GOSH, PEN--
I NEVER KNEW
OXIE WAS A
SLEEP-WALKER!

HE ISN'T!
HE COULDN'T GET
A HOTEL ROOM
AN'THIS IS THE
ONLY WAY HE
CAN GET ANY
REST!

Z-Z-Z-Z
Penniless Palmer

Rats! The darned old market has gone up again, and I've made another cool million! Can't I ever go broke?

Are you one of those guys who claims there's no such thing as luck? Well, if you are, then you'd just better skip this yarn about Peniless Palmer and the miserable millionaire. No kidding! You'd never believe it!

Poor Mr. Silverspoon!

In the kitchen at the de caviar cafe... Hot dog! In ten minutes we can break our fast! I hope that's all we break! Be careful, Oxie!

And nearby, at the cashier's desk... That's old Silverspoon, our pet customer! He's an oyster fiend! Gee, I'm glad I'm not an oyster!
OWWW! UGHH!
AND A WHOLE LOT MORE IS GOING DOWN!
HEAR THAT? SOMETHING'S UP!

THIS THING BROKE MY FALSE TOOTH! I'LL SUE YOU FOR SERVING OYSTERS WITH STONES IN THEM LIKE THIS!
WHY, MR. SILVERSPoon, IT'S A PEARL!
AND ONE OF THE LARGEST THAT I'VE EVER SEEN!

PROBABLY WORTH A FORTUNE!
WHAT? DON'T TELL ME THAT!
WON'T MY GOOD LUCK EVER CHANGE?

PEN, I THINK WE'D BETTER GET GOING!
RIGHT! AFTER THAT CRASH LANDING OF YOURS WITH ALL THOSE DISHES, WE'LL BE IN HOCK TO THIS PLACE THE REST OF OUR LIVES!

SHUCKS! WORTH A FORTUNE! WELL, I HOPE IT AIN'T WORTH A PENNY MORE! I COULDN'T STAND IT!

OF ALL THE NERVE--THINKING YOU COULD JUST WALK OUT OF HERE!
I DON'T THINK ANYBODY EVER HAD WORSE LUCK! EVERYTHING WE TOUCH TURNS TO DUST AND ASHES!

HUH...? WHAT DID HE SAY? MAYBE IF HIS LUCK IS SO BAD, HE'LL PUT AN END TO MY GOOD LUCK!
COOK! BRING THEM BACK HERE! I WANT TO TALK TO THOSE PEOPLE!

COME TO MY HUNTING LODGE AND SHOW ME HOW TO BE UNLUCKY AND YOU'LL NEVER REGRET IT!

BAH, HE'S CRAZY! BUT WHAT AM I GOING TO DO?

ADD TEN PER CENT TO HIS BILL, DOUBLE IT TWICE AND ADD THREE HUNDRED PER CENT FOR A NUISANCE CHARGE!

AT THE SILVERSPOON HUNTING LODGE--

WELL I SUPPOSE I'VE GOT TO SELL THIS PEARL OR WAIT TILL YOU BRING ME THROUGH THIS!

AND THIS BLACK CAT WALKS AROUND YOU!

AND THIS PEARL MIGHT THROW A SHOE!

WE'LL CURE YOUR GOOD LUCK!

HEY, COME HERE, PUSS! NICE KITTY!

MORE GOOD LUCK!
ALL FUNNY

COME ON, BUN, HELP ME PULL THIS LADDER DOWN! WE'VE GOT TO GET OXIE ON AN EVEN KEEL AGAIN!

PEN! LOOK! IT'S RAINING GREENBACKS!

HEH! WHAT GOES ON?

SAY-- SOMETHING GOOFY AT THE SILVERSPOON PLACE!

YES, INDEED! SOMETHING IS GOOFY--INSIDE AND OUT!

CAREFUL, MIKE-- THESE GUYS MAY BE DANGEROUS!

SAY, WHAT'S THE BIG IDEA?

WHAT DID WE DO?

WOULD YOU MIND COMING DOWN HERE, PLEASE, OR DO WE HAVE TO START SHOOTING?

CONGRATULATIONS, MR. SILVERSPOON, YOU'RE IN FOR A BIG REWARD! THE POLICE HAVE BEEN LOOKING FOR THESE COUNTERFEITERS FOR SOME TIME!

WHAT'S THAT? DID YOU SAY REWARD?
WHY, THEY'RE NOT COUNTERFEITERS! THEY HAVEN'T GOT THAT MANY BRAINS! LET THEM GO!
AND THIS ISN'T COUNTERFEIT MONEY AT ALL! IT'S THE REAL THING!
OH, MY GOSH! MORE MONEY --- IT MUST BE THE HOARD OF THAT MISER WHO OWNED THE PLACE BEFORE ME!
WHAT LUCK! AND WE WERE SUPPOSED TO BREAK HIS WINNING STREAK!

HERE, TAKE THIS TRINKET! YOU TRIED TO HELP, AND THIS IS YOUR REWARD!
HOW WONDERFUL! THANK YOU MR. SILVERSPoon!
AT LAST!
WE GET A BREAK!

COME ON, GANG, WE EAT!
DON'T BE VULGAR -- WE DINE! AND LET'S MAKE IT THE DE CAVIAR!
NOTHING LESS!
THE BEST, AND MORE OF IT THAN USUAL! HERE, PUT THIS IN THE SAFE TILL --- WE EAT IT ALL UP!

SHORTLY, AS THE PROPRIETOR HAS THE PEARL APPRAISED...
FIFTY CENTS MAYBE I'D GIVE -- BUT NOT A CENT MORE!
HUH? SO THOSE THREE SCOUNDRELS ARE TRYING TO CHEAT ME AGAIN! I'LL FIX THEM!

OH, OH! PEN, I'VE GOT A FEELING THAT WE SHOULD HAVE GONE SOMEWHERE ELSE TO DINE!

THAT'S FUNNY --- I JUST HAD THE SAME FEELING!
ME TOO!
GAGS, GROANS

NO, NO, SARGE—LAST NIGHT YOU LEFT OFF AT THE PART WHERE HE SAYS—‘I’LL HUFF AN’ I’LL PUFF ’TIL I BLOW YOUR HOUSE IN!’

I’M A STRANGER AT THIS TRACK—I’LL FOLLOW YOU!

WELL—WELL! IMAGINE MEETING YOU HERE!

THESE MOTH BALLS ARE NO GOOD—I THREW TEN OF THEM AND I DIDN’T HIT A SINGLE MOTH!

BUCKING, BUCKING! ALWAYS BUCKING!—WHY DON’T YOU GO SOMEWHERE?

INDIA RUBBER MAN

CLOSED ON ACCOUNT OF BLOW-OUT!

‘N’ GIGGLES

LIT-WIN

FRESH, FRESH—ANY FRESH FISH?

FRESH, FRESH—ANY FRESH FISH?

FRESH, FRESH—ANY FRESH FISH?
Dover and Clover

Look at these parlor maids stare—should we ask them to some ice cream, Clover?

Crooks scurry to cover and miscreants cower and cringe when those bean-headed—er—pardon, keen-headed sleuths, Dover and Clover, romp into action and prove that in ferreting out purloined property, each has . . . .

A noodle for boodle!

In the home of Mrs. Horace Fethers . . . .

Binks, you impossible bird, you've taken my ring, you molt, and you won't learn to talk. I'll have a parrot trainer take you in hand.

A little later . . . . I'll just hang the parrot trainer's sign on Dover and Clover a minute while I dust this door.

Ah, here's the place!
I'M CALLING ABOUT BINKS! HE'S HIDDEN THINGS IN HIS BEAK, AND HE WON'T TALK! SO HE WON'T TALK, EH? THAT WON'T GET HIM NOWHERE WITH US... WILL IT, CLOVER?

