

JUST AMONG US GIRLS



Life's Little Laughs

Ask Mrs. Donetti. The teacher was talking about the dolphin and its habits. "And children," she said, impressively, "just think! A single dolphin will have two thousand baby dolphins!" "Goodness!" exclaimed the little girl at the foot of the class, "and how many do the married ones have?" —Montreal Star.

And Small Fay. It is Chivers. "I take a cold shower every morning." Williams. "Why, brag about it?" —Judge.

There's Still Time. "Why are you so sure there is no life on Mars?" "Well, for one thing, they have never asked the United States for a loan." —Washington Star.

And Should Be Pressed. Judge. "And the plaintiff is suing for damages on two pairs of trousers?" Lawyer. "Yes, your honor, this is a two-pants suit." —St-U-Mah.

It'll Take Urging, Too. In London recently a baby gave the alarm for fire and roused the occupants. A campaign is to be launched urging every household to install one of these useful little gadgets. —London Opinion.

I Should Care? A fat woman, elbowed her way through the crowd, jabbing first one person and then another. Finally she gave one near-by man an unusually hard thump, and asked "I say, does it make any difference which car I take to Mount Royal Cemetery?" "Not to me, madam," was the reply. —Montreal Star.

Filling Station Blues. This one comes for water. That one comes for air. This one wants directions. I'm no millionaire!

That one wants the restroom. This one wants a stamp. That one seeks a pleasant spot where he can camp.

All the local idlers Decorate my stools; All the local grafters Utilize my tools.

Many cars go speeding O'er the road like zips. Maybe some day someone Will drive in for gas!

Woman: "Officer! The man in that flivver has been trailing me for a long way. I think he's either drunk or crazy." Officer (looking her over): "Yes, I think he must be."

Now, With a Brass Rail— A Yankee sportsman stopped at the hot noontide outside a crofter's cottage in the Highlands, and requested a glass of milk. The hospitable Highlander, added a dash of whisky to the glass. The American drank with increasing satisfaction. When he had "finished he said: "Say, friend, one thousand dollars for that cow!" —Humorist.



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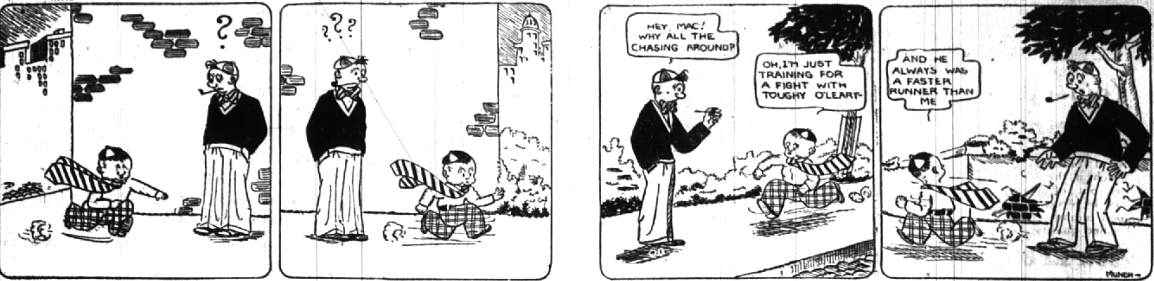
The Happy Ending

