



NOW REMEMBER, JEFF - MY ORDERS ARE ONLY ONE CIGAR A DAY. JUST ONE! UNDERSTAND?

YES, DOC!



I'M JUST THE SORT OF A GUY THAT FOLLOWS A DOCTOR'S ORDERS TO THE LETTER! IT PAYS!



FOR THE LOVE OF MIKE, THAT CIGAR!

IT'S THE DOC'S ORDERS, MUTT. HE'S LIMITED ME TO ONE CIGAR A DAY ON ACCOUNT OF MY HEALTH!

MUTT AND JEFF

Isn't Mrs. Mutt's Papa the Playful Thing!

By BUD FISHER

Copyright, 1933, by H. C. Fisher, Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. Great Britain Rights Reserved.



PAPA, HOW LONG ARE YOU GOING TO VISIT WITH US?

AT LEAST A YEAR! WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THAT, MUTT?

A YEAR? OH-YEAH? YOU SAD!!



YOU'RE POISON TO ME, YOU WORM!

I'M SORRY I HAVE TO GO DOWNTOWN, MUTT! BUT I'LL BE HERE A YEAR. STOP WORRYING!

PAPA - WHY MUST YOU AND MUTT ALWAYS FIGHT!



OH-HOW I DISLIKE MY WIFE'S FATHER! I GOTTA THINK UP A SCHEME TO GET RID OF HIM!

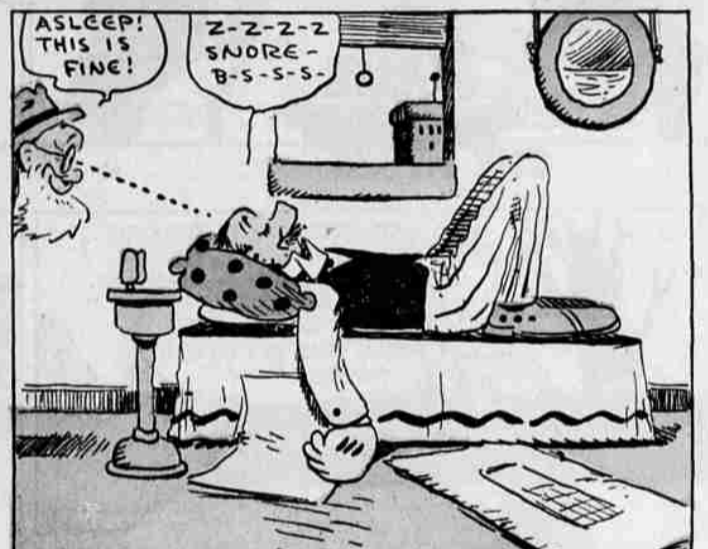


FOR GOODNESS SAKE! I LEFT MY WATCH IN THE HOUSE!

GO BACK FOR IT-THEN MEET ME DOWNTOWN!



I WAS ONLY FOOLING HER - IT WAS JUST AN EXCUSE TO GO BACK AND SURPRISE MUTT. HE THINKS I'M ON MY WAY DOWNTOWN! I LOVE TO PLAY JOKES ON HIM!



ASLEEP! THIS IS FINE!

Z-Z-Z-Z SNORE-B-S-S-S.



TEN MINUTES LATER--

AS HE WAS ASLEEP IT WAS EASY AS PIE TO CHLORFORM HIM. NOW I GOTTA WORK FAST. O'BOY!



20 MINUTES LATER--

I SHAVED HIS HEAD AND DRESSED HIM IN A CONVICT'S SUIT. NOW TO CALL UP THE COUNTY JAIL AND TELL THEM THERE'S AN ESCAPED CONVICT IN THE HOUSE!



I WONDER WHO THE SHERIFF'S AFTER?

I LOVES A MAN HUNT!

ME TOO, BOSS!



A BIT LATER--

WHAT'S THIS! MY HEAD IS SHAVED AND I'M WEARING A CONVICT SUIT! HUH?



IT'S THE SHERIFF AND HIS MEN!

COME ON, MEN! WE'LL TAKE HIM ALIVE IF POSSIBLE!



PAPA, I'LL BET YOU'RE AT THE BOTTOM OF THIS! TEE HEE!

YOU GUESSED IT! HELLO MUTT!

HALT!!

Fisher 5-1

