

BIG TOP

By ED WHEELAN

THAT NIGHT THE CROWD WAS EVEN GREATER THAN AT THE AFTERNOON SHOW.

NO SEATS LEFT, FOLKS—GENERAL ADMISSION ONLY—HAVE YOUR MONEY READY!!

OH, HAL, WHAT A WONDERFUL CROWD TO PLAY TO—I JUST LOVE IT!!

IT'S SWELL, AUNT IT!!

'YOU BET, MYRA, AND BELIEVE ME, THAT MOB IN THERE IS A FINE TRIBUTE TO JEFF BANGS' HONESTY AND SHOWMANSHIP—HE CERTAINLY MADE SHORT WORK OF THE STINGER BROS. OPPOSITION!!

MEANWHILE "SILK" FOWLER HAD SLIPPED OUT OF THE "BIG TOP" AND WAS IN EARNEST CONVERSATION WITH TWO MYSTERIOUS STRANGERS

OK, BOYS, HERE'S A COUPLE OF HUNDRED NOW—STINGER WILL TAKE CARE OF THE REST WHEN YOU GET BACK WITH HIS SHOW!!

LALA PALOOZA Musical Accompaniment

By RUBE GOLDBERG

33.47 + 889.10 + 3.6 - 00 1/2 + \$ \$

I'LL LEAVE YOU ALONE SO YOU CAN CONCENTRATE ON ALL YOUR ADDIN' AN' SUBTRACTIN' NICE AN' QUIETLIKE

SOMEBODY SEND FER US?

YES—THE RADIATOR IN THERE NEEDS FIXIN'—IT WHEEZES AN' SPOILS MY AFTERNOON SLEEP

WHANG FLANG BANG CLANG ZANG

YIPE

S'MATTER POP—Officers at Chow

By C. M. PAYNE

MAY I HAVE A BITE OF YER CAKE, GENERAL?

NO MAJOR. I LIKE TO SIT AN' LOOK ATTUT FER AWHILE! BESIDES, YOU ATE YOURS, MAJOR!

LOOK, GENERAL! THERE'S A BOMBER GONNA BOOM US!

HUH?

WHADDA YA MEAN, BOMBER? WHERE'S IT ATT?

MY CAKE!

I NEVER LAID A HAND ON IT, GENERAL!

MESCAL IKE By S. L. HUNTLEY

Pa Should Write His Congressman

THIS HERE'S SHOR DISAGREEABLE WEATHER, AINT IT?

WHAT? YUH MEAN A NICE DAY LIKE THIS MAKES YUH FEEL BAD?

NOPE!

WAL, WHAT THEN?

IT DISAGREES WITH TH' WEATHER FORECAST!

Lolly Gags

JEAN BRAGS ABOUT BEING A SELF-MADE WOMAN

AND DOES SHE SAY ANYTHING ABOUT BEING A SELF-MADE WIDOW?

POP—Better Make It a Seat Without Arms

By J. MILLAR WATT

SO YOU HAVE DECIDED TO GIVE POP A SEAT IN THE COUNCIL!

YES—

AND NOT TWO AS WE ORIGINALLY THOUGHT!

THE SPORTING THING

By LANG ARMSTRONG

INLAND QUEEN

MISS LUCILLE

SPECIAL 5000 WITH ANCHOR

"I'd like to see somethin' long and racy lookin' to go with this."

WILD PITCH

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS

GLUYAS WILLIAMS

WHILE PLAYING CATCH WITH EDDIE SELZER, UNCORKS A PRODIGIOUS WILD THROW

WITH HORROR SEES IT SAIL TEN FEET OVER EDDIE'S HEAD STRAIGHT FOR NEIGHBOR'S GLASS- IN SUN PORCH

STANDS ROOTED, WATCHING WHILE HIS STOMACH SEEMS TO DO FUNNY THINGS INSIDE HIM

INSTINCT OF SELF-PRESERVATION IMPELS HIM TO RUN, BUT HE SEEMS POWERLESS TO MOVE

AT LAST SECOND TURNS HIS BACK AND BRACES HIMSELF FOR SOUND OF SHATTERING GLASS

BALL MISSES SUN PORCH BY INCHES AND LANDS IN SHRUBBERY. AT ONCE BURSTS INTO LOUD CRY THAT HE WASN'T EITHER SCARED, AND WHY DIDN'T EDDIE CATCH IT, ANYWAY