

The Anderson Daily Intelligencer

ANDERSON, S. C., SUNDAY

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HE'S GOT NO MORE NAME THAN A RABBIT

KEY KIDDO! WHAT'S HIS NAME?

WHY I WOULDN'T EVEN BARN A NAMELESS DOG

WHAT IS THAT? A JOKE?

NOBODY HIT ME INTO THE DOOR I CAN HIT ME

I WOULDN'T HURT A LITTLE RABBIT

KILL KIDDO

LOW BRIDGE

IM ON A HUNTING TRIP. GIVE ME A TICKET

A HUNTER SHOULDN'T GO HOME EMPTY HANDED. GIMME A NICE T-BONE STEAK

GENIAL GUY BREAKS UP THE TRAP

CALL SOME BISK BUND!

ILL YOKE HIM. IT'S A BLANK

HI HOPPER WOULD A-HUNTING GO

ALL A RABBIT

THERE'S NOTHING LIKE A HUNTING TRIP TO STEADY A MANS NERVES

FAR AS WE GO

THAT WAS PRETTY NICE OF YOU TO COME DOWN AND VISIT. HE IN CAR. I'VE BEEN JUST LIKE SHARIN' HANDS WITH MYSELF

WELL, WHEN I WAS A LITTLE BOY MY PA WOULD LET ME HAVE AN AIR RIFLE. IF MACGULD ONLY SRE ME NOW!

IF YOU JUST LIKE TO KNOW AND LET YOU TAKE THAT ONE IF I'VE GOT YOU WITH A GUN SOME I'LL GET YOU PLAYS

IT'S A GOOD THING I WAS NOT STANDING ON MY HEAD. I'D HAVE TO A BRAIN OUT WELL AFTER ALL. I'M A LUCKY GUY!

SIMP
THE LUCKY GUY