

Ella Cinders

by BILL CONSELMAN and CHARLIE PLUM

Chris Crusty

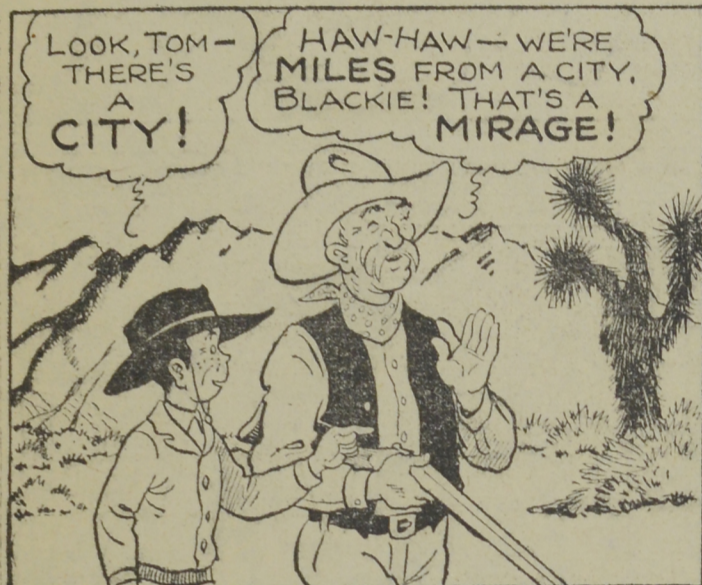
HE TOLD THEM HE WAS TEMPERAMENTAL AND NOW THEY THINK HE MUST BE SOME MOVIE STAR!



OH, MR. CRUSTY -- WHAT MAKES A MAN LIKE YOU SO HIGH STRUNG?



HE INHERITS IT FROM HIS GRANDFATHER -- HE WAS CAUGHT STEALING HORSES!



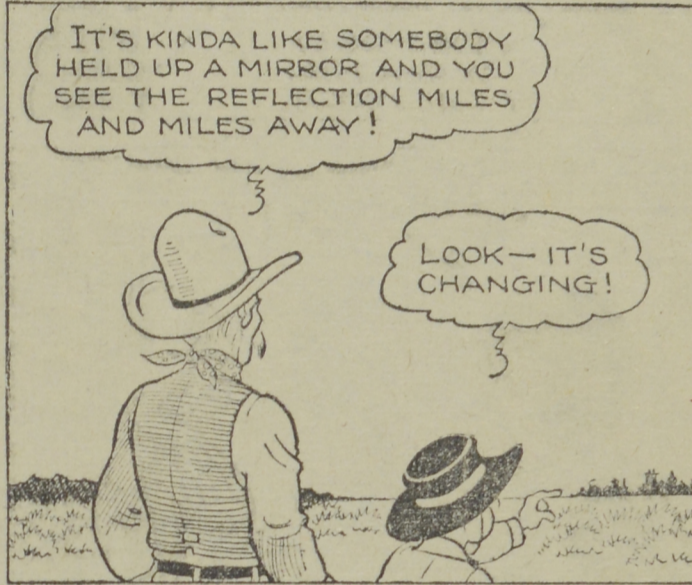
LOOK, TOM -- THERE'S A CITY!

HAW-HAW -- WE'RE MILES FROM A CITY, BLACKIE! THAT'S A MIRAGE!



