PAGE OF FUN FOR YOUNG AND OLD TO REMIND ONE THAT LIFE IS NOT ALL SHADOW



"That man with Jane certainly has on loud clothes."
"Doesn't matter, She turns a deaf ear to his suit, anyway."

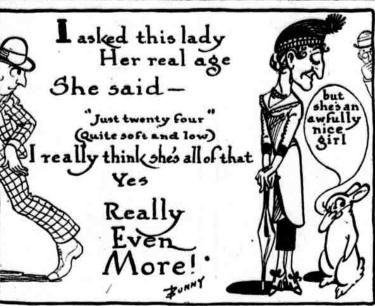
"Ivy, why don't you cling to

-The Passing Show Dealer—And as for speed, sir—why, with that there orse you could leave 'yde Park Corner at 'arf past five in the mornin' and be in Richmond at six!

Client—No—no, nothin' doin', my friend—nothin' doin'.

Dealer—Why, I thought you was keen on the animal?

keen on the animal?
Client—Well, so I was, but—I say, you know—I wouldn't know what the dickens to do in Richmond at six o'clock in the morning.



THE TOONERVILLE TROLLEY By FONTAINE FO LEAVING THE TRACKS IS SO COMMON AN OCCURENCE WITH THE TROLLEY THAT THE SKIPPER HAS BECOME USED TO IT, BUT LAST WEEK THE BLAME THING WENT AND JUMPED RIGHT INTO A WAR GARDEN WHICH THE SKIPPER HAD PLANTED ALONG THE RIGHT OF WAY.

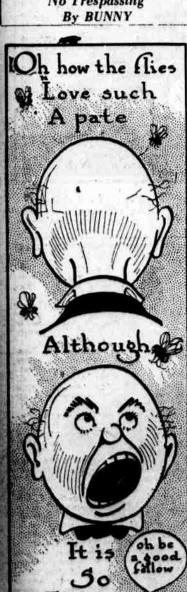
THE GUMPS—"It Isn't What You Used to Be, It's What You Are Today!"

Copyright, 1918, by The Tribune Co. By SIDNEY SMITH



The young lady across the way says the successful poultrymen all use incubators exclusively now, but shickens are so good to eat that she supposes they'll never be allowed to become extinct

> No Trespassing By BUNNY



Hate

CHESTER'S LITTLE SHOE'S -IT SEEMS LIKE OH! HOW IT TAKES ME BACK YESTERDAY THAT ! LOOKED AT THAT TO HIS BABY HOOD DAYS -LITTLE BUNDLE OF THOSE LITTLE TINY PINK PINK FOR THE FIRST TOES OF HIS HOW CLEAN TIME - JUST LIKE A AND SWEET THEY WERE BUNCH OF FRESH ROSES

PROUD HIS FATHER AND I WERE OF HIM -OUR LITTLE CHESTER SUCH A CLEAN, SWEET TO ME HE'LL ALWAYS BE

AND I'LL NEVER FORGET

HIS FIRST STEP - HOW

AND JUST LOOK AT YOUR SHOES -DO YOU CALL THOSE FEET!

WHERE ON EARTH HAVE

YOU BEEN IN THE MUD?

YOU'RE A DISGRACE TO THE FAMILY AND DON'T EVER DARE COME IN THIS
HOUSE AGAIN WITH ALL YOUR
DIRT AND MUD . CLEAN
YOURSELF GOOD BEFORE YOUR
FATHER
SEES YOU

PETEY-And Petey Kept His Thoughts to Himself

•:•

By C. A. VOIGHT







PERCY AND FERDIE-That Shrinking Process Takes Place, After All

-:-

By H. A. MocG



COLD YET.





•:•

