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

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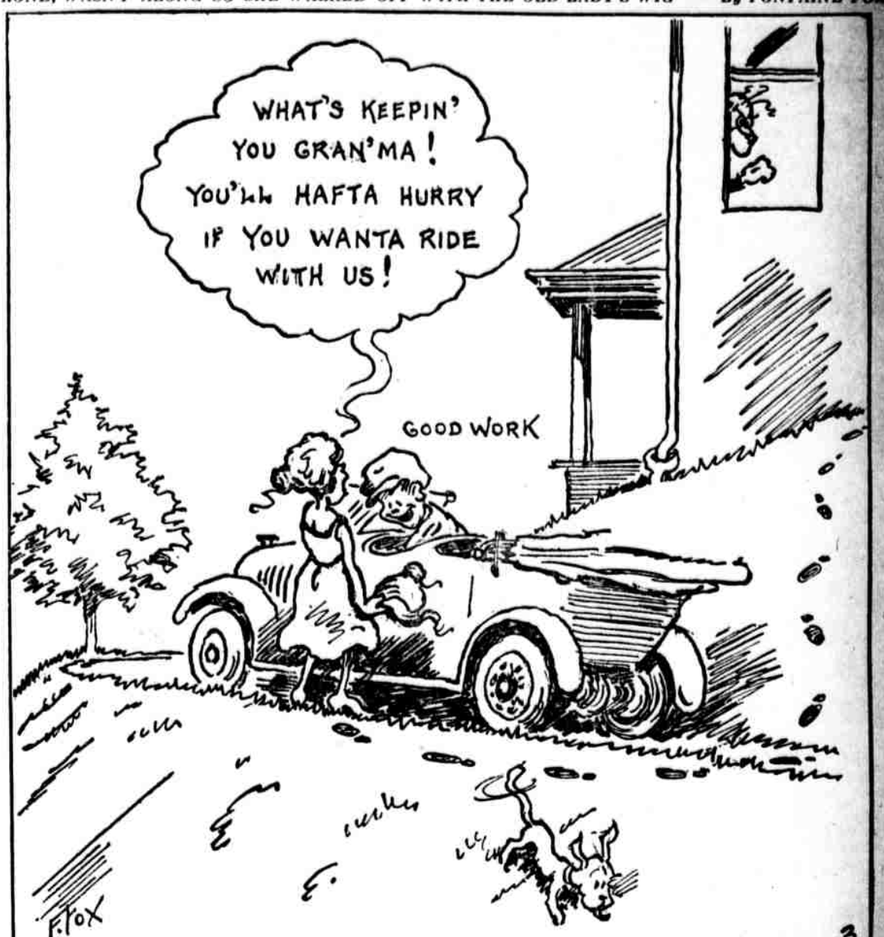
SCHOOL DAYS By DWIG

A WORLD OF DIFFERENCE

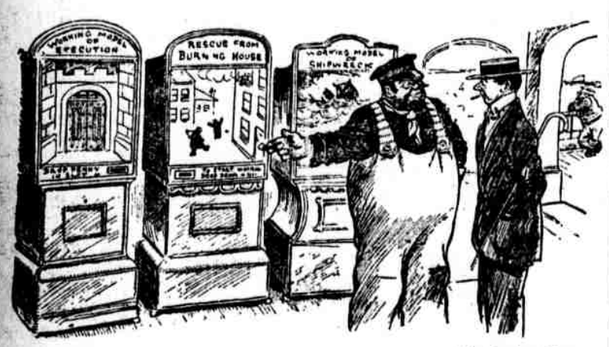
—The Bystander.

Napoleon I—Mon General, you are a soldier after my own heart.
General Foch—But with this difference, Sire; you fought against the world—and lost; I fight for the world—and I shall win.

CLARA WAS DETERMINED TO HAVE ONE RIDE WITH BILLY WHEN GRANDMA, THE DEMON CHAPERONE, WASN'T ALONG SO SHE WALKED OFF WITH THE OLD LADY'S WIG By FONTAINE FOX



JOYOUS PASTIME



—The Passing Show.

Native (describing attractions of resort to visitor)—And on wet days, when the visitors feel a bit dull like, they come in 'ere an I starts the models workin'.

The Young Lady Across the Way

The young lady across the way says it wouldn't be right at all for a person to come out of the war with any more money than when she went in and for that reason she's buying a few more fall clothes than usual so as to keep her allowance spent up.

