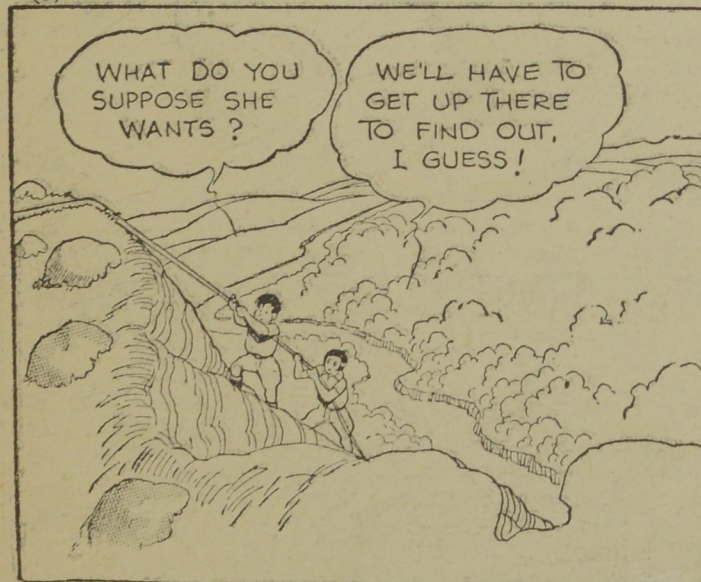
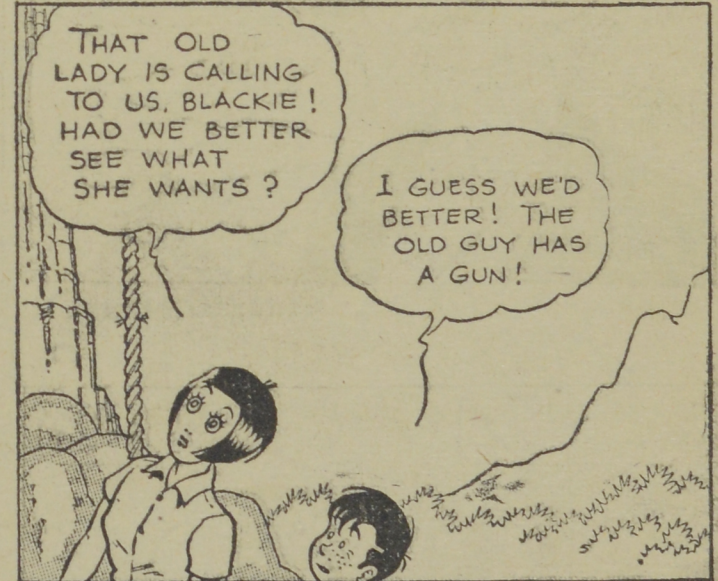
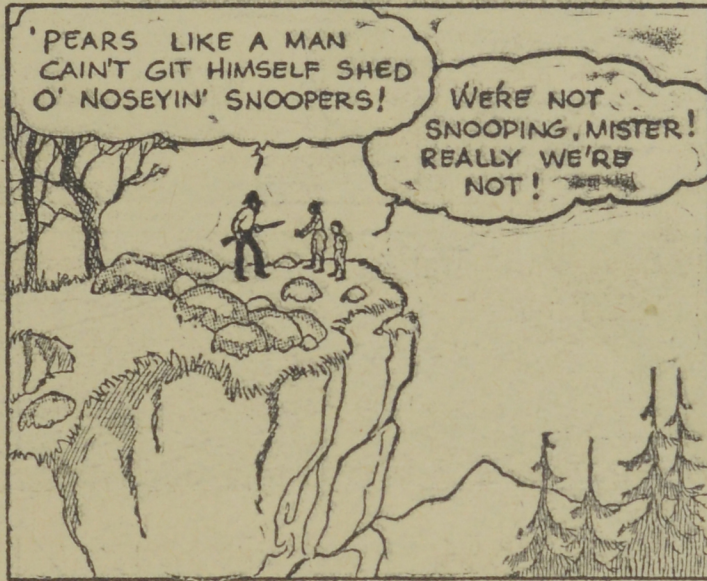
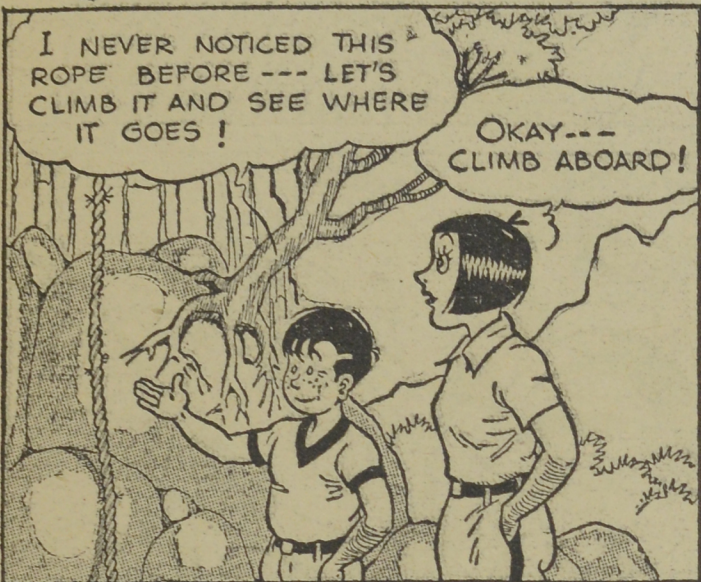
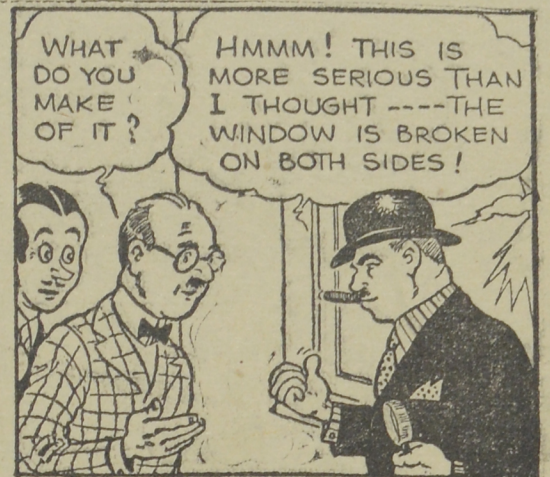


