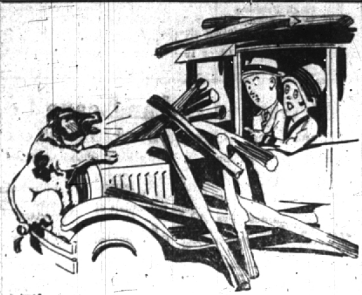


### Mrs. Molla Propp



"Then,"  
said MRS. MOLLA PROPP,  
"Henry put a new gear ratio on the engine."

DRIVING through rail fences and things, my dear, is so very upsetting. For once I took Henry for a ride, and the saying goes, and to grace the occasion, I put posies in the glass bowl that hangs to one side and wore my best hat.

Henry never noticed the posies nor my new hat. Men are THAT way, and I was waiting for him to say something, but instead of even asking where I got the hat and how much I paid, Henry twiddled his thumbs a bit, and went to sleep.

Was I mad? Anyway, the road was one of those smooth roads built by McAdam. I think that's his name. And I got to

looking this way and that, and then I looked into the mirror that you look into to see if any officers were chasing you. Well, there we were, sitting out in somebody's pasture with fourteen rods of rail fence wrapped around the car. It all happened so suddenly that after we stopped I was still looking into the mirror and wondering if my hat was so straight. It wasn't, my dear. It was hanging over one ear, and Henry hit the ceiling and let out a yell you could hear a mile and a half away, and he was DEAD.

"Well," I said to Henry, "That's what you get for going to sleep!"

### Life's Little Laughs

**With Gestures**  
Jones (at 2 A. M.): I shay, offshyer, is thish Blank street?  
Policeman: Yes.  
Jones: Whh youy—hic—direct me t' 411. Goin' t' tend a lecture there.  
Policeman: Who's givin' a lecture at this hour?  
Jones: My wife, offshyer.—Humorist.

**Just One Hoaker**  
"What do you mean by bated breath?"  
"That's what you fish with."—Louisville Courier Journal.

**Pretty Small Discount**  
A celebrated violinist was invited to play his fiddle at one of those affairs over on Park avenue.  
"How much would you want?" the hostess asked him.  
"Five hundred dollars is my price," he replied stiffly.  
"Of course you understand that you will not mingle with the guests."  
"Oh, in that case I'll do it for four hundred."—Illinois Central.

**We'll Straighten This Out**  
Mother was trying hard to arrange a match between her

daughter and the wealthy young landowner.  
"Beatrice," she said to her daughter, "if Harold asks you be his wife I tell him that you speak to me."  
"Well, nobody can accuse you of giving short weight."—Kennebec Journal.

**All in the Ton of Voice**  
Henry Wife—Don't misunderstand me, my dear, I weigh my words before I speak.  
Henry Hubby (scale inspector)—Well, nobody can accuse you of giving short weight.—Kennebec Journal.

**This Must Be Old**  
Horace Greeley, who always insisted that the word "news" was plural, once wired to a reporter: "Are there any news?"  
The reply came by wire: "No news."

**Slow Down, My Friend**  
Tourist—I should think you would find life here very dreary.  
"Villager—Dreary?" I can assure you this is a pretty lively place for its size.  
Tourist—I shouldn't suppose

### ETTA KETT

### Nothing Slow To Her!

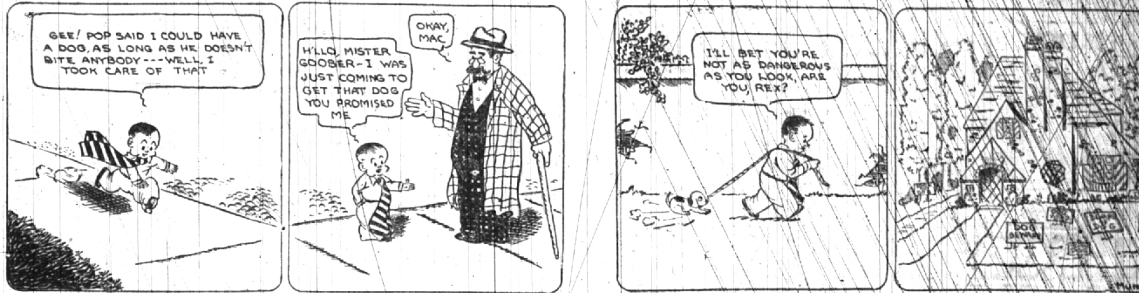
By PAUL ROBINSON



### MAC

### Mac Plays Safe

By MUNCO



### HIGH PRESSURE PETE

### Al Ain't Gonna Get Soaked

By SWAN



### THE GREAT AMERICAN HOME

### THE OLD HOME TOWN

Stanley



WATCH YOUR OLD MAN. I'LL SHOW YA HOW I USED TO DO IT! JIM THORPE HAD NOTHING ON ME!

