

SCRAPPLE

Wit and Wisdom of a Busy World

CARTOONS

THAT POOR SIMP VERNON McNUTT EXPLODED A DEPTH BOMB IN THE WATER HAZARD AT THE 7TH HOLE AND BLEW OUT ENOUGH GOLF BALLS TO LAST HIM TEN YEA RS.



By FONTAINE FOX.

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IF HE'S GOING TO MAKE THE HILL WITH THAT LOAD



Godwin, in Pittsburgh Dispatch. KEEP UP TO DATE

Explicit



—London Opinion. Pilot (who has had a forced landing) —Can you tell me whereabouts I am? Old Jarge—Is, sur, I can that; this yurr be Farmer Tamstin's field.

She Suspected It

First Girl—My cheeks are all afire. Second Girl—I thought there was a smell of burning paint.—Pearson's Weekly.

Of Course!



—London Opinion. Counsel—Were none of the creditors fully paid? Witness—Yes, certainly! The lawyers were.

THE PADDED CELL



HAYWARD

Unappreciated Art

Artist (triumphantly) —What do you think of my picture of a peasant girl, Miss Featherbrain? Miss F. (gushingly)—It's splendid! What a lovely hat she has on! Is she going to a theatre? Artist (despondently)—That's not a hat; she's carrying home a bundle of hay.

The Young Lady Across the Way



The young lady across the way says the days will continue to grow shorter until we have passed the December equinox.

Forestalling a Touch

"Poor Herbert, how I wish you did not have to slave so from morning to night," murmured his wife, as with a fond caress she seated herself on her husband's knee and gently stroked the gray streaked locks from his lofty brow. And the grave, stern man of business understood her at once, and answered: "Well, Susie, what is it, a hat or what? Don't be too hard on me, for money is scarcer than ever."

SCHOOL DAYS

By DWIG



Why, you ain't afraid o' HIM, are you? He's a leader—he couldn't bite you now, I killed him. Don't you want to see him, den't you?

Why the world goes round.



Evans, in Baltimore American. MAKING HIS DOLLARS FIGHT The United States takes over \$200,000,000 worth of profits on Teuton-owned corporations.



Valasek, in Chicago Herald. CHRISTMAS TREE ORNAMENTS FOR GERMANY



Hacey, in Montreal (Canada) Star. THE "FRIGHTFULNESS" SPECIALIST Modern Pickwick Fat Boy: "I wants to make 'er flesh creep!"



Henry, in Cassell's Saturday Journal, London, England. WHG DARES TO TALK OF PEACE WITH THIS AT LARGE?



Nowell, in Women's Wear, New York City. BREAK THE SPELL!



From Punch, Melbourne, Australia. A CLOUD NO BIGGER THAN A MAN'S HAND Hindenburg: "Sire! Sire! Even if we resist all other attacks, this arm will crush us!"



Hodge, in Spokane (Wash.) Spokesman-Journal. THE ONLY LANGUAGE HE WILL EVER UNDERSTAND