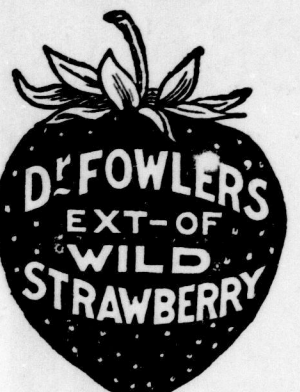


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"Tiz" makes sore, burning, tired feet fairly dance with delight. Away go the aches and pains, the corns, callouses, blisters and bunions.

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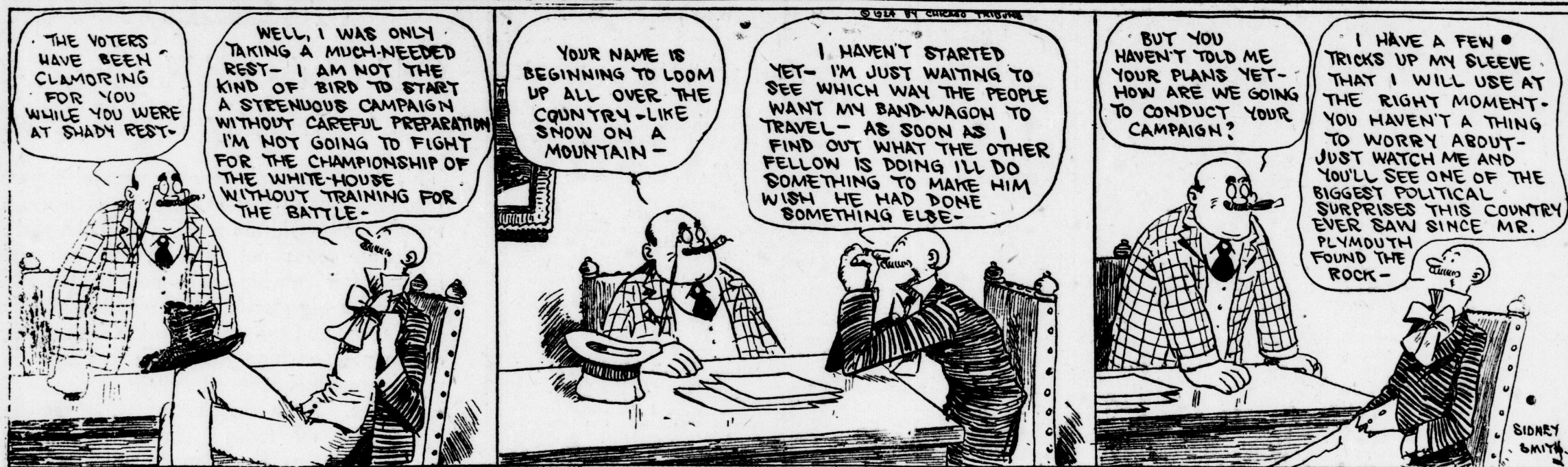
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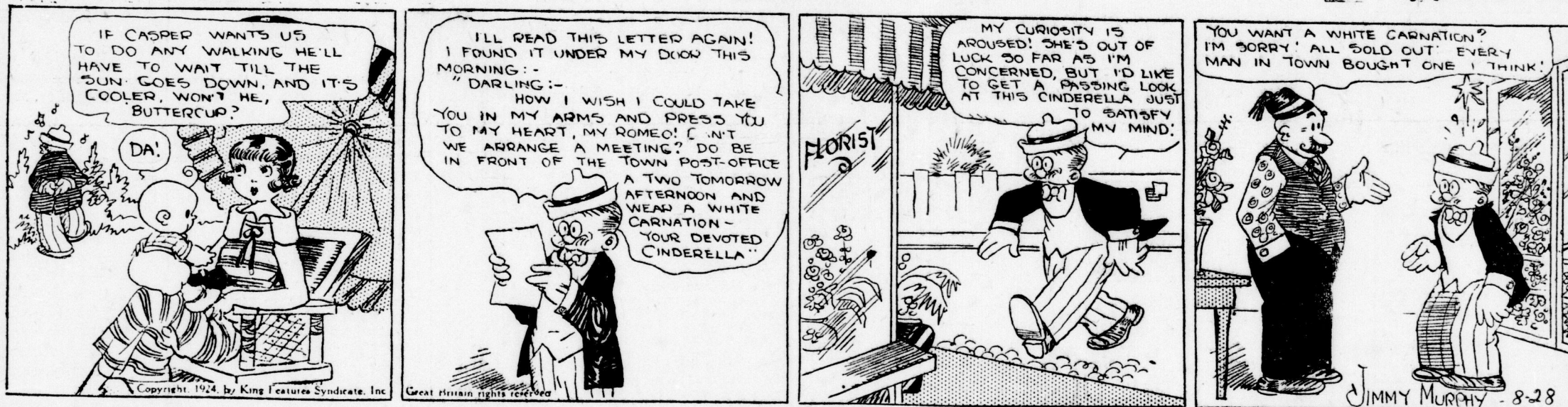
By BILLY DE BECK



