

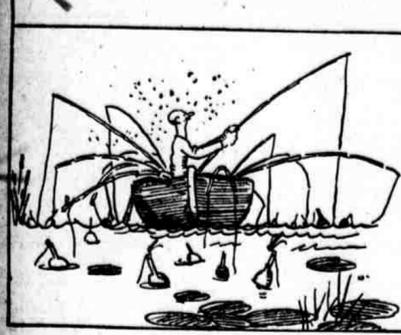
A PAGE OF FUN FOR YOUNG AND OLD TO REMIND ONE THAT LIFE IS NOT ALL SHADOW

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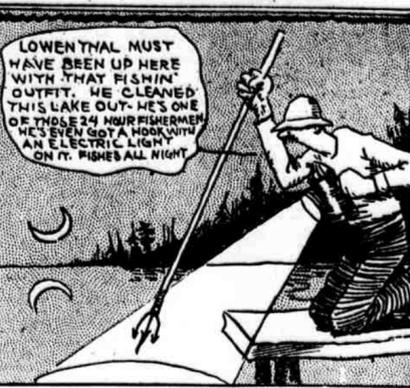
THE GUMPS—Home Begins to Look Good to Andy

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

ANDY HAS TRIED EVERYTHING TO TEASE A FISH OUT OF THAT LAKE. ALL DAY LONG HE SAT IN A BOAT WITH 13 POLES BUY (COUNT 'EM) LETTING THE BREEZES BLOW HIM AROUND AND NOT EVEN A NIBBLE



HE SAT UP HALF THE NIGHT WITH A LANTERN THINKING HE MIGHT SPEAR ONE OR CATCH IT IN A NET THERE'S NOT A THING ALIVE IN THE LAKE



LOWENTHAL MUST HAVE BEEN UP HERE WITH THAT FISHIN' OUTFIT. HE CLEANED THIS LAKE OUT. HE'S ONE OF THOSE 24 HOUR FISHERMEN HE'S EVEN GOT A HOOK WITH AN ELECTRIC LIGHT ON IT. FISHES ALL NIGHT

HE EVEN PUT A SET LINE OUT WITH 27 HOOKS AND A DIFFERENT BAIT ON EVERY HOOK AND ALL HE CAUGHT WAS A COAL SCUTTLE AND SOME KITCHEN UTENSILS



NOW IF HE'D BEEN HERE HE'D AT LEAST PULLED UP A WATCH - THIS IS NO FISHING POND - THIS IS A FIVE AND TEN CENT STORE - IF I DROPPED MY HOOK AGAIN I MIGHT GET A COOK STOVE

HO HUM! I'M SICK OF THIS STUFF. I'VE ROWED A THOUSAND MILES AROUND THIS LAKE - I WHIPPED OUT THAT LINE AT LEAST A MILLION TIMES. IF A MAN WOULD PUT THAT MUCH ENERGY IN HIS BUSINESS - HE'D MAKE ROCKEFELLER LOOK LIKE A TRAMP - I WISH I WAS HOME



The Young Lady Across the Way

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



The young lady across the way says she hears a great deal about the French 75, and it seems strange that a nation that has been through as much as France has can pay such a high rate of interest when we pay only 4%.

PETEY—He Should Have Read That Book, "The Habits of Hornets"

By C. A. VOIGHT



GWAN YOU - BEAT IT!



WAIT'LL I GET A HOLD OF SOMETHING TO SMASH YOU WITH



OH DEAR.

— AN' I WAS JUST ABOUT TO SMASH HIM WITH SOMETHING WHEN SOMEBODY LET GO AT ME WITH A SHOT GUN

Every Man to His Trade



—The Bystander. Fervid Allocateder—I intended to have something growing on every inch of it. Barber—Then you'd better try our celebrated Grow-Quick Lotion, sir.

