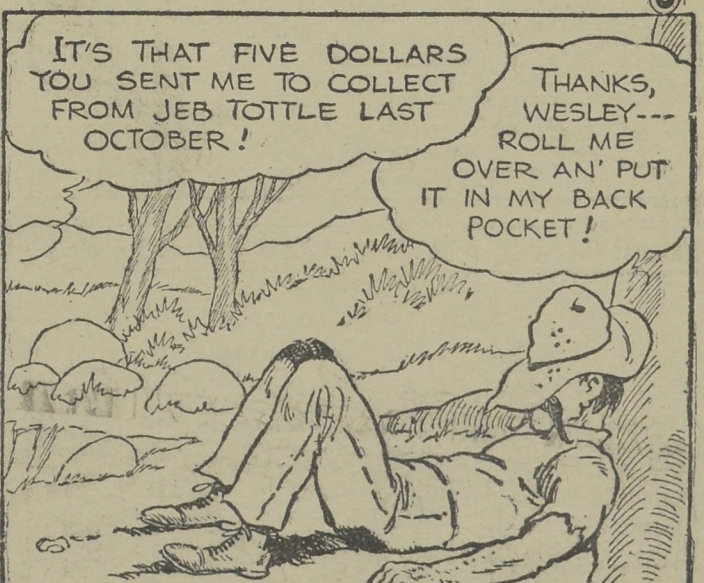
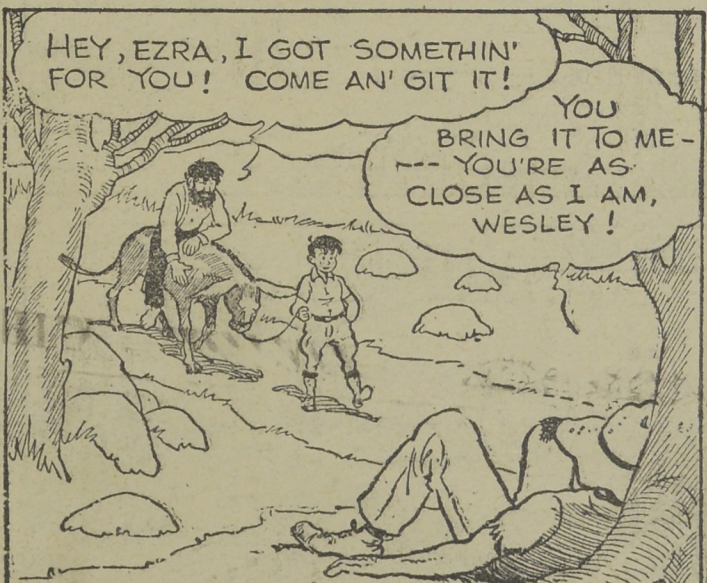
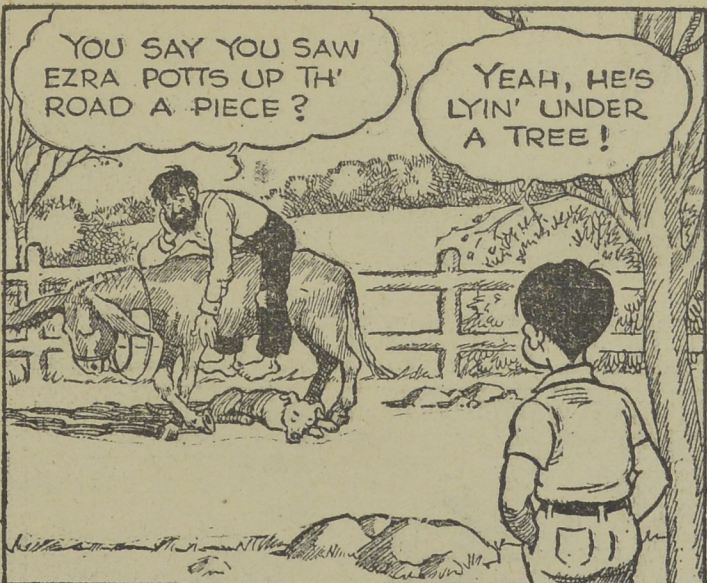
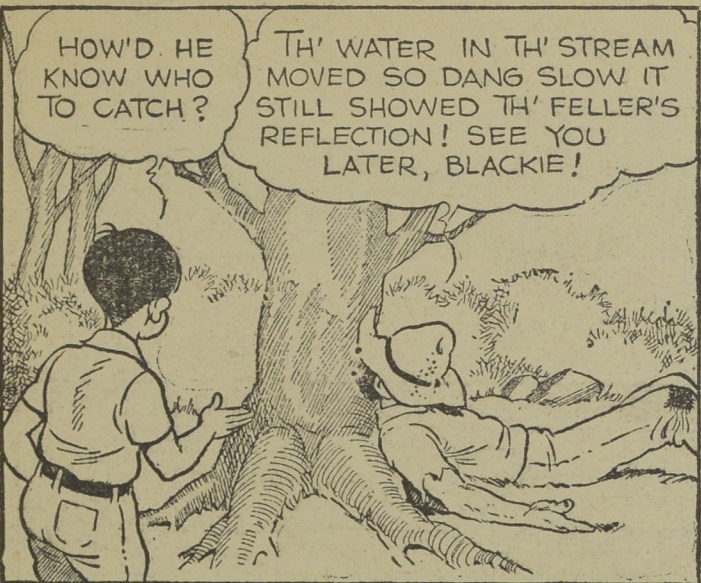
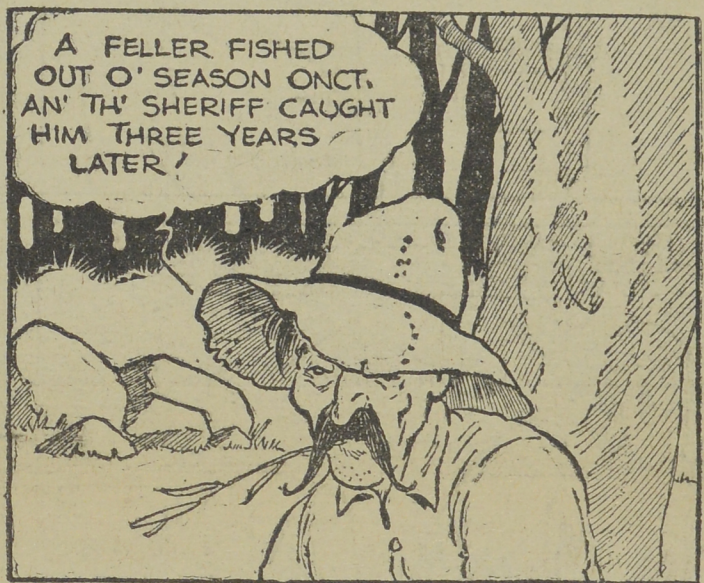
