"The Comic Strip"

JUST FOOLISHNESS

MICKIE, THE PRINTER'S DEVIL

By Charles Sughroe

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The Voice of the People

HEY! LOOK WHAT YOU DONE TO MY BANANA!
WHY, THE VERY IDEA, HENRY WHIPPET, I DO LET YOU HAVE THE CAR, LOTS OF TIMES
I JEST LOVE TO LISTEN TO PASSERS BY
YES, AMELIA, WHEN IT NEEDS GAS, I GET TO DRIVE IT TO THE FILLING STATION
AND THEN WHEN I GETS HOME, TIRED AND HUNGRY AFTER 18 HOLES, WHAT DOES SHE HAVE FOR ME TO EAT? HASTY, SOUR, SOLD, WET CHICKEN SALAD AND LETTUCE SANDWICHES! BAH!
DID YA EVER HEAR OF NASTURTIUM SANDWICHES, ALBEE? MY WIFE, SHE SPRANG 'EM ON ME ONE TIME
I SEE TH' FIRST DAY I WASN'T GOING TO LIKE THIS RURAL STUFF, SO WHEN THE OLD FARMER POUNDED ON MY DOOR ABOUT FOUR O'CLOCK TH' NEXT MORNING AN' SEZ, "TIME TO START MILKING," I HOLLERS BACK, "MISTER, I AIN'T GOT THE HEART TO WAKE THEM POOR COWS UP AT THIS TIME O' TH' NIGHT."
WAS THAT JUST BEFORE THE DOG STARTED CHASING YOU DOWN THE ROAD?
YOU CAN'T FOOL ME, EVEN IF YOU ARE FROM TH' CITY. HERE I BUST A $2 BILL WIDE OPEN JEST TAKING YOU TO TH' STREET FAIR AND CARNIVAL AN' THEN YOU REFUSE T' MARRY ME! YOURE ONE OF THESE HERE GOLD DIGGERS!
OH HA HA HA