Thought It a Horn



—London Tit-Bits. Beadle (to old gentleman in the church adjusting his ear trumpet)—Ye mauna play that here; if ye dae—one toot an' yer oot!

MOVING PICTURE FUNNIES



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

The Fraternity Breakfast



—Michigan Gargoyles. The Cook—Is that rouser your Dibbs ay yet? The Butler—He is. I carried him up myself at 3 o'clock this morning.

When the Worm Turned



—Sydney Bulletin. "Young fellow, why aren't you in khaki?" "For the same reason, my good woman, that you are not in a beauty show—a matter of sheer, absolute, physical unfitness."

Justifying Heredity



—Cartoon Magazine. "Ah sees yo' son has been meddled up 'sp'icious bravery in one of them night raids." "Yes, that boy sho takes aft' his sis man."

Life in a Society Journal



This joke is funny—but give white. I've quite forgotten what it is.

The Child Philosopher



—Harvard Lampoon. Behold the cheery centipede; Of boots and shoes it has no need. With blithesome heart it onward goes: It's hard to stub five hundred toes.

A Different Matter



—Pearson's Weekly. Inquisitive Old Lady—You shouldn't swear like that, my man; you should have the patience of Job. Driver—That's all right, but Job never had his nose between two cogwheels.

A Nasty One for Pa



—Pearson's Weekly. Mr. Meekins—Every time baby looks into my face he smiles. How intelligent! His Young Wife (slyly)—Well, it may not be exactly polite, but it shows he has a sense of humor.

Animal-Queue-Lae?



—The Sketch. "Outside a shop near the Elephant and Castle there was a rabbit queue. Daily there was a rabbit queue."

Judgment



—Sydney Bulletin. Mine Cap'n—One av 'ee said 'e ded, and the other av 'e said 'e dedden, so between the two av 'ee, where are 'ee?

Very Freckled



—Pearson's Weekly. Maria—Ain't that a lovely critter, John? John—Yes, but then he's dreffully freckled, ain't he?

Dropped Him in Again



—Pearson's Weekly. "You have saved my life," said the old man. "As a reward you must marry my daughter here." The Hero (glancing at the daughter)—Then in you go, again, old man.

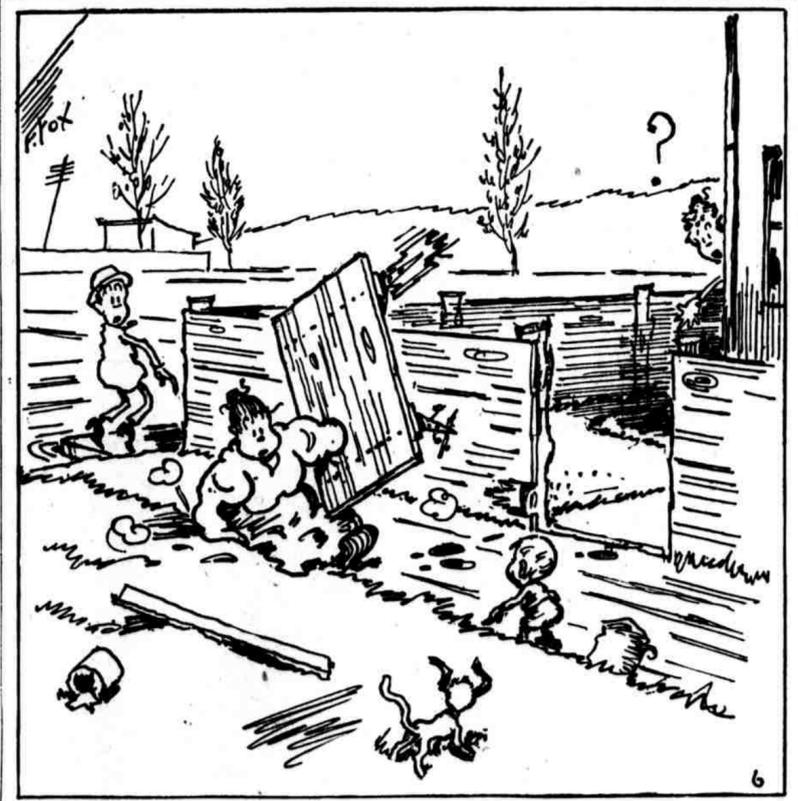
Sing a Song of Toilettes



—Michigan Gargoyles. Lip stick, puff and rouge.

