

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

SCHOOL DAYS

By DWIG

BROAD AND CHESTNUT

By BUNNY

ONE OF LITTLE WILLIE'S BEST IDEAS LAST WEEK WAS TO BECOME WHAT YOU MIGHT CALL AN AMATEUR STREET SWEEPER



Honeysuckle and sweet locust

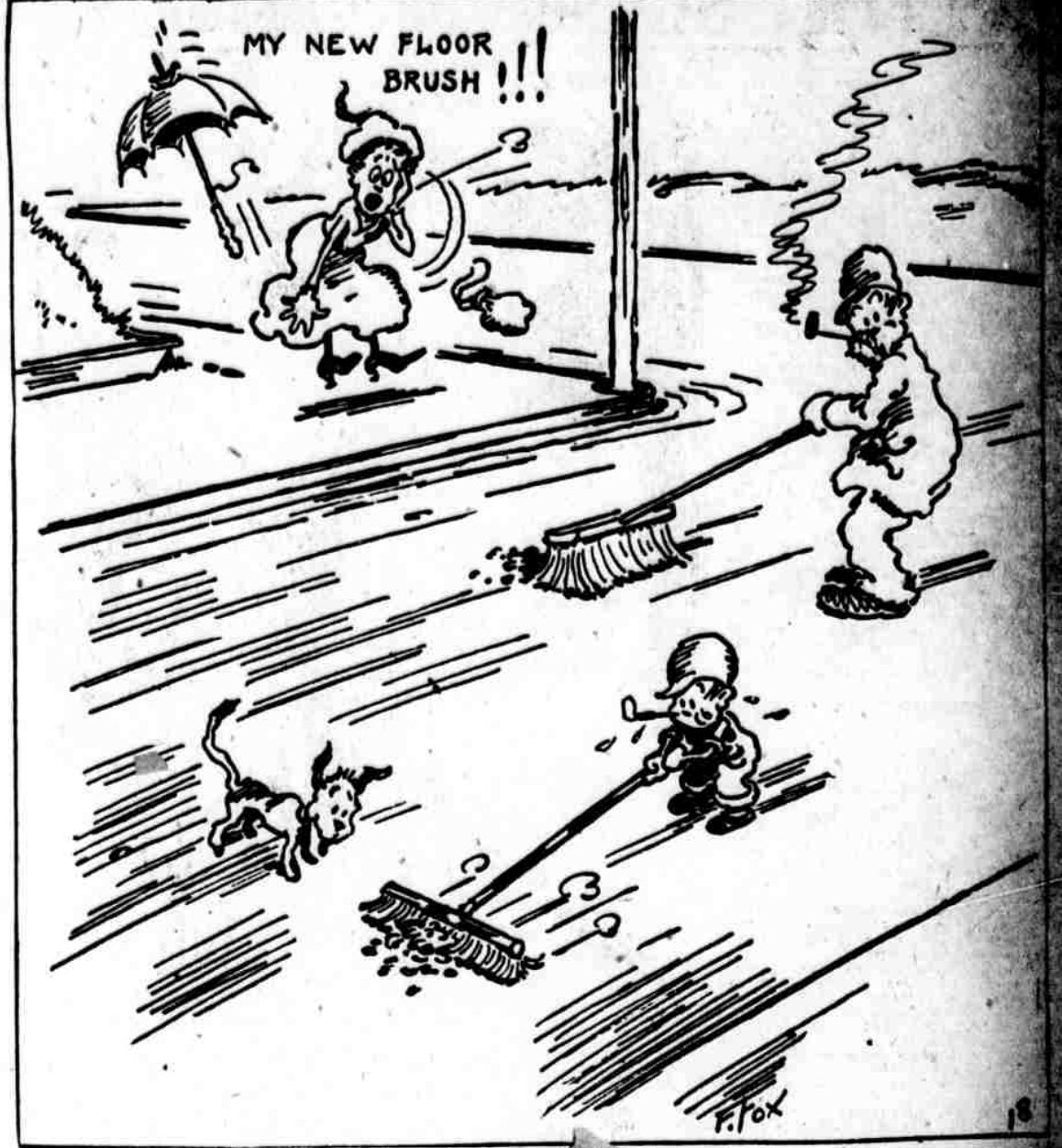


Hurry back little pal I'm going to A Bargain Sale That's why I run so fast At 8 A.M. They open up And now It's Thirty past!

