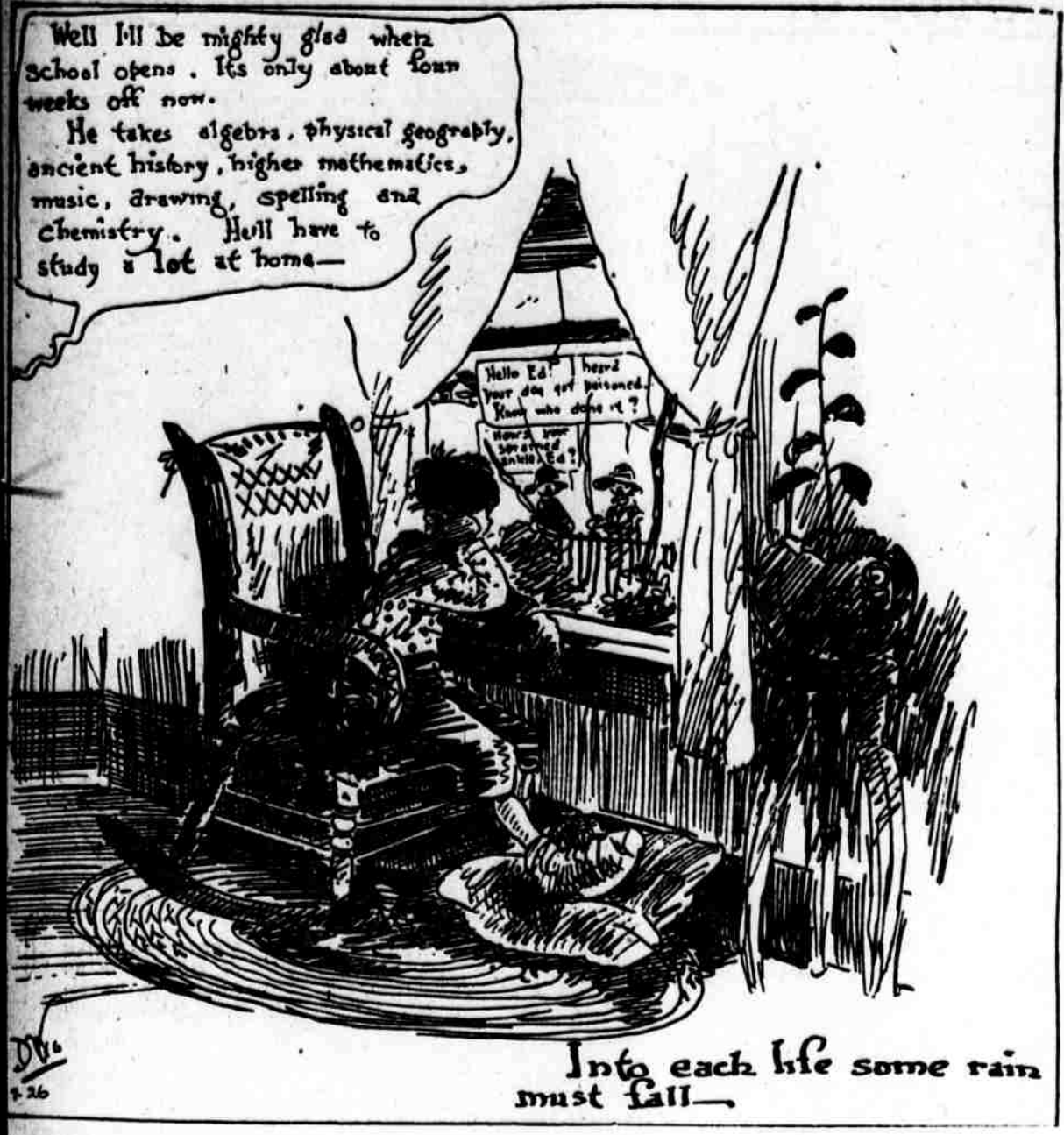


A PAGE OF FUN FOR YOUNG AND OLD TO REMIND ONE THAT LIFE IS NOT ALL SHADOW

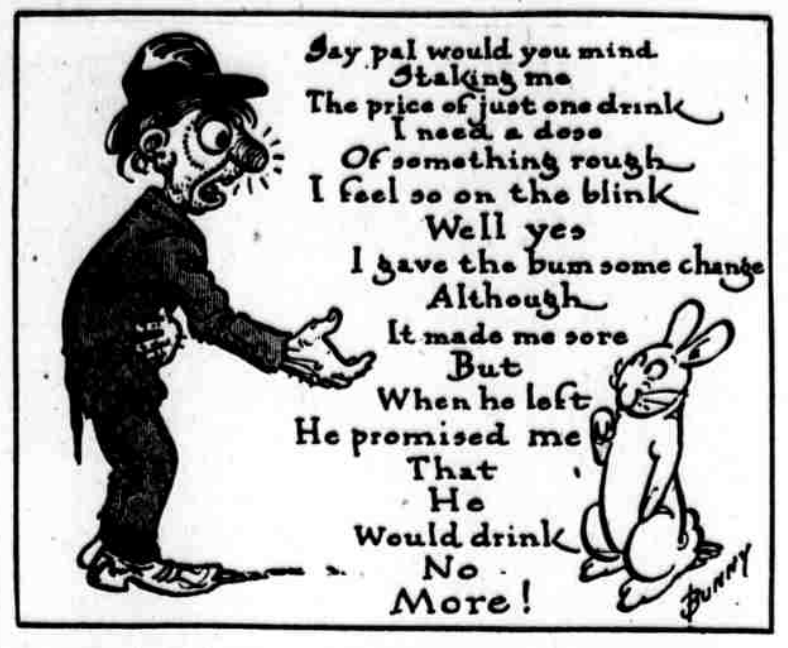
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SCHOOL DAYS By DWIG



Into each life some rain must fall.

BROAD AND CHESTNUT By BUNNY



PLAYING IN LUCK



Girl—How much for a marriage license, please? Registrar—Ten shillings. Girl—I've only got five shillings with me. Registrar—Then you're lucky.

DAD DIDN'T WANT TO HURT THAT YOUNG SOLDIER'S FEELINGS, BUT IT WAS 2:30 A. M. SOMETHING HAD TO BE DONE, SO HE DID IT WITH WILLIE'S BUGLE By FONTAINE



The Young Lady Across the Way



The young lady across the way says Germany will begin to understand before long now that we are in this war to stay and will continue to sheathe the sword until the victory is won.

THE GUMPS—Oh, What a Difference in the Morning! Copyright, 1918, by The Tribune Co. By SIDNEY SMITH



MOVING PICTURE FUNNIES



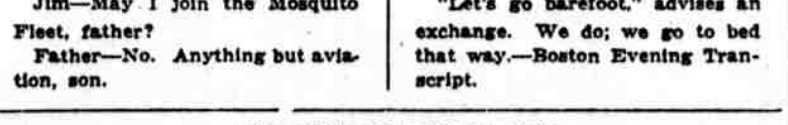
