

Mrs. Molla Propp



"And so," said MRS. MOLLA PROPP, "the choke didn't need timing after all."

"THERE WAS dinner all ready and I called out the door: 'Henry!' But no Henry. Then I shouted louder, 'Henry!' But no more Henry than the first time. Well, I looked around and I thought I heard a noise in the garage. And there was Henry under my car... My car, mind you... saying the awfulest things and hanging away at something. 'What in the world are you trying to do?' I asked 'Oh,' he said rather lightly and in THAT suspicious way, 'I'm just trying to fix the fan a bit. 'Funny,' I said — and you know how sarcastic I CAN be — 'I always thought the fan was up in front by the differential and not back there by the tank!' I almost fancied I could see

Henry blush under his grimace. I just kept after him and finally the truth came out. Henry would believe it was trying to drain some of the gas from my car because his car was out of gas and George was going with him and all he needed was enough to last him to the nearest station. 'I just told him he could get towed for all of me, but finally let him have a gallon or so. I made him promise, though, to keep a can in the garage for himself in case his condenser runs dry again. And he was so tickled that he drove east on a west-bound street and before I knew it, there was the police station calling me up asking me to come over and pay his fine for him. Oh, that man!

Life's Little Laughs

**Not With a Razor**  
 Barber—Your head is sadly in need of a shampoo, sir.  
 Hardware dealer—Yes, and your face needs painting, but don't nag you about it.—Arcadian Bulletin.

**Excuse Me**  
 She (at athletic meet)—Where's your anger, farmers?  
 He (deflated)—Why — what angry farmers?  
 "Didn't you say we would see where's your angry men?—Brooklyn Eagle.

**Lovely Woman, Lovely**  
 He—I spotted you bathing this morning with your rubber hippopotamus.  
 She—Pardon me, but that was my mother.—Humorist.

**Hum!**  
 The visitor going round the penal establishment, came upon a

celebrated convict making racks.  
 "Good afternoon," said the visitor, "Sewing."  
 "No," was the reply. "Repair my pants."  
 —Punch.

**Oh Whoopee!**  
 He—If your father catches us sloping tonight I wonder what he'll say to your mother?  
 She—He'll probably say "Oh, Be—Exchange."

**Aw, Whilkens!**  
 "That fellow was an impudent fraud. How did he manage to sell me a pair of pants?"  
 "Oh, he told me such a satirical tale about his poor wife who is a widow with six little children." —Pathfinder.

**Give Us A Hint, Old Pal**  
 "See you have a wonderful understanding with your wife?"  
 "Yeah. I'll say it's wonderful. She understands that I make \$25



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An irresistible group of new Spring styles—individual as to character and immeasurably smart, as to style, color and trimming. Contrast forms the keynote, and each pump, strap and tie is a dramatic accent to the new mode.

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WILLIAMS BOOT SHOP  
 115 West Maple

ETTA KETT



HIGH PRESSURE PETE



ROOM AND BOARD



a week while I really make \$90!—Brooklyn Eagle.

**There's Always the Weather**  
 "Everybody makes mistakes in their life," said the man who leads people, "especially the bride." "That I will at least admit that it is unaccountably," Washington Star.

**More Original Information**  
 The weather has not been able to clean the lands.  
 Lincoln says a pig in a mud-hole. He had on a new suit.  
 The Eskimo likes his dessert of ice and snow.  
 I am going to slip on my vacation.  
 Frederick the Great and Louis XV. visited in a suit to ride Africa.  
 In 1452 the Ottoman Turks captured Constantinople.  
 —From N. H. 25 A Bulletin, Oct. 1930.

**Making Time Fly**  
 "I hear the men are striking."  
 —What for?  
 "Shorter hours."  
 "Lack of sleep."  
 "I always did think sixty minutes was too long for an hour."—Indiana Business.

**Oh, See the Pretty Stars**  
 "Shaw—How's business with you, old man?"  
 "Phaw—'Oh, lookin' up.'"  
 "Kaw—Lack of sleep?"  
 "Phaw—What do you mean, lookin' up?"  
 "Phaw—Well, it's flat on its back, isn't it?"—Pathfinder.

**Change, Please**  
 A minister married a young woman.  
 "How much?" said the groom.  
 "Whatever you think it's worth," said the minister.  
 The man hesitated, fumbled, then handed him fifty cents. The minister was a good sport. He

The Futurist



No Brains Necessary



McClure



London, hesitated, then wanted out twenty cents in change.—Spencer.

