

AS COMIC ARTISTS SEE THE WORLD

THE FEATHERHEADS

By Osborne
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I JUST GOT THE STATEMENT OF OUR JOINT ACCOUNT AT THE BANK—WHERE'S THE CHECK BOOK?



YOU'RE ALL EXCITED—YOU LOOK AS IF YOU HAD A FEVER—DID YOU GET IN A DRAFT AT THE BANK? CUT OUT THE HUMOR AND HELP ME TO BALANCE THE ACCOUNT—WE SEEM TO BE OVER-DRAWN



WHY DON'T YOU BE MORE CAREFUL? I ONLY WROTE ONE CHECK THIS MONTH—

ONE HUH?—FOR HOW MUCH?



WHY—AH—I THINK IT WAS ABOUT \$250.

WOW! I'M GLAD YOU ONLY WROTE ONE CHECK!!

Off Balance

FINNEY OF THE FORCE

By Ted O'Loughlin
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—SO WHIN THIS HOLD UP MAN GIVE HIM TH' ORDER—THIS LITTLE CLERK UPS AND SOCKS 'IM—



MY STARS—AN' WASN'T HE TH' BRAVE MAN?



—AN' WHIN OI GOT THERE, TH' FOIGHT WUZ ALL OVER AN' TH' ROBBER WUZ ALL IN—

HOW DID TH' LITTLE FELLOW DO IT?



WELL—AS OI ALLUS SAY—IT AIN'T TH' SOIZE O' TH' GUY IN TH' FOIGHT—IT BE TH' SOIZE O' TH' FOIGHT IN TH' GUY!!

The Philosopher

"REG'LAR FELLERS"

Caught Napping



FISH IS GREAT BRAIN FOOD. IT MAKES YA AWFUL SMART!



GWAN! I DON'T B'LEEVE IT!



DO YOU KNOW, BETTERN MY MOTHER?



WELL, THEN IF IT MAKES YA SO AWFUL SMART HOW IS IT THE FISH ARE SO DUMB THEY ALWAYS GET CAUGHT?

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MESCAL IKE

By S. L. HUNTLEY

Now Muley's In For It



WAL, WAL, I SEE HERE WHERE MULEY BATES IS A-SELLIN' TESTIMONIALS TO TH' PILL COMPANY AGEN



YEAH, BUT HITS PLUMB GOT HIM DOWN A HEAP



WHAT DAYA MEAN IT'S GOT HIM DOWN? HE SAYS HERE HE NEVER FELT BETTER IN HIS LIFE



THET'S WHERE AT HE MADE HIS MISTAKE—HIS OL' LADY WANTS TO KNOW, AS LONG AS HE FEELS SO DADGUM SWELL, WHY HE DONT GO TO WORK



Lolly Gags
WELL, OF ALL THINGS! REHEARSING A FAN DANCE! WHY, THAT'S OUT OF STYLE
WELL, THE DIRECTOR WANTS ME TO BE AN OLD-FASHIONED TYPE

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Doctor—You sleep too much. You must get up two hours earlier in the morning.
Patient—If it's all the same to you, Doctor, I think I would prefer to retire two hours later.



"Refuse me if you must, but don't say you'll be a sister to me."
"Don't worry, Mr. Blunt. Our family is very exclusive."



"Do yez always shmoke after yer dinner, Pat?"
"O! do. Shure, me dinner don't taste roight whin of ate onless O! have a shmoke afterwards."



She—Did you ever have an acute attack of spring fever?
He—No, mine is chronic.



Reggy—I flatter myself that I have a well-stored mind.
Mary—Do you ever take it out of storage?