

OL' JUDGE ROBBINS'

I'LL MISS THIS GRAND OLD TOWN, OABBINS. I WISH WE'D LIVED HERE WHEN IT WAS THE PORT OF CLIPPER SHIPS—

TRAILER TRIP
LEAVING
SALEM, MASS.

HERE'S A FINE GIFT TO SEND HOME, DAD. WOULDN'T ALINT MARRY HAVE A GREAT TIME FOLKING OUT HOW THE SHIP WAS PUT INSIDE THE BOTTLE?

MIGHT BE A GOOD IDEA TO FIND OUT OURSELVES. WILL YOU EXPLAIN IT, SIR?

BE GLAD TO. FIRST, WE MAKE OUR SHIP MODEL IN PARTS, THEN FOLD SPRINGS, MULL, SAILS, AND OTHER PARTS TOGETHER SO THEY PRESS THROUGH THE BOTTLE NECK LIKE THIS. EACH PART HAS A STRING PLANNING OUTSIDE TO THIS BOARD—

NEXT WE UNFOLD THE SHIP INSIDE THE BOTTLE BY PULLING THESE STRINGS, WHICH BECOME THE MASTING. ANY PART CAN BE SET IN PLACE BY ADJUSTING ITS STRING OUTSIDE ON THE BOARD.

YOU'RE GETTING AN EXACT SCALE MODEL, MADE OF AN OLD TIMBER FROM MY GRANDFATHER'S CLIPPER SHIP. IT'S THE ONLY THING LEFT NOW, BESIDES THIS PIPE OF HIS.

HOW WONDERFUL!

I CAN SEE THAT YOU MUST GET A LOT MORE PLEASURE SMOKING THIS PIPE THAN YOUR GRANDFATHER DID!

WAI/NA! THAT'S RIGHT! BEFORE THE DAYS OF PRINCE ALBERT, I GUESS THEY DIDN'T KNOW WHAT A MILD, TASTY SMOKE WAS LIKE.

WE MODERN PIPE-SMOKERS OWE A LOT TO PA—THERE'S NO OTHER TOBACCO LIKE IT!

WHAT I WANT IN A PIPE TOBACCO IS JUST WHAT I GET IN PRINCE ALBERT—A COOL, MELLOW SMOKE FULL OF RIPE, RICH TASTE BUT NO BITE



PRINCE ALBERT

THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE



SO MILD!

THE BIG
2
OUNCE
RED TIN

50 pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every 2-oz. tin of Prince Albert

P. A. MONEY-BACK OFFER. Smoke 20 fragrant pipefuls of Prince Albert. If you don't find it the mellowest, tastiest pipe tobacco you ever smoked, return the pocket tin with the rest of the tobacco in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund full purchase price, plus postage. (Signed) R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N.C.

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The billiard champion and another chap were on a walking trip and put up one night at a village inn. After dinner at the inn they went into a room with the word "billiards" painted on the door, but the table was little and rickety, and the balls were discolored.

"Game of billiards, gents?" inquired the landlord.

"I don't know," said the billiard champion. "I don't like these balls. How do you tell the red from the white?"

"O, that's easy," stated the landlord. "You soon get to know 'em by the shape."

A homely young Englishman, whose view was obstructed by the headgear of the girl in front of him, ventured to protest:

Young Englishman (leaning over): See here, Miss, I want to look as well as you.

Young Miss (in a rich cockney accent): Oh, do you? Then you'd better run home and change your face.

*There once was a liverish colonel
Whose grouses and groans were etol-
onel.
His bitter abuse
One could not reproduce
In a really respectable jolonel.*

Jackson: I like the civil service.

Johnson: So what?

Jackson: It gives the job to the best man who belongs to the right party.

Husband: What would you do dear, if I should die?

Wife: I should go nearly crazy.

"Would you get married again?"

"I said nearly crazy."

*A skeptical man was Bill Feeter,
Who wouldn't believe his gas meter.*

He pulled out a match,

And gave it a scratch—

"Good morning," he said to St. Peter.

Teacher: What is the name of a group of islands belonging to the United States?

Pupil: Huh? Why-ah...

Teacher: Correct.

Diner: I beg your pardon, but why are all these girls staring at me?

Waitress: I'm not supposed to tell you, sir, but we get some of our food from the school of cookery and home economics, next door, and if you get sick after that omelet you've just eaten those girls have all failed in their examination.

"I'm 60 years old," said a wealthy man to his friend, "and I want your advice. Do you think it would be better to tell a certain young lady, whom I would like to marry, that I am 50?"

"Well," said his friend, "if you want me to be quite frank, I think your chances of getting her would be better if you told her you were 75."