The Anderson Daily Intelligencer

ANDERSON, S. C., SUNDAY APRIL, 19, 1914

COMIC JAZZ

PINHEAD PETE

WITH SPRING HERE OLD HAWKINS SEZ HIS BOYS HAFTER QUIT COURTIN' AN' GO TO WORK PLOWIN' B' GOSH!

CLOUD

SORRY, BUT I'M DETAINED AT THE OFFICE-WIFEY.

I WONDER IF MY SUIT NEEDS BUYING

MARY'S BEEN DOLLY-THING LOOKS MUSSED UP

OH! WELL! I GOT TO FIND EMILY TODAY

GENIAL GENE AND EMILY

TORTURE INDICATING EXTREME NERVOUSNESS

MY THINNING HAIR IN A GUY WHO WHEN I LAMP PARTS HIS HAIR IN THE MIDDLE! FLUTTERS STATION ALWAYS

GOODNESS ME!! AT FIRST I THOUGHT THAT EMILY'S PAPA'S VOICE

GRUMBY ACRES

AW, WHAT'S THE USE? ONLY ONE SPACE LEFT!

THAT GETS MY PEEVED!

SAY, KIDS, What IS This Dog's Name Anyhow?

TO THE GARDEN

OLD DOC QUACK

I USE MY HAIR TONIC ON MY CHIN AND I NEVER HAVE TO SHAVE

OLD HOME TOWN

YES WISSUH, MISS YOU WHEN YA GITSOME STROKE

WHERE'S THE DICKENS MISS LAST NIGHT?

AH. HA!

WHEW!

HI. IF I HAD YOUR TRADE I'D GROUCH IT AND FIGHT FOR A TRADE THEN KILL THE DOG!

SAY GENE, BE REASONABLE. YOU'RE QUEERING MY ACT!

ALONE AT LAST

AH! JOY! AT LAST WE ARE ALONE

WHERE HERE ALONE

RIGHT AWAY JEALOUSY ENTERS THE PLOT.

INTO

ALOUS THE MANICURE GIRL ! WITH LOVELY'S GROUND EYE ME!

AFTER ALL I'A LUCKY GUY! BEE! IF I DID NT HAVE THIS MANTELPIECE I MIGHT STARVE TO DEATH!

Simp Simpson, The lucky guy.

SQUAWK

YOU'D THINK I WAS A JUNE BRIDE THE WAY HE THROWS THOSE OLD SHOES AT ME.

HE'S LIKE A GUY THAT WANTS ME TO FIX HIS TYPEWRITER. GUESS I'LL GET ON THE JOB.

ARE YOU THE TYPEWRITER?

I AM.

THE FIRST STEP IS LIKE THIS. SEE! THERE AIN'T NOTHIN' THE MATTER WITH HER.

WAT DO YU MEAN?

On a hill lived a fellow named Pete
Who seldom had use for a nurse.
But when he was ill,
And needed a pill,
He'd call in Old Doc—and get worse!