

POLLY AND HER PALS

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NO WONDER YOU FEEL FUZZY, THE WAY YOU'VE BEEN HITTING THE HIGH SPOTS



THIS WAY, DOC! HERE'S YOUR PATIENT



THE OLD MUTTON-HEAD'S PASSED HIMSELF OFF FER LAMB, ONCE TOO OFTEN!

SAY, AH!

AH!



A FELLER YOUR AGE CANT EAT A HULL MINCE-PIE WITHOUT PAYIN' THE PIPER



TUESDAY Y'GOME CREEPIN' HOME FROM PETE'S POOL PARLOR AT THREE A.M.!



AND WEDNESDAY YOU AN' YER POKER PALS WAS UP IN YOUR DEN TILL DAWN!



IT'S A WONDER HE LIVES AN' BREATHE, THE WAY HE BURNS THE CANDLE AT BOTH ENDS

NUTHIN' WRONG WITH YOU, BUT NERVES, SAMBO!



GITS ALL HET UP, BOWLIN', AN' THEN SETS IN A DRAFT!

PEACE AND QUIET ARE ALL YOU NEED!

ARE YOU KIDDIN'?



SMOKES LIKE A CHIMNEY AN' WONDERS WHY HE'S WOZZIE!

TRY TO GET IT WITH HER HOLLERIN' HER HEAD OFF!



THERE'S NO FOOL LIKE A OLD FOOL, 'SPECIALLY, WHEN HE WAS BALMY TO BEGIN WITH!



THESE SLEEPING-PILLS WILL MAKE A NEW MAN OF SAMBO, SUSIE!

THANKS, DOC. HOW MANY SHALL I GIVE HIM?



THEY HAIN'T FER HIM, HANG IT! YOU TAKE 'EM!

LIFE STERRETT