

SCRAPPLE

Wit and Wisdom of a Busy World

CARTOONS

THAT YOUNG LIEUTENANT IS THE ONLY ONE OF SISTER'S BEAUX THAT HAS BEEN ABLE TO KEEP LITTLE WILLIE FROM PEEPING INTO THE PARLOR



By FONTAINE FOX



LIKELY TO BE A SHORT-LIVED FRIENDSHIP



From De Not-mirator, Amsterdam, Holland



First War Worker—I don't think it'll last much longer, d'you?  
Second ditto—No. Shan't be sorry to get into 'civvies' again neither.

Nun-Too-True  
Ignatz—I saw two nuns today, who greatly resembled each other.  
Briteness—Huh; they must be sisters.—Awgwan.



—London Opinion.  
Officer (re-examining rejected) Why were you rejected before?  
Recruit—Valuable deat of the heart, sir



'Ow does it taste, 'Arry, old man? Like the blinkin' Government beer.

Would Do or Die  
Young Wife (at dinner table, sobbing)—I think you—you—are just as mean as—as you can be. I made that—that apple dumpling as a pleasant surprise for you, and—and now—you want me to bring a meat saw to cut it in two with.  
Young Husband—Good gracious, Marie, is that a dumpling? I took it for a coconut. (With desperate firmness)—I'll eat it now, if it kills me.—Pearson's Weekly.

Hope for Him  
Ethel—Do you really think the lieutenant will propose to Beth?  
Edith—Oh, yes; he has several medals for bravery, you know!—Pearson's Weekly.

The Young Lady Across the Way



We asked the young lady across the way if the new neighbors had any minor children and she replied sternly that she believed they were both boys.

As Per Advertisement  
A woman of uncertain age required the services of a page boy and inserted in the local paper an advertisement headed, "Youth wanted."  
One of her friends, with little humor and less taste, sent her a bottle of a celebrated wrinkle remover, a pot of fairy bloom, a set of false teeth and a flaxed wig.

Inured to Suffering  
He—Have you considered, darling, the seriousness of the step you have considered to take? Married life, you know, is not all honey. Do you think you can bear to suffer as well as to rejoice?  
She—Indeed I can, John. Haven't I worn shoes two sizes too small ever since I was fourteen years old?—Pearson's Weekly.



Chapin, in St. Louis Republic.



Ireland, in Columbus Dispatch.



Brown, in Chicago News.



From Nebelsalter, Zurich, Switzerland.  
Russian Soldier—"Why should we die, brother? The National Congress said: 'Long live the army.'"

SCHOOL DAYS By DWIG



From Navy Battalion, Petrograd, Russia.  
Karevsky (to the dancing Ukrainian)—"Stop dancing! Don't you see the..."



Aves, in Passing Show, London, Eng.



Harding, in Brooklyn Eagle.