

Mrs. Molla Propp



"A car" said MRS. MOLLA PROPP, "needs only one crank and that belongs in the tool box."

AS LUCK would have it, Henry didn't have to walk very far and naturally we were glad to get any gas we could, even if it looked and smelled like kerosene. For when one is stuck with an empty tank steam miles from nowhere, one can't be too choosy. I drove and Henry was sitting beside me anchoring to himself. "That's a gas time," he said, "when you don't get your own brand. I've always told you that gas is gas and here's a chance to prove it. After all, it takes a mechanic like ME to keep a car moving." "That's true," he said, "but Henry's mechanic didn't sit so well. Up the first hill the car said 'plop-plop' and Henry said that the alternator was too far advanced . . . or maybe he said it

was the hoodlum. Anyway, he'll fix it when we get to the top. But I kept saying it was the gas. Well, it got worse and worse and Henry said something crude about taking the front bumper off and putting it in the rear, because he said there was no danger of us ever running over anything at the rate we were going, but there MIGHT be danger of a cow walking up behind us and biting us. He can be like that! Pretty soon we came to a regular station and you should have seen the difference. The car ran so fast that I couldn't make a turn and he knocked down three fence posts. "Now where do you think we need a bumper?" I asked. And Henry didn't have a word to say.

Copyright, 1929—John Jones.

Life's Little Laughs

The Darlings
Two married men who had not met each other for some time, happened to meet in a dining establishment.
"Hello, George," said one. "My word, you have changed; what's making you look so old?"
"Trying to keep young?" was the reply.
"Trying to keep young?" echoed the other.
"Yes—eleven of 'em" was the funny response.—Border Cities Star.

"I have been taking things from all your lives. The Ten Commandments, for instance."
"Well, yes," said the other, "we took them from you all right, but you can't say we've kept them."—Punch.

A Simple Case of Jealousy
"Why have you come to prison?"
"Competition brought me here."
"Competition?"
"Yes. I made the same sort of bank notes as the government."

Tired
"What be 'e thinkin' of, Annie?"
"Nuthin' much, Reuben."
"Why don't 'e think 'bout me?"
"I 'fere Reuben."—Tit-bits.

Time To Redeemate
"Tramp—Can you spare me a pair of very old shoes?"
"Lady—But those you had on look like new."
"Yes, I know, ma'am, and that's what's ruining my business."—Masonic Craftsman.

Am But The Prestigle!
"Why don't you buy a bicycle, Pat?" said his neighbor. "You would find it useful in going back and forth to your work."
"Fahks," said Pat. "I'd as soon walk 'bout as ride 'bout."—Ezra change.

Song For a Doll Minute
I pickaninny
Looks just like his poppy;
Don't you know what to call him
"Less He's Carbon Copy."
—Central of Georgia Magazine.

Clemency Recommended
A Jew and an Englishman were having an argument about the merits of their respective races.
"You people," said the Jew,

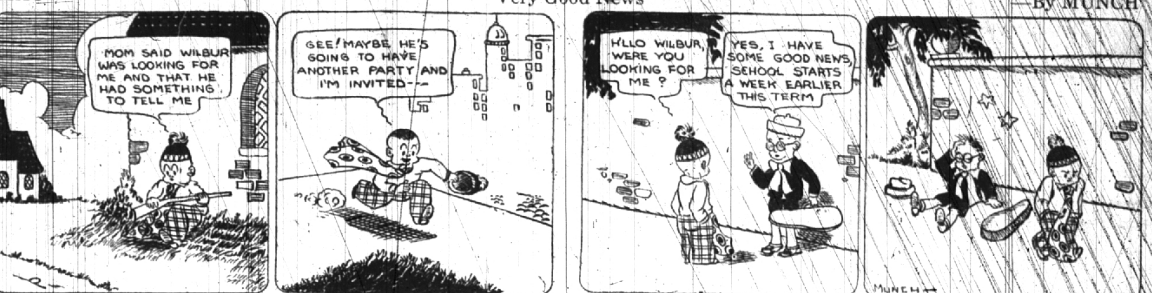
ETTA KETT



And It Was So Easy!

