

# IT'S PAPA WHO PAYS!

by JIMMY MURPHY

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I HAD THIS GOWN SENT OUT ON APPROVAL, PAPA, BUT I DON'T HAVE TO KEEP IT! I LIKE THE COLOR, BUT MAYBE IT'S TOO YOUTHFUL FOR ME!

IT'S CHIC, MAMA!

THAT'S JUST IT, PAPA! MAYBE IT'S TOO YOUTHFUL FOR ME—MAYBE IT WAS INTENDED FOR A YOUNGER PERSON THAN I—

I THINK IT LOOKS DUCKY ON YOU, MOMSY!

TODAY WE PRINT, AT THE REQUEST OF MANY OF OUR LITTLE READERS, A CUT-OUT OF ELLEN FERGUSON AS SHE LOOKED BEFORE HER VISIT TO THE BEAUTY PARLOR.

THESE CLOTHES ARE FOR YOUR BUTTERCUP DOLL OF LAST WEEK.

THIS IS HOW ELLEN FERGUSON LOOKS NOW.

ELLEN FERGUSON'S CLOTHES NEXT WEEK!

YOU'RE JUST SAYING THAT TO PLEASE ME, PAPA, BUT I'M NOT A SPRING CHICKEN ANYMORE AND I'M SENSIBLE ENOUGH TO REALIZE IT! WHAT IS YOUR HONEST OPINION OF THIS GOWN, PAPA?

WELL, MOMSY, IF YOU REALLY WANT THE TRUTH—THE WHOLE TRUTH AND NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH, I THINK IT'S A BIT TOO YOUTHFUL!

WHAT'S TOO YOUTHFUL?

THAT GOWN, MAMA! IT'S TOO YOUTHFUL!

IT'S TOO YOUTHFUL FOR WHAT?

I THINK IT'S TOO YOUTHFUL FOR A WOMAN OF YOUR AGE, MAMA!

A WOMAN OF MY AGE? WELL, I LIKE THAT—OH, SO I'M TOO OLD FOR YOU NOW, AM I? YOU'VE REACHED THE STAGE WHERE YOU'RE FINDING FAULT WITH ME, HUH?

IF I LOOK OLD IT'S NO WONDER AFTER THE WAY I'VE WASHED AND IRONED AND WORKED MY FINGERS TO THE BONE FOR YOU! YOU INSULTING WRETCH! OH, YOU SCOUNDREL!

HOW IS YOUR COMIC STAND COLLECTION COMING ALONG, KIDS?

LET ME KNOW IF THERE ARE ANY PARTICULAR CHARACTERS YOU WANT PRINTED!

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## Toots and Casper

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**A MAD RACE BETWEEN TWO HIGH-POWERED CARS IS TAKING PLACE AS UNCLE EVERETT, AT TERRIFIC SPEED, BURNS UP THE ROAD IN HOT PURSUIT OF ELSIE'S BLACK-SHEEP BROTHER DICK!**

HURRY, UNCLE EVERETT! HURRY! HURRY! WE'VE GAINED ON HIM—LOOK! THAT FREIGHT TRAIN WILL BEAT HIM TO THE CROSSING! IT'S GOT HIM BLOCKED—NOW WE'VE GOT HIM! HE'LL HAVE TO STOP—

GOOD HEAVENS, CASPER—THE IDIOT IS TRYING TO BEAT THE TRAIN TO THE CROSSING! HE'LL BE KILLED—LOOK! LOOK! HE MADE IT—HE GOT ACROSS THE TRACKS JUST IN TIME—

THAT WAS SO CLOSE THE TRAIN MUST HAVE GRAZED HIS REAR BUMPER! WELL, IT'S ALL OFF WITH US! WE'RE BLOCKED AND BY THE TIME THAT LONG FREIGHT PASSES HE'LL BE SO FAR AWAY WE'LL NEVER CATCH UP WITH HIM!

THERE'S THE CABOOSE AT LAST, CASPER! IT CERTAINLY WAS A LONG TRAIN—WELL, HE GAVE US THE SLIP ALL RIGHT! WHAT'LL WE DO NOW?

I GOT HIS LICENSE NUMBER ANYWAY, UNCLE, IF THAT'S ANY HELP!

HELLO, MOTOR VEHICLE BUREAU? CAN YOU TELL ME IN WHOSE NAME LICENSE NUMBER ZB 00766 IS REGISTERED? YES, I'LL HOLD THE WIRE BUT HURRY! HURRY!

GEE, THAT'S EVERETT J. CHUCKLE, THE FAMOUS MULTI-MILLIONAIRE!

THAT NUMBER IS REGISTERED UNDER THE NAME OF ARTHUR CRICKETT WHO LIVES AT THE JUNCTION HOTEL—WE'LL DRIVE THERE AND SEE WHAT WE CAN FIND OUT! THAT'S NOT DICK'S NAME, BUT HE'S GONE UNDER AN ASSUMED NAME MORE THAN ONCE—

HERE'S THE JUNCTION HOTEL! DICK HAS HAD PLENTY OF TIME TO GET HERE, BUT I DON'T SEE HIS CAR PARKED AROUND ANYWHERE!

THAT DOESN'T MEAN ANYTHING, CASPER! HE MAY HAVE PUT IT IN A NEARBY GARAGE—

YES, MR. ARTHUR CRICKETT IS IN ROOM 306— I THINK HE JUST CAME IN A MOMENT AGO!

HUSH—NOT A SOUND, CASPER! HERE IS 306.

WHO IS IT?

TELEGRAM, SIR!

EVERETT CHUCKLE—

DICK YOU SCOUNDREL! WHERE IS ELSIE? QUICK, TELL ME! I'VE AN OLD SCORE TO SETTLE UP WITH YOU AND THE ONE WAY YOU CAN SQUARE YOURSELF IS TO TALK AND TALK FAST— WHERE IS ELSIE?

SURELY DICK MUST KNOW WHERE ELSIE IS! HE IS UNCLE EVERETT AT LAST ABOUT TO RECEIVE INFORMATION THAT WILL LEAD HIM TO THE GOLDEN-HAired SWEETHEART OF HIS BOYHOOD DAYS—THE GIRL HE'S SEARCHED THE WORLD TRYING TO FIND! (CONTINUED)

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