WELL, I HAVE SOMETHING ON YOU! HOW ABOUT THE TIME YOU BROKE MY FAVORITE LAMP WITH THAT BALL? NOW ALL OF YOU HOME-WRECKERS GET OUT IN THE BACK YARD!

FIRST DOWN AND THREE TO GO



DO YOU MEAN TO SAY THAT PIECE I WROTE FOR THE PAPER, ABOUT A MYSTERY PLANE HOVERING OVER THE TOWN, AND DROPPING THIS WRENCH ON MAIN STREET, BARELY MISSING TWO CITIZENS IS ... IS ... IS NOT TRUE ... AHH ...

YES I MEAN TO SAY THAT WRENCH WAS ON MY BENCH FIVE MINUTES BEFORE THAT PLANE WENT OVER THE TOWN AND I KNOW THE JOKER WHO TOSSED THAT WRENCH OUT ON THE STREET ... AND YOU FELL FOR THE JOKE!

THE LOCAL JOKERS AROUND PUTTERMAN'S GARAGE TRIPPED UP THE EDITOR OF THE WEEKLY CLARION'S BIG AIRPLANE STORY LATE TODAY.

## MICHIGAN BELL TELEPHONE CO.

Long Distance Rates are Surprisingly Low

FOR INSTANCE:

for **\$1.25**  
or less, between 4:30 a. m. and 7:00 p. m.—

You can call the following points and talk for THREE MINUTES for the rates shown. Rates to other points are proportionately low.

- |                             |        |
|-----------------------------|--------|
| Day Station-to-Station Rate |        |
| Chicago, Ill.               | \$1.15 |
| Buffalo, N. Y.              | 1.10   |
| Harbor Springs, Mich.       | 1.25   |
| Alpena, Mich.               | 1.05   |
| Traverse City, Mich.        | 1.15   |
| Benton Harbor, Mich.        | 1.05   |

The rates quoted are Station-to-Station Day rates, effective 4:30 a. m. to 7:00 p. m. Evening Station-to-Station rates are effective 7:00 p. m. to 8:30 p. m., and Night Station-to-Station rates, 8:30 p. m. to 4:30 a. m.

For fastest service, give the operator the telephone number of the person you are calling, which can be obtained from "Information"

anything ever happened here.  
Villager—That's where you've mistaken. Why, it's not a month since we had an eclipse of the sun.—Fifth Corps News.

**A Reasonable Question**  
She came into the police station with a photograph in her hand.  
"My husband has disappeared," said she. "This is his photo," and she handed it to the inspector.  
"I want him found at once,"

she added.  
The inspector looked up from the photograph.  
"Why?" he asked.—Ga. Tech. Yellow Jacket.

**Statercraft**  
It is to be noted that the treasury waited until Congress was about to adjourn before announcing there is a \$200,000,000 surplus.—Wichita Eagle.

**No Wonder**  
Numismatists are puzzled over

a coin that is perfectly smooth and plain on both sides. They can't make heads nor tails of it.—Arkansas Gazette.

**Nature's Way**  
It is possible for a bald headed man to be a failure although he has come out on top.—Louisville Times.

"Your hair needs cutting badly, sir," said the barber.  
"No, it doesn't," retorted the student. "It needs to be cut

nice. You cut it badly last time."—Powerfax.

**He Has**  
Granting that a king can do no wrong, it must be admitted that King Carol has been right a great many times in a very peculiar way.—Detroit News.

**Just Like Home**  
Guide: "This, sir, is the leaning tower of Pisa."  
American Tourist: "Pisa? Let

me think. No, that does not sound like the contractor's name who built my garage, but it looks like his work."—High Tension News.

**In Bed?**  
Two Chicago policemen, now dead natural deaths, they were shot.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

All Falls—You know Pat, a little rain, now would be the country an awful lot of good.  
Patrick—It may well be that,

over. An hour or so now do more good in five minutes than a month of it would do. It is his work."—High Tension News.

**Collision Scares**  
"Which would you rather have, a job, an explosion or a collision?"  
"A collision!"

"But why?" asked Tom.  
"Because, in a collision, you get a job, an explosion, and a Washington Star."