TOOTS AND CASPER

Others of the Same Kind.

By JIMMY MURPHY



MUTT AND JEFF

The Tourists Are In Boston, Which Is In Mass., Cal's Home.

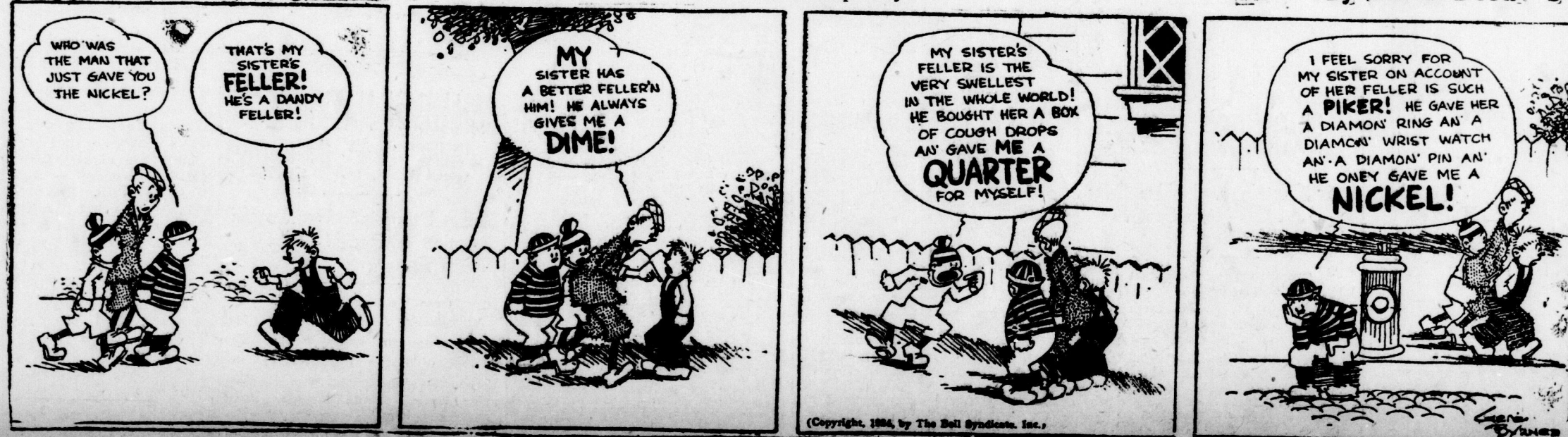
By BUD FISHER



REG'LAR FELLERS

A Cheap Guy.

By GENE BYRNES



The Fun Shop

Bob of Her Heart.
By Elsa Leichter.
A flirt was fair Nellie.
And like Nellie Kelley
She had them all guessing a heap.
She liked things a-humming
The boys all a-coming
To follow her gently like sheep.

