

IT'S PAPA WHO PAYS!

by JIMMY MURPHY
Registered U. S. Patent Office

WHAT'S THAT GUY DOING, TAKING THAT CHAIR OUTA MY HOUSE?

HEY! WHERE YA GOING WITH THAT CHAIR?

MY ORDERS ARE TO CLEAN THE UPHOLSTERY.

I'LL GIVE YOU A LIFT--IT'S PRETTY HEAVY!
IT SURE IS!

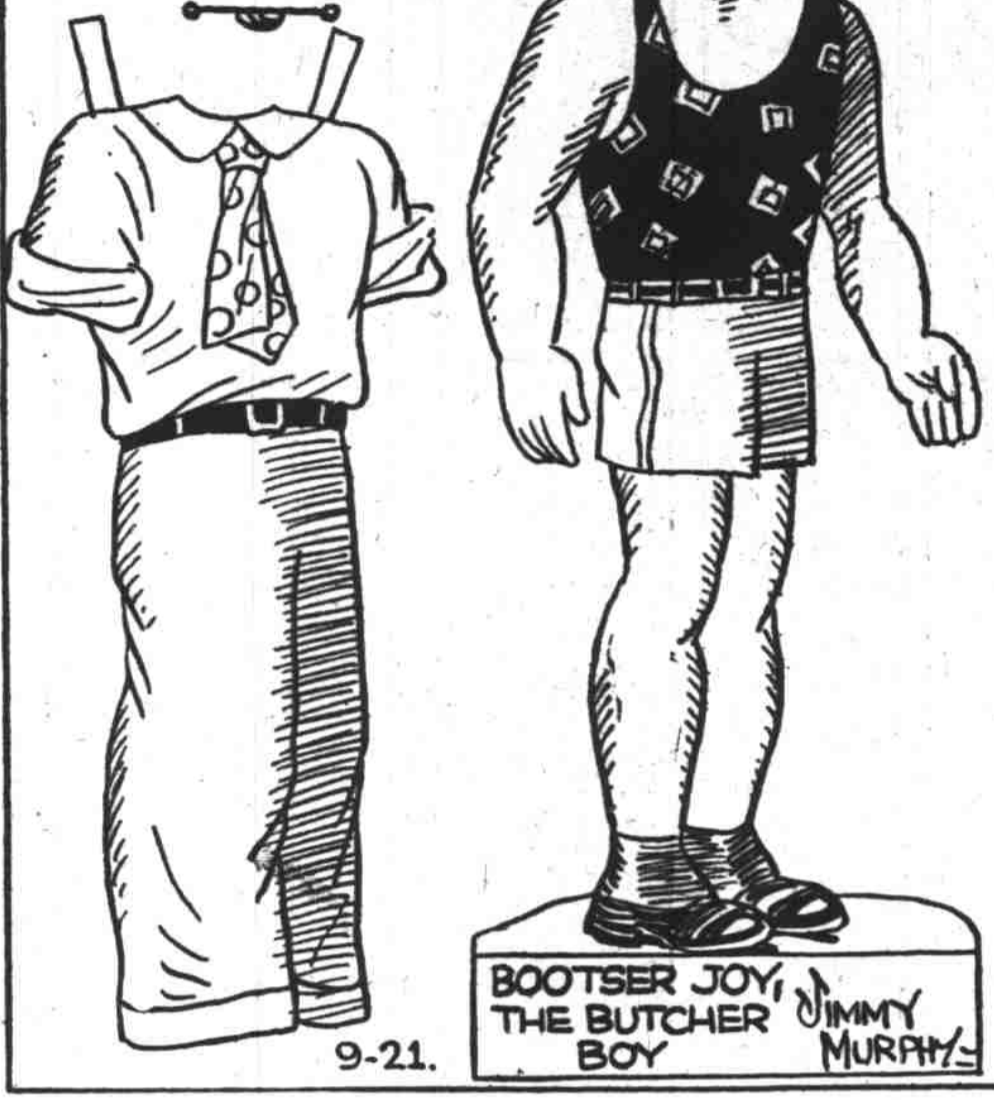
THANKS A LOT, MISTER.
YOU'RE WELCOME

PAPA, SOMETHING DREADFUL HAS HAPPENED.

