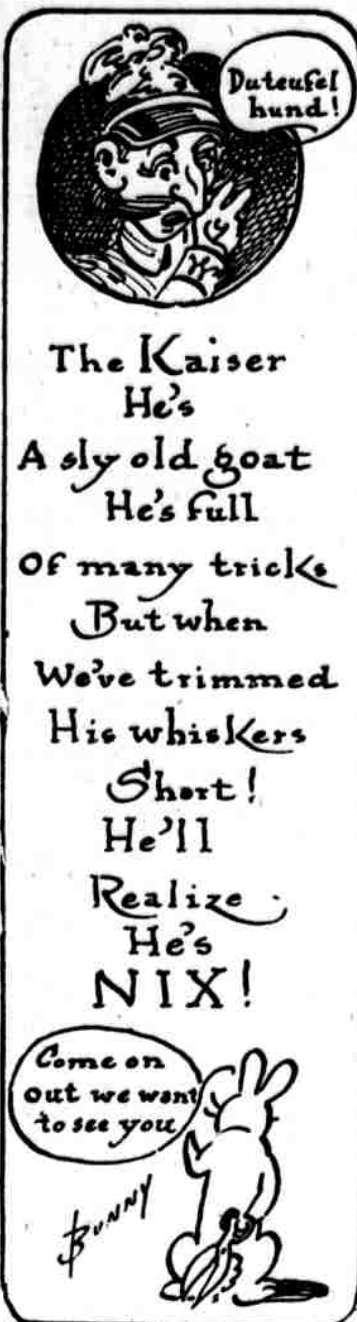


A PAGE OF FUN FOR YOUNG AND OLD TO REMIND ONE THAT LIFE IS NOT ALL SHADOW

(THIS PAGE IS FULLY PROTECTED BY COPYRIGHT)

BARBER NEEDED
By BUNNY



The Kaiser
He's
A sly old goat
He's full
Of many tricks
But when
We've trimmed
His whiskers
Short!
He'll
Realize
He's
NIX!



Her Ailment



"You know I'm armenio, Mrs. Harrie."
"Lor, Mrs. Green, I thought you was British."
"Ah, yer don't understand, dearie; it means I ain't got no blood in me."

Just a Trifle Mixed
Prisoner—There goes my hat. Shall I go after it?
Policeman—Huh, and niver come back? You shtay right here, an' I'll do the rinnin' arter it!—Cornell Widow.

