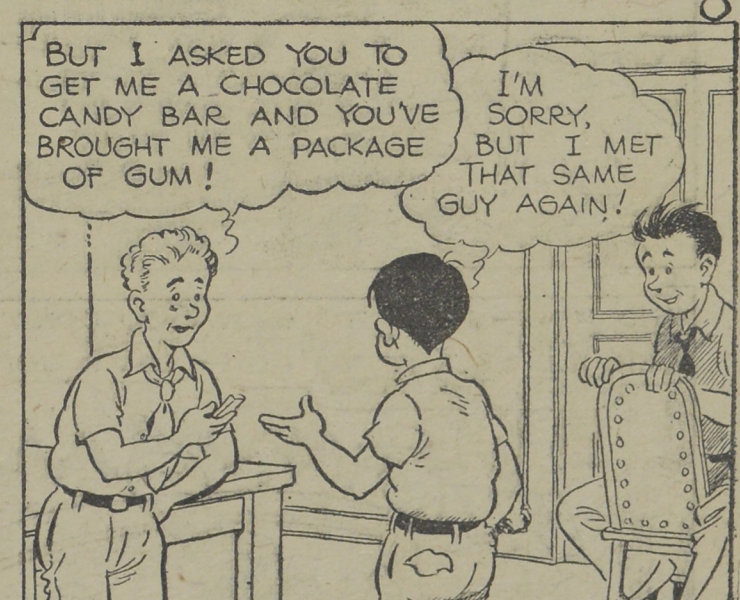
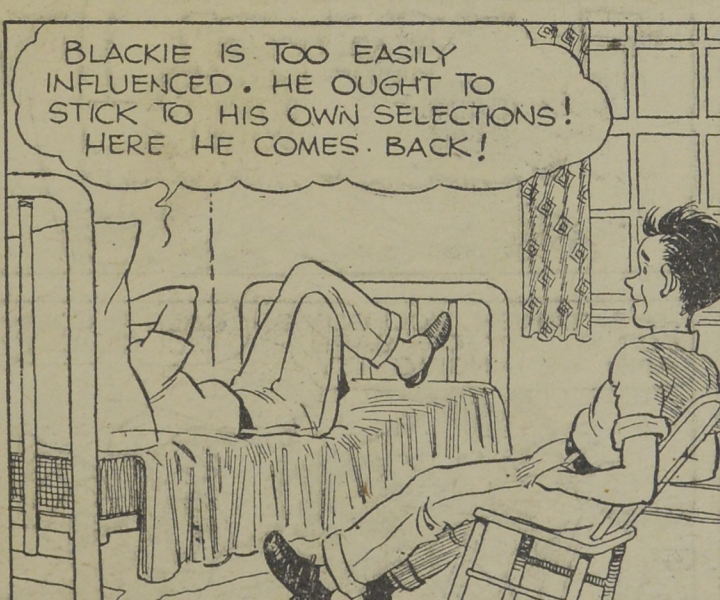
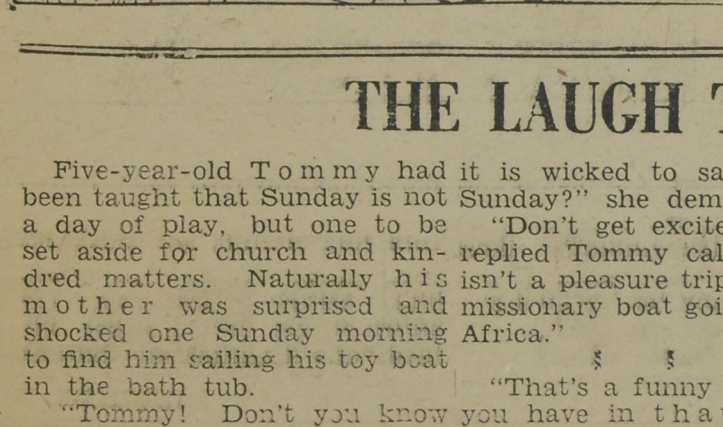
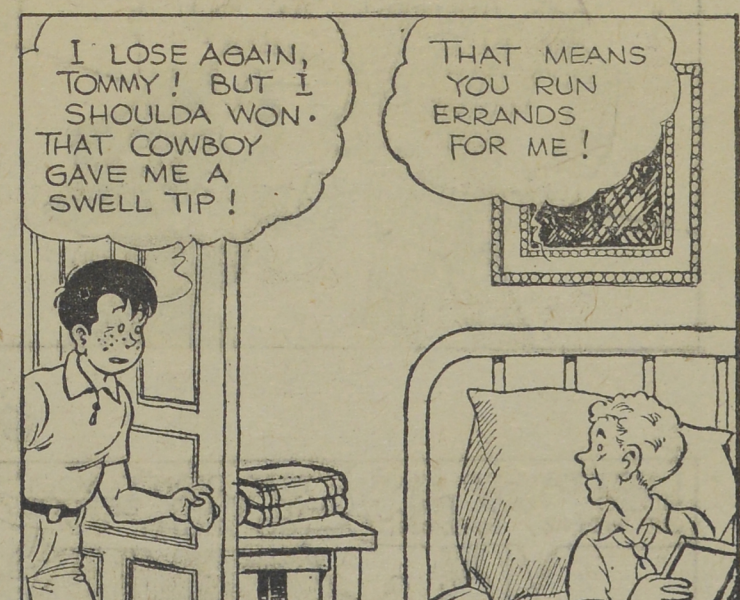
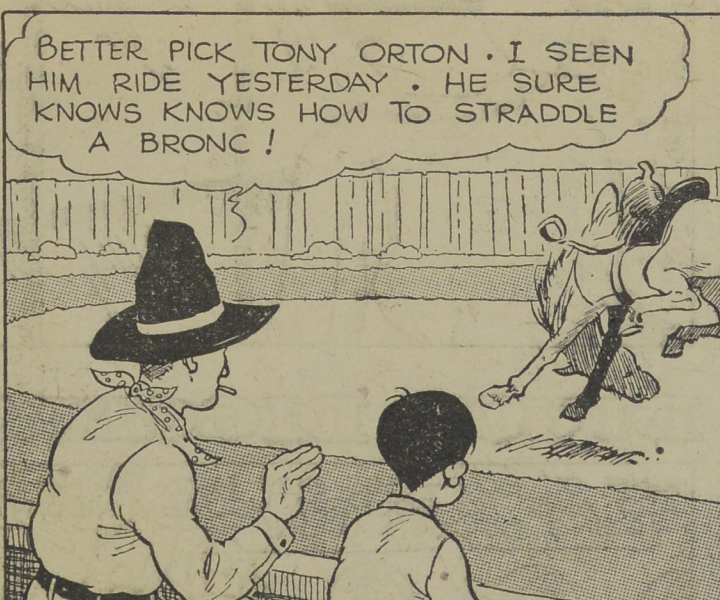
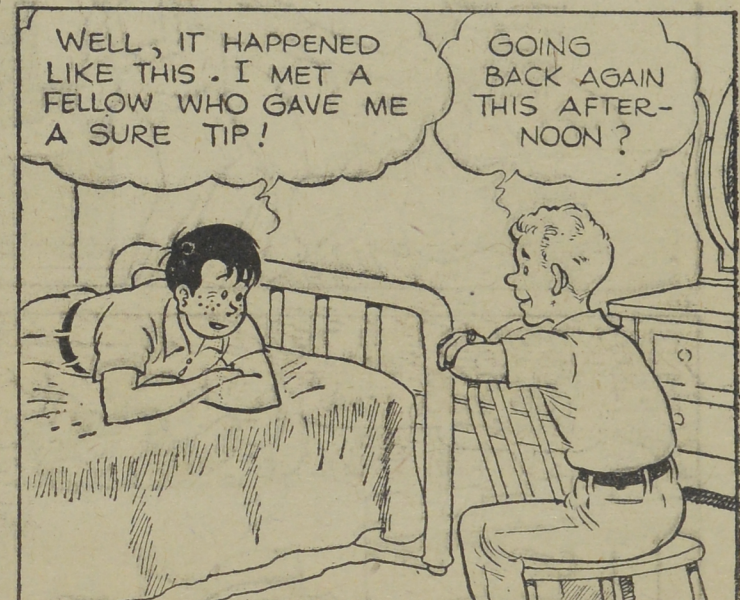
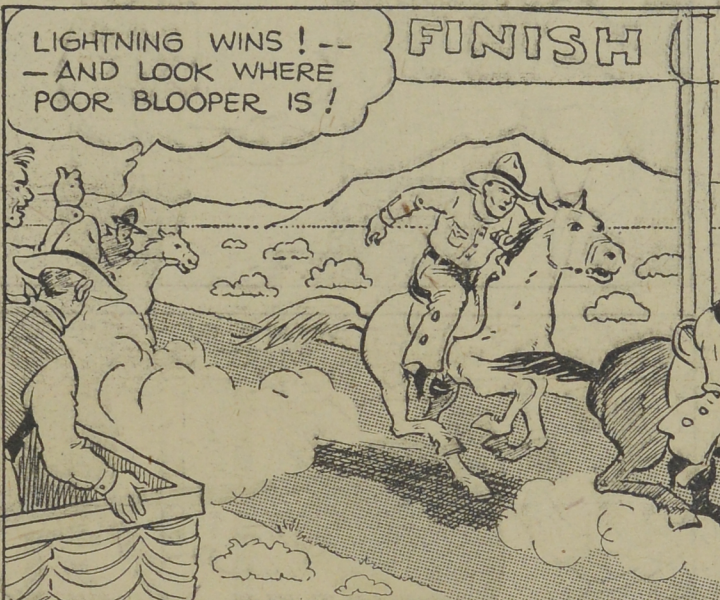
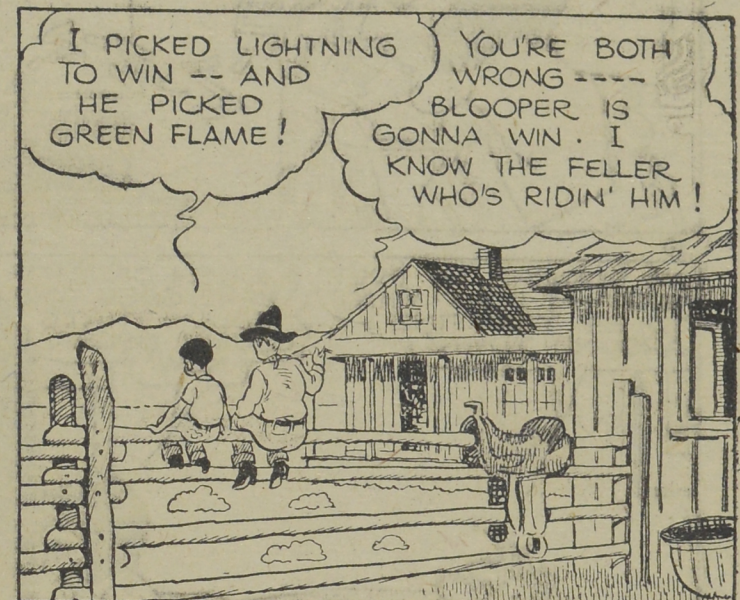
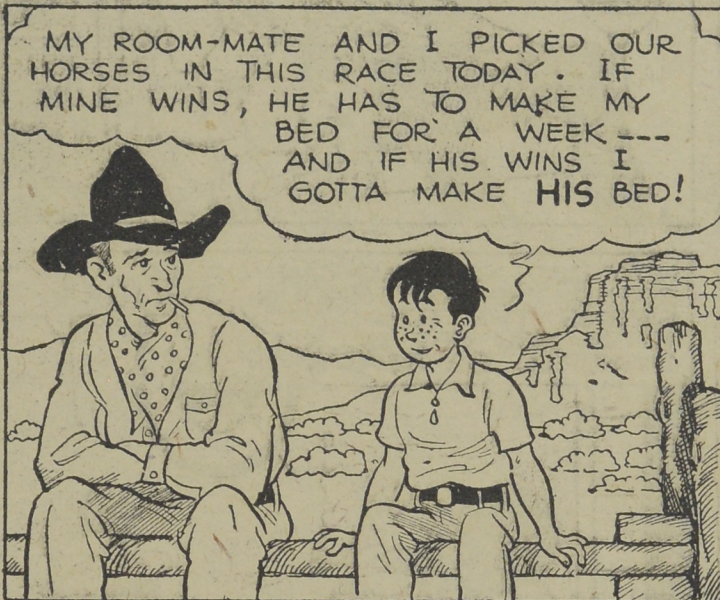
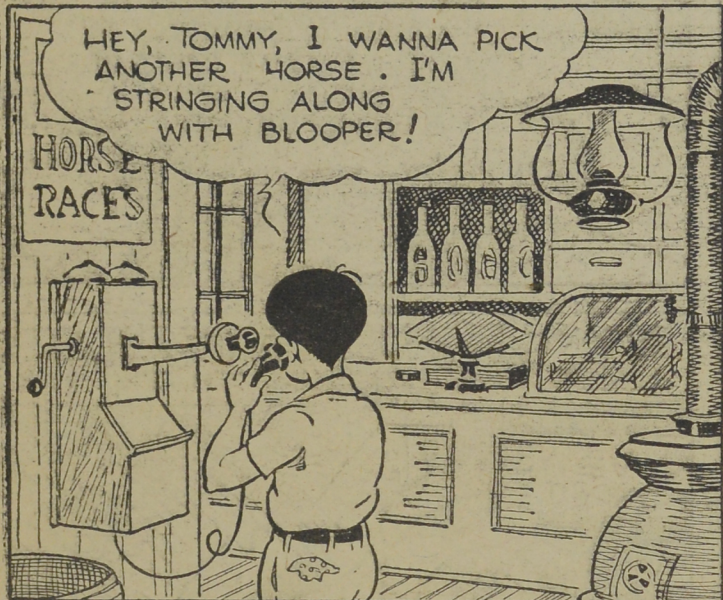