THE POWERFUL KATRINKA GOT HER ARM WEDGED TIGHT IN THAT OPENING YOU REACH THROUGH TO WORK THE GATE LATCH

By FONTAINE FOX



SCHOOL DAYS

By DWIG



—Michigan Gargoyles. This lad who totes a ladder seeks His partner to torment. It seems to me he's talking steps To court embarrassment.



Keep on, keep on! All you gotta do is commit suicide 's to jus lay the hell, o' yer little finger onto me— 'A's all I got you to do, an' there'll be a hole in the sp'ial' class tomorrow jus your size!

Aw, you talk like a hickery nut in a squirrel cage! 'I wanted to bother I've turn been there an' blow you away with my breath— You make me tired! If you want to fight, tho, why I'll go to the trouble to please you. Seems you anxious to die. Why don't you go burn your own lema? Hah? Who are you to boss-me? anyhow?

Shop-Gazing



Workman (to lady who is intent on the window and unaware that her 'gram' has run away)—Say, missus, d'ye want these kiddies any more? 'Cos we're just going to fill the hole up.

She Needed Them



—Pearson's Weekly. Aunt—All this talk of the incivility of man toward woman is rubbish. This morning in the train three men offered me their seats. Niece—Did you take them, aintie?

SOB STUFF

By DEMOSTHENES MCGINNIS

A Delicate Shade of Blue

CHAPTER V

Wherein Robert Has Completed Shaving

We left Robert shaving. Well, he's shaved all right. Every time he looked at the bathtub he found something more to do at the washstand. His face was smooth as a babe's; his teeth shone; his nails were beautifully manicured; but the bathtub waited patiently. Robert at last stood and looked at it with an evil eye. "If this were a running stream or a lake or an ocean how gladly I would jump into it," he lied to himself; "but this is an abomination. I think I'll buy a shower bath; then I won't have a thing to do but pull a string or push a button." Suddenly his face lit up. "I need exercise," he said. "I'll touch my toes with the tips of my fingers ten times without bending my knees." Throwing his hands aloft he smashed the gas mantle. With jaundiced eyes he surveyed the ruins; then got down on his knees and gathered up the fragments. There were not many husbands, he thought, who would risk getting housemaid's knee in such a cause. (Robert knows all about housemaid's knee. It is some times called Solitaire All Fours. It is played by a single person, usually of the feminine gender, one deck at a time on any floor of the house. The attic is high, the cellar is low, the knave who pays her salary is the Jack, and the game the majority of spots left untouched. After cutting and dealing there is acute inflammation of the sac above the knee pan and the Jack affronts! pays the hospital bill.) Most men, Robert felt, would have left the mantle to be ground under their heels into the rug; and yet it was dollars to doughnuts that his wife, instead of appreciating his thoughtfulness, would find fault with him for breaking the mantle in the first place. He carefully deposited the remnants on the windowsill from which they were promptly blown down by a vagrant breeze. "Darn 'em!" cried Robert. "Let 'em lie there. I picked 'em up once—that's enough." Thoroughly disgruntled he looked around for something to hang his grouch on. He found it in a little package of bluing on a shelf above the bathtub. "Bluing!" he snorted. "That's Betty for you! (Betty is his wife's younger sister). Here is a house equipped with a laundry and a laundress (Heaven knows I'm not stingy!) and she has to come to the bathroom to wash her handkerchiefs and fetch doodaddles!" (To be concluded tomorrow)