

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

SCHOOL DAYS By DWIG

Well, you know ole Fred Bellard—
—well he had a giant firecracker an' he
said if I wanted to I could put a
brick on it an' hold my foot on
the brick an' shoot er off
An' I done it—gosh!
What'd you do?

I picked up a big
firecracker that
had got busted an'
jus as I picked it
up it busted—

I dont care—
I got a burnt
finger, anyway!

The Sufferers — 7-5

BROAD AN' CHESTNUT By BUNNY

It's not so much from where you come
It means more
Where you go!
Just ask the Ones
Who've
Gotten
There!

And there's
one certainly
on the way.

They'll
Tell you
This is so

A Hard Job, Mate
Willie Willis—Ma, what is the
"Lord High Chamberlain?"
Mamma Willis—He is the man
who helps put the king to bed.
Willie Willis—And does he have
to think up the excuses to tell the
king's wife?—Judge.

Feminine Language
First Co-ed (after hearing a
"passionate poet" in the Houston
Club)—Oh, I think he's all too
marvelous.
Second of Species—Yes, I was so
excited that even my gloves were
suede with emotion.—Punch Bowl.

HARD TIME AT THE HOTEL RICHE

Waiter—Your pot of margarin won't be long now, sir. I'm glad
to learn that our messenger is only about three yards of queue away
from the stores counter.

IT WAS VERY EASY FOR THE POWERFUL KATRINKA TO FIX THE TABLE SO IT WOULD BE LEVEL
By FONTAINE FOX

IT SWANTS SO MUCH THERE
WE BETTER PUT IT DOWN
THE HILL
FURTHER.

BUNNY'S ALPHABET

H Stands for
Happiness
the Kind
We seldom find
for
Most of us
Apparently
Are running round
Quite
Blind!

hey there!
I've got
troubles
of my own

Flying—
It never hurts to fall, you know—
It's just the sudden stop that
counts.
Remember as you downward go
If your descent be fast or slow
It never matters 'till you bounce.
It never hurts to fall, you know.
It's just the sudden stop that
counts!—The Purple Cow.

Smith Girl All Right
When a man is mention,
The Bryn Mawr girls asks—
"How much does he know?"
The Vassar girl—
"How much has he got?"
The Wellesley girl—
"Who is he?"
The Smith girl—
"Where is he?"—Yale Record.

THE GUMPS—The Fourth Was Always a Big Day for Chester Copyright, 1918, by The Tribune Co. By SIDNEY SMITH

NOW CHESTER—DADDY
BOUGHT ALL THESE FIREWORKS
JUST FOR YOU. BUT YOU'LL
HAVE TO BE REAL CAREFUL
LITTLE BOYS SHOULD NOT
PLAY WITH FIRE YOU KNOW—

AW LET ME
TOUCH EM
OFF— I AIN'T
AFRAID

STAND BACK NOW—
KEEP AWAY AND
GET READY TO RUN.
LOOK OUT!

LET ME
LIGHT
ONE
ONCE

BEAT IT
QUICK!!

ANDY— DID
YOU TAKE ALL
THOSE MATCHES?

LOOK OUT!
MIN

TO BE
CONTINUED
TOMORROW
SIDNEY SMITH

THE BREAKING POINT

Mr. Pawkins (who has just calculated his liability)—Maria, when
I ask you "Will you have coffee?" say, "No."—or we shall have to walk
home.

MOVING PICTURE FUNNIES

When the
branch broke
in Elephant
kept right
on swing-
ing!

WORK OR FIGHT

Brooklyn Eagle
"Take one."

Scanty Accommodations
A walrus in an Arctic sea
Can find abundant space.
But in a Pullman washroom he
Is greatly out of place.

THE REASON, DOUBTLESS

First Tommy—I wonder why the papers call this the Western
Theater of War.
Second Tommy—Perhaps to give the War Office a chance of stop-
ping tuppence a day out of our pay for amusement tax.

The Young Lady Across the Way

The young lady across the way
says it may be true that her friend
in the army is a piker, as the other
boys say, but she supposes road-
building is just as important as any-
thing else in modern warfare.

PETEY—Pete Will Have to Be Introduced to Himself Next

MY DEAR SIR, CAN
YOU DIRECT ME TO
THE POST OFFICE?

I'M SORRY,
—I'M A
STRANGER HERE
MYSELF

PLEASE SIR— CAN YOU
TELL ME WHERE THE
HOTEL "CANNEDFOOD" IS?

I'M SORRY
MADAM— I'M
A STRANGER
AROUND
HERE.

-- CAN YOU TELL ME
WHICH WAY IS THE
STATION?

-- HAVEN'T
THE SLIGHTEST
IDEA— I'M A
STRANGER
HERE

OH MR. DINIC,
ISN'T THAT YOUR WIFE
DOWN THERE?

I DON'T
KNOW— I'M
A STRANGER
HERE

Just Now and Then
I met her, you know—no matter
how,
And kissed her, I think—no mat-
ter when.
You see it doesn't matter now!
In fact, it didn't matter then.
At a dance or dinner or some such
thing
We met—and I guess I gave her a
ring,
And kissed her, I think—or made
a bow,
And there I was—"engaged
again!"
Oh, well, it doesn't matter now.
In fact, it didn't matter then.
—A. W. G.