SHE CALLED THE THIEF "BINKS." BUTLERS ARE ALWAYS NAMED BEECH OR BINKS OR BLIVENS - SO HE'S A BUTLER, CLOVER!

AND BUTLERS ALWAYS FALL FOR PARLOR MAIDS. WE'LL GET HIM TO TALK IN THESE OUTFITS! LET'S GO!

WOHEEET! WHEEE! WHEEEE!

AH! OUR DISGUISE IS PERFECT, CLOVER!

TEE HEE, YOU BIG HUNK OF BUTLER MEN - WE'RE THE NEW MAIDS!

SO? ENTER! I'M MEADOWS!

AHA... SO BINKS IS CHANGING HIS NAME ALREADY?

THIS WAY, PLEASE!

BE SEATED WHILE I SUMMON THE MISTRESS, FAIR LADIES!

TEE HEE...
I BET YOU SAY THAT TO ALL THE GIRLS, TEE HEE!

ODF!

KITCHY KOO, YOU DRATE BIG BUTLER MANS!

WHOOOSH!

SUCH HAY— I MEAN, HAIR! BINKS— I MEAN BINKS— JOINS IN THE FUN....

AND WHAT A SCHNOZZOLA— I MEAN BEAK!

BUT JUST THEN THE PARROT— THE REAL BINKS— JOINS IN THE FUN....

NOTHING SO FAR, BUT HE COULD HIDE THE CROWN JEWELS IN IT!

ARRWK!

WH— WHAT, IMPostORS!

IMPOSTOR! AWRARRKK!

STOP HIM, CLOVER, GUARD THE DOORS! DETECTIVES ALWAYS DO THAT!

He’s gone! We’ll have to think of something especially brainy to trap him, Clover!

I have it! Instead of starting from the bottom in this case, we’ll start all over but from the top!

OWK! YOWK!
Thus, carrying out their plan, we find our crack-brained—pardon, crack-trained—heroes...

Well, we're starting at the top, now what?

Search me, Dover. Maybe, starting at the top like this, the case is already solved and we can go home!

But...

Wow! I slipped!

You're dragging me after you!

At that moment, below in the house...

I thought I heard a commotion in here. Dear me, I wish those men would arrive!

Then... wh-what! Meadows, explain the meaning of this!

I give up. I confess. I hid your jewels in the fireplace and made Binks look guilty. I was getting the jewels out!

Our sleuths explain...

No, it's like this—the fireplace won't talk. When Binks sheds his jewels, but Binks beak's still there!

For heaven's sake, call the police to take me off, before I go looney, too!

After the culprit has been led off by the police...

It's not all clear yet, but you've saved my jewels and made Binks talk. I can't wait until my friends, Lord and Lady Kattlekar, hear him! He works very subtly, madam!

Impostors!

We ought to start all our cases from the top and work to the bottom—it sure turned out good, clover...

Yes, or working both ways from the middle might turn out well, too—the grammar, Dover!

The end.
Two-Gun Percy don't aim to be no limb of the law, stranger... bein' law-abidin' himself is ambition enough for him! But when duty gets bellowin' like a hawg-caller, a man can't jest set like a bump on a log! Well, Percy gets movin', all right... right into bein' nominated fer a coffin, and elected unanimous...

"Mayor of Tough Town!"

Tough Town? Never heard of the place!

Tough Town Measurements Pres. T.M. Hanley, Mortician

Wall, pardner, no use talkin' until we've seen the sights, and heard the sounds...
Huh? What's he doin'? Reckon he likes to play with matches, pardner!

The flames flare up! And then, as horse and man stare in amazement...

Not a bad shave, if I do say so m'self!

So that's the way they shave around here! Let's go!

Been feelin' kind of weak... recon a little iron'll pep me up!

Gulp!

Other strange sights abound in tough town! For instance...

Go on, Bessie... tap me gentle-like!

Ugh... nothin' like havin' a mule for a dentist!

Goshamighty, Horace, are all the citizens of this yere town as tough as this?

No, we ain't, stranger!

But those of us as is law-abidin' know better'n to risk our lives with them hombres around! We don't venture out till after dark!!
AND WE POP BACK INTO OUR HOLES LIKE GOPHERS THE MINUTE WE SEE THEM COMIN'.

LOOK, HORACE. HERE COMES A BAD MAN NOW, WITH HIS GUN OUT!

KIYOOPLIN' COYOTES... HE WAS ONLY LIGHTIN' A CIGARETTE!

THAT OUGHTTA BE A HINT TO US, PERC! TIME WE WAS LIGHTIN' OUT OF HERE!

BANG!

PARDNERS, THE SHERIFF, CONSTABLE, AND MAYOR PLAYED US A DIRTY TRICK TRYIN' TO RUN OUT ON US! SURE LUCKY WE CAUGHT ON IN TIME, AND PLUGGED 'EM!

NOW WE NEED NEW LAWMEN! AND WHERE ARE WE GON'T TO FIND 'EM?

THEY GOT TO BE PEACEFUL, SO AS NOT TO INTERFERE WITH OUR DOIN'S... BUT ALL THE PEACEFUL ONES IS SCARED TO SHOW THEIR FACES!

HOLD ON, MUCHACHO, I GOT THE ANSWER!

WE DON'T NEED THREE OF THE LAW-ABIDIN' KIND... THIS ONE'S AS PEACEFUL AS ALL THE REST OF THEM PUT TOGETHER! WE'LL MAKE HIM SHERIFF, CONSTABLE, AND MAYOR, ALL IN ONE!

AND SO, A DAZED PERCY GETS SLICKED UP FOR A PRETTY BIG JOB...

STOP YORE JAWIN', STRANGER... I MEAN, YORE HONOR! YUH JUST DO LIKE YUH TELL YUH... THAT'S ALL!

AND DON'T YUH TRY TO DO YORE OWN THINKIN'... THAT'S MIGHTY DANGEROUS, VARMINT... I MEAN, MAYOR VARMINT! I-I-I WON'T! I'M TOO SCARED TO THINK, ANYWAY!
Elected by the unanimous vote of the voting population, Percy enters upon his new duties...

Jest a moment, muchacho! Got the time?

Excuse me, I'm hurryin' home, and besides, I don't know where my watch is!

Wall, yuh'll know from now on! It's goin' to be right in my pocket!

Why, he's robbin' the man right in front of our eyes! You've got to stop him!

But, gosh, Horace, tryin' to do that would be like committin' suicide!

Yuh're shore right, amigo! Evenin', sheriff! Evenin', mayor! Evenin', constable!

Now somebody's shootin' up the Pizen Parlor!

Oh, well, it ain't none of my business! I'll just amble down to the city hall and make myself comfortable!

But unexpectedly...

Save him! Oh, please, sheriff, or whatever yuh are, save him!

Huh... calm yourself, gal... save who?

My pappy! Them onery coyotes want to kill him! Yuh're a big, husky man... save him!

Uh... jest a minute, gal... lemme think!

There ain't nothin' to think about, amigo! Either you do yore duty, which means suicide, or you don't... an' let the pore feller die!

Suicide, yuh say? I ain't so shore about that, Horace!

Yuh can't say 'no' to that pardner!
I'm a-goin' tuh challenge all them bad men at once... and clean them up single-handed!

Wha...? Why, you're plumb loco! Them bad men'll...

Yii looo he's so brave because he's been chewin' loco weed! I got to save him!

Unmindful of his danger, two-gun stalks into the den of tough town's toughest!

Let that pore old feller go, sidewinder, afore I smack yuh, and knock yuh into the middle of next week!

Huh...? Looks like we'll have to get a new set of lawmen, boys! This one ain't goin' to live long!

Suddenly... lights out!

Take that, hombre!

Owww...! Tryin' to plug me when I ain't lookin' rattler?

