WHAT ARE YOU DOING, CICERO?
I'M WASHING MY FINGER!
YOU MEAN YOU'RE WASHING JUST ONE FINGER?
THAT'S ALL!
GEEVEM'S BABY HAS A NEW TOOTH AND I'M GOING OVER TO FEEL IT!
MUTT AND JEFF -:- What a Life for Poor Jeff -:- By BUD FISHER
LAST SUNDAY AS WE WENT TO DINNER, MUTT SHOVED JEFF AWAY FROM THE UPSTAIRS WINDOW WITH THE BELOW RESULT.
PLOP!
CICERO MUTT MUST HAVE TIED MY STILTS TOGETHER
CICERO, YOU'RE A NAUGHTY BOY TO TELL ME THAT JEFF WAS PLAYING CARDS WITH PAPA! PAPA'S ALL ALONE!
BUT, MA-
FINE. NOW I'LL THROW THIS ROPE TO JEFF AND RAISE HIM UP TO THE WINDOW, AND WE CAN RESUME OUR GAME!
HUH?
GRAB THIS ROPE! IT'S O.K!
BUT MUTT, LISTEN! I'M SICK OF BEING ON THESE STILTS, AND BESIDES THEY'RE STILL TIED TOGETHER! NIX!
IT'S O.K. I TELL YOU! MY WIFE AIN'T WISE!
BUT, MUTT.
I TELL YOU IT'S ALL RIGHT! WE'VE FOOLED THE OLD GIRL!
I WAS WORRIED! YOU KNOW HOW YOUR WIFE HATES ME!
STOP WORRYING! THAT STILTS IDEA OF YOURS IS A GREAT ONE!
NOT ONE WORD. YOU MUST STAY IN BED!
FOR THE LOVE OF MIKE, IT'S YOUR WIFE AGAIN!
S-H-H! WE'LL FOOL HER LIKE WE DID BEFORE!
MUTT, DEAR!
JUST A SHOVE- THAT'S ALL!
PLOP!
3-10
MUTT, YOU NEVER ASSOCIATE WITH JEFF ANY MORE, DO YOU?
NO, M'LOVE! I DETEST THE SIGHT OF HIM!
CONTINUED NEXT WEEK
BANG