

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

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SCHOOL DAYS By DWIG

Gosh! What'd you do if yir man was to find it out!

Don't worry! She's never gonna find it out - I always eat some clove 'tore I go into the house.

An after dinner corn silk

BROAD AND CHESTNUT By BUNNY

Oh see there
What a stunning girl
Why she must be six feet
And yet -
She only walks on two
Dear me!
But she looks sweet!

They certainly can't beat our girls going or coming Oh boy!

GETTING PLAYED OUT

The Orchestra plays Daily from 12.30 to 9.30

The Officer—I say, don't they ever get a day off?
The Waitress—Well, sir, I think most of them 'ave 'ad their day.

THE POWERFUL KATRINKA FIXED THAT IRON HITCHING POST SO THAT BABY COULD HAVE NICE HORSE TO RIDE By FONTAINE

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The Young Lady Across the Way

This young lady across the way says, "Of course, we can't all fight, but those of us at home can at least work harder than ever before and every one of us ought to lead a double life until the war is over."

THE GUMPS—Andy's Third Day as a Bachelor Copyright, 1918, by The Tribune Co. By SIDNEY SMITH

NOW LISTEN—YOU'RE A FRIEND OF MINE AIN'T YOU? IF YOU DON'T WANT A CIGAR—WHAT'S YOUR HURRY? LET'S BE SOLIABLE

YOU KNOW I LIKE YOU CHARLEY—YOU'VE GOT A GOOD FACE— YOU LOOK REGULAR TO ME— ONE OF THOSE FELLOWS THAT DO SOMETHIN' & REAL AND DON'T MAKE A FUSS ABOUT IT. AFTER ALL, WHAT'S BETTER THAN FRIENDSHIP? I DON'T THINK I HAVE AN ENEMY IN THE WHOLE WORLD

SAY— PUT YOUR MONEY IN YOUR POCKET YOU CAN'T SPEND ANYTHING HERE— YOUR COIN IS COUNTERFEIT— THIS IS MY PARTY AIN'T IT? DIDN'T I INVITE YOU

FOR HE'S A JOLLY GOOD FELLOW FOR HE'S A JOLLY GOOD FELLOW

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH GUMP? HE'S ALL RIGHT! WHO'S ALL RIGHT? ANDY GUMP!

ANDY IS FEELING BLUE TO DAY MIN AND CHESTER HAVE BEEN GONE THREE DAYS AND SHE HASN'T WRITTEN A WORD TO HIM YET

ANDY'S MONEY— ALWAYS ANDY'S

BUT OH! WAIT 'TILL YOU SEE ANDY IN THE MORNING.

MOVING PICTURE FUNNIES

Even the hair on his head is numbered! What's the number?

BUY THRIFT STAMPS

Cut out the picture on all four sides. Then carefully fold dotted line 1 into entire length. Then dotted line 2, and so on. Fold each section underneath, accurately. When completed turn over and you'll find a surprising result. Save the pictures.

A BIT TOO FAR

"Ere! Did you 'ear they dropped a blinkin' bomb on the blinkin' brewery last night?"
Garn! Look 'ere! If they try that sort o' game they'll 'ave the likes of you an' me to reckon wiv!"

Defined
"Papa, what is a shallow-minded person?"
"That is a term, my son, applied to any one whose front door opens into his back yard."
—Cornell Widow.

Tactless
Alphonse—Where is ze maid?
Jean—Ze maid is arranging ze hair of madame!
Alphonse—Oui! Et madame, is she with her?
—Pennsylvania Punch Bowl.

The Mean Thing!
The Beauty (musing dreamily)—What is it that binds us together and makes us better than we are by nature?
The Beast—Corsets. — Punch Bowl.

A Sporting Chance
Editor—Well, young woman, if the story suits me, I will pay you \$20.
Author—Oh, come. Buy it without reading it and I will let you have it for \$15.—Cornell Widow.

IT ANSWERED VERY WELL

Guide—Sir, there is an extraordinary echo to be heard at this spot. For instance, suppose you shout "Two mugs of beer!" at the top of your voice, and listen.
Simple tourist—"Two mugs of beer!" (Pause.) I can't hear the echo.
Guide—No, sir? Well, anyhow, here comes the beer.

IN 1930

"Did you suffer from the effects of the food shortage in the great war, Uncle?"
"Yes, Johnny, I made the acquaintance of your aunt in a margarine queue."

No Halfway Measures
He—I would like to propose a little toast.
She—Nothin' doin', kid! I want a regular meal.—Cornell Widow.

Impossible
Our notion of the height of impossibility is a cross-eyed soldier doing "eyes right."
—Cornell Widow.

Many Could Tell
"What are the fortunes of war?"
"I don't know exactly, my son. You'll have to ask some profiteer."
—Yonkers Statesman.

BUNNY'S ALPHABET

Z
Stands for Zero and Zero stands for O-Naught-O
I went out Fishing Yesterday And Zero's what I caught

That's why my plot looks this way

PETEY—He Can Be Glad the Shore Didn't Go With Him By C. A. VOIGHT

NOW TAKE A GOOD SPRING BEFORE YOU DIVE— G'WAN TRY IT

OH DEAR I CAN'T

THAT'S IT—NOW 'WAY UP— ONE— TWO—

THREE—

NOW—WHERE DID YOU GO PETEY—I KNEW YOU WERE GOING TO PLAY A TRICK!