The day came, however,
When all her endeavor
To keep her heart cold went for naught.
She lost out in dining,
Went dreaming and pining,
Her fancy was hopelessly caught.

To reach and acquire,
Her heart's wild desire,
She made up her mind to depart,
She sat in a chair,
While they moved down her hair,
And returned with the "Bob of Her Heart."

The Mater.
"Hey, there!" yelled Gap Johnson,
of Rumpus Ridge. "Dry up that racket and go to sleep! What in roaring, snoring, snoring is the matter with you little cusses, anyhow?"
"Runt bring a live frog to bed with him," howled another one of the children, "and the blame thing won't keep still."

An Expert.
They had advertised for a man to do general clerical work, and the first applicant to answer the ad was a strapping six-footer.
The boss, who was doing the interviewing, asked him: "Are you good at figures?"
"Well," the applicant answered, modestly, "I just gave up a position as life guard at a popular beach resort."

Baffled At Last.
"Red" Mike was a safe cracker. In fact, he was considered, by his colleagues in the underworld and the police of a dozen cities, to be not one of, but THE best and most artistic safe cracker roaming at large. There was nothing made (outside of a chilled steel vault) that "Red" couldn't open, quickly and neatly. It was his proud boast that if he ever found a "tin can" which failed to yield to his manipulations, he'd retire from the profession.
This morning "Red" was led away to a padded cell. They found him in his own kitchen struggling to open a small tin of sardines with the "key" that came with it.

Too Risky.
Bib: "Do you ever take your wife to a prize fight?"
Ray: "Not on your life! She knows enough about scrapping now, without teaching her more."

The Warm Canine.
The hot dog is a funny brute; He wags no tail in gay salute, He smells like neither Peke nor bound, And yet you know he is around.
The hairless dogs of Mexico Are famed, 'tis true; but this you know, Whenever your hands a hot dog clutch He has a skin you love to touch.
The hot dog breeds to beat the band; You'll find a litter at each stand, And for ten cents may have your choice By harking to "his master's voice."

The hot dog is a lovesome pup, So dear you want to eat him up; But if your stomach isn't right, He'll bark at you the livelong night!
"I cannot laugh at your joke," said the sage, "Excuse it, please—I respect old age."

On the Job.
The girl: "I would like to see something my size in a bathing suit."
The clerk (absently): "So would I."

He Was Just Skidding.
Patron (entering rear front cigar store): "Fardon me, is this a chain store?"
Clerk: "Yes, sir, what can I do for you?"
Patron: "Give me two for my car. The wheels are slipping and skidding to beat the band."

Moon Madness.
We went to market in the moon, My love and I together, Laughing a light and lilted tune, For life had slipped its tether.
Aye, to the market place we went; And there we found so many, Such wondrous things that, faith, we spent Youth's one and single penny!

We bought a bag o' dreams, and oh The wild delight of this is; My love then cried, "There's naught, I know, To do but steal some kisses!"

Easy.
Clarence, aged ten, had been working on some arithmetic problems and asked me to look them over before I went to work.
I told him I would, if I found the time.
He replied: "It won't take long, daddy. They're short division."

Speed.
A young man was standing on the street corner the other day waiting for a street car. After fifteen minutes of waiting, an old, bony mule, driven by a sleepy negro man and drawing a ramshackle wagon, ambled by.
"Uncle," shouted the young man, "you didn't say anything of a street car up the street, did you?"
"Yas suh, yas suh," he replied, "it'll be here after while. I jess pass it 'bout five blocks back."

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Readers are requested to contribute. All humor: Epigrams (or humorous mottoes), jokes, anecdotes, poetry, burlesques, satires and bright sayings of children, must be original and unpublished. Accepted material will be paid for. All manuscripts must be written on one side of the paper only, and should be addressed to The Fun Shop, The London Advertiser. No manuscripts can be returned. The rates are \$1 to \$10 for accepted material, and 25 cents to \$1 a line for poetry.

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