

JUST AMONG US GIRLS



ETTA KETT



Trouble Brewing

—By PAUL ROBINSON

MAC

The Big Drawback

—By MUNCH



Forlorn Figures
By CLIFFORD MCBRIDE



HIGH PRESSURE PETE

Sales Resistance

—By SWAN



"Telephone, Neighbor"



INCONVENIENT, isn't it, to leave your housework in the midst of some important bit of cleaning, in order to answer the telephone at your neighbor's. It is inconvenient for your neighbor, too. A telephone is a Comfort, and a Convenience—and it is a Safeguard in case of emergency. It costs less than many of our smaller luxuries and really is a necessity of modern living.

MICHIGAN BELL TELEPHONE CO.

THE OLD HOME TOWN

Stanley



Dinner Stories

Forget Something? The cashier of a small movie house was selling tickets at a pal looked on. A customer bought a quarter ticket, threw down a half-dollar and walked away, leaving his change. "Does that often happen?" asked the cashier's friend. "Very often," replied the ticket seller. "What do you do in a case like that?" "Oh," says the man in the wicket, "I always tap on the window." — The Pitchfork.

The Delighted Mrs. Dash Mrs. Dash wished to show kindness to Captain Blank, so sent him this invitation: "Mrs. Dash requests the pleasure of Captain Blank's company at a reception on Friday evening." A prompt reply came: "With the exception of three men, who, unfortunately, are suffering from measles, Captain Blank's company accepts your kind invitation, and will come with pleasure to your reception on Friday evening." — Fyr-Fyter News.

Not So Good A venerable Scot purchased a little radio set, and a few days later his friends asked him how he liked it. "Well, it's aw right to listen to," he replied, "but those bulbs are no use good to read by." — High Tension News.

"By Their Work" A group of professional men had gathered in the lobby of the Claypool Hotel, and proceeded to make themselves known to one another. "My name is Fortesque," one said, extending his hand. "I'm a painter—work in water colors chiefly." "Indeed," chimed in another. "I'm an artist, too. I work in bronze." "Well, this is fine," a third broke in. "I'm a sculptor—I work in stone." Then a quiet little fellow who

Customer: Can't you shave the price a bit? Clerk: "This is a store, not a barber shop."

A Reliable Tenant A Philadelphia man called up a bird store the other day and said: "Have 30,000 cockroaches sent up to me at once." "What in heaven's name do you want with 30,000 cockroaches?" "Well," replied the household

Speaker: "And what will the population of this city be within the next few years?" Double! Bridgefan (waking up): "Re-double!"

Footie: "You say that fellow Steele is a young blade?" Bone: "Well, he eat me out with Clarissa."

Grandma: "Did the cat eat the mouse you caught for her?" Little Arthur: "Yes, Granny, she ate all but the stem."



THE LAST STRAW