SOB STUFF

By DEMOSTHENES McGINNIS

A Delicate Shade of Blue

CHAPTER II

Wherein Robert Purdon Gets Up

Mentally apologizing for even thinking slang Robert opined that he had better shake a leg. He shook his right one and his knee cracked. This interested him and he tried it again, but failed and felt vaguely annoyed. He once knew a boy in school who could crack his toes by jumping up and down in his bare feet. That boy had been the envy of all his companions. He wondered what had become of him. He was probably a millionaire somewhere. Some people have all the luck. Here was he, Robert Purdon, a man of estimable character and blameless life, and he couldn't even crack his knee a second time when he wanted to. It was blamed tough, that's what it was. He was so sorry for himself that he had his legs over the side of the bed and was sitting up before he realized the fact. He had half a mind to lie down again, but, instead, stared gloomily at his pajamas. They were a delicate shade of blue.

Sighing heavily he walked to the bathroom. "A nice cold plunge will make me feel all right again," he said.

Now the bathtub was not large. Six feet three inches was the length thereof; three feet four and a quarter inches was the width thereof; two feet six inches was the depth thereof; and the curve thereof robbed it of many cubic inches. It was of cast iron, overlaid with porcelain and good to look upon. But Robert, when he looked at it, felt umpty.

Turning on the cold water spigot he thrust the tip of his little finger into the stream and shivered. "Men have died of heart failure as the result of too sudden a change," he said, and turned on the hot water. He watched the running water for two or three minutes, then, seeing the steam rise, grew ashamed, and pulled the stopper, allowing the aqua not too pura to run out.

"I'll shave first," he decided, more cheerfully.

TO A CORRESPONDENT

Anxious—Your query as to how it happened that Mrs. Purdon was up getting breakfast before the alarm clock rang must remain unanswered. Our private opinion is that this is a bet Mr. McGinnis overlooked.

(Spite of the breathless interest with which this story is being followed we must announce emphatically that Chapter III will positively not appear before tomorrow's issue.)

COULDN'T "KID" THE ARMY

—The Passing Show.

"What is the matter with the Infant Prodigy?"
"Oh, he's just got his 'calling-up' papers."

Kidding Her

—The Sketch.

She of the "Innocent" Ways—My people wouldn't be 'arf wild if they was to see me talkin' to an officer who hadn't been introduced.

The Sarcastic Sub—Ah, I suppose it would cause rather a flutter in the vicarage, what?

Just Possible

—Pearson's Week

Fat Man—I say, sentry, can't get through there?

Sentry (looking first at the gate and then at the figure)—Well, I don't exactly know, sir, but a cart-load of hay managed to get through this morning.

Economy

—The Sketch.

The Butcher—Hi! Your dog's run off with three pounds of meat.

The Cheery One—Isn't he splendid? He's making three pounds go as far as five pounds did!

Helpful

Jinks—See here, old boy! You ought to do something to reduce your flesh. You are becoming fearfully stout.

Minks—Jinks, you are about the fortieth friend who has made that offensive remark today, and I'm getting tired of it. It worries me.

Jinks—That's all right. Worry reduces flesh.—Pearson's Weekly.

One on Mr. Lambkin

"I am sorry to be critical, my dear," said Mr. Lambkin, "but this pudding is not the kind that mother used to make—not by a long shot."

"It's too bad, Henry," replied Mrs. Lambkin, amiably, "I don't know what to do about it. Perhaps you'd better write to her and tell her. She sent it over this afternoon."

Cruel

"Did you notice how heartily Briggs shook hands with me?"

"Yes."

"He wasn't satisfied with shaking one; he grabbed the two."

"Yes, I suppose he thought his watch would be safer that way."—Tit-Bits.

Conscience and the Strap

In struggling to make a dull-brained boy understand what conscience is, a teacher finally asked:

"What makes you feel uncomfortable after you have done wrong?"

"The big leather strap," feelingly replied the boy.

THE GUMPS—You May Forward Andy's Mail to Shady Rest By SIDNEY SMITH

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PETEY—Anyhow, It's Something to Scare Even a Blind Bull By C. A. VOIGHT

MOVING PICTURE FUNNIES

Cut out the picture on all four sides. Then carefully fold down line 1 its entire length. Then dotted line 2 and so on. Fold each section underneath, accurately completed turn over and a surprising result.