

SCRAPPLE

Wit and Wisdom of a Busy World

CARTOONS

THANKS TO THE POWERFUL KATRINKA, BOTH UNCLE PELEG AND BABY HAD A FINE VIEW OF THE PARADE



By FONTAINE FOX

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Beautiful Snow

A poet praised the falling snow as he sat in his easy chair, well knowing that he needn't go to waddle through it any-where, and so the children all recite that verse the ancient poet wrote about the snow so pure and white. Now don't that get your Willie goat? O sad! within a few short weeks the snow that made the poet rave will come down, while the cold wind shrieks and piles itself upon your pave. You'll have to get the shovel out and clear a path from house to gate while icy breezes nip your snout and chill your poor old shiny pate and split your lips and chap your hands and send cold shivers up your spine, the while you yearn for tropic lands where burning suns may ever shine. Of course it's sport for every kid whose snowball plunks against your face. They also laugh to see you skid when you step on a slippery place. But don't get mad, because you know some years ago you did the same. You hurried the nasty wad of snow and plucked the blind, the halt and lame. Console yourself, for while it's true you have some reason to be wild, the flight of time's been good to you—you're not a post nor a child.

Why Look?



Cassell's Saturday Journal. Mrs. Jenkins—Why, doctor, you didn't look to see if my tongue was coated. Doctor—I know it isn't. You don't find grass on a race track.

TRY A PUMP



The Passing Show. Farmer (in receipt of military help)—What's up over there w' my cow? Tommy—Looks as if one of our engineers had been trying to milk her with a spanner.

The Truth

Boarder (on leaving)—Madam, you are one of the most honest persons I have ever met. Landlady—I'm glad to hear you say that, sir. Boarder—Yes; your honesty is conspicuous on the very front of your establishment. Your sign says: "Boarders taken in"

Ready for Rain

"I trust, Miss Tappit," said the kindly employer to his stenographer, "that you have something in reserve for a rainy day." "Yes, sir," answered the young woman. "I am going to marry a man named Mackintosh."—Christian Register.

The Sad News

Passenger (on Highland coach)—Of course, you're well acquainted with the country round about here. Do you know Glen Accron? Driver—Aye, weel. Passenger (who has just bought the estate)—What sort of a place is it? Driver—Well, if ye saw the de'il tethered on't, ye'd just say, "Put brute!"

The Young Lady Across the Way



The young lady across the way says she supposes the steel companies are a good deal better satisfied than they were now—that the Government has fixed prices and they know just what to expect.

School Methods in the Home

"Did your wife scold when you came home so late last night?" "You don't know what it is to have a wife who was once a school teacher. She simply made me write a hundred times on a slate, 'I must be at home by 10 o'clock.'"—New York Globe.

SCHOOL DAYS

By DWIG



In the days of the Inquisition.

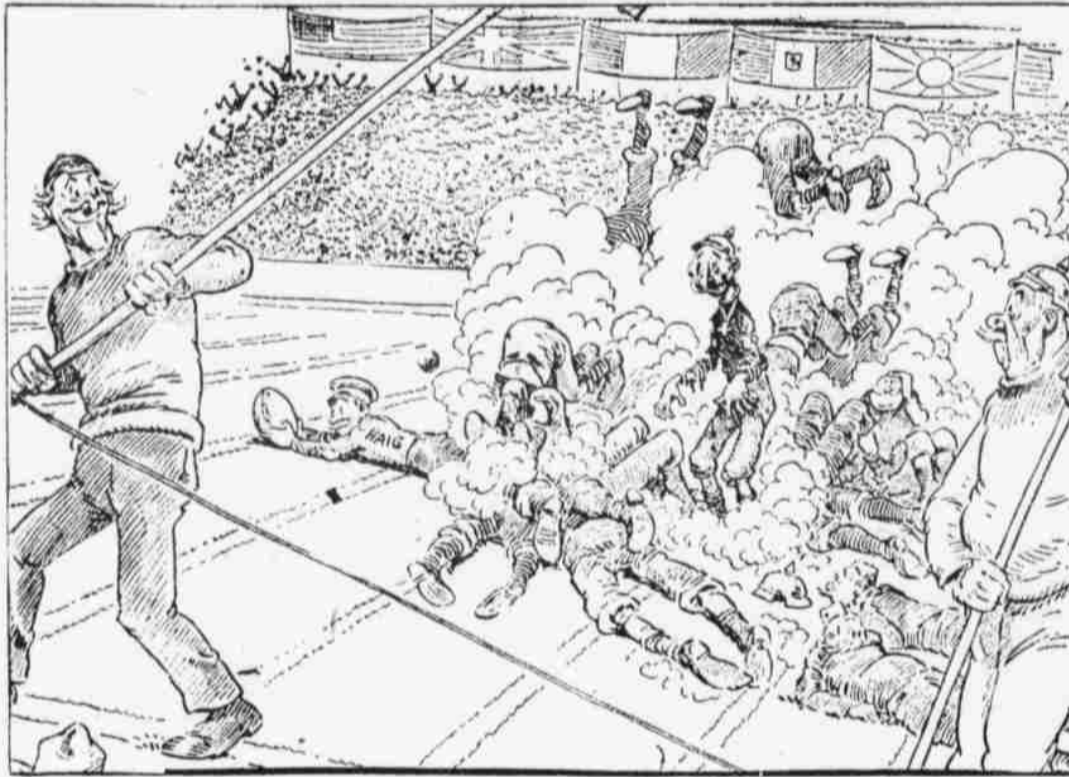


DOLLARS WILL DO IT. BUY A BOND.

Gary Williams, in Pittsburgh Dispatch ALL ABOARD FOR BERLIN!



CLEAN 'EM UP! Greens, in Buffalo Courier



From Columbus (Ohio) Dispatch ANOTHER FIRST DOWN



Keys, in Cleveland (Ohio) Press SUGGESTIONS FOR CLEANING THE KAISER



Godwin, in Pittsburgh Dispatch EVERYBODY'S ON THE HUNT



Freeman, in Newark (N. J.) Evening News SETTING A GOOD EXAMPLE



Brown, in Chicago News A SAIL! A SAIL!



Hoffman, in Washington Evening Post BLOOD BROTHERS