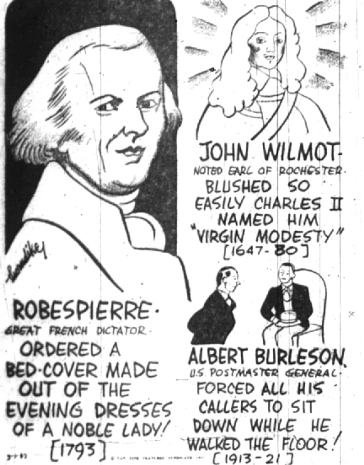


IMAGINARY INTERVIEWS — By L. Frank



FOLLIES OF THE GREAT



HERE 'N THERE - By Gene Carr



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

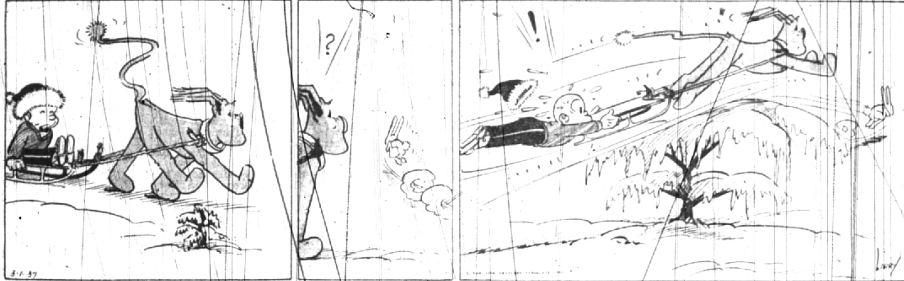


WANT ADS COST LITTLE AND GET QUICK RESULTS

KITTY KELLY AND NELLIE SHANNON — By R. No.



BOZO AND THE BARON — By L. Antonette



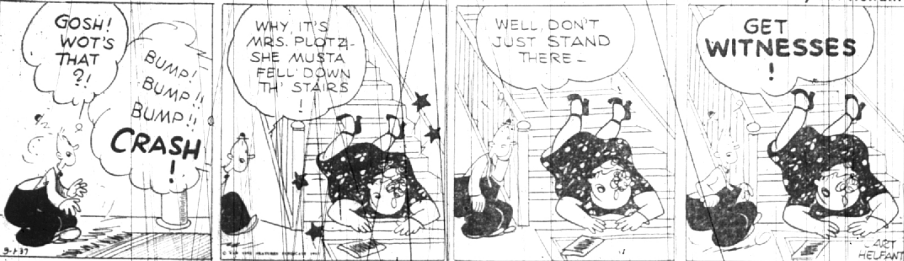
DON'T BE LIKE THAT! — By Ray I. Hoppman



BARON MUNCHAUSEN — By Fred Nordley



RUMPUSS — By Art Helfant



DON'T LAUGH — By Blumey



IF YOUR SWEETHEART HAS GONE AWAY TAKE FRESH APPLE SEEDS AND PRESS THEM AGAINST YOUR FOREHEAD UNTIL ONE FALLS. THE NUMBER THAT STICK WILL DENOTE THE NUMBER OF DAYS BEFORE HE RETURNS.

YOU WILL HAVE BAD LUCK IF YOU SHAVE AT NIGHT.

IT IS A BAD OMEN FOR A ROOSTER TO CROW BEFORE MIDNIGHT. IT FORETELLS THE BURNING OF YOUR HOME.

IT IS GOOD TO THE BLIND DOING FAVOR FOR THEM WHENEVER YOU CAN AND YOU WILL BE VERY LUCKY.

PARAGRAPHS

Canny
The canny working girl, knows it is one thing to be well and quite another to be fed. — *Winston Salem Journal.*

Apparently
Hollywood stars move from one wedding to the next, thereby vindicating again the triumph of hope over experience. — *Cincinnati Times-Star.*

Progressing
Things are better. There are more men now operating steam shovels than are watching them. — *Greensboro (Ga.) Herald-Journal.*

Quiet
"Compared with other periods in history, the world today is quiet," writes an essayist. In fact you can almost hear a bomb drop. — *Punch.*

Dr. Rexford
Dr. Rexford Guy Tagwell will now proceed to adjust the molasses business to the more abundant life. — *Chicago Daily News.*

What?
"Man Who Cronos Marries Girl Who Yodels." — Headline. The choir will now please rise and sing. "Oh, What Shall the Harvest Be?" — *Washington Post.*

Entirely Possible
It is possible to imagine a condition where sitting up with a sit-down strike might become more tiresome than going to work. — *Troy Record.*

Useless
A Federal grand jury indicted five Edmonson Countians for stealing a barn on the Mammoth Cave property. Of course, it was useless to lock the barn. — *Louisville Courier-Journal.*

She Does
When a man wants his handkerchief he reaches around and takes it out of his back-pocket. When a girl wants hers, she arranges herself and picks it up. — *Florida Times-Union.*

Need Stiffening
A Canadian atheist thinks the entire population in another twenty-five years will be fit for insane asylums. Plainly, the entrance requirements must be stiffened. — *Richmond Times-Dispatch.*

It's So
Doctors took half as much money from the people last year as automobiles, we are told, but the doctors need the money for income tax. They wouldn't have got it if the automobile hadn't thrown so much business their way. — *Lynchburg News.*

Jest For Fun

Dr. Snop—You seem to think I am nothing but a miserable idiot. **Mrs. D-Snop**—Oh, no; you are cheerful enough.

"How long have they been married?"
"About five years."
"Did she make him a good wife?"
"No, but she made him an awfully good husband." — *Exchange.*

Fixing It Up
Judge: "Can't this case be settled out of court?"
Kelly: "Sure, that's what we were trying to do, your honor, when the poles interfered."

The theoretician who laid down the rule, "Never use preposition to end a sentence with," has been outdone by the child who asked, "What did you bring that book to me to be read to, out of?"

Mistaken For a Tire
Peeved Customer—Hey, waiter, I've found a tack in this doughnut!
Waiter—Why the ambitious little thing at least think it's a tire.

"There are no two people who think alike."
"Oh, yes, there are."
"You'll have to abuse me."
"Then how was it I got ten neckties for Christmas?"

Price of Valor
Telephone Operator—It costs \$3 to talk to Chicago.
Subscriber—Can't you make a special rate for listening? I want to call my wife.

With Nary's Gulp
Hotel Guest—I say, porter, did you find a log full of money under my pillow?
Porter—Yes, sir, I did, an' I thinks you very much, but...

Social Worker—"What's your name, my man?"
Convict—"No, sss."
Social Worker—"Oh, but that's not your real name."
Convict—"No—just my pen name."

Proof
Mrs. June—What makes you think your husband won't sober when he came home last night?
Mrs. March—He was watering the flowers on the lawn.

Pat—Mike, do you know why an Egyptian hit the temple-bell on the bottom an' a Dutchman hits it on the side?
Mike—Because, Pat, Oi don't. Why is it?
Pat—Sure, an' it's to get the pepper-out, Mike.

Sh-h!
"Are you sure your wife knows I am going to dinner with you?"
"Sure, she knows. My dear fellow, I argued with her about it this morning for nearly an hour."