

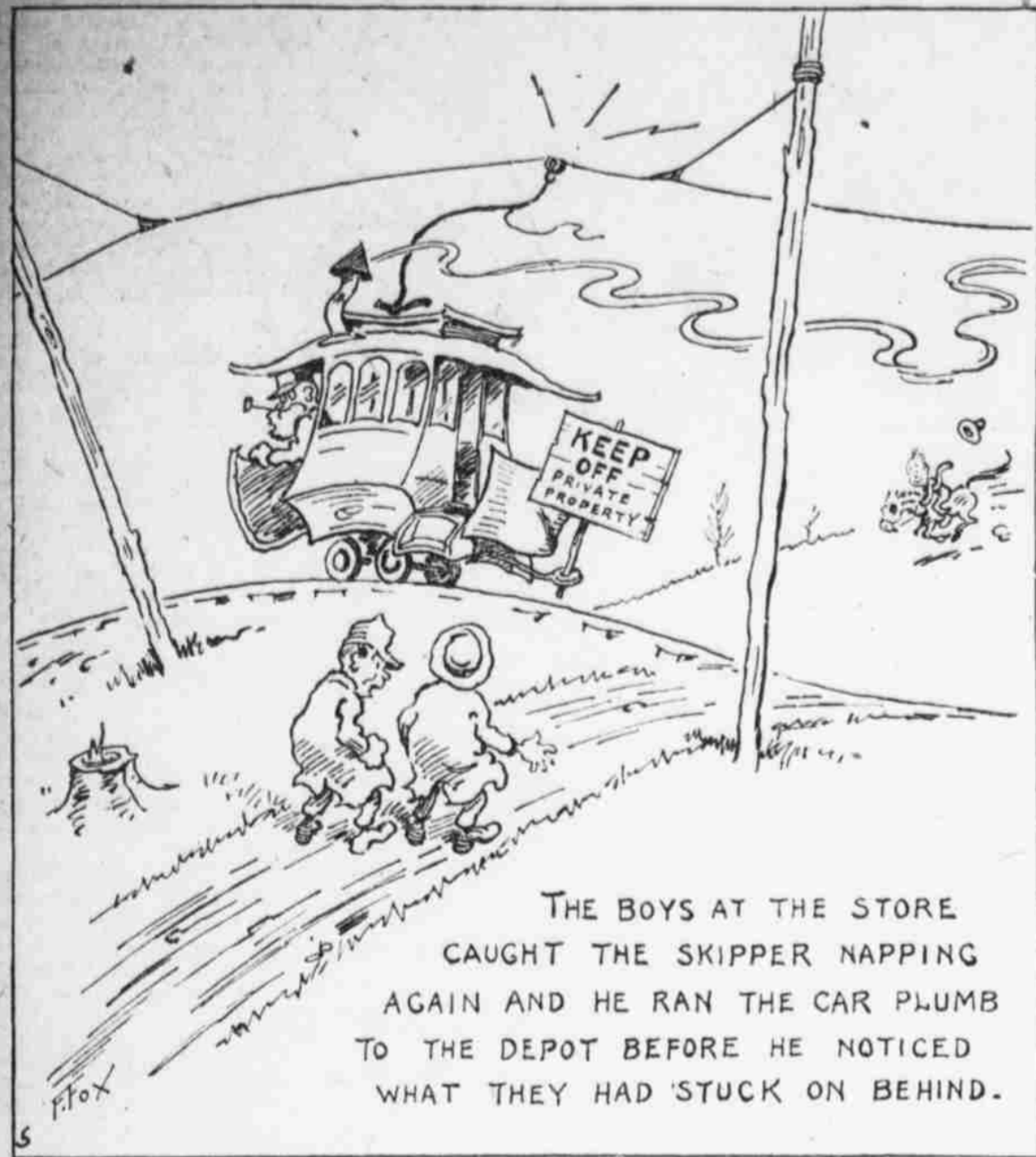
SCRAPPLE

Wit and Wisdom of a Busy World

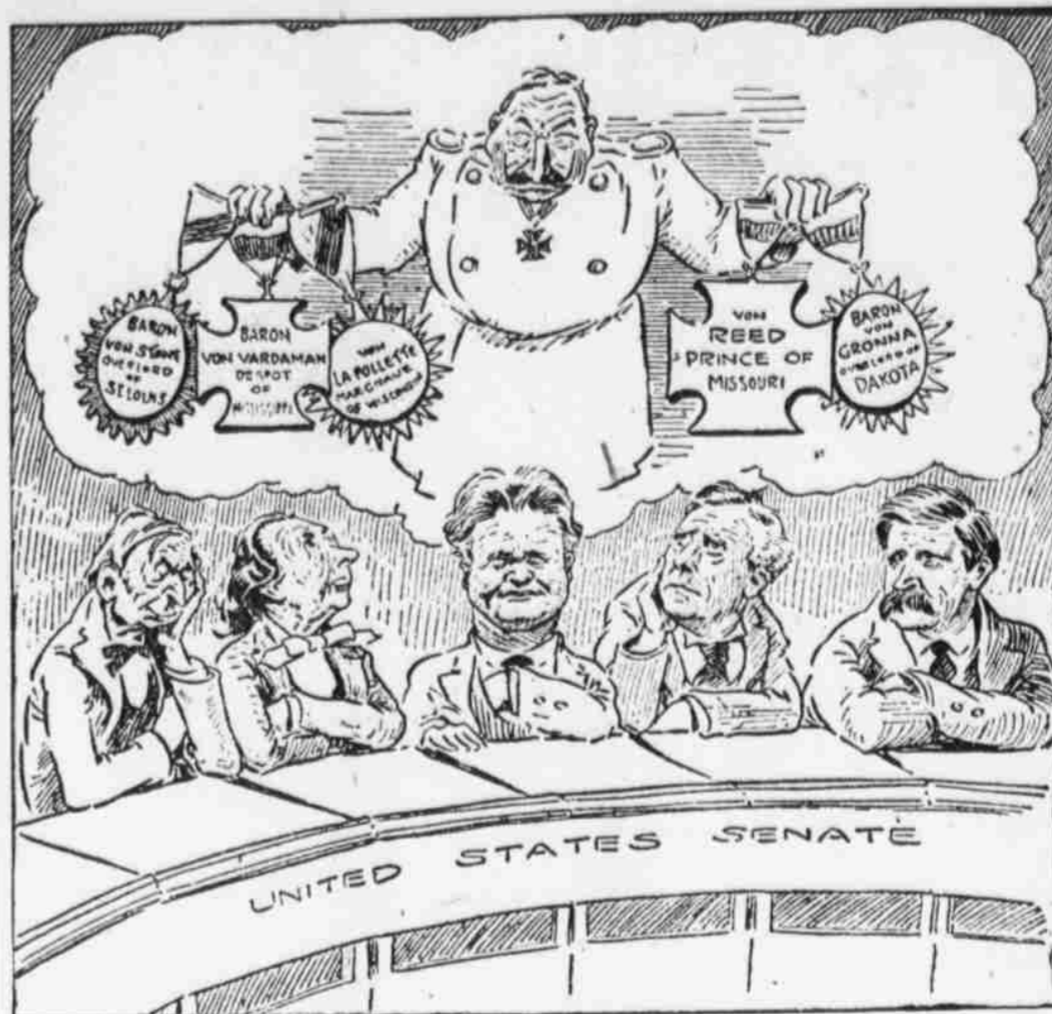
CARTOONS

THE TOONERVILLE TROLLEY

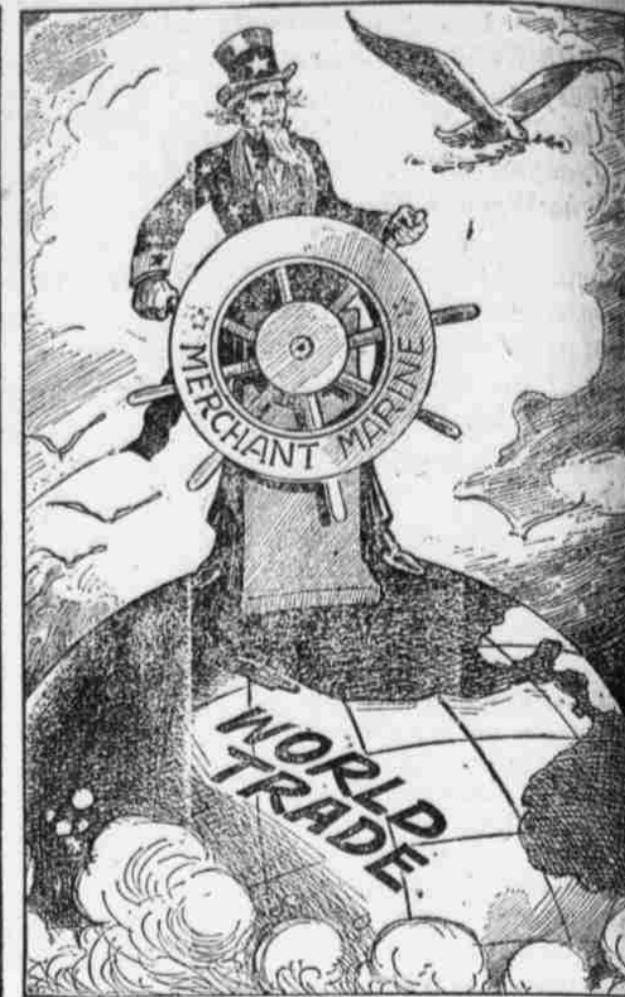
By FONTAINE FOX



THE BOYS AT THE STORE CAUGHT THE SKIPPER NAPPING AGAIN AND HE RAN THE CAR PLUMB TO THE DEPOT BEFORE HE NOTICED WHAT THEY HAD STUCK ON BEHIND.



A DREAM OF GERMAN VICTORY



COMING BACK!



Considerate

Allotment Holder (to borrowing neighbor)—I hate to bother you, old man, but I wonder if you would mind lending me my garden tools for a few minutes?

Two Tangled Strings Linda—Bella, I'm greatly puzzled over a certain matter. Bella—So am I. Tell me your trouble and I'll tell you mine. Linda—Well, Dick Hardaway told me last night he loved me, but did not ask me to marry him. Bella—And he asked me to marry him, but didn't say a word about love. —Pearson's Weekly.



