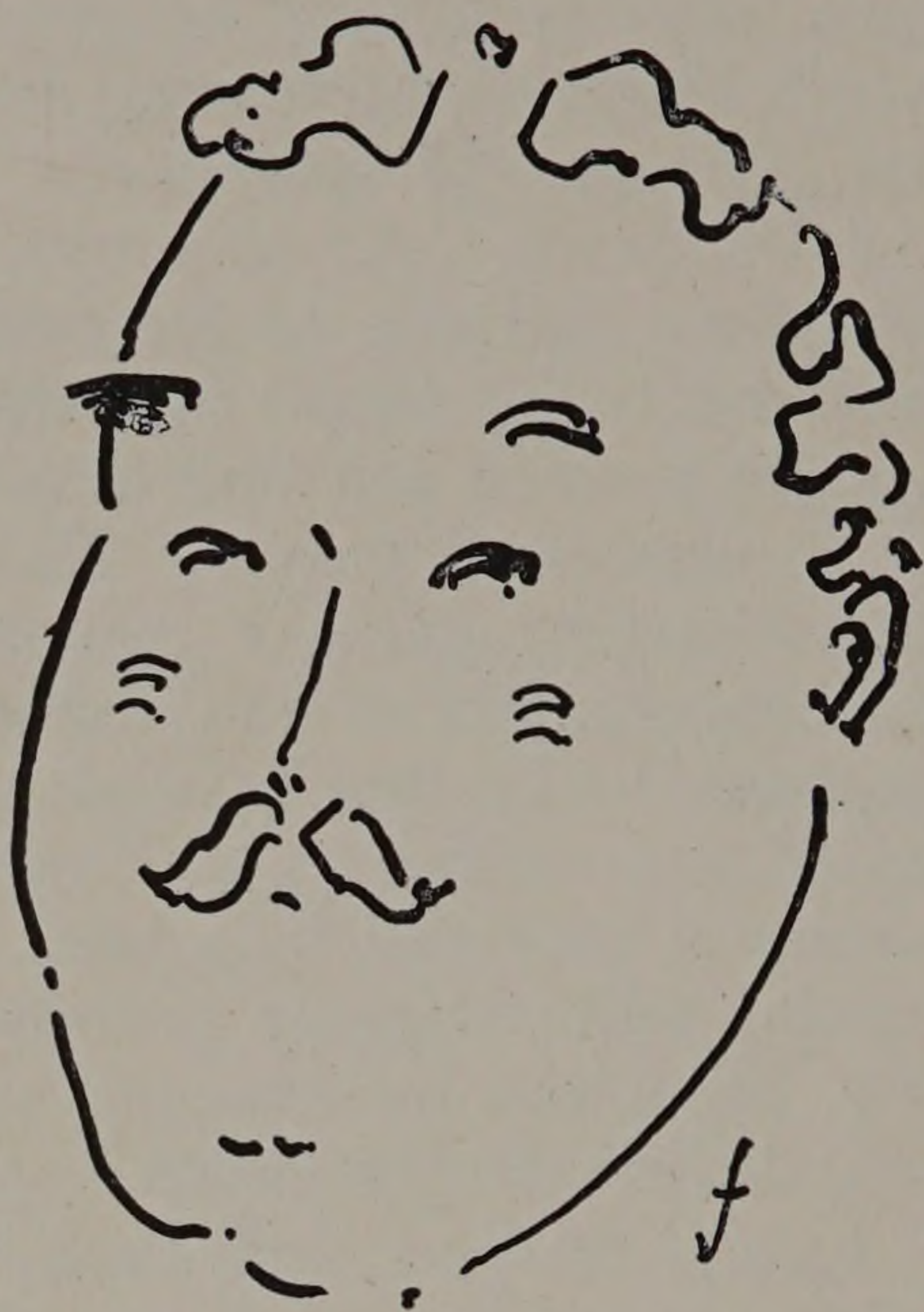


## HUMOR

DEATH COMES TO JELLO  
CULTIVATOR

## SALERATUS V. BEANSPROUT

Saleratus V. Beansprout, famous throughout the land as a pioneer jello cultivator, yesterday passed on to his reward. His death will bring tears to the eyes of countless kiddies all over the country who have come to love the picture on the box of that nationally known desert which bears the slogan "From Happy Horses."

Beansprout advanced the jello industry from a mere matter of chance to a pure science. Starting life as a hostler he had an unusual opportunity to study at close hand the raw material of the industry which he was to make famous.

It soon became apparent to the keen young man that there was an appalling lack of foresight in the business; so he began to breed horses expressly for shipment to the existing gelatine factories. Soon the country-side was dotted with his gelatine ranches. From this point it was a short step to ownership of his own factories and virtual control of the industry.

His greatest fame came through his shrewd development of flavor on the

hoof. One herd was kept on a raspberry diet for seventeen generations, resulting in a very lasting flavor. Other varieties were developed in a similar manner. The climax of his career came with the successful cross-breeding of the raspberry and lemon strains, resulting in a delectable new flavor.

Death, although it came suddenly, and by accident, had long been expected by his close friends. He was mistaken for one of his horses and shot.

JAIL BREAK ALARMS  
ANCIENTS

Way back when men were husky and their habits all were rough, there lived a lad called Samson, who grew up rather tough. He ne'er had malnutrition, for whenever they'd start dish-in' up the grub his ma was wishin' that some day he'd get enough. He was tossed from kindergarten, so he never had much chance to polish up his cuss words, or even learn to dance. Sam got a reputation that sure spread consternation, as a civic decoration he was looked upon askance. He pestered the town marshal till he beat bumps on Sam's hide and pulled most of his hair out, with his manly strength beside. But in the jail his hair grew handsome, so he pushed aside a column, crying out in accents solemn—"Too late for Herpecide."



.....opportunity to study.....raw material