

THE FEATHERHEADS

By Osborne
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TODAY'S QUAK
THE OLDER PEOPLE ARE RICHER IN EXPERIENCE—BUT HAVE LESS TIME TO SPEND IT.

FINNEY OF THE FORCE

By Ted O'Loughlin
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BOBBY THATCHER—The Eye-Witness...

By GEORGE STORM



'SMATTER POP—Learning Through Experience

By C. M. PAYNE



REG'LAR FELLERS

It Clicked That Time



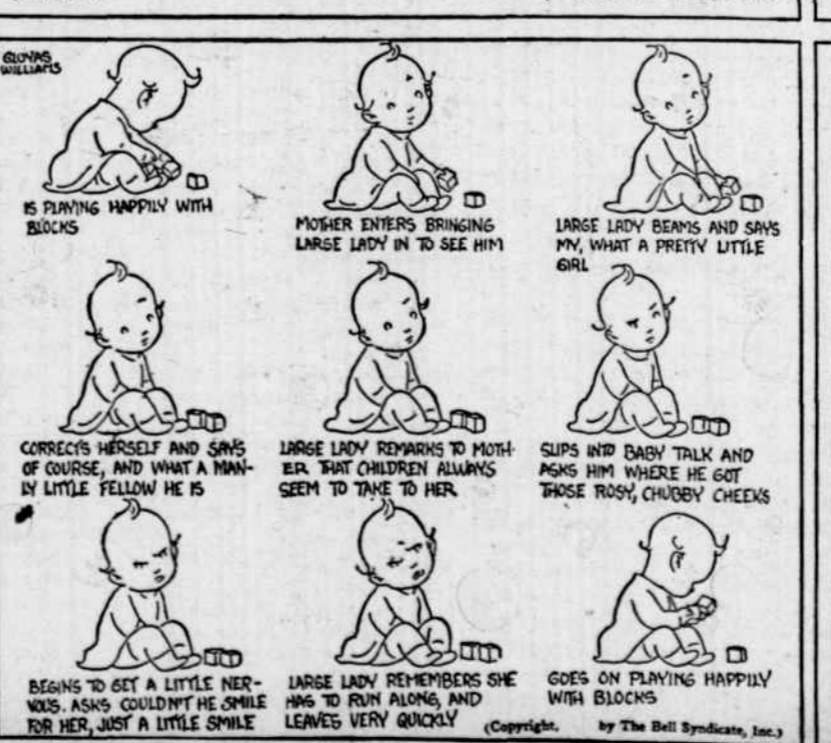
National Exhibition

By M. G. KETTNER



Visitor

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



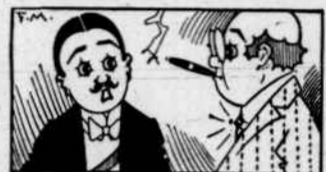
Just a Little Smile

MISLEADING MELODY
"You can learn a great deal from old songs," remarked the light-hearted statesman. "They may be misleading," answered Senator Sorghum. "When posterity revives 'We Have No Bananas' a large number of persons may be led to infer that with all our crop failures the most we have had a content with was a scarcity of tropical fruit."—Washington Star.

Case of Necessity
"What was the inspiration for your success?" the rich man was asked. "Well, frankly," he grinned, "it was the meals my wife cooked when we were first married. I realized right off I'd have to earn enough to hire a cook if I didn't want to die of indigestion."

Don't Be So Modest
Visitor—And what's your name, my good man?
Prisoner—9742.
Visitor—Is that your real name?
Prisoner—Naw, dat's me pen name. —Santa Fe Magazine.

HIGH CLASS BEGGING



Lord Blessus—My solicitor will call on you to arrange the marriage settlements.
Mr. Multirox—He'll hafta do some expert sollicitin' to make me come across with more'n I promised you.

Busy
Caller—I would like to see the Judge, please.
Secretary—I'm sorry, sir, but he is at dinner.

Caller—But, my man, my errand is important.
Secretary—It can't be helped, sir. His Honor is at steak.—Pearson's Magazine.

She Was Willing
Curate (admiring a bowl of bulbs)—How lovely to think it will soon be opening time, Mrs. Bird.
Mrs. Binks—Well, now, and whoever would have thought of you sayin' a thing like that! But I'm game to pop out for a quick one if you feel like it.—London Tit-Bits.

Not What They Ought to Be
"Would you like some pickles?" said Marjorie's aunt, who had asked her to luncheon.
"No," said Marjorie.
"But these are sweet ones," replied auntie.
"But I don't like sweet things that ought to be sour," Marjorie insisted.

Why the Old One is Comfy
"What would your wife say if you bought a new car?"
"Look out for that traffic light! Be careful now! Don't hit that truck! Why don't you watch where you're going? Will you never learn? And a lot more like that."—Boston Evening Transcript.

HEFTY ENOUGH
Bug—Great Scott, look at that terrible giant!

Diagnosed
"Doctor," said the pest who always was trying to get free medical advice. "I have the queerest noises in my head; what do you suppose causes it?"
"Maybe the wheels in there need oiling," he snapped.

Good Reason
Visitor—Will you marry me right away?
Girl—W-w-w-why—I-I scarcely know you!
Visitor—That's why I want you to marry me right away.

Couldn't Blame Him
Blinks—It always surprises me to see a big, strong fellow like you shudder every time there is a peal of thunder.
Jinks—It always reminds me of what I get at home.

Equality for All
Friend—How's the boy since he came back from college?
Man—Fine! Still treats us as equals.

Hm—!
"That certainly is a freak publicity stunt of Judge Bart's!"
"What's that?"
"Well, the paper states that he wouldn't sit again for a month."

WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT GUM
The Flavor Lasts