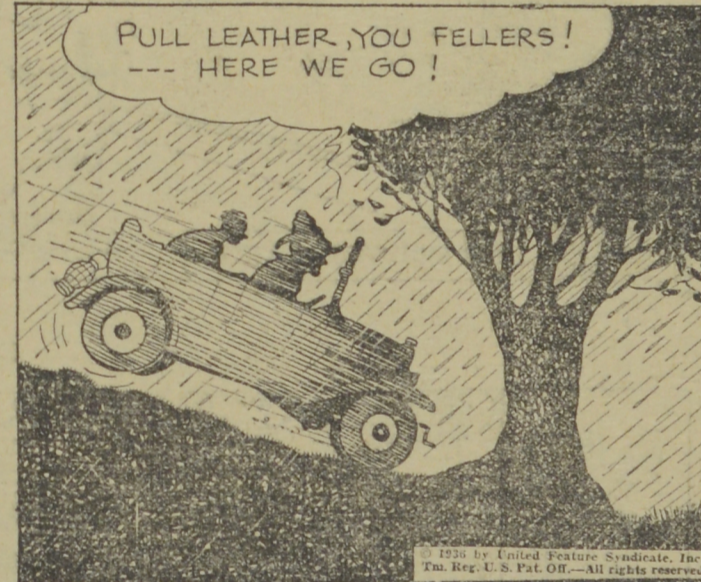
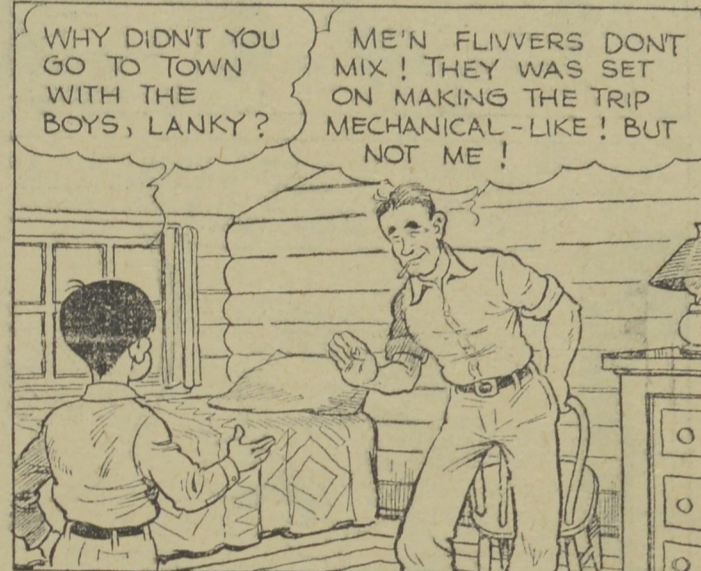
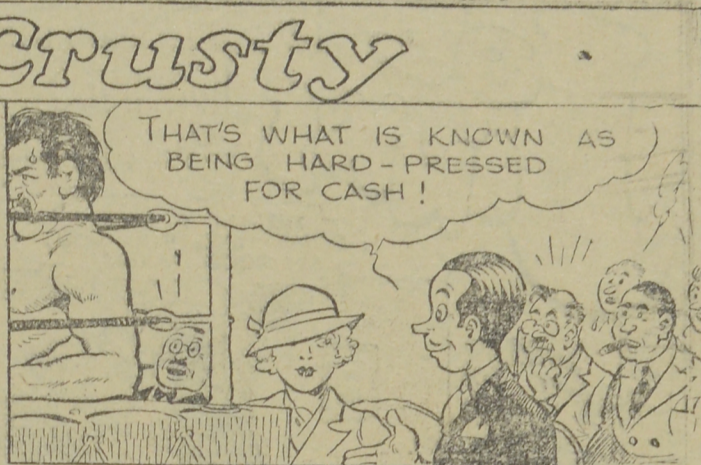
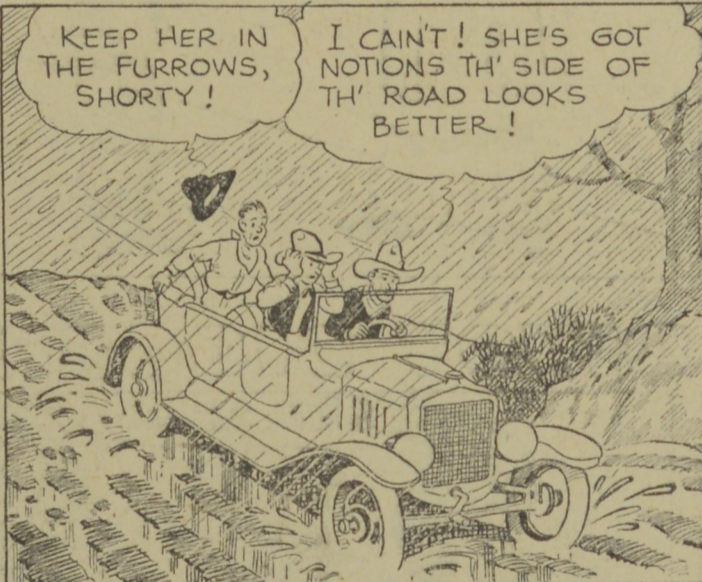
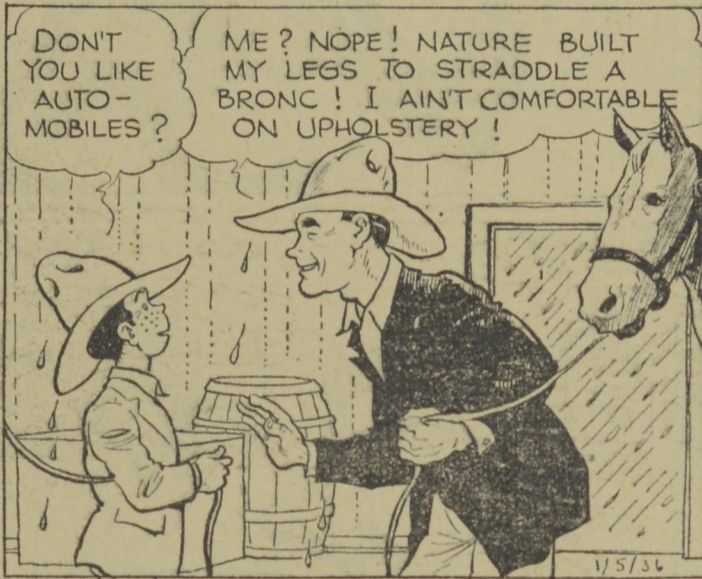
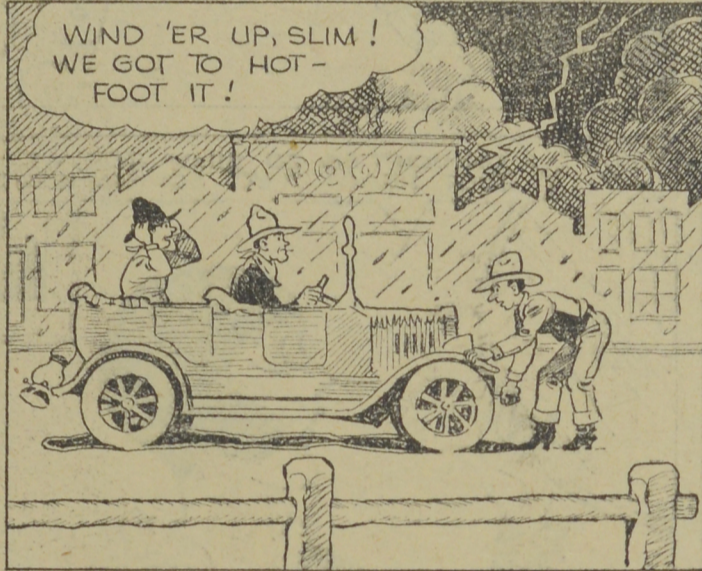
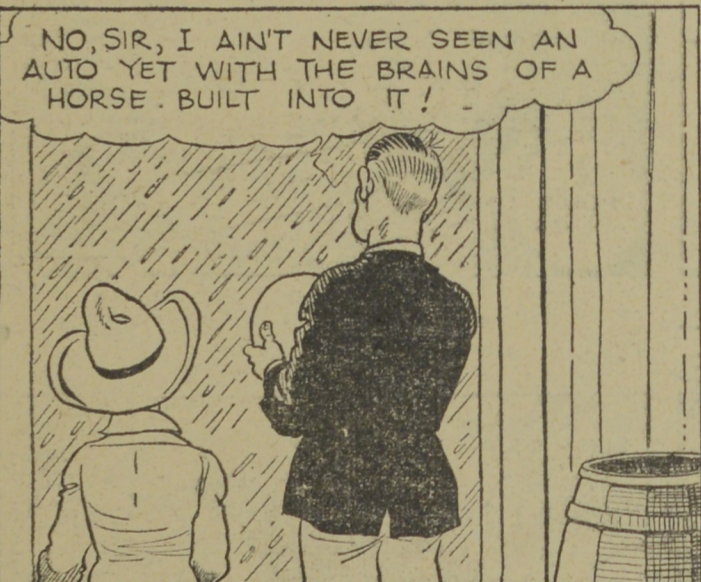
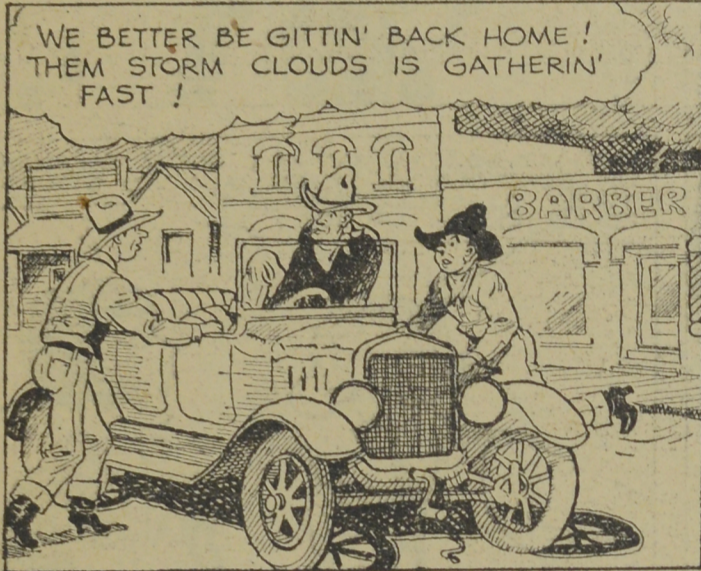


Tina Cinders

By BILL CONSELMAN and CHARLIE PLUMB



THE LAUGH TONIC—GOOD FOR THE WHOLE FAMILY!

Visitor—"And who is that red-faced man over there?"
 Yokel—"That be the squire. A powerful excitable man, he be, too. They say as 'ow 'e once burst a blood vessel watching a chess match."
 The seedy-looking man called on his doctor.

The latter cast a critical eye over his patient.
 "So you don't feel any better after taking the medicine I prescribed," he said.
 "By the way, have you followed anyone else's advice since you were taken sick?"
 The patient nodded guiltily.
 "Yes," he replied, "a young

medical student. A friend of mine."
 The doctor thrust out his jaw aggressively.
 "And what foolish advice did he give you?" he asked.
 "Well, he told me to come and see you," the patient replied.

"Cook," said the mistress nervously, "I don't like to mention it, but the food disappears rather quickly in the kitchen."
 "Indeed, mum," replied the cook, "I admit I eats 'earty, but no one could call me gorgeous."
 The criticisms of the new

play were not at all friendly. One writer said it was like a sick horse.
 Asked what he meant the critic replied: "It can't run and it can't draw."
 End of argument—"And then throw your hat in the river and don't let go of it."