

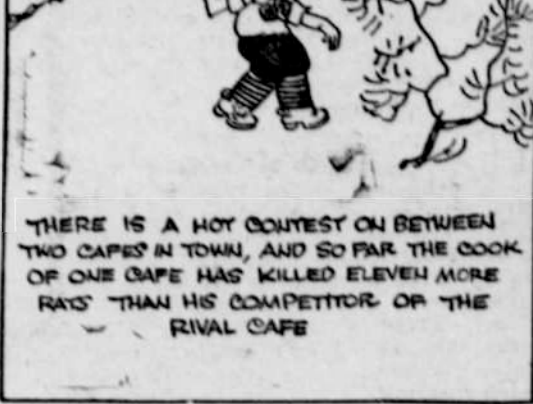
MICKIE, THE PRINTER'S DEVIL

By Charles Sughra

MRS. HOWE FATT BROUGHT HER BATHROOM SCALES DOWN-TOWN TO BE FIXED, "BECAUSE THE SPRING MUST BE GETTING WEAK, FOR EVERY TIME I GET ON, THE SCALES REGISTERS MORE."



THERE IS A HOT CONTEST ON BETWEEN TWO CAPE IN TOWN, AND SO FAR THE COOK OF ONE CAPE HAS KILLED ELEVEN MORE RATS THAN HIS COMPETITOR OF THE RIVAL CAPE.



MRS. HECTOR CHOLLER, WHO QUIT HER HUSBAND TO GO TO WORK, DIDN'T LIKE IT AND HAS DECIDED TO QUIT WORKING AND RETURN HOME.



COL. HAMMILL GOSKNUDDLE, THE TOWN LOAFER, HAS SENT FOR A CATALOG OF AN AUTO THAT SELLS FOR \$15,000, "THUS PUTTING THIS TOWN IN THE LEAD FOR WE HAVEN'T HEARD OF ANYBODY IN OUR NEIGHBORING TOWNS SHOWING SUCH ENTERPRISE."



SHATTERED HOPES

A woman entered a Paris hospital the other day to inquire about a patient whom she believed had died. Assuming the visitor to be a relative of the patient, the head nurse was happy to be able to inform her that the sick man was convalescent. "Oh!" exclaimed the woman, without registering any particular pleasure. "You say he is better?" "Much better, yes. You are a relative?" "A relative! Not at all, madame. The concierge where your patient lives promised me his apartment."—Le Figaro Hebdomadaire, Paris.

NO TROUBLE



"Having any trouble these days meeting expenses, Billy?" "Meeting 'em? Why man I run into 'em every time I move."

"Yes, Sir"

Two flappers were flapping one warm afternoon. "If skirts grow much shorter they're bathing suits soon."

Life in Fort Mink

"I don't think so much of the cooking at this hotel," complained a tourist. "We have a French cook," responded Toofus, the Fort Mink philosopher and guide. "Vive la France!" "Vive la France, but darn these eggs," said the tourist.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Costly Correspondence

"I see that a letter written by John Adams has been sold for \$585." "That's nothing. A letter of mine recently brought \$10,000." "Indeed?" "Yes; to a girl who sued me for breach of promise."

Improvement

"What is your boy Josh doing?" "Studyin' in college," answered Farmer Cornsattel. "Is he making progress?" "Some. His handwritin' has become more firm in his letters askin' for money!"—Washington Star.

NIL



Fred—I am paid for what I know, and not for what I do. Fannie—Don't you get any salary?

Tonality

A vocalist is singing. Her verses to the sky. I'm not sure if she's singing. Or starting in to cry.

One Thing on Her Mind

Bride (on the train)—Why have the lights been turned on? Bridegroom—We are coming to a tunnel, dearest. Bride—But what is the use of tunnels if they turn on the lights?

Taking Chances

Boreleigh—Is there any danger of that dog of yours biting me? Mr. Smart—Well, he might; the man I got him from said he was a bore hound.—Boston Transcript.

Then She'll Know

First Young Lady—Since 'e took 'er to the tennis match she thinks there's nothing like 'im. Second Young Lady (viciously)—Wait till 'e takes 'er to the zoo!—London Opinion.

The Viewpoint

"Mercy! Here it is the first of the month. Doesn't rent day come around swiftly?" "That depends on whether one is the tenant or the landlord."

