them ran and moved toward the telephone.
"Whatcha doin'?" asked his mate alarmed.
"This is sure to work," said the first with a sigh. "I'll ask the wife to come over."
Should Have Taken the Express
Miss Marion McKennie was a passenger on the evening train Friday night where she will spend a week with her friend, Nina Caldwell—Houston (Mo.) Times.
Whatever!
Having had considerable trouble with his three lodgers, an Irishman decided to tell them off when he saw them in the morning.
"You three are a nice pair!" he said.

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Was Not Promoted
He watched the clock. He was always late. He was forever grumbling and complaining. He only half did things. He didn't study up on his job. He associated with his inferior.
He did not strive for promotion. He didn't have to. He was the president of the company.—Judge.
Last Rights
"And 'ow is your 'usband gettin' on?"
"He can't complain."
"My is 'e that bad?"
Hammer or Sash-Weight?
Mr. Bold—I'm a self-made man. Mrs. Bolder—Well, I'm a self-made widow.—Pathfinder.
What Matter?
Waitress—Did you order this sundae, sir?
Customer—No, late Saturday afternoon, I think.
The Cave Man
"I don't like Bob. Last night I wanted to show him how well I could whistle, and when I puckered my lips real nice—"
"Well, what then?"
"He let me whistle."—Pathfinder.

I'd Like It
"What have you against public libraries?"
"I am an author. What's your business?"
"I'm a grocer."
"How'd you like to see a free grocery store?"
Shaky?
The night club hostess took back change off the menu.
"What with so many aleuts around, ginger ale is bad enough," she declared. "We don't want food that looks nervous."—Louisville Courier-Journal.
Redskin, I Love You
The Indian Romeo had just done his stuff.
"Oh," she cried, "you flaming Utter!"—N. Y. C. Magazine.
"Have you heard my latest joke?" asked Jones as he saw Jinks on the street.
"I certainly hope so," said Jinks as he kept on going.—Montreal Star.
But Even So—
McGinty—I've a terrible corn on the bottom of my foot.
Pat—That's a funny place to have it. Nobody can step on it but you.—Detroit News.
Point: Walton is a man of few words, isn't he?
Dint: Yes, so he was telling me all morning.
Version for Chicago: Have you had your lead today?
Precedence Again
"When is the next train out of this burg?"
"Before o'clock, sir."
"What? Isn't there one before that?"
"No, sir, we never run one before the next."—New York Central Magazine.
Larder Aard
Shipwrecked Sailor—Why does that cannibal look at us so intently?
His companion (cheerfully)—I expect he's the food inspector.—Pall Mall News.
Holmste
Mr. Nuttle—It's going to be one grand night for me, I tell you.
Mr. Nuttle—How brave of

ETTA KETT
A Modern Convenience
—By PAUL ROBINSON



ETTA'S FELLOW IS HERE AGAIN THIS EVENING SOMETHING OUGHT TO BE DONE TO MAKE THEM GO HOME ON TIME—IT'S A NOISANCE TO GET UP AND GO DOWN EVERY NIGHT!

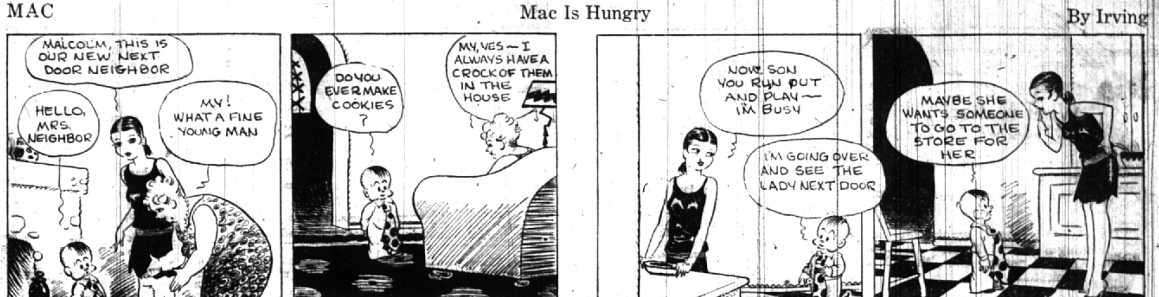
I'VE TRIED THAT! WAS TILL MID-NIGHT AND I'LL SHOW YOU A NEW TRICK—

WHAT IN THE WORLD IS THAT THING? IT LOOKS LIKE A RADIO MICROPHONE—

THAT'S JUST WHAT IT IS—AND I'M NOW GOING TO DO A LITTLE BROADCASTING

ETTA! SEND THAT SOFA PUP HOME! AND COME TO BED!!

MAC
Mac Is Hungry
By Irving



MALCOLM, THIS IS OUR NEW NEXT DOOR NEIGHBOR

HELLO, MRS. NEIGHBOR

MY! WHAT A FINE YOUNG MAN

DO YOU EVER MAKE COOKIES?

