

THE MANLY ART.

THE NUT BROS.

IF PEOPLE TOSSE YOU OUT OF PLACES, STUFF YOUR CLOTHES WITH PING-PONG BALLS SO YOU'LL BOUNCE!

CHES and WAL

T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

HAW-HAW! YOUR SQUAW PITCH-UM TOMAHAWK AT YOU—BIG LAUGH!

YES—HAW-HAW! ME THOUGHT ME WOULD SPLIT!

IF YOU LAUGH AT ME AGAIN, I'LL KNOCK YOUR BLOCK OFF!

I AIN'T SCARED YOU'D PICK THE WRONG CLUB FOR THAT, TOO!

YOU BUM, YOU LOAFER, YOU DOG, YOU YOU—

DON'T THROW THE SALT CELLAR—THAT MEANS A QUARREL!

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MY WIFE KEEPS TELLING ME TO GO TO BLAZES!

UM! GYPSY TELL YOU BETTER JOIN FIRE DEPARTMENT!

WHY DID YOU HIT YOUR WIFE WITH A CHAIR?

YOUR HONOR, I COULDN'T LIFT THE PIANO!

OUR BOARDING HOUSE

WITH MAJOR HOOPLE

EGAD! HOW PLEASANT IT IS TO DROWSE THROUGH THESE BROWN OCTOBER DAYS!

HM! MARTHA IS STANDING THERE TOO LONG! I HAVE A FOREBODING OF SOMETHING UNPLEASANT!

INSTEAD OF SITTING THERE AND LETTING YOUR BLOOD JELL, HOW ABOUT POLISHING THIS TABLE—IT'S FULL OF SAUCES!

HAK-KAFF! YOU KNOW, I HOPE THAT IT WILL ONLY GET STAINED AGAIN—BUT OH, VERY WELL!

T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

(SAUCERS AND GLASSES) HAVE LEFT A LOT OF RINGS—IT'S PURE CARELESSNESS!

THEY'RE COMING OFF—BUT IT'S MAN-KILLING WORK!—PUFF!

GAY! THAT'S REALLY A FINE JOB! IT GLISTENS LIKE A FROZEN POND!

YAS! NOT BAD IF I DO SAY SO MYSELF!

WHILE YOU'RE IN ONE OF YOUR RARE MOODS FOR WORK, WILL YOU CLEAN AND WAX THE KITCHEN FLOOR?

UM! RARE MOOD? UM!

THERE! FINISHED! AND I THOUGHT EVERY BREATH WOULD BE MY LAST!

A FINE JOB! REALLY SMOOTH!—NOW HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO PUT THAT TOPSY-TURVY ATTIC IN ORDER?

AWPF-SPLUTT!

GREAT CAESAR! HERCULES HIMSELF COULDN'T UNSCRAMBLE THIS CHAOTIC HODGEPODGE! I'LL RELAX ON THIS OLD SOFA TILL I RECOVER MY STRENGTH!

WAKE UP, YOU BIG LOAFER—YOU HAVEN'T TOUCHED A THING!

THERE'S A LAYER OF DUST ON EVERYTHING THAT COULD BE SHOVELED OFF!

UM-HAK! DASH IT ALL, MARTHA!

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BAH! WHY DIDN'T I TAKE THE ABUSE IN THE FIRST PLACE, AND SAVE ALL THAT SUFFERING?

RIGHT YOU ARE, MAJOR!

