

WHAM

A little man was ushered into the witness box. After the usual preliminaries, the magistrate told him to tell the court what happened.

The man began in rambling narra-tive and finally ended up with:

"And then my wife hit me on the head with an oak leaf."

"Well, that couldn't have hurt you,

surely," said the magistrate.
"Oh couldn't it?" replied the little
man, with feeling. "It was the oak
leaf from the center of the dining
room table."—London Answers Maga-

LIVE WIRE



Dotty-And don't you go in for sport

of any kind?

Jimmy-Oh. yaas, don't you know, I'm-haw-passionately fond of dom

Exit

It was the firm's annual dance. The Junior bookkeeper had chosen a very

attractive pariner.

"By the way," he volunteered as they danced. "I'm glad our manager isn't here tonight. He's an ass of a

She stopped dancing, "Young man," she snapped angrily, "do you know who I am?"

'Not the faintest iden," he said,

"Well, I'm the manager's wife!" "Gee whiz!" be exclaimed. "Now, do you know who I am?" "No," said his partner. "Thank goodness for that!" he re

plied, as he backed hurriedly away.

Just Checking Up

Mother-What is that book you are

reading, Charlie?
Llittle Charlie—It's a book called "Child Training" that I borrowed from

Mrs. Jones.

Mother—Do you find it amusing?

Little Charlie—Oh, no! I merely wanted to see if I had been brought

Visitor—You look a bit glum, Brother Perkins! Have you received bad news from home?

Island Uplifter-Yes. My rich Uncle Reuben is just deceased and has left all his money to those dodgasted heathen! Now they're better off than I am.—Brooklyn Engle.

OUGHT TO KNOW



"Brown must be a sinner"

"I heard his wife say he was no saint."

Still Need His Services

Artless-An apple a day keeps the Artless—An appea a day doctor away. Attaboy—But we eat enough other stuff to bring him back.

Didn't Stay
"I foozled with that fellow," said
the real estate agent mournfuly, "Told
him that Plunkville was the most
healthful town in the state."

"He was a doctor."

Editor—There's one thing I like about your jokes, Scribbler. Joke Writer—What's that? Editor—Every time I forget them I

OUR COMIC SECTION

Events in the Lives of Little Men



THE FEATHERHEADS

Read as You Ride



"I understand both our sons are studying in Paris."

""ep. Mine is a writer. He writes for money."

"Mine is an artist. He draws on ""."

Might Try Blindfolding

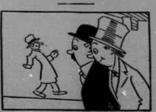
"Last week a grain of sand got in-to my wife's eye. It cost me \$3." "That's nothing. Last week a fur coat got in my wife's eye and it cost me \$300."

SLIPPERY WAYS



"How did your wife take it, when you showed her that thousand-dollar bank note?"
"Like she always does—slipped it out of my pocket while I was asleep."

ANCIENT HISTORY



"Dodds brags a lot about his an-

"Yes. They're the only members of his family in some time that have been worth boasting of."

The Perfect Marriage
"You and your wife seem to be very
devoted to each other."
"Yes, we are as necessary to each
other as my income its to my outgo."— Cincinnati Enquirer.

Ailing Contortionist "Well, madam, what's wrong with

you?"
"Pains in my arms so I can hardly lift my arm over my head and it's the same with my legs.

Judge (to servant acting as a wit-ness)—Have you ever seen your mas-ter under the influence of intoxicat-

Witness—No, your honor, I can't say that I have, but I have seen him lying on the floor swearing that he'd catch that bed the next time it came

"You seem idle."
"The boss likes to see me idle."
"Huh!"

is the complaint depart-

OLD MEANY





files. Feb. 9, 1934

AN EXPERT

During the holiday traffic rush, two speed cops, noticing a young woman who was driving dangerously, shot ahead of her and drew up their car broadside, so that the culprit had to

stop,
"Excuse me, young lady," said one of the officers, sarcastically, "do you know anything about driving a car?" "Of course," said the bright young thing, "what's your trouble?"

Call a Plumber

City Boy-Say, dad, how many kinds of milk are there?

Father-Well, there's evaporated milk, buttermilk, malted milk andbut why do you wish to know?

"Oh, I'm drawing a picture of a cow and I want to know how many spigots to put on her."-Farm Jour-

Political Unrest

"Do you believe that politics makes

strange bed fellows?"
"Yes," answered Senator Sorghum. "But the fact brings no repose, Trouble is always caused by the man who wants to grab all the covers and kick the other fellow out."

AND SOME LAWYERS



"It takes two to make a quarrel." "Yes, and very often it takes a jury to settle it."

Sometimes Not Enough

Irate Caller-You spoiled my arti-cle by a misprint. Editor-I'm very sorry. What did

we get wrong? Caller—A proverb I employed. You printed it "A word to the wife is sufficient."—Boston Transcript.

Beginning
Friend—How is your son getting along in his medical studies?
Proud Mother—Fine; he can already cure very small children.—
Border Cities Star.

New Reducer

History Lecturer—Can anyone tell me what makes the Tower of Pisa

Stout Lady-I don't know or I'd

Needs Stilts .
Family Friend—Does your little dog howl at the moon?
Little Doris—Yes, he can't get

Enough to Jingle
"Are you interested in the new season's variations in men's suits?"
"No, but I hope there'll be some change in the pockets."