The Artful Dodger

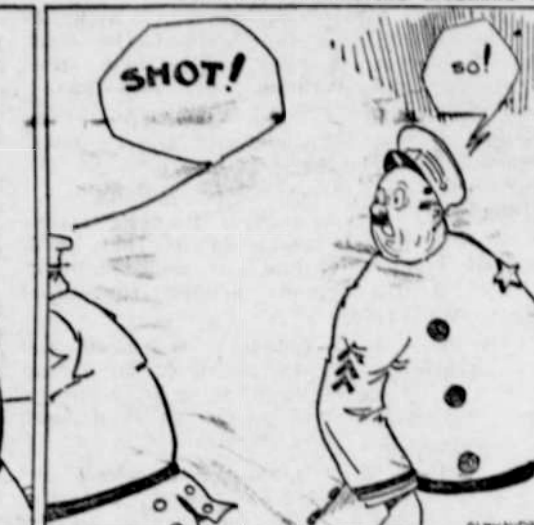
"Jenkins is a marvel. He can walk right into the traffic and cross the street without being hit." "Nothing marvelous about that. Jenkins has been practicing on a public golf links."

Not in Mental Supply Line

Bortie—He said that, did he? Why didn't you give him a piece of your mind. Algy—My dear fellow, I am really not capitalizing idiots.

FINNEY OF THE FORCE

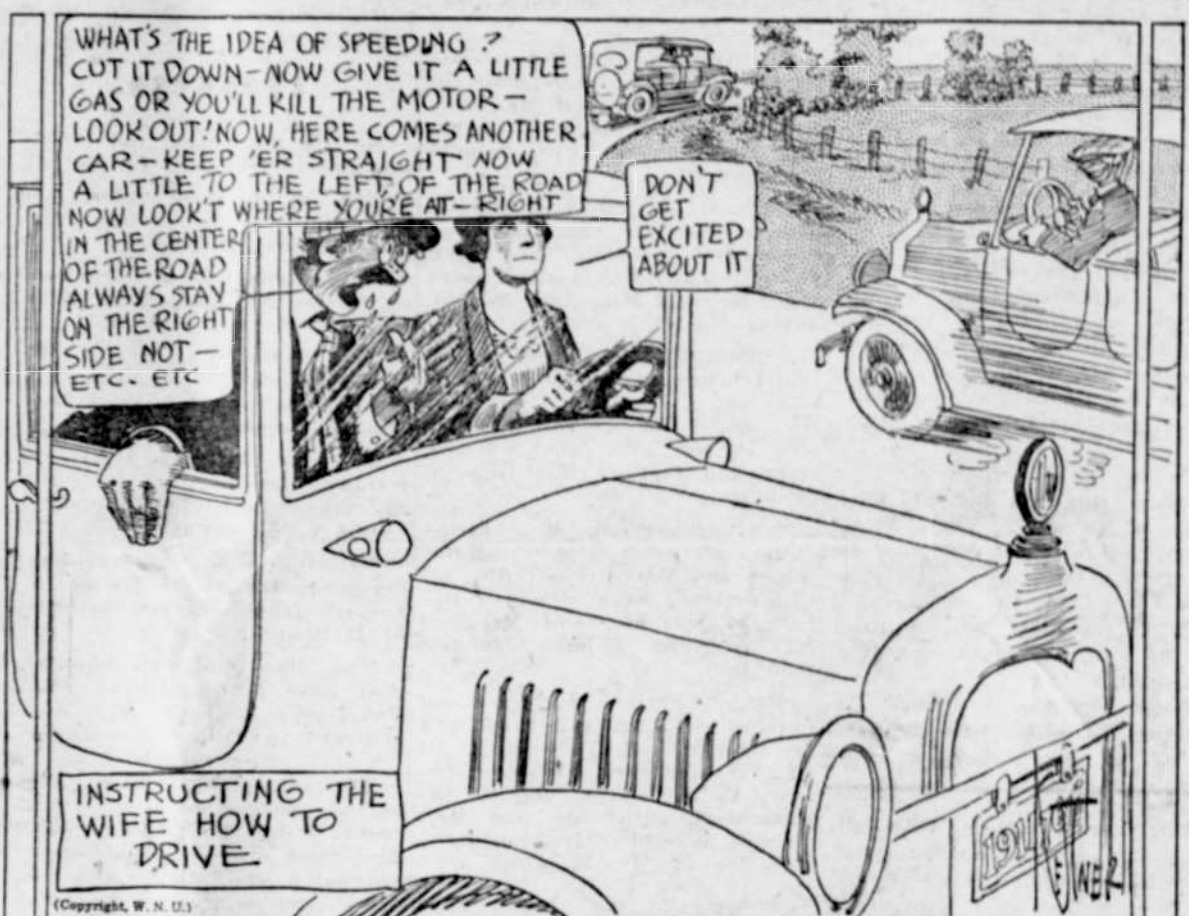
By F. O. Alexander



Events in the Lives of Little Men



Along the Concrete



THE FEATHERHEADS

By Osborne



Fanny, the Optimist



NOT NECESSARY