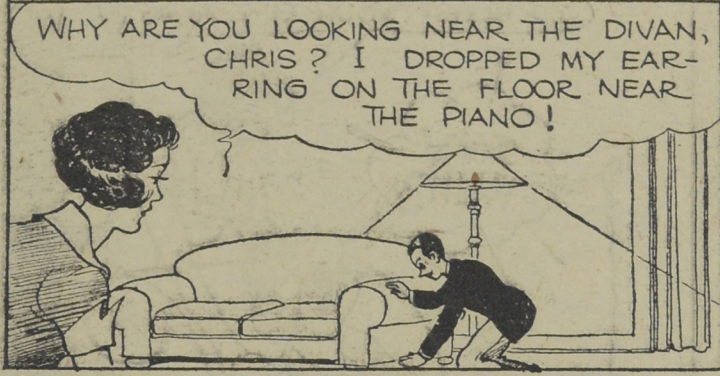
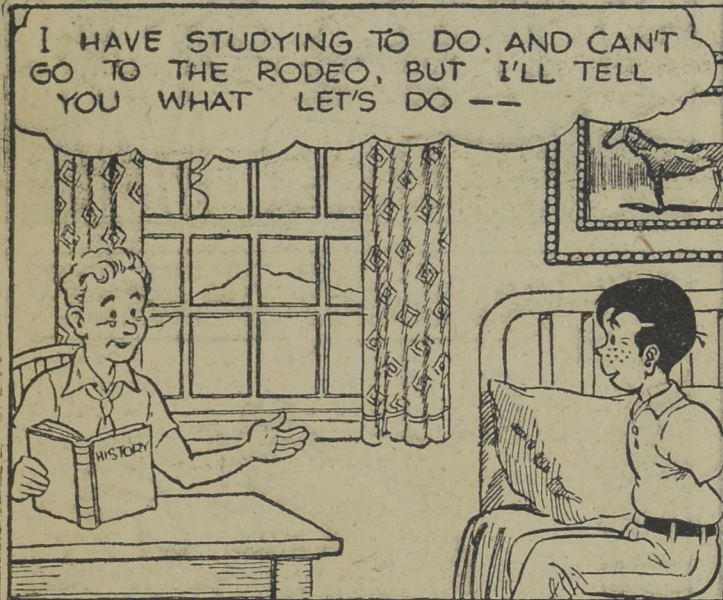


ELLA CINDERS

by BILL CONSELMAN and CHARLIE PLUMB

Chris Crusty



THE LAUGH TONIC—GOOD FOR THE WHOLE FAMILY!

Five-year-old Tommy had it been taught that Sunday is not Sunday?" she demanded. "Don't get excited, mother," replied Tommy calmly. "This set aside for church and kindred matters. Naturally his mother was surprised and shocked one Sunday morning to find him sailing his toy boat in the bath tub.

"Tommy! Don't you know you have in that case," re-

marked the Bank Holiday hiker to the innkeeper. "What is its name?"

"Well, to tell you the truth, sir, it hasn't got a name," replied mine host. "The head is a cod's, the middle is a salmon's and the tail is from an eel."

The hiker looked puzzled.

"What's the idea of faking up such a fish?" he asked.

"It's like this," replied the innkeeper, with an artful wink "people come in and get so thirsty arguing about what it is that I find it is good for business."

Kind Old Lady—"Here's six-

pence for you, and, by the by, the lady next door wants her rugs beaten."

Tramp—"Thanks for the warning, ma'am!"

Tourist (in museum)—"What is in here?"

Guide—"Remains to be seen, sir."