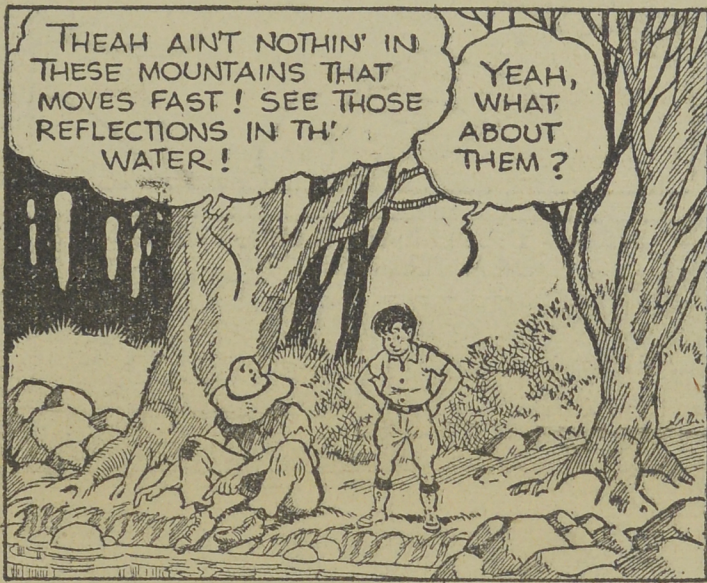
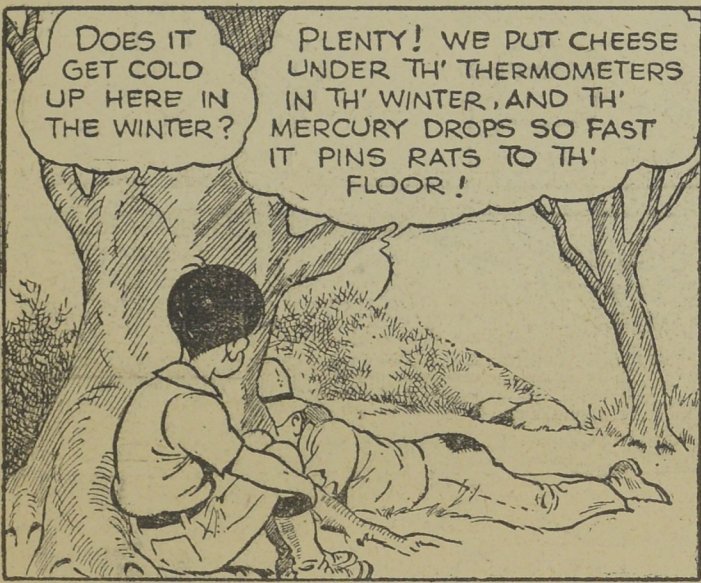
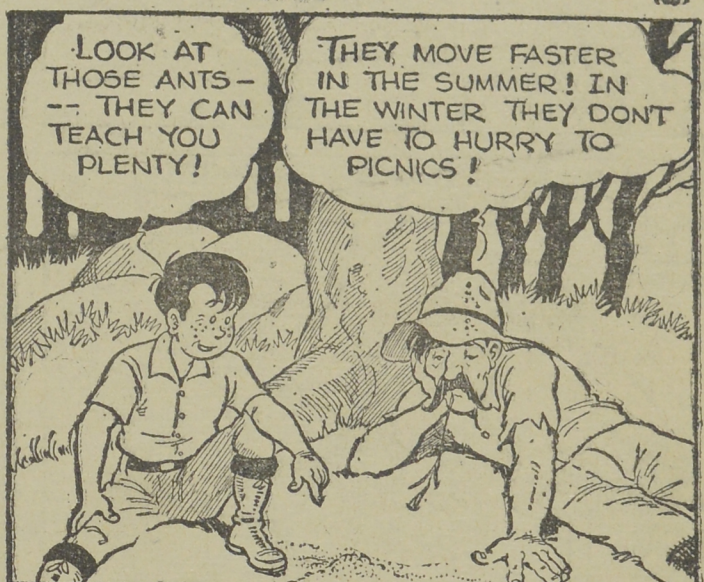
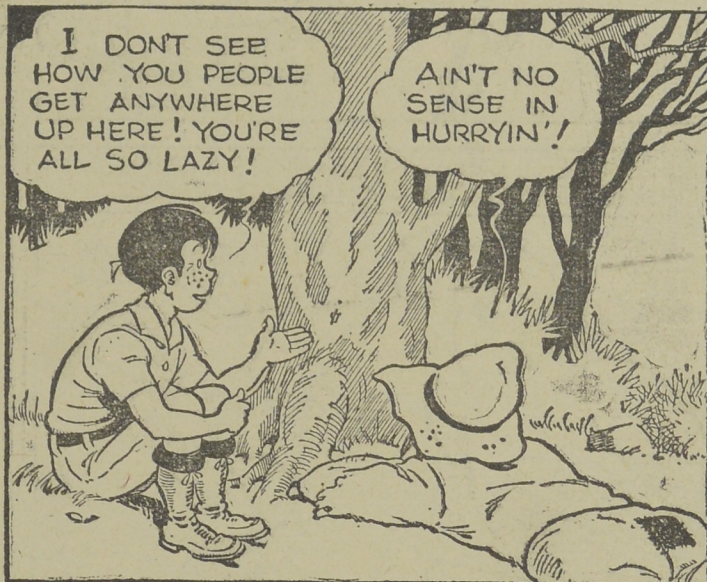
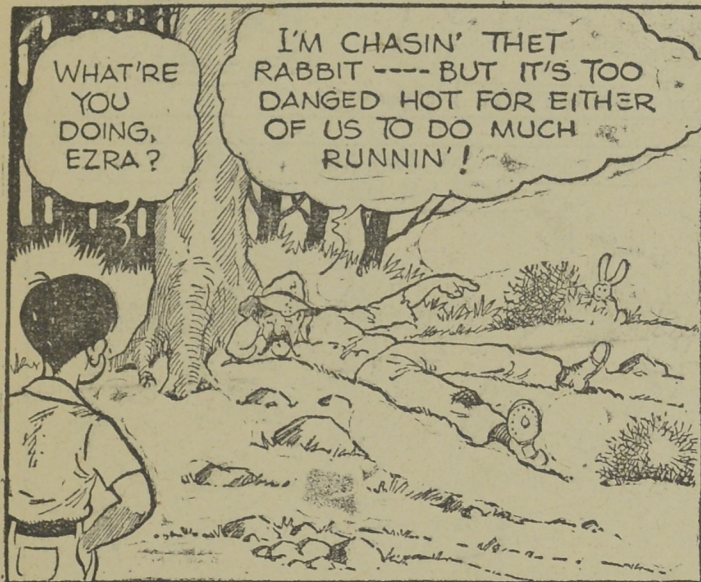