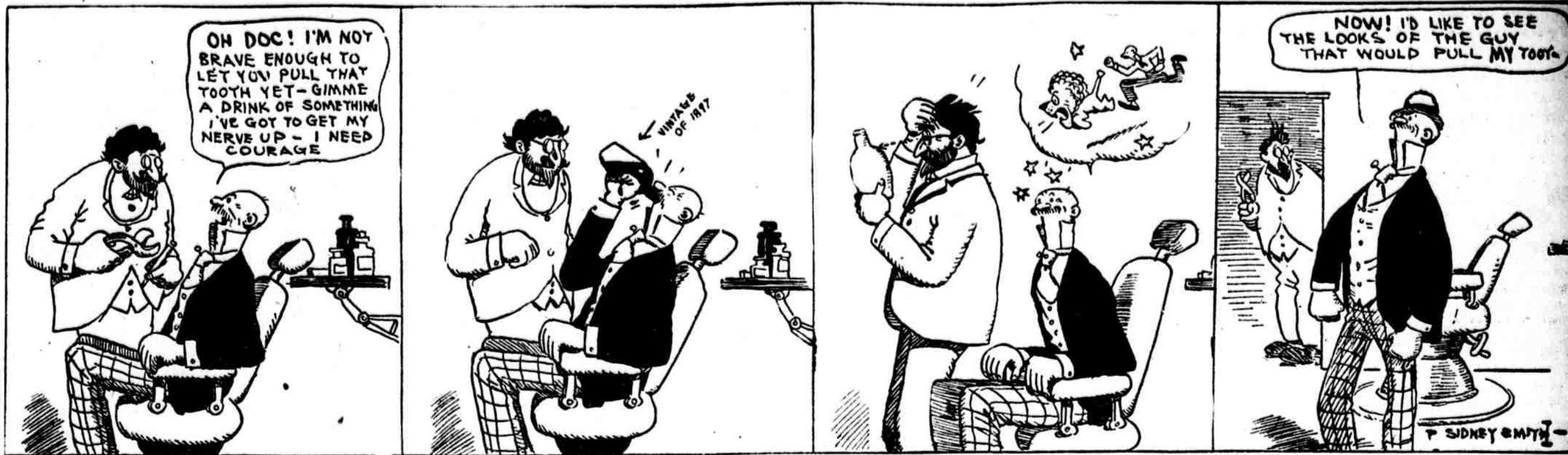
MOVING PICTURE FUNNIES



Cut out the picture on all four sides. Then carefully fold dotted line 1 its 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.

THE GUMPS—He Got His Nerve Up All Right

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



CAUGHT NAPPING
The Visitor—Couldn't you dodge it?
The Victim—Never heard it coming, mum. My foot was asleep at the time!



On With the Dance



THE POWERFUL KATRINKA HAD ONE RIGHT IN THE KITCHEN AND WAS STRONG ENOUGH TO BRING HIM IN
By FONTAINE FOX



Going Down

Let Imagination Work
Son—I am just about dead-beat cutting this wood. I have to work in such a cramped position.
Parent—Nonsense; just imagine you are on your bicycle.—Pearson's Weekly.

Not Natural Heat
The new milkboy was asked what made the milk so warm.
"I don't know," he replied innocently, "unless they put in warm water instead of cold."—Pearson's Weekly.



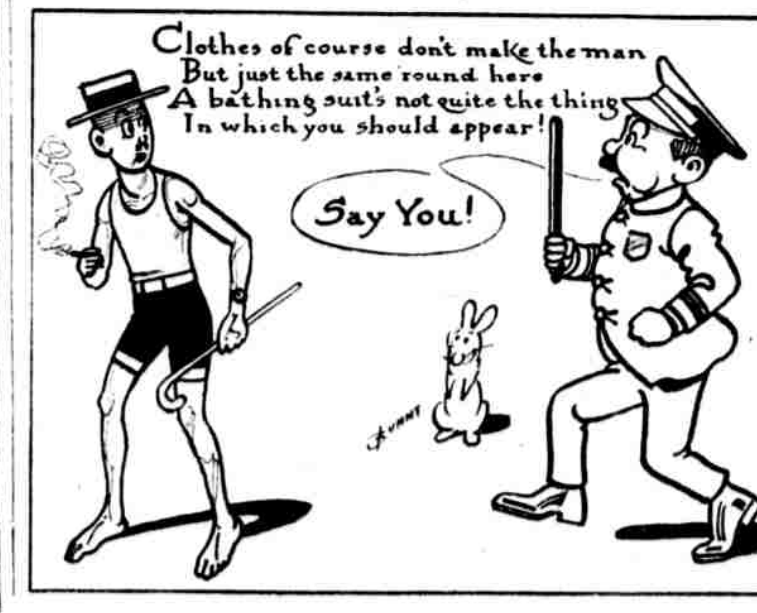
SCHOOL DAYS
By DWIG



BROAD AND CHESTNUT
By BUNNY



The Minor Malady



By C. A. VOIGHT

PETHEY—He Isn't the Only One Who Has a Face Like a Gas Mask



"One to Be Taken"
—Sidney Bulletin.
"My husband has got a buzzing in his ears all the time. What do you suggest, doctor?"
"Oh, let him go away by himself for a month's holiday."
"Impossible. He can't leave his business."
"Well, how about you going?"



THE REPROOF PATHETIC
Sergeant (to perfectly hopeless cadet)—Look 'ere, Mr. Brown, you ain't come 'ere to be made an officer. Oh, dear no. You've come here to break my blinkin' 'eart.



Efficiency
Labor efficiency complete
We have built here a machine that runs slower to make sure the other side is safe.