

Mrs. Molla Propp

"Make sure,"
said Mrs. Molla Propp,
"that the gasoline flows freely
through the distributor."

I DO love antiques, although Henry detests them. So it seems that every time I pick up something rare and cracked and old, Henry has to console himself by buying something that can be used. He's so practical, you know, so unromantic!

Yesterday, when we passed an old farmstead I saw a pair of lovely old kerseens lamps, didn't Henry have to buy himself a smoking stand and also a glass humidifier?

I drove and had my lamps in the seat beside me and Henry sat in the rear with his precious articles. It was raining, my dear, and you know how slickery the streets get.

And Henry was a regular back seat driver and you know there is nothing fluffier one like back seat driving. I'm glad that I am not that way.

"Go this way," "Now turn right and for heck's sake be care-

ful on these streets," he would say, and sure enough I WOULD skid this way and that a little. I tried to keep my temper but when Henry leaned over my shoulder to help me drive, it was too much. I stepped on the car and the car just jumped and Henry fell back into the seat right on top of his humidifier and smashed it all up.

He was wild, my dear, and his baggage was terrible, but it was his own fault, and when we got home he got right out of the car never stopping to help me with my lamps, and he had no more than put his foot outside when he slipped and his head broke his smoking stand, while I followed with my two frail lamps as safe as could be.

Well, as I was saying, I am glad I am not one of those back-seat drivers. They always get into trouble don't they, my dear?

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ETTA KEIT

Had To Get Rid Of It Somehow!

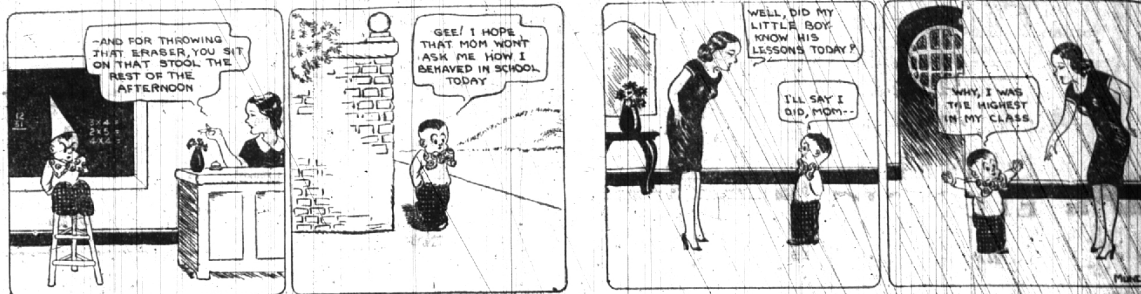
By PAUL ROBINSON



MAC

In Front Of The Class (Also

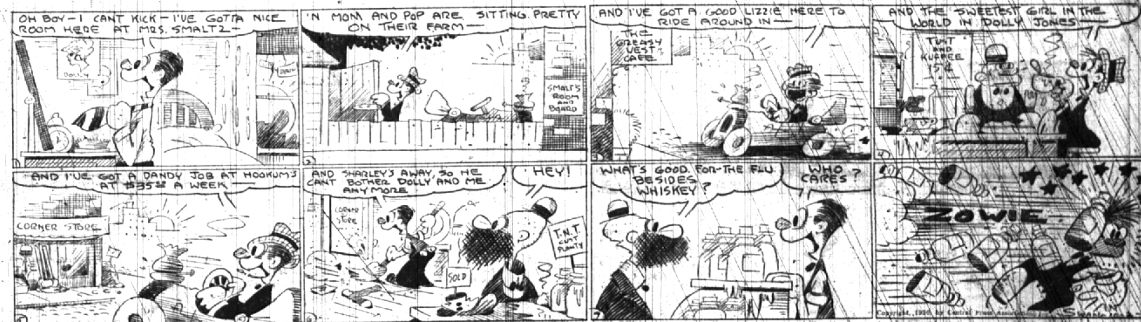
By MUNCH



HIGH PRESSURE PETE

The End Of A Perfect Day

By SWAN



Life's Little Laughs

Cash for Carrie
The wife was going through her husband's pockets.
"Hey, sugar!" he cried, "that belongs to me."
"It won't belong now," she answered. —Optimist.