Colt's crack, fists smack, and then, when the lights go on again...

Let me at 'em... I'll whip the coyotes single-handed!

Easy, pardner! Yuh'd been a dead man now if I hadn't turned off them lights! In the dark, they finished off each other!

Yippee... yuh saved my pore old pappy! Come to my arms, my hero!

Hmm... looks like the effect of the loco weed is wearin' off!

Shorty, leaving a peaceful, law-abiding town behind them, percy and horace hit the trail...

Gosh, pardner, fer once yuh got th' chance to git th' gal... and yuh run away!

Old hoss, them tough hombers had me scart but that gal had me shakin' in my boots! Gidnap! Don't let her catch me!
JASPER
ONE TICKET, PLEASE!

TICKETS
- ANOTHER TICKET PLEASE!

ENTRY

ENTRY

ENTRY

ENTRY

ENTRY

ENTRY

ENTRY

ENTRY
---YOU AGAIN!

---ONE (PUFF, PUFF) TICKET, PLEASE...

PUFF!

PUFF!

---YOU!

---YOU'VE BEEN IN AND OUT OF THIS THEATER TEN TIMES!

---IT'S NOT MY FAULT -(PUFF, PUFF) EVERY TIME I GIVE THE MAN AT THE DOOR MY TICKET (PUFF, PUFF) --HE TEARS IT IN HALF!
HAMILTON and EGBERT

This earth of ours has seen some unusual animals in its time, but that "Dragonake" the boys discovered has them all skinned a mile. They found it after attempting to grow fur coats with pockets by crossing kangaroos with raccoons. But they didn't estimate the popularity of their rare find, and things went a little too far with...

"THE ANIMAL THAT NEVER EXISTED!"

Eg isn't feeling so well -- he won't obey the doctor's orders...

THE DOCTOR TOLD YOU TO FOLLOW HIS PRESCRIPTION WHY WON'T YOU DO IT?

I REFUSE! DEFINITELY! IT JUST BLEW OUT OF THE WINDOW...

YOU'RE A STUBBORN CASE, ALL RIGHT. DO YOU WANT TO SPEND THE REST OF YOUR LIFE IN BED?

I'D RATHER BE HERE IN BED THAN FOUR FLIGHTS BELOW, STRECHED OUT ON THE SIDEWALK!
HE'S INSIDE DOCTOR. I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO WITH HIM.

WELL, I'LL TAKE A LOOK, EVEN IF HIS FACE DOES SCARE ME.

HMM... YOUR PULSE IS AS STEADY AS CLOCKWORK!

IT OUGHTTA BE! THAT'S MY WRISTWATCH YOU HAVE YOUR HAND ON.

TICK

FRANKLY, YOU'RE LAZY! I'M RECOMMENDING A FARM. FRESH AIR CAN HELP ME UNDERSTAND.

JUST LAZY, HUH? THAT'S SWELL. NOW TELL ME WHAT IT IS IN MEDICAL LANGUAGE--SO HAM CAN THINK I'M NEARLY DEAD.

HAM, I FEEL BETTER ALREADY! SMELL THAT FRESH AIR, SMELL THAT GRASS, THE HAY. SMELL THAT--

OKAY, OKAY. I GOT A NOSE, TOO!

LET'S SAY HELLO TO OUR NEIGHBOR.

MIGHT AS WELL, EVEN IF HE DOES THINK WE'RE A COUPLE OF RAINCOATS.

SURE, YOU'VE HEARD THE EXPRESSION, "CITY SLICKERS", HAVEN'T YOU?
FERTILIZER, MISTER.

WELL, FOR THE LAND'S SAKE!

YEAH, THAT'S RIGHT. HOW'D YOU KNOW?

HUUH, I WAS BROUGHT UP ON THE ABC RANCH. I WAS A THREE LETTER MAN THERE. I SAT ON THE BRANDING IRON!

SO YOU BOYS ARE INVENTORS, EH? HAM. I HAVE A QUEER LOOKIN' EGG THAT MAYBE YOU CAN HATCH. I DON'T KNOW WHAT IT IS.

BRING IT TO US. WE'LL HATCH IT. WE'LL MAKE A SPECIAL INCUBATOR FOR IT!

YEAH, AN' FEED IT WITH SOME ULTRAVIOLET RAYS!

TEE-HEE! HA-HA! THEY COULDN'T HATCH NOTHIN' FROM THAT THING! IT'S MADE OF SOLID MARBLE!

AT THE END OF THE FIRST NIGHT OF HATCHING, IN THE FIRST STREAMS OF EARLY DAWN...

WAIT'LL THEY SEE WHAT I'VE STUCK IN THERE, WITH A LOT OF BUSTED EGG-SHELLS TO MAKE THEM THINK THEY HATCHED IT!

OH-OH! OH-HA-HA! HA-HA! THEM DOPES DON'T KNOW THAT'S JUST A BIG TOY I MADE ONE NIGHT LAST WINTER!

YEEOW!

AAAAH! IT'S ALIVE! LEMME OUT OF HERE...
I got it rigged up with machinery and everything! It moves, it makes sounds. It looks like the real thing. Boy, did I fool those city smart alecks!

He... he looks pretty ferocious. I hope he's a vegetarian!

Never mind what his politics are just hope he don't eat meat!

Nice fella, nice fella. See? He has teeth but he doesn't bite!

Tell you what, Ham... we'll send for some reporters, tell 'em we've discovered a new sort of animal, let 'em take snapshots -- maybe even charge an admission fee! Maybe we'll get rich!

And so, that afternoon...

Boy! What a yarn this'll make! It'll drive everything else off the front page!

Monster discovered by inventors? Wow!

Dagnab those slickers! They turn that toy into a nine-day wonder at my expense! I did all the work on it, and they get all the credit!
Look at the money roll in! Whew, I never knew a business to have so many customers!

See the Dragonake! One dollar! World's latest wonder!

Huh. I've seen a lot more customers at my uncle's gasoline station. He used to give something free with every gallon of gas!

Dear, dear! What an ugly looking creature! Where is he found?

I couldn't tell you, lady, he's never been lost yet!

Ohhhhh! He's roaring at me. Maybe he'll eat me!

Calm yourself, lady. Can't you see he's wagging his tail? That means he's friendly!

He wags his tail and roars at the same time! My dear man -- which end of him am I to believe?

Bah! I'm disgusted. I keep telling those folks that the thing is just a fake but do they believe me, oh, no! Guess it galls you to see people make money, huh, pop?

What are you hitting the cow for?

I'm gonna give up this farm. I'm going out west and make my own fortune. I'm goin' to be a cowboy so I'm practicing up to punch cows!
LISTEN, MISTER-- I GOTTA TELL YOU SOMETHING FOR YOUR OWN GOOD!

GO AWAY, WILL YOU? YOU'RE JUST JEALOUS BECAUSE WE HATCHED THAT EGG INTO REAL MONEY!

Tickets Here

IT AIN'T NO DRAGON-AKE! IT'S A MECHANICAL TOY I MADE LAST WINTER. HONEST, I SNUCK IT IN TO FOOL YOU!

GO AWAY-- YOU BOTHER ME!

BUT THAT THERE CRITTER JUST AIN'T NO SUCH. IT'S A FAKE!

WHAT WOULD YOU DO IF YOU HAD MONEY?

WELL, RECKON I MIGHT DO SOME TRAVELLIN'.

HERE'S A NICKEL-- START TRAVELIN'

AT THAT MOMENT, THE DRAGON-AKE'S MACHINERY STRIKES A SNAG AND...

BOOM!

EEK! IT-- IT BLEW UP!

WE'VE BEENFooLED!

LOOK! IT'S JUST A TOY!

FAKERS! CHEATS!

ROBBERS! GIVE US OUR MONEY BACK!