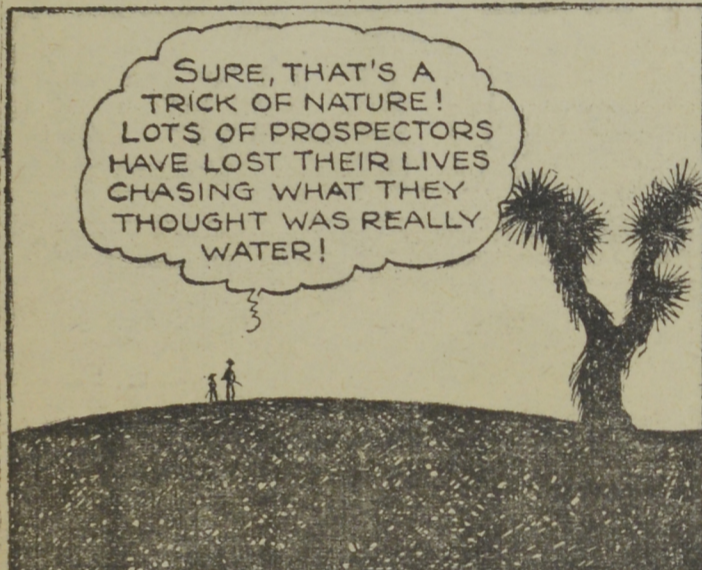
WHAT'S A MIRAGE?

WAAL, SOME FOLKS CALL IT AN OPTICAL ATMOSPHERIC ILLUSION BY WHICH THE IMAGE OF A DISTANT OBJECT IS SEEN!

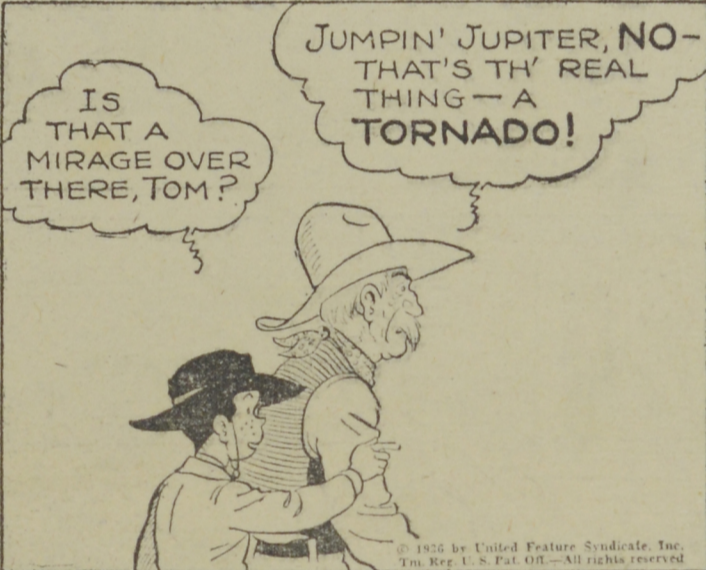


IT'S KINDA LIKE SOMEBODY HELD UP A MIRROR AND YOU SEE THE REFLECTION MILES AND MILES AWAY!

LOOK -- IT'S CHANGING!



SURE, THAT'S A TRICK OF NATURE! LOTS OF PROSPECTORS HAVE LOST THEIR LIVES CHASING WHAT THEY THOUGHT WAS REALLY WATER!



IS THAT A MIRAGE OVER THERE, TOM?

JUMPIN' JUPITER, NO -- THAT'S TH' REAL THING -- A TORNADO!



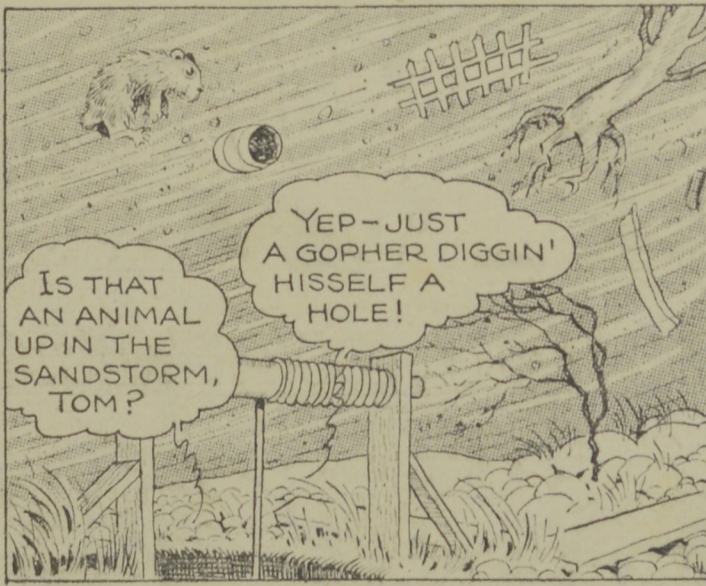
THERE GOES MY HAT!

