

Mrs. Molla Propp

"I waved my arms,"
said Mrs. Molla Propp,
"like one of those railway sophomores."

THIS morning when I took Henry downtown I had the most embarrassing experience, my dear.

There I was, at the busiest corner and an officer was over to one side giving us the red and green lights. Just as I was crossing, the red light turned on and then I didn't know whether to go on or stay. So I stayed right in the middle of the traffic, too, and cars were honking behind me and on all sides. Seems to me they MIGHT have waited until I got through.

I must have been flustered, but I tried to keep my head cool and to help the officer out of the jam that he caused by turning on a red light right in front of me. So I started mouthing to the cars to go this way and that and the more I mouthed the worse the mess got. But I did my best.

I leaned WAY out and waved my arms pointing in different directions. And the horns blew and a man in a coal truck said the awfulest things.

Then the officer came crawling over cars and things to where I was. He didn't seem the least bit appreciative of what I was trying to do, in fact he was all purple in the face.

"Listen, lady," he yelled at me although goodness knows one doesn't need to yell like that. "If you don't get that CAN (imagine) out of here I'll give you a ticket. Who do you think you are anyway—one of those railway SOPHOMORE things?"

That, my dear, made me good and mad and I just shouted right back. "No, I'm not a sophomore, but I think you're a freshman, which I still think was clever."

Life's Little Laughs

Oh, Boy, Some Fun!
"How's Abel Sasse getting on with that school teacher he's calling on now?"
"Well, every time he goes to see her she keeps him an hour longer for being naughty." Pathfinder.

An Expensive One?
She—Spent my vacation in the mountains.
He—Really, did you have a guide?
She—Well, my conscience. Barder Cities Star.

Breakages, Ltd.
"Dear," he whispered as they were seated together on the sofa.
"I am going to ask you an important question and I want you to take your time about answering. Will you marry me?"
"But why should I hesitate, George dear?" the fair one responded leaning towards him.
"So I'll have time to shift these cigars in my pocket," he joyfully explained.—Portland Express.

The Customer is Always Right
The Hollywood star was trying to sign up for a marriage license and wore a distinct frown.
"Look here," he said to the clerk, "this is the fifth or sixth time I've asked you get a decent pen."—Brooklyn Eagle.

No Mistake Rectified
"You boys of today want too much money. Do you know what I was getting when I married your aunt?"
"No, and I'll bet you didn't, either."

Stand By To Come About
"And how is your husband getting on with his reducing exercises, Mrs. Nequids?"
"You'd be surprised—that battleship 'e ad tattooed on 'is chest is now only a rowing boat!" Smith's Weekly.

Hearts Excepted
"Don't go. You are leaving me entirely without reason."
"I always leave things as I find them."—Merthy Express.

Economy Wave Noted
"What are you thinkin' of doin' with your boy, Joe?"
"Well, I thought of trying to get him into the police."
"The police? Why?"
"Well, they're sure to 'ave 'im one way or another."—Cambridge Chronicle.

Any Reply
Smith—Have you ever been in

ETTA KETT



The Lucky Number!

By PAUL ROBINSON

MAC



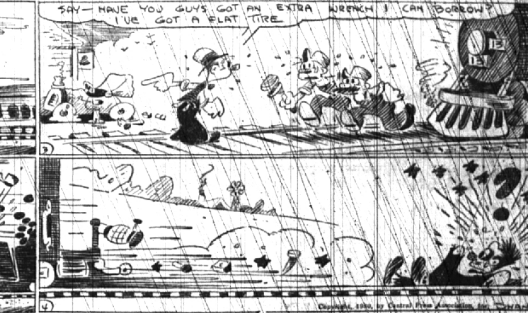
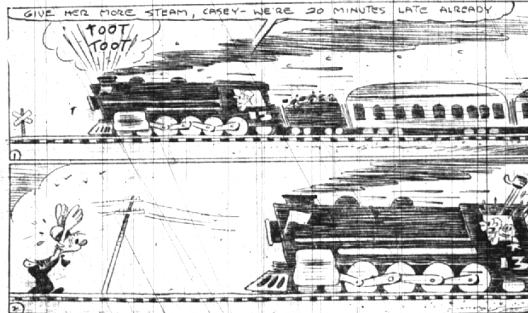
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a railway accident?
Jones—Yes, once when I was in a train and we went through a tunnel I kissed the father instead of the daughter.—Belfast News-Letter.

And What Damage!
A man was praising his wife, as all men ought to do on proper occasions. She was wamanly a woman as ever was," he said. "But she can hammer nails like lightning."
"That's remarkable," said a

listener.
"Yes, sir," said the first speaker. "You know lightning never strikes twice in the same place."—Montreal Star.

What Says, Mr. Krutch?
"There's a lot of lame verse in this book."
"Well, what do you expect in limpleather?"—Brooklyn Eagle.

They Wear Out So!
Mrs. Fryer—I think a woman can get anything she wants out of a man if she handles him right.
Mrs. Gray—Yes, but who wants to handle a man as rough as that, my dear!—New Bedford Standard.

What I Learned In The Boy Scouts
"What's all the row over at Badman Slonk's place?"
"One of the kids swallowed the coke-cakes."
"Goodness, what are they doing about it?"
"Aw, they're tryin' to dig the coke out with the icpick!"

Army and Navy Journal.

Office Equipment
Beggar—Can you spare me a pair of very old shoes?
Lady—But you are wearing quite good ones.
Beggar—I know, Ma'am, and they are ruining my business.

Just A Back Number
"Willie," said the Sunday school teacher severely, "you shouldn't talk like that to your playmate. Had you ever thought of hearing deals of fire on his face because he had worn a pretty badly damaged hat?"
"Gee! No, ma'am, I hadn't, but it's a peach of an idea."—Savits Fe Magazine.

Just A Back Number
"Just where did the automobile my cellar.—Splinters."