-- OR WE'LL TAKE IT OUT OF YOUR HIDES!

THEN IT'S TIME TO WIND IT UP! LET'S GO!

WELL, I TOLD YA SO!

SOMETHING TELLS ME OUR BUSINESS HAS RUN DOWN!
FAMOUS COACHES AND CHAMPIONS SHOW YOU HOW TO PLAY A BETTER GAME... IN WHEATIES NEW LIBRARY OF SPORTS

GET THIS ALL-STAR LINE-UP OF CHAMPION BOOKS!

PLAN BETTER BASEBALL
Low Fonseca gives you many of the same fundamental tips on improving your play that rookie receivers receive in big-league training camps. He gives tips on developing baseball skills as quickly as possible. Fonseca's advice is based on his own experience in playing in big leagues.

PLAY BETTER TENNIS
W. G. Rogers uses the same basic training techniques that have made the pros winners. He offers suggestions on how to choose the right racket, how to hold it, how to hit each shot, and how to develop the right mental attitudes.

PLAY BETTER VOLLEYBALL
V. D. Nelson shares his extensive experience in the game, which has earned him a place on the U.S. Olympic team. He offers advice on how to play each shot correctly and how to keep the other side off-balance.

PLAY BETTER GOLF
Harry Vardon, one of the world's greatest golfers, offers advice on how to play each shot correctly and how to keep the other side off-balance.

PLAY BETTER BOXING
Buster Keaton shares his extensive experience in the game, which has earned him a place on the U.S. Olympic team. He offers advice on how to play each shot correctly and how to keep the other side off-balance.

PLAY BETTER FIELD HOCKEY
George H. H. Pye, former Canadian Olympian, offers advice on how to play each shot correctly and how to keep the other side off-balance.

PLAY BETTER SWIMMING
Harry H. H. Pye, former Canadian Olympian, offers advice on how to play each shot correctly and how to keep the other side off-balance.

PLAY BETTER BASKETBALL
Bill Russell, former Olympic gold medalist, offers advice on how to play each shot correctly and how to keep the other side off-balance.

PLAY BETTER FOOTBALL
Tom Jones, former Olympic gold medalist, offers advice on how to play each shot correctly and how to keep the other side off-balance.

PLAY BETTER HOCKEY
Bobby Orr, former Olympic gold medalist, offers advice on how to play each shot correctly and how to keep the other side off-balance.

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ALL FUNNY

HANDY ANDY

That Bon Vivant, Man-About-Town, and all-round halfe fellow well met who shows you here how to construct (in your leisure hours at home) another of his hair-raising labor-saving inventions—in fullest detail.

Folks, today I'm going to tell you in full detail exactly how to make a 'real guest' detector for your own home use. This little nifty will save you many a social headache—bull-iev-e you me!!

First rush right out and buy a small (6 x 4) 2nd hand service elevator from your nearest 2nd hand service elevator dealer.

Clamp it down tight to your own front porch—attaching it firmly to the porch flooring.

Next write to any local mail order house for a complete finger-printing outfit. Install same immediately in the front corner of your basement.

Now quickly build a modern streamlined protective porch over the aforementioned elevator.

This hull thing starts to sound wacky, don't you wonder if I'm mak'in' me self a candidate to become a nitwit?

Next—(and this is most important) as quickly as possible finger-print every last one of your next of kin—friendly neighbors—loved ones, and palsy-walsies!!

Isn't Elmer the one though—next he'll wanna see our birth certificates—or sumpin'—

Well you know Elmer, round the volunteer fire-house they all call him—the methodical kid himself.

Step right along, chums—I file every one of 'em—I've gotta system—I have!!
A VISITOR -- HE JAUNTLY STEPS INTO THE PORCH ELEVATOR -- RINGS FRONT DOORBELL -- INSTANT CONTACT!! ELEVATOR BOUNCES HIM INTO BASEMENT -- IN NOTHING FLAT!!

HMMMM -- NOW THE HOUSE CURRENT IS HOOKED ONTO THE ELEVATOR WHICH IS HITCHED ONTO THE DOORBELL WHICH IN TURN IS HOOKED ONTO THIS DYNAMO -- SO-O-O--!

YOU INSTANTLY GRAB PAIN-STRICKEN CALLER'S OUTSTRETCHED HAND THROUGH A NARROW OPENING (PREVIOUSLY CONSTRUCTED) IN THE CELLAR PARTITION -- FINGER PRINT IT--!!

THEN YOU QUICKLY CHECK ON THE FRESH FINGERPRINTS IN YOUR HANDY FILES -- AND FIND --

HARUMP! -- HE'S A PHONEY--!! HE'S EITHER A PEDDLER -- A GLADLY LONG LOST RELATIVE, OR A NASTY OL' BILL COLLECTOR -- I'LL TOSSE' HIM RIGHT BACK INTO CIRCULATION --!!

YOU NOW MERELY PRESS THE EMERGENCY REVERSE BUTTON, AND THE ELEVATOR SHOOTS UP TO THE STREET LEVEL AGAIN -- GIVING THE UNDESIRABLE UNKNOWN THE GRAND 'HEAVE HO' IN TRANSIT --

ON THE OTHER HAND VISITORS WITH PROPERLY FILED FINGERPRINTS (THE ONES YOU LOVE TO TOUCH) ARE IMMEDIATELY IDENTIFIED AS THE REAL MCCOY, AND ARE WELCOMED UPROARIOUSLY!!

HEY MARLE -- IT'S WILBUR, AN' SOPH, AN' ALL THE CLAN -- PUT THE COFFEE ON QUICK!!
Rome wasn’t built in a day, but some folks think that Tinkerman Tad could have knocked it down in half that time! Just watch him attack a task on the repair front while blissfully disregarding his devastated rear, and you won’t be surprised at what happens in his tussle with...

"HYSTERICAL HYDRAULICS!"

In his modest shop, Tinkerman Tad struggles with a vexing problem...

Dern it, th’ instructions say t’ put a nickle band over th’ pipe—heck, th’ only band you can get for a nickle is from a juke box!

Consarn phone. I ain’t much for modern inventions—’d a heap ruther folks come t’ see me?

RING! RING!
ALL FUNNY

This is Mrs. De Bate. I want you to fix our stove-pipes—If that sort of work doesn't tire you! I'll be there in a jiffy.

What's she mean, if that sort of work doesn't tire me?

There's no kind of work that tires me. I quit before it reaches that stage.

Likely them stove-pipes is blocked. This pole will clean 'em. Hmm... I see Britt's Glassware Shoppe's got a new shipment!

And looks like Harry's barber shop's put in one of them perpetual motion poles.

Hey! Wham! Crash!

A pity, all that busted glass, Britt musta slipped. That'll be a job for Joe, th' street cleaner.

Well here I am. Hmm... That chimbley ain't drawin' any too good!
MRS. DE BATE DON'T SEEM T' BE AROUND... I'LL GET T' WORK ANYHOW!

I CAN JUST BLOW THIS SOOT OUT.

MEANWHILE, THE GOOD LADY OF THE HOUSE BESTIRS HERSELF...

I HEAR TAD IN THE KITCHEN NOW. ONE MUST KEEP MECHANICS ON THE JOB -- IMPRESS THEM WITH ONE'S SUPERIOR POISE AND DIGNITY!

P-U-F-F-O-O-O-O!

E-E-E-K!

SAY, WHO ARE YOU?

YOU--YOU--OH' I'M GOING TO FAINT!

TWO HOURS LATER.

WELL, ALL THE PIPES ARE CLEANED AND I'VE GOT A BARREL OF SOOT TO DISPOSE OF. I HEAR IT MAKES GOOD INK. BOY, MRS. DE BATE WAS SORRY!

SUDDENLY, IN STARTLED RECOLLECTION...