WHILE I WAS OUT CLEANING THE GARAGE, SOMEONE BROKE INTO THE HOUSE AND STOLE OUR BEST UP-HOLSTERED CHAIR!

OH, WE PAID \$70.00 FOR IT! DO YOU KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT IT?
ER--NOT A THING, MAMA, NOT A THING!
(GULP)

TOOTS AND CASPER COMIC CUT-OUTS



9-21.

JIMMY MURPHY

Toots and Casper

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TOOTS, I TRIED TO START A MATCH BETWEEN KATILKA AND THE BUTCHER BOY, BUT SHE HATES MEN AND HE HATES WOMEN--BECAUSE BOTH HAVE BEEN DIS-APPOINTED IN SEVERAL ROMANCES.

EXCUSE ME, CASPER, BUT I MUST LET IN MY MEAT ORDER.
LET ME 'PHONE THE BUTCHER SHOP FOR YOU, MA'AM.

THANK YOU, KATILKA! ORDER A NICE RIB ROAST--SOME LAMB CHOPS AND A POUND OF BACON.
YES! M!

ISN'T KATILKA A JEWEL? SHE TAKES ALL RESPONSIBILITIES OFF OF MY SHOULDERS!

TOOTS, THERE MUST BE A CATCH TO IT SOME PLACE! SHE NEVER BUDDED BE-FORE.

HELLO, BUTCHER SHOP? SEND OVER A NICE RIB ROAST--YES, THAT WILL BE ALL!

I WISH I DIDN'T HATE MEN SO MUCH--THAT BUTCHER BOY IS SO CUTE.

HERE'S THE RIB ROAST YOU ORDERED, AND I'M IN A HURRY.

MY NAME IS KATILKA! WHAT'S YOUR NAME, BUTCHER BOY?

HELLO, BUTCHER SHOP? I FORGOT TO ORDER SOME LAMB CHOPS, TOO! WILL YOU HAVE THE BOY BRING THEM OVER?

HE SAID HIS NAME IS BOOTSER JOY--HE'S A REAL HE-MAN! NOT A CITY SLICKER LIKE MY TWO EX-HUSBANDS! 'BOOTSER JOY THE BUTCHER BOY'!

WHY DIDN'T YA ORDER THESE CHOPS WITH THE ROAST AND SAVE ME A TRIP? BUT DAMES ALWAYS CAUSE A GUY TROUBLE--OH, HOW I HATE WOMEN.

ALL I CAN REMEMBER LATELY, MR. JOY, IS HOW I HATE ALL MEN.

SUMP'N AROUND HERE SMELLS MIGHTY APPETIZIN', SISTER.

IT'S A CAKE I JUST BAKED, BOOTSER! WAIT AND I'LL LET YOU SAMPLE IT.

THIS IS SWELL CAKE, EVEN IF IT WAS BAKED BY A DAME OH, HOW I HATE WOMEN.

HEAVEN FORGIVE ME FOR GIVING A MAN A SLICE OF IT--OH, HOW I HATE MEN.

HELLO, BUTCHER SHOP! WILL YOU SEND OVER A POUND OF BACON RIGHT AWAY, PLEASE--

I NEVER USED ROUGE BEFORE, BUT HERE GOES! 'BOOTSER JOY, THE BUTCHER BOY.' I'LL CALL HIM BOOTSIE FROM NOW ON.

I'M THE BOSS BUTCHER. OUR DELIVERY BOY IS OUT TO LUNCH, SO I BROUGHT YOU THE BACON, MYSELF.

AW-W--LEE! THERE WAS NO RUSH--I COULD HAVE WAITED--

MA'AM, MAY I 'PHONE THE BUTCHER FOR A SLICE OF HAM? I THOUGHT MR. CASPER MIGHT LIKE HAM FOR HIS BREAKFAST TOMORROW!

KATILKA, WHAT IS ALL THIS ABOUT, ANYWAY?

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CONTINUED NEXT WEEK