See and Hear
"Do you think there's music in the stars?"
"I don't know about that, but I know of the sun causing a hell of a deal." —Portland Express.

Boah!
Woman (to tramp): "Go away, or I'll call my husband."
Tramp: "Oh, I know 'im." "E's the little fellow wot told me to go away yesterday or 'e call 'is wife." —The Sentinel.

To Show Real Independence
She: "I bobbed my hair to show my independence."
He: "What did you bob your skirt for?" —R. K. Magazine.

Now That Doesn't Help Any
Motorist (changing tire): "Oh, Muscle Shoals!"
Passerby: "Why? Muscle Shoals?"
Motorist: "It's the biggest dam I know of." —Southern News Bulletin.

And Watched the Clock
"Late again. Have you ever done anything on time?"
"Yes, I bought a car."

Come, Come!
First Bridge Fiend: "Why do you answer Congressional Record every time your wife orders an outfit?"
Second: "Ah-h. It's the only

way I can safely say "nonsense." —Brooklyn Eagle.

Henry Back
"You are in poor condition," said the doctor. "What sort of a question did you get?"
"Two weeks."
"—Louisville Courier Journal.

Well, Which Is Nicer
Mary: "She let that fool kiss her."
Marie: "But worse still, she let that kiss fool her."

Save The Surface
Piggly: "Is my face dirty, or is it my imagination?"
Wiggy: "Your face isn't. I don't know about your imagination." —Western Christian Advocate.

The Spirit Counts
"She sang that song in a wonderfully haunting manner."
"Do you think so?"
"Yes, there was just the ghost of a resemblance to the original air!" —Public Opinion.

All Normal
"Your wife has been delirious all day," said the nurse, in a worried tone, "talking for you and crying for money."
"Hah! snorted the husband. "Delirious, hell!"

Heavy On The Sugar Please
Diner (who has ordered tea): "What do you call that stuff anyway—tea or coffee?"
Waiter: "What doesn't it taste like?" —Paraffin.
Waiter: "Then it must be tea—"

THE OLD HOME TOWN

Registered U. S. Patent Office

Stanley



EVERY TIME THAT BUGGY WHIP SALESMAN FROM ST. LOUIS COMES TO TOWN DAD FOSTER GIVES A REAL DEMONSTRATION OF HOW HE WON THE SILVER CUP AT THE HOOTSTOWN RACES IN 1898

the coffee tastes like gasoline.— said Sambo; "and if I ever get back there again, I'll never be from there, no mo', boss."

And Not A Millionaire
Beggars: "Today is my copper jubilee."
"What do you mean?"
"I have been begging twenty-five years today." —Moustique.

Nostalgia, That's Mah Name
Sambo, who had several week's hard life on a French battleship, was asked by an officer: "Where you from Sambo?"
"Foe from 'Alabama, boss."

Too Much Cry, Too
It was the first time a Chinese boy had seen a piano, and he tried to describe it to a friend in pidgin English. "Them box," he said. "You fight him in teeth. He cry."

Oldest Living Undergraduate
They were discussing the education of their children. "What's your boy going to be when he finishes at Yale?" asked one.
"An octogenarian, I fear."

Sing, Brothers, Sing
"The rapidly increasing divorce rate," remarked the wit, "indicates that America is indeed becoming the land of the free."
"Yes," replied the prosaic friend, "but the continued marriage rate suggests that it is still the home of the brave." —Eppworth Herald.

—And The Berry
I have brought you roses, love, On my bended knees, All the pretty posies, love, Off the pretty trees.

Love,
Silks and jewels fine; Poems training you, love, In dactylic rhyme. I have brought you love, love, What get I for this love? What's that you say? The Bird! —London Opinion

Learned from the head of the state
Mrs. Smythe, raised in a nursing home, was asked by a friend to be a member of the Bridge Club to be silent.

"Thank," she said solemnly, "children are going to deliver a good-night's message. I also gives me a feeling of reverence hear them." —Listen!

"Thank," she said solemnly, "I shall sleep." —Willie follows her to bed.

THE GREAT AMERICAN HOME



LEARNING FAST



The nearest car was arrested for speeding thru the shopping district. Maybe he was afraid his wife would look in the store windows!