ELLA CINDERS

By BILL CONSELMAN and CHARLIE PLUMB

CHRIS CRUSTY

© 1936 by United Feature Syndicate, Inc. Tim. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.—All rights reserved



THE LAUGH TONIC—GOOD FOR THE WHOLE FAMILY!

I had decided to take the furnished flat.
 Landlady—"Of course I must ask you for a deposit."
 Myself—"Certainly" (handing over the required sum).
 Landlady (beaming)—"Thank you. And now, do you want a receipt, or shall we trust one another?"

Tenant—"What would you nose, but otherwise she's the image of me when I was a mouse over a foot long in the child!"
 Landlord—"Rats!"
 "Oh, officer, I've lost my little girl!"
 "What's she like?"
 "Well, she has her father's man!"

Doctor (to Aberdonian, whom he had been called urgently to see)—"What on earth have you been doing, Jock? Why, your tongue is absolutely black, man!"

Jock—"I dropped a bottle of whisky on the newly tarred road!"
 Eliphalet—"Sapphiry, don't you know that every time a woman gets mad she adds new wrinkles to her face?"
 Sapphiry—"No, I didn't. But if it's so I presume it's a wise

provision of Providence to let the world know what sort of a husband that woman has."
 "How's your car running?"
 "Not so good; I can't get her throttled down."
 "How's your wife?"
 "She's the same, thank you."