NEVER MIND THAT -- WE GOT TO GET TO THAT OLD ABANDONED MINE SHAFT!



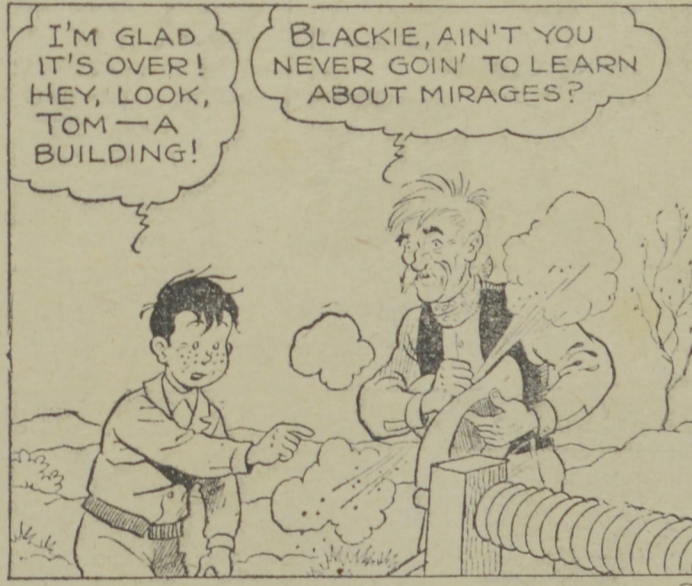
WE'LL BE SAFE IF THIS ROPE HOLDS!

IF IT DOESN'T, WHAT'LL HAPPEN TO US IS JUST A DROP IN THE BUCKET!



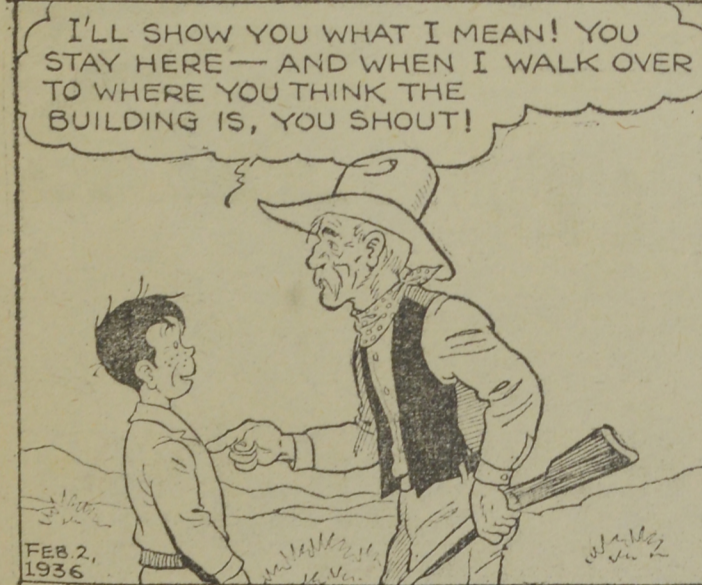
IS THAT AN ANIMAL UP IN THE SANDSTORM, TOM?

YEP -- JUST A GOPHER DIGGIN' HISSELF A HOLE!