Tilla Ginders

By BILL CONSELMAN and CHARLIE PLUMB

Chris Crust



THE LAUGH TONIC—GOOD FOR THE WHOLE FAMILY!

"Annie Mae," said the mistress of the house, finally giving way to curiosity. "I notice you have been taking our empty grapefruit hulls home with you. What do you do with them?"

The Negro maid looked up at her mistress with a sheepish grin. "Yes'um," she admitted.

"I've been carrying 'em home. I've think they make my garbage look so stylish."

Purchaser—"I'd like to get a pair of silk stockings for my wife."

Clerk—"Sheer?"

Purchaser—"No, I left her at home."

Mrs. Guzzler—"The friend who gave me the recipe for this soup is in great trouble."

Mr. Guzzler—"Then, out of respect, let us drink it in sip."

Barkeep—"Yes, sir, I trusted the fellow for three drinks, but—"

Owner—"But nothing. If you trust a fellow for drinks he never comes back."

Barkeep—"That's why I did it. He's a bill collector."

Stranger—"I have come out here to make an honest living."

Native—"Well, there will not be much competition."

"What happened when the boss caught you reading a novel instead of doing your work?"

"I lost my place, of course."

Sister—"Where can I put this so I won't forget it when I go out?"

Brother (like all brothers)—"Put it on the looking-glass."