

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

(THIS PAGE IS FULLY PROTECTED BY COPYRIGHT)

The Young Lady Across the Way



The young lady across the way says her father has cut down on the size of his cigars and is now smoking pantaloons.

THE GUMPS—Fish, Take Warning, Andy Is Coming



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

WHAT IT IS COMING TO



Officer—I'd like to see Private Smith this morning. Sergeant Major—Very good, sir. Br—father, son or grandfather, sir? —London Opinion.

How He Judged

"I fear that young man to whom I gave a job in the shop last week is dishonest." "You should not judge by appearances." "I'm judging by disappearances in this case."—Pearson's Weekly.

The Bureau of Inefficiency



—Cartoons Magazine.

Money



—Cartoons Magazine. "Do you know there was something I used to like about you?" "Yes, but you've spent it all."

And Not Satisfied



—Cornell Widow. "Little Alphonso had his father's teeth and his mother's hair."

Herbert Is Wise

Mother—Herbert, you mustn't ask your papa so many questions. They irritate him. Herbert (shaking his head)—It ain't the questions, ma. It's the answers he can't give that make him sore!—Pearson's Weekly.

Willing to Learn



—Sydney Bulletin. "Any previous military experience?" "No, sir. This is my first war. But I darsay after I've been in two or three I'll soon pick up the game."

BACK TO EARTH



—Cartoons Magazine.

Seven to Four She Misses It



—The Bystander.

A Horse Laugh



—London Opinion.

The Horse—Great Pegasus! If it weren't for my saddle-girth, I'd split my sides laughing at these recruits!

Libeling the Pet

"Will you have another cup of coffee, Mr. Smith?" asked the landlady. "Yes, thank you, I will," said the new boarder. "My physician advises me to drink plenty of hot water for my indigestion."—Pearson's Weekly.

What Father Said

"I left home when a mere child. I was discharged from home by my father for painting the front door black in a fit of childish mischief." "What did your father say?" "Go, and never darken my door again."—Pearson's Weekly.