GOOD GOSH! I JUST REMEMBERED! I'M TO START THE PUMP ENGINE AT THE NEW VILLAGE WATER TANK! THE OFFICIAL CEREMONIES TAKE PLACE THIS VERY AFTERNOON!
There she is — the new sunken water tank. Purest water around these parts, they say?

Well, I got the motor runnin' fine — and th' water's pourin' in fine. I even put on extra pressure. Guess I'll go?

This clutch sure is jerky, well, now I'll go to city hall park an' tell th' mayor I've fixed everything fine up here for his official turnin' on speech!

Heck, th' soot's gone. Yep, they say if yuh mix a little in water, it makes ink. I had enuff for a ink fortune?

Arriving at the park...

She's all set, your honor. I fixed everything, and even set it for a leetle extra pressure?

Ah, fine, tad, fine!

Then, as the mayor reaches the end of his speech...

...and so as tad has made everything ready, we shall all have a glass of this sparkling crystal-clear...

...delicious water...

Wow! It's ink?

Oh-oh, that's where my soot went!
While at the same time around the town...

I'll clean the windows with the new WA-!!!

Y-I-K-E!

I'll wash my $50 linen set in the new water E-E-E-K!

While back in City Hall Park...

So you admit your soot blackened the water? Come down, you bungler!

Wait! Read this—puff, puff—it just came over the wires!

It says: Water of new tank poisoned from chemical plant dump formerly on site. Our first analysis faulty. Atlas Chemists

Hooray for Tad! Drinking that water would have poisoned the whole town!

Later, after a meeting of the City Peace and Order Committee...

In appreciation of what you've done, we present you with this new outfit, which—ahem—will enable you (cough, cough) to travel...

Well, I sure hate t' leave you folks, but I reckon the rest of the world should have the benefit of my repairin', eh?

And so, the next day...

Mighty nice of them t' give me that new machine, it'll come in handy for spare parts for Lulu!
"IT is perfectly clear to you, Mugs, that I am a very smart guy," Handsome Harry was saying as he lowered the window.

"Shhh" Mugs shushed his partner. "We are in a strange place and this is no time for you to blowing your mouth!"

"There is nothing to fear, Mugs," Handsome replied confidently. "I read the society pages in the newspapers every day."

"What has that to do with cracking this joint?" Mugs asked uneasily. "If we’re caught in this fancy apartment, we’ll wind up up the river."

"Snap the lights on, Mugs, and let’s take a look at the place," Handsome ordered non-chalantly.

"You are going nuts," Mugs began. The sudden lighting up of the room interrupted him. Handsome was smiling at him.

"I read the society page for a reason," Handsome paused in front of a mirror and adjusted his tie. He moved his head from side to side, studying his face carefully. "Think I need a shave?" he asked.

"Listen, stop thinking about how good-looking you are and let’s get to work. How much time do you think we got?"

"Oh, about a week," Handsome replied, still studying his image in the mirror.

"A week?" Mugs asked, amazed. "How do you know?"

"The society page," Handsome said. "It said that J. Wentworth Smathers has left town for a week. Mrs. Smathers is still in Florida. This, Mugs, is the Smathers apartment. And so we have a week to clean this joint out."

They crossed the room, making no effort to be quiet about their movements. One by one, they took off the pictures. Then Mugs gave a sharp whistle.

"Here it is, Handsome," he said. "It don’t look like a soft job to me."

"Handsome squinted at the small but solid wall safe. He rubbed his chin thoughtfully."

"I didn’t figure on a tough baby like this one," Handsome remarked. "This character Smathers is not a dope, as is obvious from the kind of safe he has."

"It is going to be a problem, Handsome," Mugs said mournfully. "Even with a whole week to figure it out."

"But very profitable," Handsome returned cheerfully. "What do you expect, steal money without doing any work for it?"

"That was the general idea when I came into this racket," Mugs replied. "I have never lived to work hard... even in this racket."

"That is where you are making a mistake," Handsome said. He took off his jacket and hung it over the back of a nearby chair. Lightly, he brushed off imaginary dust from the sleeve. "Now take me," he was saying casually. "Me, I love work. Yes, sir! There’s nothing like good, hard, honest work."

"You should go out and swipe yourself a pick and shovel," Mugs sneered. "You’re in the wrong racket." He took out a small leather case and unrolled it. It was a compact set of burglar tools.

Handsome went over to the table and examined the tools. After a moment’s thought, he selected a small drill. He fingered the various bits laid out neatly, thoughtfully gauging the exact diameter of the hole he intended drilling in the safe.

"I think this one-eighth of an inch will be about right," he said.

"You’re the brains of the outfit," Mugs said, "but ain’t that a little too thin?"

Handsome Harry waved his hand contemptuously. "I like to work with finesse," he said.

Mugs shrugged his shoulders.

"All right, Handsome. Go ahead."

Handsome had just placed the drill against the steel safe when they heard a noise outside the window. With one swift leap, Handsome turned out the lights.

"What’s the matter?" Mugs asked. "I thought you weren’t worried about this guy Smathers coming back."

"Of course not," Handsome replied indignantly. "Besides, he wouldn’t be snooping around in the back under this window."

But someone was definitely under the window. They heard the scrape of shoes on the fire escape below. Some light was coming in from the street lights, and as soon as their eyes became accustomed to the gloom, they moved softly toward the window. Handsome looked out, keeping his head close to the side so that whoever was climbing the fire escape below could not see him.

He saw the bulky back of a man, climbing stealthily up the fire escape. The man had reached the first floor and was turning for the second flight of steps. "Looks like I’m not the only crook who reads the society pages," Handsome remarked. Mugs could see a smile begin to play around his friend’s lips.

"It isn’t so dark that I can’t see that smile on your puss, smart boy," Mugs muttered. "What do we do now?"

"Hide our tools and relax," Handsome said. "Maybe this guy is better at safe-cracking than we are."

"This is a very embarrassing position we are in, or ain’t you interested?"

"I have explained before that I enjoy work—watching it," Handsome said. "I will now demonstrate exactly what I mean. You will take my tips and follow on them. But most of all, you will keep your mouth
shut and let me do the talking.” By this time, the intruder was at the window. He paused for a moment and looked down below him. Then, evidently feeling safe, he tried the window. It slid upward easily. The man breathed a sigh of relief.

“Good thing it’s open,” he half-whispered to himself, as he stepped inside. He turned to the window and closed it carefully. But as he turned around, the lights suddenly went on.

“I see we have a burglar in the house, James,” Handsome Harry said. “Shall we call the police now or after we get his confession.”


“I suppose the contents of my safe tempted you to embark on your career of crime?” he asked sternly.

The man stood staring at him in surprise. He glanced around the room slowly, studied Mugs and then shifted his eyes back to Handsome.

“We are two against you,” Handsome said. “I wouldn’t think of trying to escape.”

“I wasn’t thinking of that, Mr. . . . er . . .” the burglar began.

“Mr. Smathers, of course,” Handsome broke in. “So you came to rob my home. Hrrrumph!” He cleared his throat with a great show of dignity. “I might inform you that you are not the first. I’ve had three attempts made and am proud to say that I caught every one of the culprits. One, unfortunately, I had to shoot. But he was very foolish. He tried to run away.”

“Yes,” the burglar replied. “But I won’t run away. I see you’ve got me with the goods.”

“You are very sensible,” Handsome said.

“What will you do with me now that you’ve got me?” the burglar asked. “Send me to prison?”

“That was what I had in mind,” Handsome agreed. “But you are not a young man, I see. It would be a shame to send you to spend the rest of your life in jail. It would be a shame.” Handsome shook his head sadly. “I do believe it would be a great shame.”

