

THE THRASHING OF THE EDITOR

By HENRY SYDNOR HARRISON

John Marshall, a young lawyer, who tries to get some money to pay his wife's expenses...

She looked at him with faint inquiry in her eyes, which seemed to necessitate his taking three more steps toward her...

"I am sure John will think it a pleasure to get you a card to the floor..."

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"I am sure John will think it a pleasure to get you a card to the floor..."



A girl came singing through the wall of flowers.

Isn't even afternoon yet, you know, I really can't think why John should have abandoned you here at 11 o'clock in the morning...

SCRAPPLE



A REAL JOB Recruiting Sergeant: "Why haven't you joined?"



THE PADDED CELL THEY USED TO ROB YOU BY HAND—BUT WE ADVANCE!



The Conscript



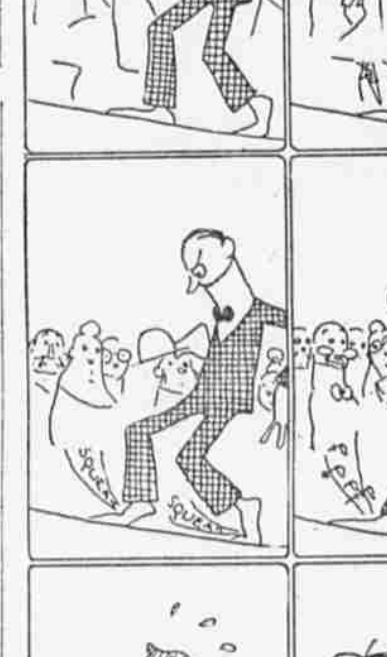
Cheering

"Oh, My!"



Men-

Magistrate—So your husband has been deceiving you, eh?



For Sale

FARMER SMITH'S RAINBOW CLUB

GOOD NIGHT TALKS

Dear Everybody—What do you want for Christmas? Now, what do you want for Christmas? I want 1000 members of The Rainbow Club...

Our Postoffice Box

Some more good angels have been hovering over our box. Dear Farmer Smith—Just a few lines to let you know about our family...

DOINGS IN TOYLAND

By and by he came down with a box on his arm. "Here!" he cried to Santa Claus, "poke your letters in this end and they come out answered at the other..."

MEMORY TEST

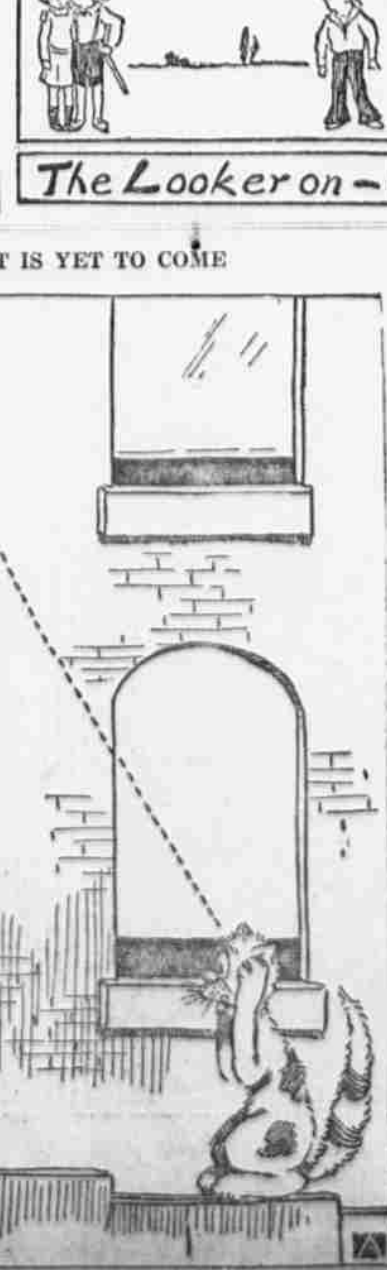
SEE IF YOU CAN REMEMBER THIS NUMBER TOMORROW MORNING: 123,453

Wastage



How Much Longer Can It Last?

THE PROFESSIONAL INSTINCT AGAIN



The Looker on—

AND THE WORST IS YET TO COME



Private Smith, the company bomber, formerly "Shinto," a popular pug-gler, frequently causes considerable anxiety to his platoon.