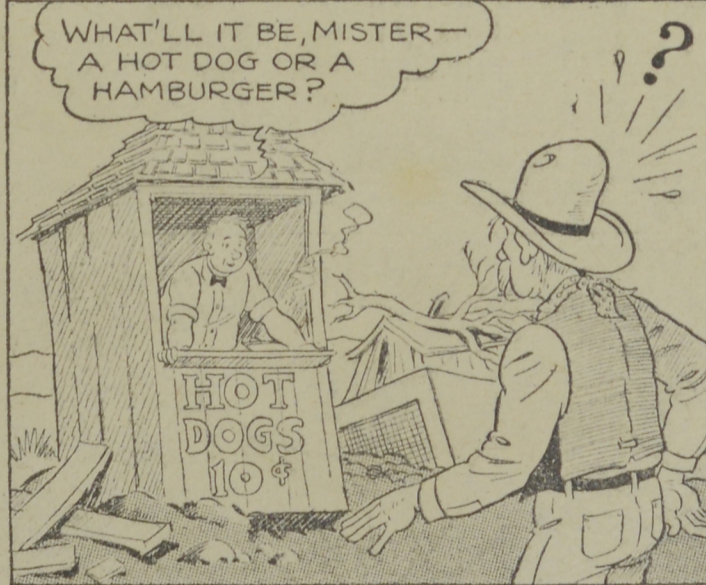


I'M GLAD IT'S OVER! HEY, LOOK, TOM -- A BUILDING!

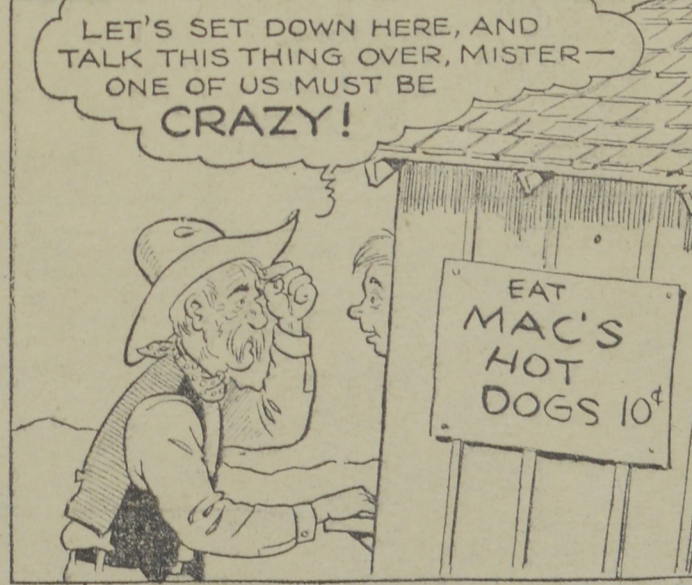
BLACKIE, AIN'T YOU NEVER GOIN' TO LEARN ABOUT MIRAGES?



I'LL SHOW YOU WHAT I MEAN! YOU STAY HERE -- AND WHEN I WALK OVER TO WHERE YOU THINK THE BUILDING IS, YOU SHOUT!



WHAT'LL IT BE, MISTER -- A HOT DOG OR A HAMBURGER?



LET'S SET DOWN HERE, AND TALK THIS THING OVER, MISTER -- ONE OF US MUST BE CRAZY!

EAT MAC'S HOT DOGS 10¢

THE LAUGH TONIC--GOOD FOR THE WHOLE FAMILY!

"Well, boss, I see you are wearing a black tie in mourning for me," said the irresponsible salesman, as he entered the sales manager's office to be fired. "But why not a black suit, too?" "Because you are only dead from the neck up," replied the sales manager.

Examiner--"What would you do if you saw the woman driving a car in front of you put out her hand?" Candidate for driving test--"Slam on the brakes." "I always let my wife have the last word." "Mine hasn't come to it yet."

Judge--"Why did you throw a hot flatiron at your husband?" Mrs. Hitt--"One of my mottoes has always been "Strike while the iron is hot." An old country woman going into a large town saw, for the first time, an electric tram.

"Well," she said, in her big amazement, "I've seen 'em worked by horses, and I've seen 'em run by engines, but I never seen 'em druv by a clothes-prop before." Caller--"Is Mrs. Paterson-Pritchard at home?" Maid--"She's at home all

right, but she ain't in a fit state to see anybody. Me an' 'er 'as just bin 'aving words." "So that's a portrait of Judge Buzzfuzz. What is he paying you?" "What do you think he ought to give me?" asked the painter. "M'm--about six months."