DIMPLES

Goodness Gracious— Calfie's Ungrateful!

BY GRACE G. DRAYTON

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FIDO AN' ME BOF CAUGHTED THE CROUP.

NOW DEARIE- RUN OUT AND PLAY. BUT TRY NOT TO SPOIL YOUR CLEAN DRESS.

COME ON, FIDO- WE WILL GO TO THE MEADOW AND SEE THE NEW LITTLE CALFIE.

OH- FIDO - IT'S STARTED TO RAIN. AND THAT BABY CALF WILL GET THE CROUP- SURE AS SHOOTIN'.

WAIT FOR ME, FIDO- I'SE GOT A NUMBRELLA AND MY MACKINTOSH.

DON'T CWY CALFIE. WE IS GOIN' TO SAVE YOU FROM CATCHIN' THE NASSY OLE CROUP

HOLD STILL NOW- CALFIE. AND WE WILL HOLD THE NUMBRELLA OVER YOU.

OH CALFIE! WAIT FOR THE NUMBRELLA.

THERE YOU MADE ME FALL IN THE MUD-PUDDLE YOU NASSY OLD THING.

BOOHOO! THE CALFIE STOLE MY MACKINTOSH- AN' THE WIND STOLE MUVVER'S NUMBRELLA

I got you

VOTES FOR WOMEN