

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

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THE GUMPS—Shady Rest, Eh? Not Much Rest for Andy

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

HE TOLD ME I COULD GET WORMS OUT HERE. I DON'T KNOW WHY HE SLIPPED ME THIS SHOVEL. I SHOULD HAVE A PICK—ANY WORM THAT CAN WORK HIS WAY THROUGH THIS SOIL IS WASTING HIS TIME—HE OUGHT TO BE DRILLING HOLES IN BUTTONS



WHY—THERE ARE SO MANY ROCKS AND STONES AROUND HERE THEY HAVE TO SHARPEN THE DIG'S NOSES SO THEY CAN GET BETWEEN THEM TO EAT GRASS—THEY HAVE TO PLANT THE CORN WITH A SHOT GUN



THIS IS A SWELL PLACE—I DON'T KNOW WHY THEY'VE GOT THIS FENCE HERE. THERE'S NOTHING TO KEEP OUT—I'M THE ONLY LIVE THING AROUND—I DON'T KNOW WHAT I'M CRAWLING THROUGH FOR—IT'S THE SAME ON BOTH SIDES



I DON'T KNOW WHAT THESE MOSQUITOES LIVED ON BEFORE I CAME THEY CERTAINLY WERE GLAD TO SEE ME. THEY MET ME AT THE TRAIN AND THEY HAVEN'T LEFT ME SINCE



I'M A HARD HEARTED OLD BIRD BUT I'D HATE TO WISH THIS LIFE ON A RATTLE SNAKE—OH! FOR MY LITTLE HOME AND MIN



The Young Lady Across the Way



The young lady across the way says she don't believe any troops in the world can advance against the withering fire of the French kilometers.

THE TERRIBLE-TEMPERED MR. BANGS' DINNER HAPPENED TO CONSIST OF THE VERY SAME THINGS HE HAD EATEN FOR LUNCH THAT NOON



BREAKING THE NEWS



PETEY—It May Be That He Preferred His Worms Without Hooks



SOB STUFF By DEMOSTHENES MCGINNIS A Delicate Shade of Blue CHAPTER IV

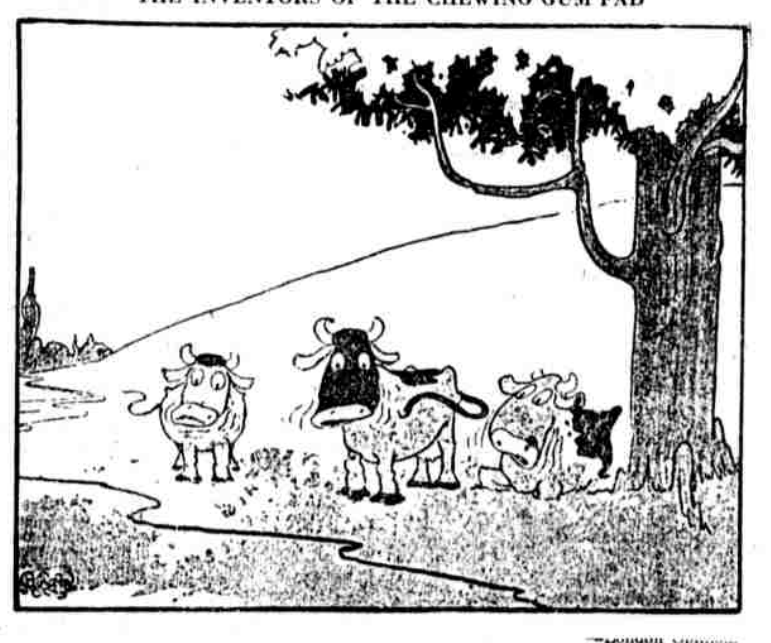
Wherein Robert Purdon Finds His Shaving Brush (In previous chapters it is related how Robert woke up, almost took a cold bath, decided to shave, discovered the loss of his shaving brush and trod on the kitten's tail. The hair-raising narrative continues.)

(To be continued tomorrow)

SCHOOL DAYS By DWIG



THE INVENTORS OF THE CHEWING GUM FAD



Strange!



Proverbial absent-minded professor—Goodness! That clock needs fixing. It just struck one four times.

Everything Complete



Cheero, Bill! You look as if you're off to Turkey!

Reveries



On the Supplementary List



Mr. Goodsort (to desperately dirty tramp)—Here's a cup of tea for you, and if you give me your telephone number I think I'll be able to put you on to a job in the morning.



Careless Sentry (surprised by burly bocha white enjoying a quiet smoke)—"Bilmev, Fritz, you didn't 'alf make me jump. I thought it was our sergeant."

Willing to Work



Tramp—Why, looking for a cup of coffee and a sandwich I'd saw that whole log for you.

The Plot Thickens



The Usher—This is the address, gentlemen.

What's the Time?



Gustave—Quelle heure est-il? Harrymac (who has been trying to learn the language)—Il est—eh—It, look at it yourself!

The Choice



"Now, my lad, it's one thing or the other—the benches or the trenches!"

MOVING PICTURE FUNNIES



It's a good time for a Davosy Charob!