

BIG TOP

By ED WHEELAN

ALTA, BIG BULL ELEPHANT NEARLY TRAMPLED 'SILK' FOWLER, WHO SOUGHT OUT JEFF BANGS OWNER OF THE CIRCUS. 'FLIP' THE CLOWN LISTENS IN.

YOU SAW WHAT HAPPENED THIS AFTERNOON, DIDN'T YOU, JEFF??

YES, 'SILK', AND I COULDN'T BELIEVE MY EYES: ALTA NEVER ACTED LIKE THAT BEFORE!!

THAT 'BULL' NEARLY KILLED ME, JEFF, AND WE'VE GOT TO GET RID OF HER! SHE'S A REGULAR DEVIL NOW, AND WILL RUIN THE SHOW IF WE KEEP HER!!

WELL, LET'S NOT BE TOO HASTY, 'SILK': ALTA HAS ALWAYS BEEN A BIG ATTRACTION!!

YES, BUT SHE'S ALL WASHED UP NOW, JEFF, AND I'LL BE ONLY TOO HAPPY TO SHOOT HER MYSELF!!

OOH, I MUST TELL MYRA AT ONCE!!

BANGS BRO' MAMMOTH'S... COMIN'...

ED WHEELAN

LALA PALOOZA She Has the Traffic Jitters

By RUBE GOLDBERG

GO FASTER, HIVES-I'LL BE LATE TO MEET GONZALES AT THE SWANKMORE-RITZ

TRAFFIC IS BLOCKED, COUNTLESS

OFFICER, OFFICER, COME HERE AT ONCE!

THIS DELAY IS AN OUTRAGE-IVE SPENT THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS TRYING TO CURE MY NERVOUS TROUBLE AND I'LL HAVE ANOTHER RELAPSE UNLESS YOU SUGGEST SOMETHING AT ONCE!

OKAY, SISTER- WHY DON'T YA GET OUT AN' WALK?

© Frank Jay Markey Syndicate, Inc.

S'MATTER POP— It's One of Those Open and Shut Cases

By C. M. PAYNE

WE NEED SOME AIR! OPEN THE WINDOW!

YESSIR!

WIDE OPEN!

YESSIR!

POP!

I PULLED THE UPPER WINDOW ALL THE WAY DOWN, AN' PUSHED TH' LOWER ALL THE WAY UP AN' IT'S ALL SHUT -YET!

WELL-LL, WHADDA YA KNOW?

© Bell Syndicate - WNU Service.

MESCAL IKE By S. L. HUNTLEY

Desperate Character Gives Up!

THIS HERE'S SOME ICE CREAM AN' CAKE TH' LADIES AID SOCIETY HAD LEFT OVER FROM TH' SOCIABLE. THEY'RE A-SENDIN' IT OVER TO TH' FELLERS IN TH' JAILHOUSE

GAWAN NOW! I DONE TOLD YUH TO GAWAN!

JAIL

CLANG!!

WANTED

JAIL

GIMME ANOTHER HUNK OF CAKE!

BON-O-BON! DISH UP SOME MORE ICE CREAM!

ART HUNTA

© Convrigh, by S. L. Huntley, Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Office)

POP—No One Would Want to Steal Him

By J. MILLAR WATT

I'M A SELF-MADE MAN, I AM!

WELL, THERE'S ONE THING YOU WON'T NEED TO WORRY ABOUT!

WHAT'S THAT?

TAKING OUT A PATENT!

© Bell Syndicate, Inc.

SAND By GLUYAS WILLIAMS

GOES DOWN ON BEACH WITH FATHER WHO FEELZES ON TOWING A NAP

KEEPS CALLING FOR DAD-DY TO COME SEE WHAT HE HAS MADE.

FATHER SUGGESTS JUNIOR MOVE OVER NEARER HIM.

DISCOVERS PRESENTLY THAT HE HAS BEEN PUTTING SAND ON FATHER'S ANKLES.

MOVES A FEW FEET OFF AND ANNOUNCES HE'S GOING TO SEE HOW DEEP A HOLE HE CAN DIG

EACH TIME THAT FATHER STARTS TO NAP, ASKS QUESTIONS AS TO WHERE HOLE WILL COME OUT?

GETS EXCITED ABOUT REACHING CHINA, A SHOVELFUL OF SAND EVENTUALLY CRUSHING FATHER IN THE NECK.

FATHER DECIDES IT'S TIME TO GO HOME, FIRST SPENDING HALF AN HOUR LOOKING FOR JUNIOR'S HAT

Copyright by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.

ONE CLEW

"Mary, my husband came home very late last night. Can you tell me what time it was?"

"Well, ma'am, I don't know exactly, but when I got up this morning the master's hat was swinging backwards and forwards on the hatstand."—Stray Stories Magazine.

Correctly Defined
Professor—Now if I were to be flogged, what would that be?
Class (in unison)—That would be corporal punishment.
Professor—But if I were to be beheaded?
Class (still in unison)—That would be capital.—Stray Stories Magazine.

Finished
Old Lady (to motorist who has just had a terrific smash)—I suppose you've just begun to drive?
Motorist—No, ma'am, just finished.

No Breath of Life
Twirp—Just think, fella, every time I breathe somebody dies!
Twill—Ya got something there, guy. Why doncha try cloves?

Curse of Progress

BETTER SLOW DOWN ON THEM VITTLES---REMEMBER WHAT THEY DID TO UNCLE SHORT AFTER HE WON FIRST PRIZE AT TH' COUNTY FAIR --- THEY HAD HIM DECORATED --- IN A BUTCHER SHOP WINDOW!!