COULDN'T BE FITTED



Sergeant after fruitless search for a suitable pair of trousers— You ain't no blinkin' use to me—wot you want to do is to apply for a transfer to the Highlanders.



MY NEW FLOOR BRUSH!!!

The Young Lady Across the Way

THE GUMPS—Oh, Well, It's Only \$2.85 Gone to Smithereens

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The young lady across the way says the food situation in Germany is very serious, and she understands that many a fat old German now has an abdominal cavity for the first time in his life.



I CAN'T SEE WHAT MIN'S KICKING ABOUT WHEN SHE KEEPS WONDERING WHAT TO HAVE FOR OUR NEXT MEAL ALL THE TIME - EVERY PAGE IN THIS COOK BOOK MAKES MY MOUTH WATER - APPLE DUMPLING - YUM YUM PUDDING, CUP CUSTARD - PRUNE WHIP - SALLY LUMM, POPOVERS - AND GOOD OLD FASHIONED BUCK WHEAT CAKES - OH BOY! I'LL JUST MAKE UP A BATCH OF THOSE. I'LL SHOW HER HOW TO COOK



THEY'RE INEXPENSIVE AND MAKE A WHOLE MEAL - 1 QUART BUCK WHEAT, 1/2 CUP CORNSTARCH ONE HEAPING TABLESPOON SALT, 1/3 YEAST CAKE -



IT'S A CINCH - IF I WAS RUNNING THIS KITCHEN I'D SAVE ENOUGH TO BUILD A BATTLE SHIP EVERY MONTH



HEY MIN! HOW DO YOU GET THESE OUT OF THE PAN?



HEAVENS! YOU'VE SPOILED MY NICE NEW \$2.85 ALUMINUM SKILLET - WHY DIDN'T YOU PUT GREASE IN THE PAN? YOU SIMP

MOVING PICTURE FUNNIES



COLUMBUS BRAGED BECAUSE HE STOOD AN EGG ON END, NOW ANY EGGS CAN STAND UPRIGHT IF IT IS OLD ENOUGH!



Two of a Kind Ed (in motorcar)—This controls the brake. It is put on very quickly in case of emergency. Co-Ed—Oh, I see. Something like a kimono—Orange Peel. Only Day Laborers Win Out Coach—To make this team you'll have to get down and dig. Track candidate, indignantly—I'm no day laborer.—The Purple Cow.



THE POWER OF THE PRESS

Irate Caller—I want to see the editor of the Daily Flail. Assistant—I'm afraid he's out, sir. Is there any message I can give him? Irate Caller—Yes. I want to know what the devil is the use of this rag of his if he can't arrange for wet weather during the air-raid period.

Job Provided A. C. S. Sergeant—Anybody 'ere know anything about darning? Voice (with visions of "cushy" job)—I do. I was an artist before I joined up. Sergeant—Well, go an' 'elp draw some water to wash the lories down.—Tit Bits. A Perfect Lady The student approached the pretty clerk in the music store. "What will you have?" she wanted to know. "Iale of View," was his answer. "Nothing doing," was her reply. "I'm a perfect lady, sir."—Punch Bowl.



A BIG INDUCEMENT

Dramatic Agent—Yes, old man, the part is pretty rotten and the money's poor—but you get food in the banquet scene without a coupon.

BUNNY'S ALPHABET

S Stands for Seatless Just like Some pairs of Pants Our subject's Wearing Even less That's why The poor boob Rants! Show me the guy that stole my pants That's what you get for sleeping in the park

PETEY—It's a Cinch Nobody Would Flirt With the New One

By C. A. VOIGHT



OH BOY— THEY'VE GOT A NEW LIFE GUARD— AND SOME PEACH TOO— WELL, PETE, OLD KID, LET'S GO OVER AND GIVE HER A CLOSE-UP.



AH HA— SO WE HAVE A NEW LIFE-SAVER. —YES—THE OTHER ONE LEFT— SHE SAID THE MEN WERE ALWAYS FLIRTING WITH HER.



IS THAT SO— IS THAT SO— NOW I WONDER WHO DONE THAT? —DON'T KNOW—



BUT THEY GAVE THE JOB TO MY HUSBAND.

GIVE HIM TIME, BO The cellow youth seated in the barber chair. "Shave down," he demanded. "Rub, that's all you've shaved," growled