“Yes, it would be a shame,” the other agreed readily. His eyes lighted up with hope. “Maybe you could see your way to giving me a break,” he added. “Think how badly you’d feel if I were to be locked up for the rest of my life behind a cold, grey stone wall.”

“I would probably never forgive myself,” Handsome said. Then he added as an afterthought, “What’s your specialty?”

“I specialize in opening safes.” The man glanced around the room until his eyes caught the wall safe. “Safes like that. I can open them in no time flat.”

“You mean there are really men who go in for that kind of — that business of opening safes, I mean. Without knowing the combination?”

The man shrugged his shoulders. He jerked his thumb toward the safe. “I can open that in less than one minute.”

“Less than a minute!” Handsome gasped. “But that’s impossible!”

The man looked at him, a smile that was almost a sneer on his lips. “I can open harder safes than that in the same time. This one should be a cinch.”

Handsome rubbed his chin thoughtfully. “I would like to see you demonstrate your skill,” he said.

The man shook his head. “Nothing doing. Call the cops and let’s get this thing over with. You’re torturing me.”

“I’m sorry,” Handsome replied, “but perhaps we can strike some bargain?”

“What kind of bargain can we make?”

“Well, now let me think,” Handsome said, folding his arms across his chest and resting his chin in one hand. “You look like a man who could have been honest and upright if he had a chance,” he said after a moment’s thought. “I wonder . . .”

“I’ll go straight if you give me this chance,” the other replied. “There was an air of tense shrewdness which he was trying hard to cover up. “Just give me this one break and I’ll never rob anyone again. Never as long as I live.”

“And you will demonstrate your skill for me?” Handsome asked.

“Yes,” the man replied.

“What do you think, James?” Handsome asked, turning to the silent Mugs.

“Let him try, sir,” Mugs said. “Give him a break. It’s something I’d like to get for myself if I was ever trapped like he is.”

“Hmmm . . .” Handsome hmmmmed. “I can see your point of view very clearly, James.” He turned to the burglar. “All right. I’ll let you go, right after you show me how quickly you can open the safe.”

“Thanks, Mr. Smathers,” the burglar said. He stepped to the safe quickly and began to whirl the dial, cocking his head slightly to catch the sound of the tumblers.

Behind him, Handsome exchanged winks with Mugs. They had broad grins on their faces as they watched the burglar turning the dial. In far less than a minute, the door of the safe was pulled back and the safe was open. The opener stuck his hand inside.

“Not that, my man,” Handsome said. “Take your hand out of the safe!”

“All right,” the other replied. He pulled his hand out. It held a revolver. “Reach in the usual manner,” he said.

Handsome and Mugs reached. The man stepped toward the phone and picked up the receiver. Quickly he dialed a number.

“Police? Lieutenant Clark? How are you? This is J. Wentworth Smathers speaking. I returned from my trip sooner than expected and found two burglars in my house. Yes, I’ve got them right here. How did I get them? Well, I lost my keys and had to climb in through the window. Amusing, isn’t it?”
Sadface Charlie

When Sadface Charlie, that living embodiment of melancholy, consents to mind the baby, the fun begins --- but not for Charlie! It'll be many a long day before our favorite gloomy character forgets his trials and tribulations as...

"NURSEMAID FOR A DAY!"

I could paddle him with a hairbrush and make him a good boy; but good boys become successful and he'd be grateful and give me a job, and I'm too tired to work. Ah, me (sigh), what's the use!

Ah, me... a favored few clip investment coupons, while the rest of us clip the fringes of our trouser cuffs... Darn it, there's the phone!

Charlie, this is your aunt Ann. I'm bringing my baby over for you to mind for me tomorrow. Thanks. Good-bye! (click)

But--but... she hung up on me! I didn't even know she had a baby! I'm stuck!

Several hours later, following a hectic shopping session...

Whew... some scrapping at that baby's bargain sale -- I wish there was some way to avoid the rush that comes early to avoid the rush!
ALL FUNNY

EARLY NEXT MORNING...

THERE'S THE DOOR BELL. I'LL PUT THE BABY IN THIS CRIB TO ROCK TO SLEEP, AS I KNOW IT'LL BE CRYING!

OUCH! WHY, AUNT ANN, WHO--WHO'S THAT?

IT'S MY BABY, RAMESSES, OF COURSE. WELL, I MUST BE GOING. I'LL CALL FOR HIM WHEN I FINISH SHOPPING!

HIYA, BIG SHOT! WOT'S WIT' YUH DESE DAYS!

YOU'LL LOVE RAMESSES -- HE HAS A SLIGHT G-MAN COMPLEX -- A LOVELY CHILD, REALLY GOOD BYE!

EH-EH-EH-EH-EH--LOOK AT THE BULLETS GO! AH, RIGHT ON THE SCHNOZZOLA!

YOW!

LOOK, RAMESSES, HOW WOULD YOU LIKE ME TO GET YOU A NICE BOOK TO READ?

OKIE DOKE. BIG BOY--GIT ME DAT LITTLE NUMBER ON DE TOP SHELF!

WHY, THE BOOK YOU POINTED TO IS "TEENSI AND WEEONGIE IN FLOWERLAND". YOU WOULDN'T LIKE THAT, WOULD YOU?

STOW THE CHATTER, TRIGGER DALTON! GETTIN' YOU UP THERE IS JUST A TRICK US G-MEN USE. HANDS UP!

SO YUH WON'T TALK? TAKE THAT! EH-EH-EH-EH-EH!

HALP! OUCH! I'M FALLING!

SO YUH PULLED A FAST ONE, CUZ I'M OUTA AMMUNITION, EH? FIRST, TAKE THAT. THEN I'LL CALL MY DEPUTIES -- HALP! HALP! HALP!

WOW!
AND IN ANSWER TO RAMESES CRY FOR HIS "DEPUTIES"...

COOL OFF, TRIGGER DALTON. US G-MEN IS KIND... HAVE A SIP, TILL MY DEPUTIES COME--HALF, HALF!

WHAT'S WRONG?--I HEARD A CRY FOR HELP--OH, THAT POOR CHILD!

IT'S MY NEW NEIGHBOR, MRS. B. Z. BOODY, WHO TEACHES CHILD STUDY. THANK HEAVENS, SHE'LL HELP ME!

YOU MONSTER! REARING THIS CHILD IN SUCH A HECTIC ATMOSPHERE!

YAY, THE DEPUTIES IS HERE--EH--EH--EH--EH--EH--EH--EH!

LATER, AFTER ORDER IS RESTORED...

READ THAT BOOK AND REPENT, YOU WORM! AND BE THANKFUL I BROUGHT IT WHEN I WENT OUT TO GET THE LITTLE DEAR HIS JIG-SAW PUZZLE!

YOU--YES--MA'AM...

THEN.... CR-R-RUNCH, CR-R-RUNCH, CR-R-RUNCH! GULP, GULP!

LOOK! HE'S EATING THE JIG-SAW PIECES!

YEEK! HE'S SWALLOWING THEM!

HOW MANY OF THOSE THINGS DID YOU EAT?

FIVE OR SIX -- WHY? WHAT'S THE BEEF, THEY'S PLENTY LEFT!

OH DEAR, THIS IS WORSE THAN WHEN I WAS A CHILD AND GOT HIT BY AN OAK LEAF--FROM OUR DINING ROOM TABLE!

WHAT'S THE USE. MY LIFE WILL BE MADE MISERABLE ANYWAY I FIGURE IT--BY RAMSES IF HE GETS WELL, OR BY AUNT ANN IF HE DON'T!

TO THE DOCTOR, HURRY!

SUCH A SLOW POKE--HURRY!
WOW! MURDER!

I'LL CATCH UP TO YOU LATER!

TRY YOUR HORSEPLAY ON QUIET, PEACEFUL CITIZENS, WILL YUH?

YOW!

AM I LATE?