**Nothing Like the Truth**  
 Some folks are always kissing. "What things are going wrong here, cannot take a licking. With a little of it, some." Some folks are always howling. "When some one reads their mind and while I'm on the subject, I act that way myself."—Brooklyn Eagle.

**Swappy Days Are Here Again**  
 "Where are you going, my dear?"  
 "The store to buy kind and cheap."  
 "What will do you go there today to work?"  
 "I'll swap the presents I got last week." —Portland Express.

**Did She Come Back**  
 "How does Johnny have you from fighting again?"  
 "No, only we moved yesterday and I nudged the cat."—Passing Show.

**It's Very Often The Result**  
 "If you had a little more spirit you would stand better in your classes. Do you know what I mean?"  
 "Yes, the past tense of spunk!"  
 —Merrill Star.

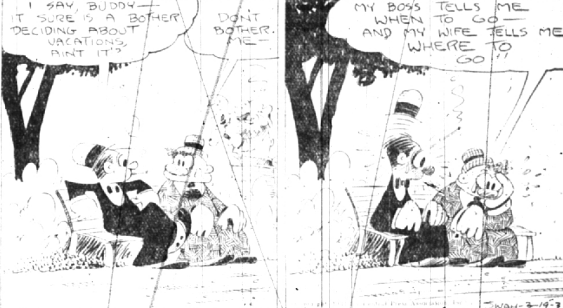
**Parental Drag**  
 "A son of the girl and her friend the spider."  
 "A voice came from the stands. 'You had old bean. I observe you have.' Your father on your hands."—Merrill Star.

**A Rank Growth**  
 Magistrate (in English court): "Did you threaten the lady next

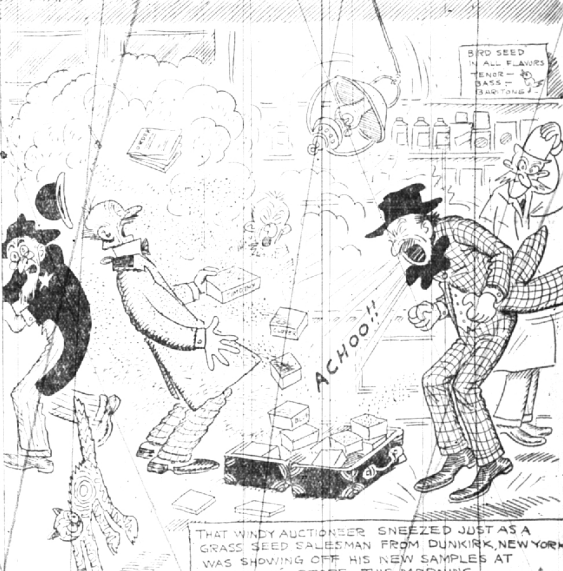
By PAUL ROBINSON



By SWAN



Stanley



**When to Be Nonchalant**  
 By CLIFFORD MCBRIDE

**Matrimonial Duel**  
 "Friend, I'm afraid, my dear, you're going to make a state of your husband."  
 "Mrs. Ainsworth, self-defense. If I don't make a good girl out of my husband, I'll be a widow." —Exchange.

**Matook His Man**  
 "Friend, I'm afraid, my dear, you're going to make a state of your husband."  
 "Mrs. Ainsworth, self-defense. If I don't make a good girl out of my husband, I'll be a widow." —Exchange.

**A Rash Wager**  
 In the smoking room of a downtown hotel, an omnivorous guest was being overhauled by the tailor of the sensational thing he had done. "Look here," said the warty, fleshy one, "you've got to be something you can't do and I'm George. I'll undertake to do it myself."  
 "If I do, you'll make the good money, I can't pay my bill!" —Exchange.

**Ducking the Jawbreakers**  
 "How's it do, Handleigh getting more in the sailing picture?"  
 "Oh, all right, I guess. They've given her a double for weeks of our three sailboats." —Exchange.

**But 'Twill Be A Swan Song**  
 "A headache tablet dissolved in a vase of water," says a woman page item, "will make waded flowers brace right up."  
 "That's nothing," writes old Ben Hibbs. "Put the flowers in a quart of koolaid and they will burst into song." —Exchange.