MY, YES—I ALWAYS HAVE A CROCK OF THEM IN THE HOUSE

NO, SON YOU RUN BUT AND PLAN— I'M BUSY

I'M GOING OVER AND SEE THE LADY NEXT DOOR

MAYBE SHE WANTS SOMEONE TO GO TO THE STORE FOR HER

HIGH PRESSURE PETE
Moral—Don't Be Polite to Cops
—By SWAN



I'M LATE FOR WORK—I GOTTA STEP ON IT!

HONEST, OFFICER—I DON'T KNOW I WAS GOING THAT FAST— I'M BACK— I'M LATE FOR WORK— I MIGHT GET FIRED— ETC. ETC. ETC.

BY THE WAY— HAVE YOU GOTTA KNIFE?

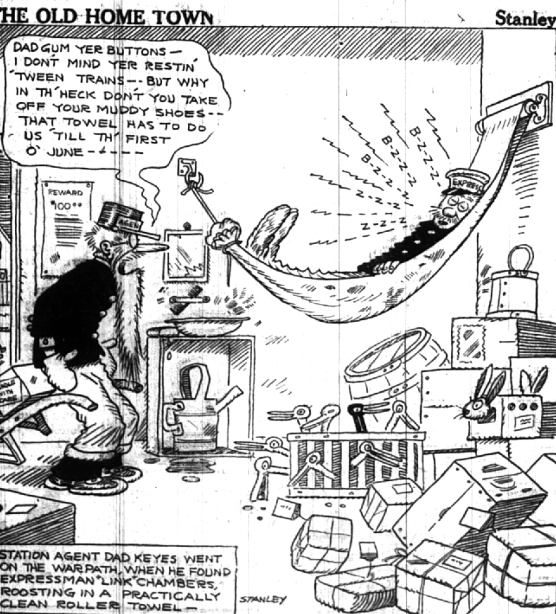
A KNIFE?

OH BOY— HE WANTS ME TO DO HIM A FAVOR— MAYBE IF I LET HIM TAKE IT, HE'LL LET ME GO

YAS, SURE, OFFICER— I GOTTA KNIFE— I'LL OPEN IT FOR YOU TO— HERE YARE

I WOULDN'T A BEEN ABLE TO WRITE OUT A TICKET FOR YOU OTHER WISE— BECAUSE MY PENCIL POINT WAS BROKE.

THE OLD HOME TOWN
Stanley



DAD GUM YER BUTTONS— I DONT MIND YER RESTIN TWEEN TRAINS— BUT WHY IN TH' HECK DONT YOU TAKE OFF YOUR MUDDY SHOES— THAT TOWEL HAS TO DO US TILL TH' FIRST O' JUNE—

STATION AGENT DAD KEYES WENT ON THE WABASH, WHEN HE FOUND EXPRESSMAN LINK CHAMBERS, ROOSTING IN A PRACTICALLY CLEAN ROLLER TOWEL.

The Great American Home



I THINK THAT OLD COAT WILL DO PERFECTLY FOR THIS SPRING YET— IT LOOKS CLASSY TO ME

OH— THERE IT GOES— WHAT'D TELL YOU IT WAS FALLING APART?

A LUCKY BREAK

you, dear, to go unarmed.—Toledo Blade.
Ignore Them
"Prisoner, the jury finds you guilty."
"That's all right, judge. I know you're too intelligent to be influenced by what they say."—The Concordian.
We Must Draw the Line
"My son, do you think that cheery girl is the sort you could bring home and introduce to me and your sisters?"
"Sure mother, but I'd hate to

Diner—Parafin.
Waiter—Then it must be tea—the coffee tastes like gasoline.—Pathfinder.
Familiar Touch
Outside the storm raged. The thunder rolled and the lightning flashed almost continuously. Presently, a bolt struck Mr. Jones and knocked him out of bed. He rose, yawned, rubbed his eyes and mumbled, "All right, dear, I'll get up."—Montreal Star.
Plenty of Time
Lady—I must go. I have to

meet my husband at five o'clock.
Hostess—It is now six o'clock.
Lady (sitting down again)—Ah, then I still have half an hour.—Die Lustige Kiste Leipzig.
Success
"On my first appearance here the people stormed the box of ice."
"And did they get their money back?"—Hummel, Hamburg.
Logical Reason
Angus (as opposing teams come together almost at the start of the first football game he has ever

seen)—What is it, mon? They find the penny they tossed up wi?—London Opinion.
Complete
"Dad, what part of 'speech is 'woman'?"
"Woman isn't a part of speech, son; she's all of it."—Chicago Tribune.
The Old Stone Jar
"Auntie, kin I have some strawberries and—"
"Percy—Have, have! And how many wheels has the jolly old thing?"—Huron.

Teacher: "Johnny, take this sentence: 'I led the cow from the pasture.' What mood?"
Johnny: "The cow, ma'am."—U. F. Magazine.
Cow English
Teacher: "Johnny, take this sentence: 'I led the cow from the pasture.' What mood?"
Johnny: "The cow, ma'am."—U. F. Magazine.
We'll Help You Guess
Algernon—"Fawney this, Percy, a chap here thinks a football coach has four wheels."
Percy—"Have, have! And how many wheels has the jolly old thing?"—Huron.