NO, AND WE'RE NEARLY TO THE DOCTOR'S, THANK HEAVEN--- OH, THIS POOR CHILD!

MEANWHILE, AUNT ANN HAS COMPLETED HER SHOPPING...

I JUST COULDN'T RESIST WEARING THE NEW HAT I BOUGHT. I'LL BE SO GLAD TO SEE LITTLE RAMSESES!

UHH!

WHAM!

EEEK! MY NEW HAT!

YOU-- YOU WRETCH!
YOU'VE RUINED MY HAT! RAMSESES, WHAT ARE YOU AND CHARLIE DOING WITH THIS -- THIS WITCH?

SO YOU'RE THE MOTHER OF THIS POOR CHILD, SO UNDERNOURISHED HE EATS JIG-SAW PUZZLES! WE'RE TAKING HIM TO THE DOCTOR, YOU-- YOU PERSON!

THE IDEA-- SAYING SUCH THINGS-- AND MY POOR HAT!

HAW, HAW...
GOOD AIM, MAW! I'LL MAKE YOU MY ASSISTANT G-MAN!
ALL FUNNY

HO, HO-- CALL THAT THING A HAT? TAKE THAT!

HAW, HAW-- AN'T I THINK I STARTED ALL THIS BY SLIPPIN' SOME ANIMAL CRACKERS INTO THE JIG-SAW PUZZLE AN' EATIN' 'EM!

YOU-- YOU TYPE!

YOU-- YOU CONSCIENCELESS CREATURE!

SLAM BANG

OH, YOU DID, DID YOU?

WH-- WHAT'S WRONG-- AIN'T YA GONNA CONTINUE THE ARGUMENT?

WAH!

DON'T STRAIN YOURSELF, MY DEAR! SAVE SOME FOR ME!

Presently...

THE HAT IS STILL PERFECTLY STUNNING, MY DEAR! PLEASE FORGIVE MY TEMPER!

AND YOU MUST FORGIVE MINE!

COULD I GIVE YOU A LITTLE REMEMBRANCE WHEN WE GET HOME? A CUSHION, PERHAPS?

AW, DRY UP!

LATER...

MAYBE THERE IS SOME GOOD IN THE WORLD AT THAT. LITTLE RAMESES WAS RIGHT SWEET BEFORE THEY LEFT... I'LL SIT IN MY DEN AND THINK ABOUT IT!

YOW! SPOOLS ON THE FLOOR AND A BUCKET OF WATER PROPPED OVERHEAD! I TAKE IT ALL BACK!
THAT'S A NEAT SUIT WITH 
HEP LINES -- AND THE 
PRICE IS RIGHT!

-ONLY I HAVEN'T GOT THE 
DO-RE-MI -- GOLLY, 
I'D CERTAINLY LIKE 
TO WEAR THAT TO THE 
HOP TONIGHT!

BOY - WOULD THE 
CHICKS GO FOR ME 
IN THAT DRAPE SHAPE!

JERRY - YOU'RE DIGGING AN 
IDEA THAT MIGHT WORK!

THAT NIGHT...

I FEEL LIKE A 
MILLION BUCKS IN 
THIS OUTFIT!

JERRY, WHERE DID YOU 
GET THE MONEY FOR THE 
CLASSY SUIT?

I DIDN'T! 
I MADE A DEAL 
WITH JOE!

GET YOUR 
CLOTHES AT 
JOES
MAYBE YOU'VE YAWNE D, OR NODDED, OR EVEN FALLEN ASLEEP AS SOME Teacher EXPLAINED THE IMPORTANCE OF CERTAIN DATES! WELL, HISTORY ISN'T AS DULL AS YOU THINK. IT'S FUN AND EXCITING ENOUGH TO BRING YOU RIGHT OUT OF YOUR CHAIR IF YOU ONLY TAKE IT WITH PROFESSOR GENIUS JONES, AS ONE DREAMY, SUNNY AFTERNOON, HE SEIZES TIME BY THE FORELOCK AND GOES IN FOR...

"HELPING HISTORY!"

A DULL BUSINESS DAY, AND GENIUS JONES DROWSILY MUSES ON THE PAST...

WHY IS IT I ALWAYS YAWN BY A RIVER? HO HUM... MUST BE THE SOUND OF THE FLOWING WATER!

AH, MEMORIES, FOND MEMORIES! HOW OFTEN I HAVE ANSWERED... (YAWN)... THE STRANGE QUESTIONS OF MY FELLOW MEN...
What's the date? Why, that's easy! October 11th of the year fourteen ninety...

Just a minute, please! A client's hailing me!

Ahoy! It's you at last, Answerman! Will you answer a question for me?

Of course, Chris! But tell me first, how's the queen?

A little broke, maybe, but in good health! Before I left she said I might find you out here in case I got lost! Which way do I go now?

First pay your fee, then just follow me, Columbus! I'll lead the way!

A Spanish dime from the money queen Isabella raised by hocking her jewels!

We'll fall off the edge of the world!

Genius, I've had trouble all the way over! And... look!

Let's turn back!

This will take speed and perfect timing! Come on, Answerboat!

I always protect my clients! Toss me some rope, Chris!
GOT ONE OF THEM! WHEN I GET DONE, THIS GIANT WON'T HAVE A LEG TO STAND ON!

NOW TO ZIGZAG INTO SOME INTRICATE SAILOR KNOTS!

THERE! THE LAST KNOT TIED!

GENIUS, NO WONDER THEY CALL YOU GENIUS; LEAD ON!

HURRAH FOR JONES AND AMERICA!

YOU'LL FIND LAND JUST AHEAD! DO THE REST BY YOURSELF, AND YOU CAN TAKE THE CREDIT, COLUMBUS! GOOD LUCK!

THIS BOAT JUMPS LIKE A BRONCHO! AND THAT ROPE-TWIRLING! IT ALL REMINDS ME OF THE TIME WHEN...

DON'T BE SO SAD, MR. CODY!

OH, GENIUS... EVERYBODY CALLS ME MR. CODY, EVEN YOU! HOW CAN I GET A NICKNAME?

WHOA, PINTO! DON'T BE NERVOUS! THOSE ARE JUST BUFFALO!
HMM... WHAT NEW NAME CAN I SUGGEST?

LOOK OUT, GENIUS! THOSE BUFFALO ARE CHARGING US!

BING RAM!

I NEVER USE MY FISTS, BUT THERE'S NO REASON WHY I CAN'T PICK UP A PEBBLE!

PEOW!

YOU'LL NEVER STOP THEM! WE'LL BOTH BE KILLED, AND I'LL ALWAYS BE REMEMBERED AS MR. CODY!

JUST WAIT, WILLIAM! THIS PEBBLE WILL START AN AVALANCHE...

WHICH WILL CHANGE THOSE BELLOWS BISON...

INTO A BUNCH OF PARLOR RUGS! AND HERE COME YOUR FELLOW-PIONEERS, BILL!

I HAVE IT... FROM NOW ON YOU'LL BE KNOWN AS BUFFALO BILL!

OH, I ALMOST FORGOT... TEN CENTS, PLEASE!
HMM... SEEMS TO BE A BIT CHILLY! MY SPECIAL ZERO-GRADE THERMOMETER REGISTERS ZERO BELOW ZERO!

AND JUST AT THAT CHILLY MOMENT...

OH, GENIUS JONES, WHERE CAN I FIND...?

JUST FROM LOOKING AT YOU, I KNOW EXACTLY WHAT YOU WANT! BUT IT'LL COST YOU A DIME!

YOU'LL HAVE TO TAKE TEN CENTS WORTH OF FROZEN WHALE MEAT! BUT YOU'VE GOT TO HELP ME FIND...

JUST FOLLOW ME! I PASSED IT A WHILE AGO!

