

# SCRAPPLE

The Young Lady Across the Way



The young lady across the way says that when she goes away for any length of time she always prefers to go by one of the trunk lines, as it is so convenient to have one's baggage come on a later train.

**Calling Names**  
"Shall I call you a taxi?"  
"Call me anything you want to, I don't care."—Lehigh Burr.

**Just So**  
"Do you often change your environment?"  
"Shure an' I do, ivry Saturday night."—Punch Bowl.

THE PADDED CELL



THE FAMILY POTATO

THAT'S IT, DEAR, YOU GO AND GET SOME SLEEP. I'LL TAKE TURN AT GUARD DUTY NOW.

SAFE

AEH

SCHOOL DAYS



—yes, all I have to do to make my boy mind is to threaten to lick him—course I'd never raise a hand to him—don't believe in it—but HE don't know it

—Same here, gosh, I wouldn't whip my boy for a million dollars but I got him scared, all right.

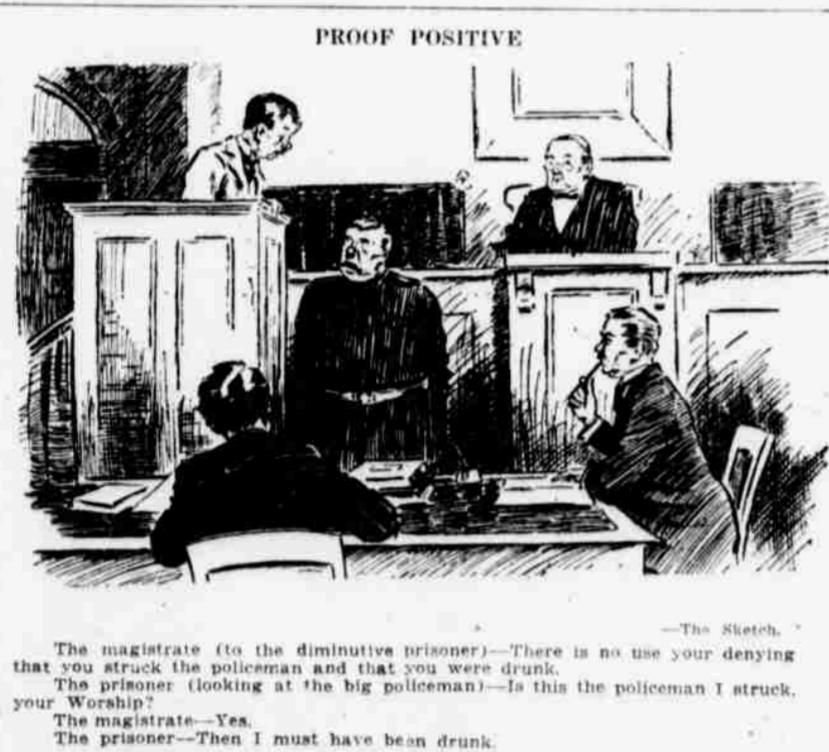
a diplomatic leak

**Verily Time Doth Bring Changes**  
In 1907—You are bound to find him there. He wears tortoise-shell glasses.  
In 1917—You can't miss him. He doesn't wear tortoise-shell glasses.—Lehigh Burr.



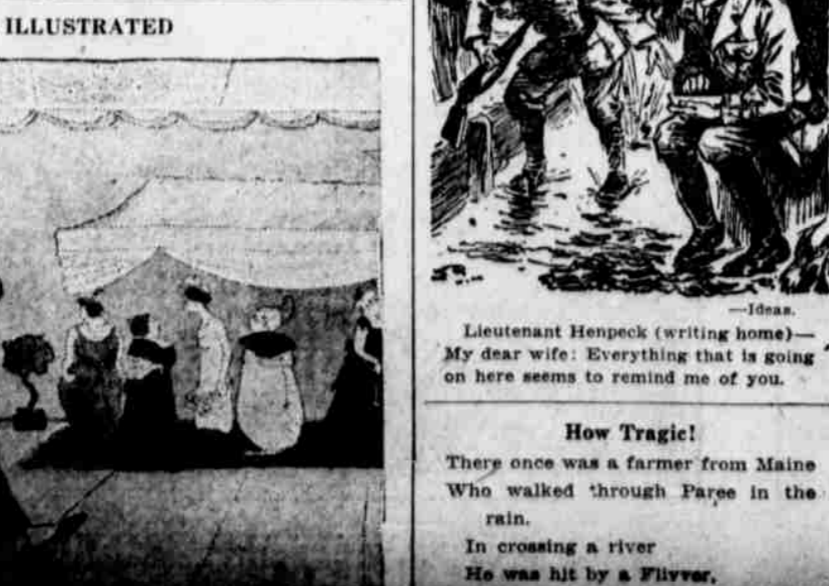
Activity in the Seed Trade

Local seedman mixing grass seed ready for suburban early spring lawn sowing enthusiasts.



PROOF POSITIVE

The magistrate (to the diminutive prisoner)—There is no use your denying that you struck the policeman and that you were drunk.  
The prisoner (looking at the big policeman)—Is this the policeman I struck, your Worship?  
The magistrate—Yes.  
The prisoner—Then I must have been drunk.



The Day After

"Oh, Gee, last night I had a lovely dream. I dreamt I had passed every darn exam, and I was in heaven."  
"Did you see the rest of the class there?"  
"Every one, and then I knew it was only a dream."—Lehigh Burr.

# THE AFTERGLOW

A Sequel to "Beyond the Great Abyss." By GEORGE ALLAN ENGLAND

**SUMMARY OF PRECEDING STORIES**  
Allan Stern, a consulting engineer, and Beatrice Kromm, his stenographer, wake from a long sleep in his office in the tower of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Building, New York city; they look about them and find the office interior fallen to a decayed and below them a vast, forest of great trees, evidence that the sleep lasted through centuries, and that during this unconscious lapse the city had been visited by some great catastrophe. They seem to be the survivors of the inhabitants of the western continent. They clothe themselves primitively and subsist on food which has withstood the ravages of centuries in glass jars.

**CHAPTER XII—(Continued)**  
Faintly, Vreenya sprinkled the open space between the poles and the dungeon with a kind of sea-weed swab dipped in the waters of the boiling vat, then with a bit of the coarse brown cloth washed Allan's lips—a pledge of truth.

**CHAPTER XIII**  
The Ravished Nest  
"I CANNOT be," who says it cannot be? Who dares stand out and challenge me?"

**CHAPTER XIV**  
The Day After  
"Oh, Gee, last night I had a lovely dream. I dreamt I had passed every darn exam, and I was in heaven."



How Tragical

There once was a farmer from Maine who walked through Poree in the rain.

# A DIFFERENCE OF OPINION



"The trouble with you, sir, is—if you will pardon me for saying so—that you think nobody is good enough for your daughter."

**Farmer Smith's Column**  
My Darlings—I hope you never tire of having me talk to you about myself, for I never tire of talking to you about myself.

**HOME ONCE MORE**  
By Farmer Smith  
"It seems so good to see you home once more."

**FOREWARNED IS FOREARMED**  
"Nothing much," replied Billy. "How much do you call 'nothing much'?"



How Tragical

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