

# OUR COMIC SECTION

## Events in the Lives of Little Men



● Little Miss ALICE ANN BUTTGERREIT of Verona, Penn.

### THE FEATHERHEADS

### The Table Turned



**Nothing Doing**  
The door bell rang and dad answered it.  
"Any old clothes to sell or give away?" asked the old man, who had pushed the button.  
"Do you think I want to join one of these nudists' colonies?" growled dad as he slammed the door shut.

**Old-Fashioned**  
"You say she is old-fashioned?"  
"Yes," answered Miss Cayenne.  
"But have you seen her athletic costumes?"  
"I have. She's so old-fashioned that her clothes are positively classical."

**On a Large Scale**  
Magistrate—Whatever could you have been thinking of to steal all these sheep?  
Accused—I don't know, your worship. I must have been wool gathering.

**For a Rainy Day**  
"Another bill," sighed her husband, "and we decided we were going to put a bit by for a rainy day."  
"Yes, darling, but don't you see the bill is for my new raincoat?"

**His Real Need**  
Canvasser—This book of etiquette will tell you what to do when there seems to be too many knives, forks and spoons on the table.  
Householder—No use to me. What I want is one that will tell me what to do when there is too little food on the table.

**UP TO DATE**

"Have they a nice summer cottage?"  
"Splendid. It actually has wooden partitions between the bedrooms instead of curtains."

**Not the One He Knew**  
Willis—Have you met my beautiful wife yet?  
Gillis—No; I didn't know you were a bigamist.

**Time for a Squawk**  
"You're a fine lawyer, you are," said the prisoner, contemptuously. "Why, all through the case you kept saying: 'Your honor, I object.'"  
"I know I did," returned the lawyer. "You had the benefit of my best legal efforts."  
"Then when the judge sentenced me to ten years, why didn't you object to that?"—Tattler.

**Testing Him Out**  
Miss Sweetleigh—Do you love me more than you ever loved anyone else?  
Mr. Huggemore—M-m-m! Sure!  
Miss Sweetleigh—But how do you know unless you've been loving lots of other girls?—Brooklyn Eagle.

**And Filled With Air**  
Mrs. Stouter managed to step on the scales while two boys looked on. The scales were out of order and registered only 85 pounds.  
"Great balls of greased lightning, she's hollow," said Bob.

**Just True to Form**  
Wahwah—That fellow strikes a discordant note in our party.  
Tootoot—He can't help it. He plays in a jazz band.

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