Cut out the picture on all four sides. Then carefully fold dotted line 1 into entire length. Then dotted line 2, and so on. Fold each section underneath, accurately. When completed turn over and you'll find a surprising result. Save the pictures.

HER DEDUCTION



Auntie (regarding artillery officer's red band)—How strange, Arthur, that every time Major Delaney comes home on leave he's been vaccinated.

Natural Mistake



Jim—May I join the Mosquito Fleet, father? Father—No. Anything but aviation, son.

NO FLOWERS: BY REQUEST



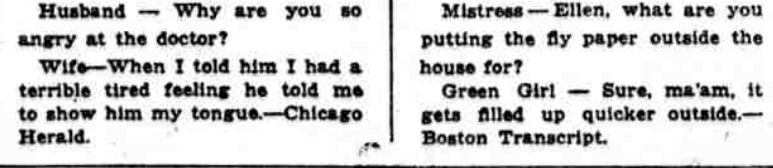
Exasperated "Contemptible"—This ain't no blinkin' funeral, ma'am

THE PRIDE OF PROMOTION



The sergeant bathes.

The Cause?



Husband—Why are you so angry at the doctor? Wife—When I told him I had a terrible tired feeling he told me to show him my tongue.—Chicago Herald.

WE MISS YOU, BOY By BUNNY



PETEY—They're the Only Kind Petey Ever Saw in Bunches



We Long for You So much today We have Your Favorite dish To have you here Dear soldier boy is our Dearest Wish