FOR MONTHS NOW I'VE WANDERED THESE ARCTIC WASTES! I MUST FIND IT!

THERE! STRAIGHT AHEAD!

I HOPE IT'S THE NORTH POLE! IT'S BEEN SO LONG... TOO LONG!

YOU'LL HAVE TO WAIT IN LINE!

WE WERE HERE FIRST!

NEXT, PLEASE!

HOT TOWEL TO REMOVE THE ICICLES, SIR?

I'VE GOT TO FLY NOW! FLY?

HMMM, THAT'S STRANGE...

JOE'S BARBER SHOP
...because there are two other fellows who want to fly!

Kitty Hawk

This isn't fast enough, Orville!

Oh, Mr. Jones! How can we fly like those birds?

Here's your fee in advance!

The answer-man never fails! Soon, under his skilled direction...

Look, genius! Just as you told us to build it!

Now get your goggles! I already have mine!

Brother Wilbur! Genius was right... man can fly!

He's always right and this time he's right for the Wright brothers!

That motor! Sounds bad... do you hear...?

Hmm... does sound like it could stand a slight improvement!

BANG BANG BANG

Mr. Jones! Wake up! Wake up! What are you dreaming about?

Huh? Oh... what? That's another question—ten cents, please!

I really should have charged him more for waking me up! Gee, what wonderful dreams... they were making me famous.

And so...
FREE to Boys

How to Play Baseball Like a Big-Leaguer!

FREE BOOK shows you IN PICTURES how great stars play every position—how YOU can become the "big-league" hero on your team. Get YOUR copy NOW!

CARL HUBBELL'S SCREWBALL

HOW STAN HACK STEALS BASES

MORT COOPER'S CURVE BALL

Free book shows—in wonder full close up pictures—how King Carl throws his strike em'out Screwball also the winning pitches of other mound stars!

Speedy, base stealing star of the Chicago Cubs—and how he steals slides, and grabs an extra bag, before the opposing team knows what's happened! All in swell, clear pictures YOU can follow!

FREE BOOK shows just how the Cardinals' ace pitcher holds the ball, and then lets it go! Bucky Walters throws his sinker! ALSO how the star pitch fast-balls, knuckle-balls, slow-balls, drops, in-shoots, other trick stuff!

HOW "SLATS" MARION BUNS

MELOTT SPEARS ONE

DIXIE WALKER'S BATTLING GRIP

How he places hands, bunts, then streaks for first—cashing in for Cardinals! These pictures show how YOU can be a star bunter too!

Mel Ott—master of the blue fielder! See how he does it in this FREE BOOK! And how other great outfitters scoop up or knock down!

When you slug 357 for the season and lead both major leagues, you've got something! FREE BOOK shows this Brooklyn Dodgers' star's batting grip and how he knocks the cover off the ball!

BOY—WHAT A FREE BOOK!!

Shows you—with marvelous close up pictures—how big-leaguers play every position. Expert stuff—written simple as A B C by famous sports-writer, Garry Schumacher, of N Y Journal—American.

Get this FREE BOOK NOW—learn secrets that can make YOU big-league star of your own team! BE THE FIRST among all your pals to get YOUR copy!
AMAZING FORECASTER
PREDICTS THE WEATHER
24 HOURS IN ADVANCE

READ ALL ABOUT THE
"SWISS" WEATHER HOUSE
AND FREE GIFT OFFER
IF YOU ACT AT ONCE

IMPORTANT!
This is not a cheap, un-
dependable storm glass. The
Weatherman Weather House is the
original "Swiss" Weather House
which actually tells you the weather
in advance. Beware of Imitations.

BE YOUR OWN WEATHERMAN—
YOU'LL KNOW TOMORROW'S WEATHER TODAY

Why pay $5 or $10 for a barometer when you can
predict the weather yourself, at home, 24 hours in
advance, with this accurate, inexpensive Weather
House forecaster? It's made like a little Swiss cottage
with a thatched green roof and small green shutters.
Inside the house is an old witch and a little boy and girl.
When the weather's going to be fine, the little boy and
girl come out in front. But when bad weather is on the
way, the old witch makes an appearance. There is an easy-to-
read thermometer on the front of the cottage that shows
you the exact temperature.

You can depend on knowing the condition of the weather from
eight to twenty-four hours in advance with this Weather House,
made in U. S. A. . . .

FARMERS, SCHOOL CHILDREN, LABORERS, DOCTORS, LAWYERS, MINISTERS, CLUBS AND
GOOD LUCK LEAF
Lives on Air Alone

The greatest novelty plant ever discovered! Tradition-
12-42 person owning one of these
plants will have much good-luck and success.

GOOD LUCK LEAF
Lives on Air Alone

The greatest novelty plant ever discovered! Tradition-
12-42 person owning one of these
plants will have much good-luck and success.

SEND NO MONEY
Sent to You on 100% Satisfaction Guarantee

The Weather Man, Dept. N.U.
20 East Madison Street,
Chicago, Illinois

10 DAY TRIAL COUPON

Send at once (1) "Swiss" Weather House and (2) Good Luck Leaf. On arrival,
I will pay postman $1.69 plus postage with the understanding that the
Weather House is guaranteed to work accurately. Also I can return the
weather house for any reason within 10 days and get my money back.

DOUBLE VALUE COUPON—MAIL TODAY

[Address and details of the advertisement]
DR. NARSTY, NASTIEST MAN IN THE WORLD, ESCAPES FROM PRISON WHERE HE IS SERVING A 100-YEAR SENTENCE.

FREE AT LAST! AND THE FIRST THING TO DO IS TO GET REVENGE ON THE MAN WHO PUT ME IN JAIL... CAPTAIN TOOTsie!

ILL TAKE THAT LITTLE CANNON KID!

HOOTIN' ZOOTS! STEALING A TOY FROM A BABY!

WHEN ROLLO TOOTS FOR TOOTsie, CAPTAIN TOOTsie COMES A-RUNNING!

THEN HE SNATCHED THE TOY AND RAN OFF!

FROM YOUR DESCRIPTION, ROLLO, IT MUST HAVE BEEN DR. NARSTY. I WONDER WHAT HE WANTED WITH A TOY CANNON?

IN DR. NARSTY'S LABORATORY...

HEH... HEH... THIS CANNON WILL BE THE END OF CAPTAIN TOOTsie!

HA, HA, HO, HO, HO, TRYING TO HURT ME WITH A CORK BULLET! HA, HO!

THIS WILL BE YOUR LAST LAUGH, CAPTAIN TOOTsie!

WHZZZZZZ

UGH! ELOOP! BLURPF!

HEH, HEH, YOU'LL GET WEAKER AND WEAKER, CAPTAIN TOOTsie! BECAUSE WITH THAT CORK IN YOUR MOUTH, YOU CAN'T EAT TOOTsie ROLLS FOR ENERGY!

BUT ROLLO AND THE SECRET LEGION COME TO THE RESCUE!

CURSES! I MUST FLEE!

NOT SO FAST, DR. NARSTY! I'M TAKING YOU BACK TO PRISON AGAIN!

THANKS, PALs!

BOY, I'M GLAD WE'VE BEEN EATING TOOTsie ROLLS REGULARLY! THEY GAVE US THE EXTRA ENERGY TO HELP OUR CAPTAIN!

ZOWIE!

IMAGINE GETTING AS MUCH ENERGY FROM A CASHER, CHOCOLATE TOOTsie ROLL AS YOU USE TO RIDE A BICYCLE 3 MILES!

STILL ONLY 1¢

Yes, Tootsie Rolls are not only delicious. They're fine food! They're made with milk, enriched with dextrose - and give you energy you need to win!

And they give you energy fast. You can feel the energy rush to your muscles seconds after you pop a Tootsie Roll into your mouth! Try a Tootsie!