

BIG TOP

By ED WHEELAN

A "SILK" STARTED FOR THE COOK HOUSE. HE FOUND "CLIP" BRAGG, ONE OF HIS SEVERAL HIRELINGS, WAITING FOR HIM.

IT'S O.K., BOSS, I LOOSENED BOTH STAKES HOLDING HAL THOMPSON'S WIRE!!

NICE WORK, CLIP— HE'LL FALL AND BREAK HIS NECK TONIGHT SURE HEH-HEH!!

MEANWHILE, "BLINK" POWERS, THE BOSS CANVASMAN, WAS CASTING A QUESTIONING EYE AT THE SKY.

I DON'T LIKE THE LOOKS OF IT! I'D BETTER GET MY GANG AND GUY OUT THE BIG TOP— I THINK WE'RE IN FOR A STORM TONIGHT!!

HOWEVER, THE STORM HELD OFF, AND THE EVENING SHOW WAS ALSO A SELL-OUT— HAL THOMPSON'S "SLIDE FOR LIFE" WAS THE NEXT NUMBER ON THE PROGRAM AND NOW "SILK" STEPPED FORWARD TO ANNOUNCE IT—

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN WE NOW TAKE PLEASURE IN PRESENTING THE SENSATION OF ALL TIME....

LALA PALOOZA Camping Out

By RUBE GOLDBERG

THE TAX MAN AWAITS LALA'S RETURN FROM THE MOVIES TO GIVE HER THE RESULT OF HIS EXAMINATION OF HER 1934 INCOME TAX RETURN— SHE IMAGINES THE WORST

OH, DEAR— I WONDER IF HE'LL SEND ME TO JAIL— I'LL LOOK AWFUL IN ONE OF THOSE STRIPED SUITS

YOU WAIT, I COME RIGHT BACK

THERE HE IS— I'M AFRAID TO GO IN!

MADAM LALA KIND TO ARISTOPOLIS JUNIOR— NOW ARISTOPOLIS JUNIOR KIND TO MADAM LALA

HAVE GOOD SLEEPS, MADAM LALA

S'MATTER POP—This Would Call for Whiskers on Every Second Soldier

By C. M. PAYNE

WHAT DO YOU MAKE OUT OF THAT BLACK OBJECT, PRIVATE WIMPUS?

THAT'S JUS' THA CAT, WATCH OUT FER THA BARBED WIRE!

HEY! SNAP ON THAT LIGHT IN THERE.

HEY! WHO'S TIED TO WHICH AN' IF SO, WHICH IS WHO'S PRISONER?

THERE AIN'T NO PRISONER! WE JUST DON'T WANT TO GET SEPARATED IN THA DARK

MESCAL IKE By S. L. HUNTLEY

Such Things as Come With Spring

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SNIFF!

ZING!

ART HUNTA

Lolly Gags

THERE'S ONE THING ABOUT HELEN— SHE NEVER TALKS ABOUT ANYTHING SHE DOESN'T UNDERSTAND

SHE MUST HAVE A GREAT REPUTATION FOR SILENCE

POP—Woman's Prerogative

By J. MILLAR WATT

WELL! HAS PHOEBE MADE UP HER MIND TO STAY IN?

NO

SHE HAS MADE UP HER FACE TO GO OUT!

Unbalanced

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS

BECOMES AWARE OF JUNIOR'S PRESENCE AND TELLS HIM TO KEEP QUIET, DADDY IS TRYING TO BALANCE HIS CHECKBOOK

SPENDS TEN MINUTES LOOKING FOR BANK'S STATEMENT, WHICH EVENTUALLY TURNS UP UNDER JUNIOR'S PRIMS, AS HE SPRAWLS ON DESK TO WATCH

ASKS HIM TO MOVE, JUNIOR MOVES SIX INCHES AND BEGINS TO SCRATCH EACH OF HIS LEGS, WHICH MAKES DESK JIGGLE

TELLS HIM NOT TO LEAN ON DESK, JUNIOR MOVES TO OTHER SIDE, STANDING ON STOOL TO SEE, AND EFFECTIVELY SHUTTING OFF LIGHT FROM WINDOW

TELLS HIM NOT TO STAND BY DESK AT ALL, JUNIOR SOLVING PROBLEM BY CLIMBING UP BACK OF CHAIR, REARS AT HIM TO GET OFF AND GO UPSTAIRS.

JUNIOR DOES SO IN TEARS, HEARS WIFE COMING DOWN TO LECTURE HIM ABOUT LOSING TEMPER WITH THE CHILDREN, PUTS CHECKBOOK AWAY UNBALANCED

THE SPORTING THING

By LANG ARMSTRONG

SPOKANE

"Okay, Mike. It's three and two, let him have it."