

IMAGINARY INTERVIEWS — By L. Frank



FOLLIES OF THE GREAT



ALVIN S. PECK
FAMOUS WILD WEST EDITOR,
SHOT ELEVEN MEN
WHO DISAGREED
WITH HIS
EDITORIALS!

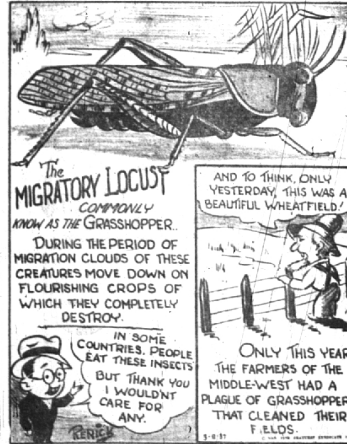


SAMUEL COLERIDGE
GREAT ENGLISH POET.
WROTE A POEM ABOUT
HIS GRANDMOTHER'S BEARD.
SHE PUNISHED HIM
BY CUTTING HIM
OUT OF HER WILL!
[1790]

HERE 'N THERE - By Gene Carr



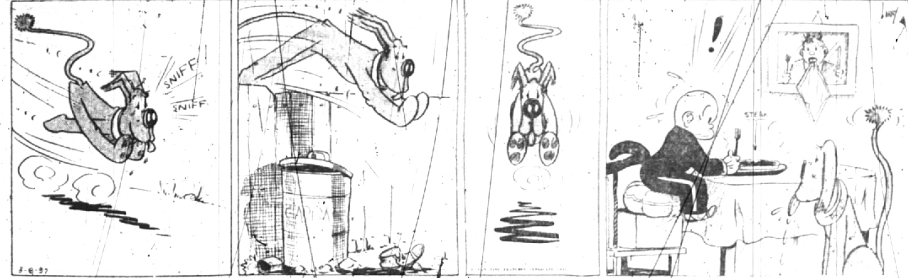
ODDITIES—LAND, SEA AND AIR By C. Y. Renick



KITTY KELLY AND NELLIE SHANNON



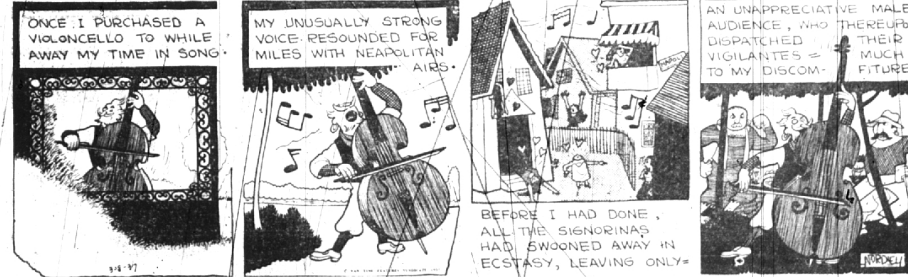
BOZO AND THE BARON



DON'T BE LIKE THAT!



BARON MUNCHAUSEN



RUMPUS



DON'T LAUGH —



IF YOUR NOSE ITCHES YOU WILL RECEIVE MONEY SOON.
IF YOU WOULD BE HAPPY DO AS THE CHINESE DO AND CARRY A MINIATURE GRASSHOPPER OF CARVED JADE.
YOUR BIRTH DATE IS SUPPOSED TO BE A FORTUNATE DAY FOR YOU THROUGHOUT YOUR LIFE. START A NEW BUSINESS VENTURE ON THIS DAY AND IT WILL SUCCEED.
MARRY IN JUNE TO HAVE A LONG AND HAPPY MARRIED LIFE.

PARAGRAPHS

Apparently. Edward and Wally are experiencing the fierce light that blazes about the Brown-Dallas Morning News.
It's So. Nature isn't wasteful. If she gives a man ability to be a big shot she seldom goes to the trouble of making him look like one.—Pulsa World.
Easy. Only two percent of the nation's income went for charity in 1936, the lowest in many years. The plan now seems to be let Uncle Sam do it.—Witchita Eagle.
Maybe So. It would be a shame to throw away a stirring speech like the Stover keynote. Maybe it could be edited in 1940 to read "Seven long years."—Detroit News.
Presumably. A college student in Peoria, Illinois, is said to have confessed to ten "house burglaries." Working his way through, presumably.—Indianapolis News.
Bound to Be. Marked increases in purchase of life insurance have been noted during the last few months. Life has become so scary that people figure it's bound to be short.—Washington Post.
The Problem. A German chemist has invented a candy made of coal-tar. Now the doctors in Hitler's realm will face the problem of how to treat a child with a pacaadaminated stomach.—Jackson (Tex.) News.

By L. Antonette

By L. Antonette. Hollywood points out the radical changes in fashions in women's clothes prevent the reshooting of many old films. Here's where the fables can only—Arkansas Gazette (Little Rock).
It Will. Somebody has suggested an All-American Football Week, to be observed in the middle of the season. The Pan American Games Week, we suppose, will come, as usual, just after its close.—Boston Herald.
Rarely. A physician recommends standing on the toes to increase height. But, alas, a person rarely has a severe attack of hypoxia until his condition is such that he can hardly stand on his feet.—Los Angeles Journal.

By Ray I. Hoppman

By Ray I. Hoppman. One from the Book. GUARD WELL YOUR WORDS AND KEEP 'EM IN - OR YOU MAY TRIP TO LORNSRIN! (The text continues with a story about a man who is late for work and has to run through a field, tripping over a log and falling into a hole.)

By Fred Nordley

By Fred Nordley. Any Spare Ribs? "He was kicked out of school for cheating." "How come?" "He was caught counting his ribs in a physiology exam." It Goes Anyway. "I'm certainly have been pinched for money lately." "But—What a strange way of getting it. My wife kisses me when she wants money." "I'll tell you, Pat, my boy, the big man of the town confided, laying a patronizing hand on the young Munchausen's shoulder, "I wish I had your tongue." "Sure, sir," grinned Pat, "but it would do you too good without my brains."

By Art Helfant

By Art Helfant. A Hard Day. Brown—"You say Whimple is a man of intellect? Brave, eh?" "Why—No, I said he was a man of intellect - I got gray hair, steel-blue eyes, a copper complexion and lots of hair." A man who had run out of gas on the outskirts of a country town was a boy coming along the road carrying a big tin can. "I hope that gasoline in that can..." "I hope it ain't," returned the boy. "It would taste pretty pink on my larder."

By Blumey

By Blumey. Number Two. "Let me see," said the minister who was filling out the marriage certificate and was uncertain as to the date, "this is the fifth, isn't it?" "No, sir," returned the bride indignantly. "This is only my second." Mr. Skjold—"Dear, did you notice the handsome fur coat worn by the young lady in front of us in church today?" "No, I'm afraid I didn't. I was doing most of the time." Mr. Skjold—"Huh, a lot of good it does you to go to church." He'll Stop That. "What made young Bascom stay so late last night, Billie?" "Why, Dad, I was skiving him some of my picture cards." "Well, the next time he comes show him some of my electric bills."

WANT ADS for RESULTS