PETEY—Maybe the Bee Looked Familiar to Him

By C. A. VOIGHT



MOVING PICTURE FUNNIES



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

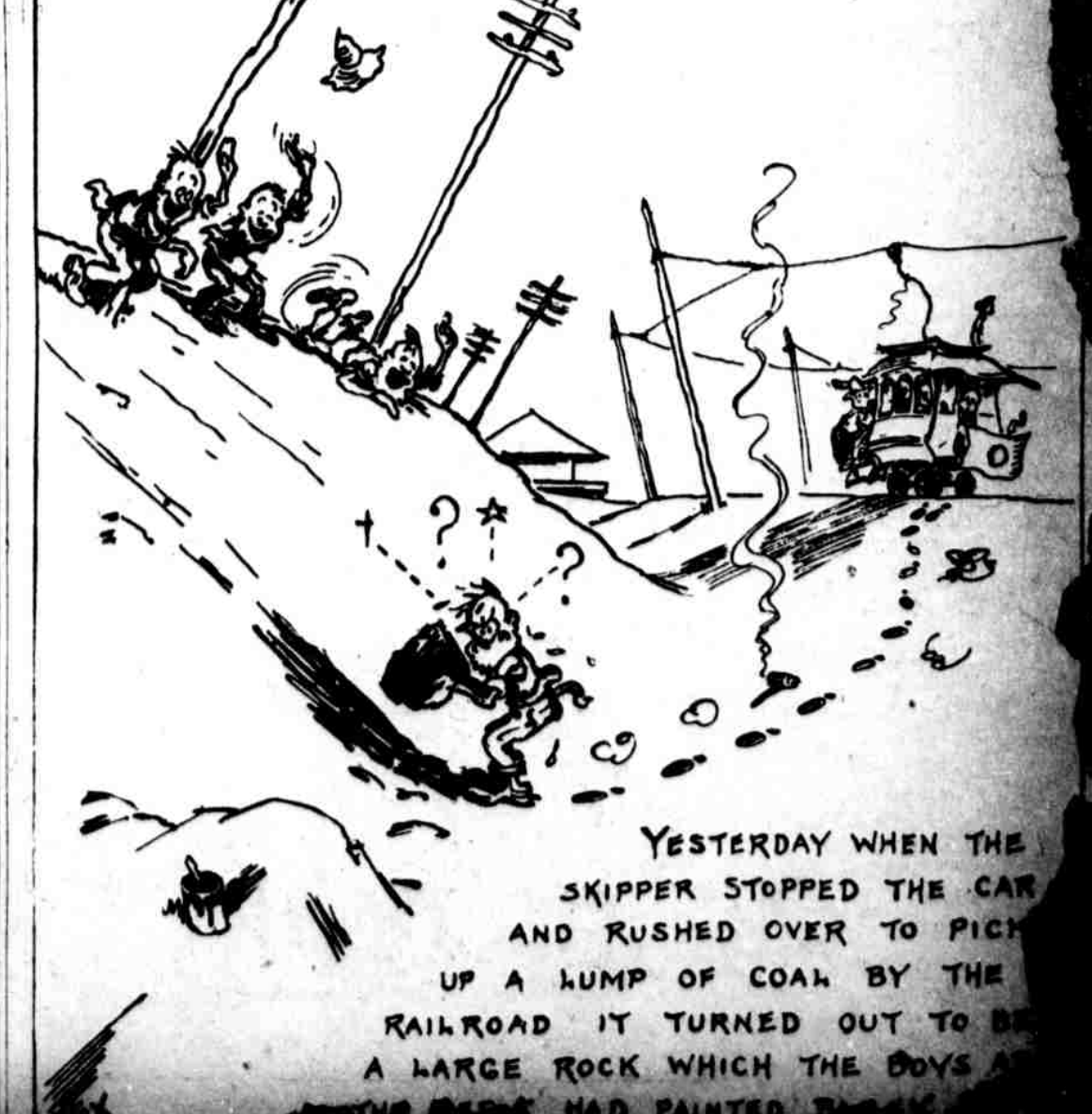
SOB STUFF

By DEMOSTHENES MCGINNIS



A Delicate Shade of Blue CHAPTER I Wherein Robert Purdon Wakes Up Robert Purdon crossed the river from Sleepytown to Wideawake and lay oscillating on the bank where the wild time grows, for the alarm clock had not yet stopped ringing. He tried to reach the time-piece with a sleepy toe, in order to tip it from the chair to the rug, but couldn't quite make it. Robert is forty-six years old and stout for his age. The alarm clock is bugler in the army of the men who work for wages. Robert's clock is one of the persistent kind which, not content with sounding reveille, will, after an interval which seems laden with bliss, but isn't, sound assembly; and, after another interval, will sound the call to arms; after which no man can remain sound asleep. Besides the man who waited for it to sound taps would lose his job. Now if this had been Sunday morning Robert might have gone back for another nap, but this was Monday morning; so, with a great effort of will, he grasped the thin iron bars at the head of the bed (They were tinted a delicate shade of blue, for his wife is a blonde. Strange, is it not, that a woman will choose a color to match her complexion, but only occasionally chooses a husband to match her disposition? Also, is it not strange that the colors in their bedroom are in accordance with her complexion and not his? Yes, indeed, it is not strange)—grasped, I say, the thin iron bars and made his muscles dance. From downstairs there came a sound like the purring of seventeen hoarse cats. It was the coffee mill, which employs more hands than any other mill in the country. From a neighboring frying pan, wherein a rash egg hobnobbed with a rasher, arose an odor, which, in the opinion of many, has onions skinned. To Robert it was not displeasing. He opened his eyes and smiled. The sun shot a ray through the window and hit the lounge on which, the night before, he had thrown negligently—not untidily!—negligently—his trousers; then passed on to the dressing table on which reposed his collar and tie; and rested at last on the wallpaper, a delicate shade of blue to match the bed. Ever and anon. "A sleepy cloud obscured the orb of day" (Smith) and Old Sol had to take another shot. There was a hint of moisture in the air. Across the roof of the porch Robert could see, on the opposite side of the street, the lower branches of the trees. "Their leaves, like trousers, turned up for the rain" (Jones) and in their leafy fastnesses. "A small bird twittered, twinkfully triumphant" (Brown) while a grasshopper, with hindlegs of catgut, "Provided the music for its own hops" (Robinson). It was indeed a beautiful morning, and there really seemed possibility that it wouldn't rain after all. (The continuation of Mr. McGinnis' thrilling story will appear on this page tomorrow.)

THE TOONERVILLE TROLLEY



By FONTAINE