By PAUL ROBINSON

MAC

His Only Chance

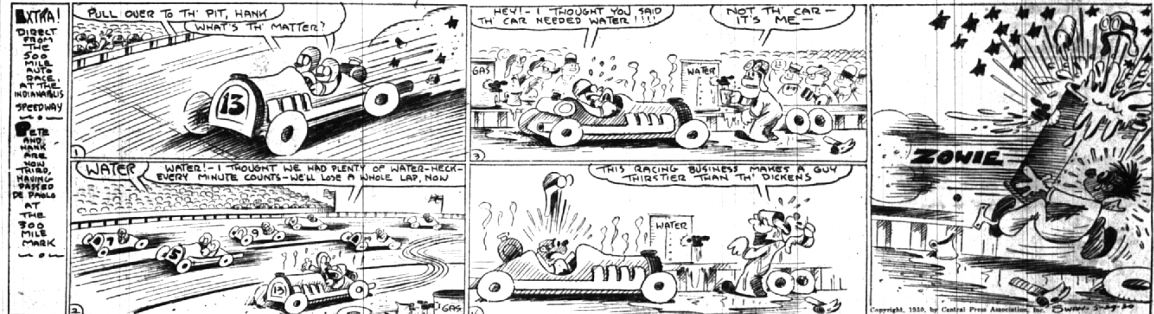
By MUNCH



HIGH PRESSURE PETE

What Else Could You Expect From Pete

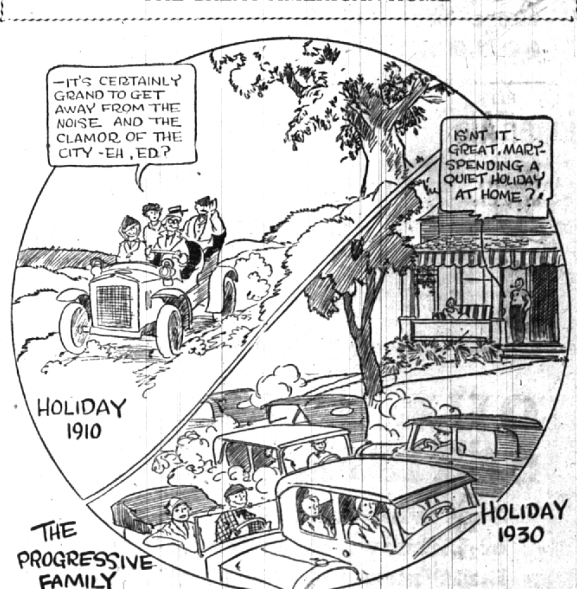
By SWAN



THE OLD HOME TOWN

Stanley

THE GREAT AMERICAN HOME



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Nothing Original. Two garage mechanics were discussing their jobs. "You mean to tell me you work till six o'clock every night? Why I wouldn't think of doing that." "I wouldn't, either; it was the boss's idea."

Frank and Eustace. "Now, be honest with me, you never would have thought this car of mine was one I bought second-hand, would you?" "I certainly wouldn't. Frankly, I thought it was one you had made yourself."

Ad in Youngstown, O., paper: "H— coach, early 1927, good paint and tires; will give plenty of trouble; free mileage."

Anything But Drugs. Customer (in up-to-date drug store): "I want to buy a Rocky Ford—how much are they?" Registered Pharmacist: "Which do you mean—the cigar, the cat-

teloupe or the flivver? We have them all."

When a locomotive whistles for a grade crossing—that's a good time to believe all you hear.

"Anyone ever comment on the way you drive?" "Yes, one man said briefly: "Twenty dollars and costs."

Try, Try Again. "Say, there's one guy in this burg who persists in dodging across the street just in front of my car and then, when he reaches the sidewalk, he turns and looks a hole through me."

"Puts on an injured look, I suppose."

"Not yet, but he will soon if I have any luck."

Traffic at the busy corner was tied-up in what seemed a hopeless knot. Three hundred impatient motor horns blended with the twit-twets of the cop's whistle and confusion was worse confounded. At length the big sergeant arrived to untangle the mess, and as the stream began to flow again he turned to the officer on duty and asked:

"What in Sam Hill caused all this, anyway?"

"One of them women drivers, Sarge. The dumbbell signaled as if she wanted to turn to the right and, then, danged if she didn't actually turn that way!"

Not to Mention a Tail-Light. The Traffic Court judge was trying to reconstruct the scene of an accident in which a motorist had run down a sweet young pedestrian.

"Now, Miss DeMure," he began, "will you tell the court just where you were hit?"

The young lady blushed, then modestly replied:

"Well, your honor, if I'd been wearing a license tag, it would have been badly bent!"

Two small boys returning to their schoolroom after recess showed evidence of having been crying.

Teacher: "Percy, why are you crying?"

Percy: "Harold kicked me in the stomach."

Harold: "Now, I didn't, but he turned around just as I kicked."