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

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 pantalettas.

THE GUMPS-Fish, Take Warning, Andy Is Coming



THIS AD READS WELL-SHADY REST- I LIKE THAT. NAME- IN THE NORTHERN WILDS - THE HOME OF THE BASS- FAR AWAY FROM THE CITIES DIN AND DIRT - HOME GOOKED MEALS -PLENTY OF GREEN GRASS FRESH AIR AND WATER - ETC- ETC-



I WANT A PLACE WHERE THE WATER'S SO CLEAR YOU CAN LOOK DOWN AND PICK OUT THE FISH YOU WANT TO CATCH - WHERE YOU HAVE TO REACH DOWN AND DRIVE THE OTHERS AWAY



Y LAKE MITH Y LARGE WHIRL POOL SO YOU CAN JUST SKIM AROUND THE EDGES AND TROLL WITHOUT ROWING. FOR THOSE 40 POUND MUSKIES- I'M SICK OF



WHEN YOU GET ONE OF THOSE 40 POUNDERS - ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS HITCH HIM UP AND
DRIVE HOME - THAT'S MY DISH
YOU DON'T HAVE TO SCALE PA
EITHER - YOU RUBTHE SCALES OFF OF
THEM GOING THROUGH THE DOOR
I'LL TELEGRAPH SHADY REST.
THAT I'LL BE THERE TOMORDO

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WHAT IT IS COMING TO



Officer—I'd like to see Private Smith this morning, Sergeant Major.

Sergeant Major—Very good, sir. Er—father, son or grandfather,

Libeling the Pot "Will you have another cup of

coffee, Mr. Smith?" asked the land-

"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.

> - HOW DON'T GET EXCITED

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."

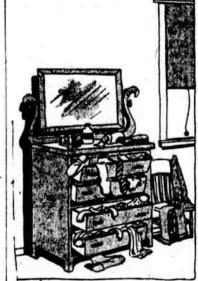
"What did your father say?" "Go, and never darken my door again."-- Pearson's Weekly.

How He Judged

"I fear that young man to whom I gave a job in the shop last week "You should not judge by ap-

pearances." "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 some thing I used to like about you?" "Yes, but you've spent it all."



"Little Alphonso had his father's

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

Willing to Learn

him sore!-Pearson's Weekly.



"Any previous military experi-ence?"
"No , sir . Thish is my first "No , sir . Thish is my first war. But I daresay after I've been

BACK TO EARTH



Sleight of Hand No Need for Talk FitzJones-Did you go to the revue last evening, Percy?

slight-of-hand performance. FitzJones-Where? De Brown-I went to call on Miss Le Smythe, and offered her my hand, but she slighted it .-Pearson's Weekly.

De Brown-No: I attended a

"Does the baby talk yet?" inquired the friend of the family of the little brother.

"Not he!" said that disgusted youth. "He don't have to talk! I have to wait for Christmas to get anything, but all he has to do is to yell and he gets everything in the house! "-Answers.

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

A Horse Laugh

Seven to Four She Misses It

MOVING PICTURE FUNNIES

PETEY-Maybe the Bee Looked Familiar to Him

BEES STINE

OULY WHEN

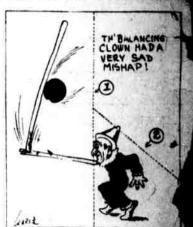
- Now -

DON'T MOVE!

in two or three I'll soon pick up the .:..:

OUTCH!'-HE BIT ME THAT MUST HAVE BEEN THE BEE YOU CHASED YESTERDAY

By C. A. VOIGHT



Cut out the picture on all four Then carefully fold do line I its entire length. ection underneath, accurately, a surprising result Save pictures.

UNCLE PETEY THAT BEE

Maw! OH maw!

Bring me

OWEL!

he cos of a perfect day

Where's the TOWEL at?

They's SOAP in my eyes!
Oh MAW! The Towel!

Where's the TOWEL?

the

THEY ARE ATTACKED LET HIM ALONE AND HE WOLT HURT

By DWIG



SOB STUFF By DEMOSTHENES McGINNIS A Delicate Shade of Blue

Wherein Robert Purdon Wakes Up Robert Purdon crossed the river from Sleepytown to Wideawake an' lay oscitating 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

CHAPTER I

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 affort 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 hars and made his muscles. strange)-grasped, I say, the thin iron bars and made his muscles

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 unpleasing. 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!—no!—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

"A small bird twittered, twinkfully triumphant" (Brown) while a grasshopper, with hindlegs of catgut, "Provided the music for its own hops" (Robinson).

and in their leafy fastnesses

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 temorrow.)

"Their leaves, like trousers, turned up for the rain" (Jones)



RAILROAD A LARGE ROCK WHICH THE BOYS HAD PAINTED TH