

By HAROLD GRAY

By LYMAN YOUNG

By MARTIN

By GEORGE McMANUS

By AHERN

WHY, MY FEET AINT ON TH' TABLE! WHY, THER A MILE FROM TH' TABLE! JIS BEND DOWN AN' SQUINT ALONG TH' TABLE THERE, ONCE - GO AHEAD! AT'LL PROVE IT RIGHT AWAY. WAIT, NOW-WATCH, I'LL PROVE IT - I'LL BET FIFTY-YES, A HUNDERD DOLLARS. I C'N GIT THIS MAGAZINE NUNDER 'EM. WHY, THER A MILE AWAY. A MILE!

YES, ONE OF YOUR MILES! BUT I PREFER THEM ONE OF MY MILES AWAY

TELL YOU WHAT YOU CAN DO WITH ALL THOSE CLOTHES-PINS, UNCLE AMOS - GIVE THEM TO ME TO SELL TO TH' NEIGHBORS-THEN I'LL PAY YOU AN' BUSTER WHAT THEY COST YOU! AN' WHAT'S LEFT I'LL SELL FOR MYSELF!

BY JOVE, ALVIN, YOU HAVE A HEAD FOR BUSINESS! EGAD, AND WHY SHOULDN'T YOU? BEING A HOOPLE, YOU HAVE INHERITED ALL THE FINE QUALITIES OF A GREAT CLAN!

BUT WHERE DOES HE GET TH' DESIRE TO WORK? THAT ISN'T A HOOPLE TRAIT! HE'S TH' ONLY STRONG LINK IN A WEAK CHAIN!

SO NEAR AND YET SO FAR

J.R. WILLIAMS
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