After the Raid

Dispatch Rider—I'm looking for the church, mate. Can you direct me? Military Policeman (controlling traffic)—Yes, but you'll have to look stippy, my son—it's in that barrier!



THE PADDED CELL

NOT A CHANCE!

NO THANK YOU, UNCLE, WE DON'T CARE FOR ANY ICE CREAM, WE HAD SOME LAST NIGHT!

Providing for Emergencies "Will you keep a wine cellar when you have a home of your own?" "Well, well," stammered the young man, "in the event of illness I think it well to be provided." "All right," the old man replied; "you can marry my daughter, but don't be surprised if I call on you twice a week and get taken ill." —Pearson's Weekly.

The Young Lady Across the Way



The young lady across the way says she's very sorry that skirts aren't getting any wider, as she certainly does like to be able to step out stridently when she walks.

Beyond Danger

Mrs. Wellment—Now, if I give you half a crown will you promise never to drink another glass of beer? Handsome Harry—Yes'm, s'help me; honor bright. Mrs. Wellment—Well, here's half a crown. Now what will you say when a friend asks you to have a glass of beer? Handsome Harry—Oh, there ain't no danger of that, mum. All us fellows carries oans. —Pearson's Weekly.

SCHOOL DAYS By DWIG



Gee, wait, you look like a steam engine. Gosh! Ain't it great 's mornin! Let's go rabbit huntin'.

Look! Watch this one! Looks just like smoke, don't it?

A cold, raw, damp, disagreeable, clammy, miserable morning in November.



THEY WANT THE CASE DISMISSED



SHE CAN'T VOTE, BUT LAW-ZEE! SHE STILL HAS INFLUENCE



CHRISTMAS IS COMING



OUR NEXT DUTY



TOO LATE



WHAT NEXT?