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

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

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

HERE THEY HAVE TO SHARPEN THE PIGS MOSES SO THEY

WHY-THERE ARE SO MANY ROCKS AND STONES AROUND THEM TO EAT THEY HAVE TO 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

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 SINCE

HEARTED OLD BIRD BUT I'D HATE TO WISH THIS LIFE ON A RATTLE SNAKE. OH! FOR MYLMYLE HOME AND MIN SIDNEY H

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

The Young Lady Across the Way

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

Cheero, Bill. You look as

On the Supplementary List





BREAKING THE NEWS



The Usher—This is the address, gentlemen.

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 con-

SOB STUFF

By DEMOSTHENES McGINNIS

A Delicate Shade of Blue

Now it may have been Robert's instinctive distaste to giving pain to anything or anybody; it may have been the knowledge that the Jinx is Mrs. Purdon's most precious possession or it may have been simply nervousness born of lowered vitality; but, whatever it was, Robert, after causing the kitten to yowl and spit, jumped backward, missed his footing, and sat down very suddenly on the rug, throwing out his hands as he did so.

His hand closing on something it found on the floor he suffered

His hand closing on something it found on the floor he suffered a wan smile to irradiate his features as he addressed the kitten, which with arched back and bristling tail was heaping scorn and contumely upon him.

"My dear Watson," said Robert, "pray calm yourself. Much as I dislike to hurt your feelings it was in this case necessary. You will doubtless call to mind the celebrated case of the lost collar button, in which I dropped a second button in order to locate the first. With which I dropped a second button in order to locate the first. With unerring skill, and some slight moving about of furniture I succeeded, as you know, in finding one of the buttons under the dresser and the other under the bed. Well, this case is entirely different. As you have now begun to suspect, my rushing out to notify my wife that the shaving brush was missing was merely a feint. Knowing that there is a kitten in the house, what is more natural than that the kitten should knock a brush from the washstand? To find the brush, therefore, the only thing to do was to find the kitten. Deduction, my dear Watson, deduction. I found the kitten—and here is the brush!"

"Marvelous!" the kitten seemed to say. "Meeiou-velous!" and ran downstairs to tell its mother.

"Marvelous!" the kitten seemed to say. "Meeiou-velous!" and ran downstairs to tell its mother.

Robert carefully rinsed out the brush, moistened his beard, rubbed in the soap, and again used the brush. "It has been the dream of my life," he muttered pessimistically, "to get a lather like the fellow in the advertising pages. But I don't seem to be able to manage it."

But let him shave! My soul, I hope, will never need the call of rampant realism. There needs must be some moments in the life of a man immune from raw portrayal, and shaving's one of them. What though he swears a thousand imps of blackest pit, have rasped the million microscopic teeth that chew his beard, 'tis most excusable. So let him shave!

(To be continued tomorrow)



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

The Plot Thickens



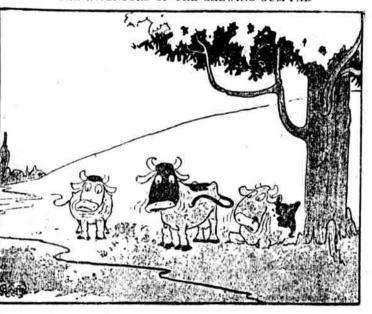
Gustave-Quelle heure est-il? Harrymac (who has been trying to learn the language)-Il est-eh

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

What's the Time?



THE INVENTORS OF THE CHEWING GUM FAD



The Child Philosopher

-Harvard Lampoo -Harvard Lampoon The Cow, like others of her ilk, Proverbial absent-minded profes-Supplies us all with azure milk; But what I cannot see is how The milk first gets inside the cow sor-Goodness! That clock needs fixing. It just struck one four times.

By C. A. VOIGHT

Mr. Goodsort 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 Startled Him

Careless Sentry (surprised by burly boche while enjoying a quiet smoke)—"Blimey, Fritz, you didn't 'aif make me jump. I thought it was our sergeant"

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

THE CTAIN

MATTER- WHY

DON'T THEY

ALL DAY AND HOT EVEN A HIBBLE -GEE WHIZ

-Sydney Bulletin.

-:-

\*: \* •;• SURE - I SEEN SAY- I ONE HOPPIN ABOUT THOUGHT YOU YESTERDAY-SAID THERE WAS FISH IN THAT POND



MOVING PICTURE FUNNIES



Cut out the picture