By PAUL ROBINSON

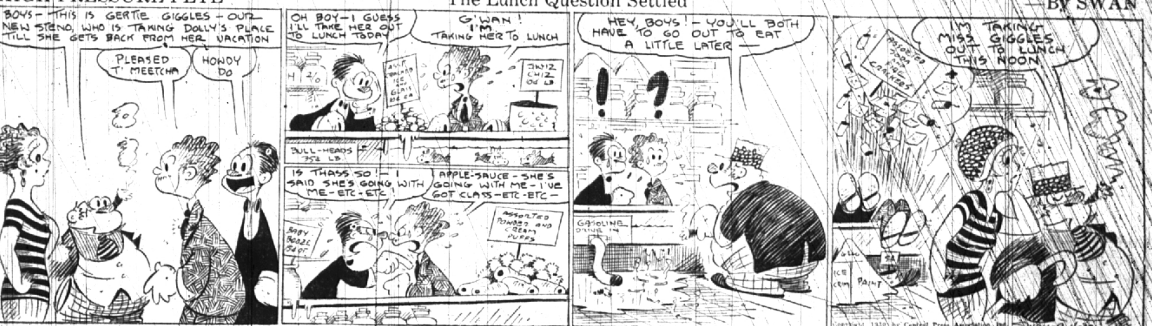
MAC



Very Good News

By MUNCH

HIGH PRESSURE PETE



The Lunch Question Settled

By SWAN

THE GREAT AMERICAN HOME



NO KICKS COMING

She's-Probably Seen It
"You can criticize my girl if you want to, but anyways she doesn't spend hours gazing in her mirror the way your girl does."
"Shucks, your girl doesn't dare to."
"—Boys' Life.

Oh, Dear! Oh, Dear!
Humpty Dumpty rode in a neat little device called a rumble seat. All the king's horses and all the king's men—
"One More Liar"
"So you were in the hospital three months? Must have been pretty sick!"
"No; pretty hurt."

'And Early To Bed'
"What time do you get up in summer?"
"As soon as the first ray of the sun comes in at my window."
"Isn't that rather early?"
"No, my room faces west."
—Loughborough Herald.

Pauline: "Don't you love an evening like this?"
"Paul: "You bet, but I generally wait until we get a little farther in the country."—Ferguson, Cross Section.

Turn On The Heat
First Chorus Girl—And here's such a serious-minded boy. Always telling me to put something away for a rainy day."
Second C. G.—Well, aren't you saving his letters.—Exchange.

Phew, That's Bad!
Moron—Your spelling is atrocious. Why don't you look up the words in the dictionary?"
Robot—I can't spell well enough to find them.—Pathfinder.

Prof. (to young man calling on his daughter): "What shall we have a concerto or a sonata?"
Her Weakness: "No, thanks. I'll take mine straight, please."

THE OLD HOME TOWN

Stanley



Another Sale Based
"Do you know," said the successful shopkeeper pompously, "that I started life as a hardfoot boy."
"Well," said the new assistant, "I wasn't born with boots on neither."—Nottingham News.

The man who says "I run things at my home," usually refers to the lawn mower, washing machine, vacuum sweeper, and errands—Ferguson, Cross Section.

Irate Father (discovering his daughter on young man's lips): "Myra! What does this mean?"
Daughter: "Come back in about fifteen minutes, Dad. I bought to know by then."—Typo Graphic.

Right
"Economics Professor: "Name some production in which the supply exceeds the demand."
Student: "Trouble." — High Tension News.

Sauce For the Goose
Man (to neighbor): "I wish you would sell that dog. Yesterday my daughter had to stop her singing lesson because your dog was whining all the time."
Neighbor: "I'm sorry, but your daughter began it." — Nottingham News.

Building Materialist
Little Albert came home from school with a new book under his arm. "It's a prize," Albert said. "A prize? What for, dear?"
"For natural history. Teacher asked me how many legs an octopus had and I said three." "But an octopus has two legs." "I know that now, mother, but the rest of the class said four so I was weak." — Boston Transcript.

She Transacts
"Does your wife keep up with the news of the day?"
"She puts do twice a year when she puts fresh newspapers on the pantry shelves." — Louisville Courier Journal.

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