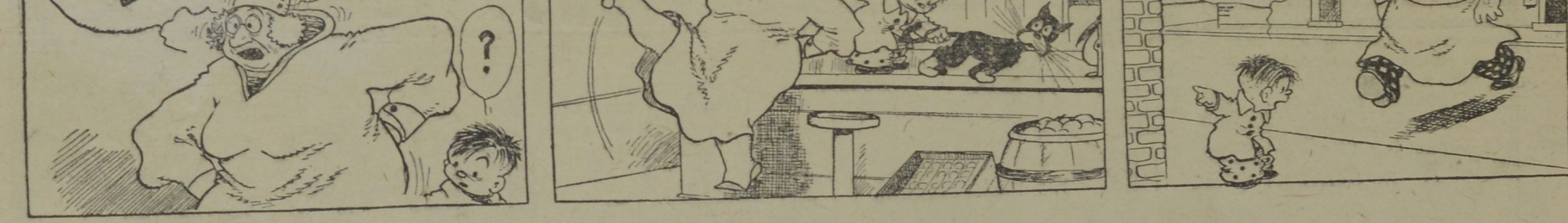
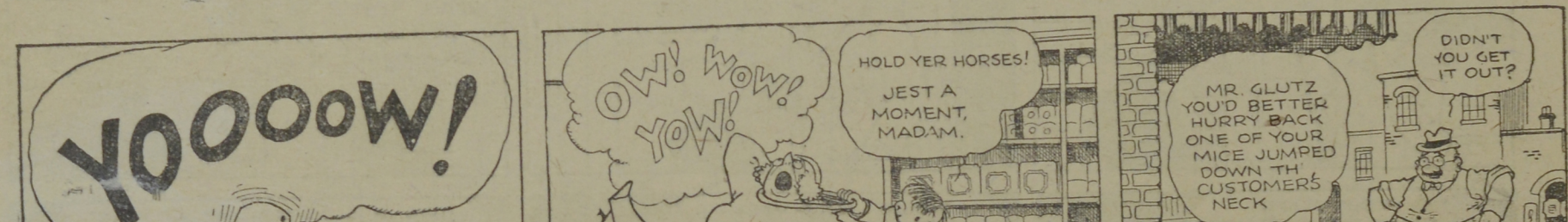
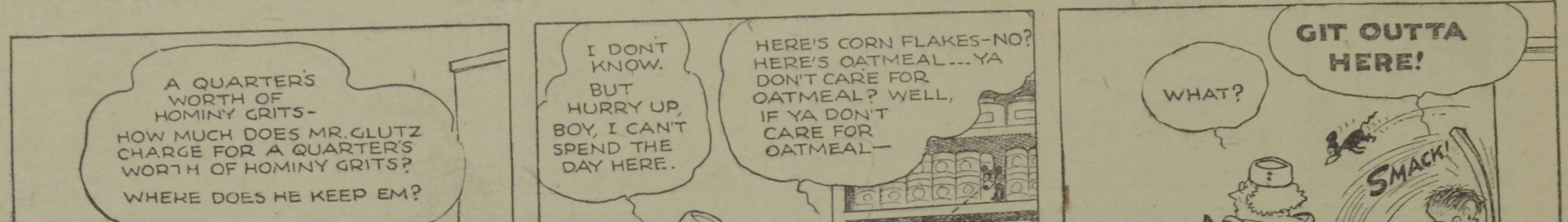
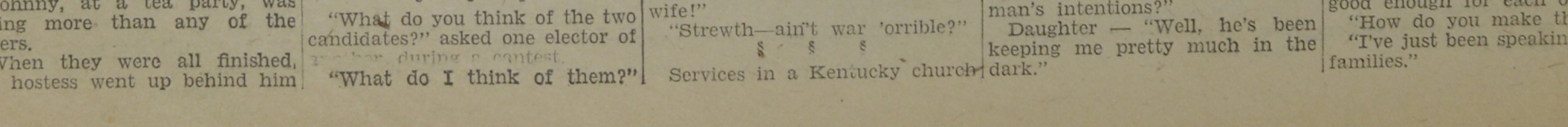
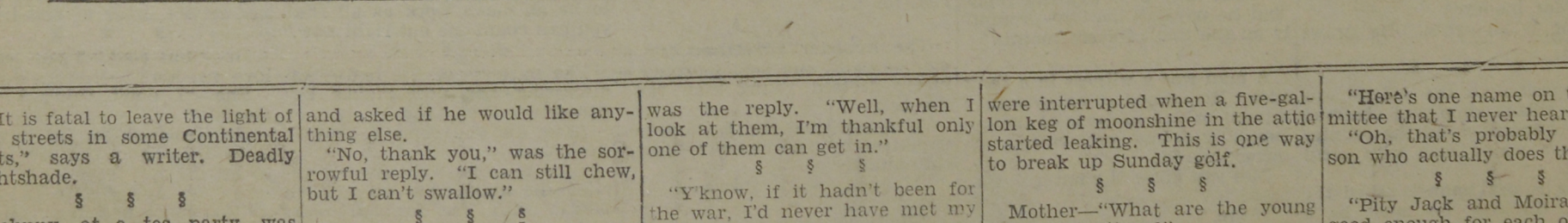


MOON MULLINS by Frank Willard



KITTY HIGGINS



"It is fatal to leave the light of the streets in some Continental ports," says a writer. Deadly nightshade.

Johnny, at a tea party, was eating more than any of the others. When they were all finished, the hostess went up behind him and asked if he would like anything else. "No, thank you," was the sorrowful reply. "I can still chew, but I can't swallow."

"What do you think of the two candidates?" asked one elector of another during a contest. "What do I think of them?"

was the reply. "Well, when I look at them, I'm thankful only one of them can get in."

"Y'know, if it hadn't been for the war, I'd never have met my wife!"

"Strewth—ain't war 'orrible?"

Services in a Kentucky church,

were interrupted when a five-gallon keg of moonshine in the attic started leaking. This is one way to break up Sunday golf.

Mother—"What are the young man's intentions?"

Daughter—"Well, he's been keeping me pretty much in the dark."

"Here's one name on the committee that I never heard of."

"Oh, that's probably the person who actually does the work."

"Pity Jack and Moira are not good enough for each other."

"How do you make that out?"

"I've just been speaking to both families."