

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

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THE GUMPS—Well, Andy's Getting Some Fish Yarns, Anyway

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The Young Lady Across the Way



The young lady across the way says she saw in the paper that a great many of our men are being enrolled for occupational training and she supposes these are the ones that are going to occupy Berlin.

FATHETIC FIGURES—THE PROUD MOTHER HEARING FOR THE FIRST TIME WHAT THE GANG HAVE NICKNAMED HER DARLING BOY

By FONTAINE FOX



Weather Lore



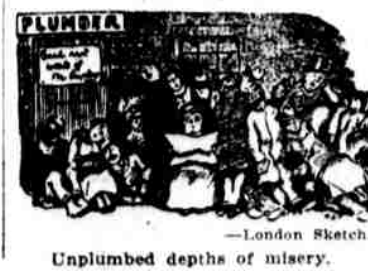
—Harvard Lampoon. Rail Bird—Hey, how's the weather up there? Jail Bird—Cooler tonight and fine tomorrow.

Mixed Clothing



—Pearson's Weekly. Would-be Recruit (trying on W. A. A. C. uniform)—This khaki skirt seems rather large. Her Friend—Oh, that isn't a skirt; that's a tent you've got on.

The Burst Pipe Queue



—London Sketch. Unplumbed depths of misery.

BROAD AND CHESTNUT

By BUNNY



Pounds, Shillings and Pence



—Sidney Bulletin. The dismissed Hero—Remember, you are turning down a man who's got the D. S. O. The Practical Girl—And hasn't the L. S. d.

Struck the Right Match at Last



—Sidney Bulletin. Fayette—Just look at that stuck-up Jaunes girl. Drives all her sweethearts away with her nasty temper. Marjy—Well, she's got a good shock absorber this time.

NO THIS WITHOUT THAT



—The Passing Show. Exasperated Customer—I am just wondering if I should not report you for "conditional sales." You seem unwilling to sell me tea without impertinence.

The Old Pirate



—Westminster Gazette. Tiptop—Another hospital ship torpedoed! Good! The boys haven't forgotten the Old Man's teaching.

Sweet Belles of Evening Feeling



—Ideas. Corrected Dowager—Well, my little man, are you the oldest in the family? Cherub—No, ma'm, Grandpa is. —Cornell Widow.

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

Wherein Robert Takes His Bath at Last

(Lack of space prevents our printing the synopsis of this wonderful story today.) By and by he remembers that he was not only a kind and much abused man, but that he was also a brave one. A brave man is one who can attend to the ordinary affairs of life even under the stress of great events. That is the kind of man Robert Purdon is! He was resolved to take that cold bath even though the heavens fell. He would go into that bath kerb and immerse every bit of himself in half a jiffy. And that's what he did! But, unfortunately, he was a trifle too energetic. He slipped as he entered the tub, fell flat on his back and one of his feet, thrust into the air, came into sharp contact with the little shell. Spluttering he rose and, after rubbing the water out of his eyes, proceeded to examine the toe he had bumped. It was a full minute before he woke sufficiently to notice the water. It was a delicate shade of blue. Ten minutes later, ten minutes of hard work and hard swearing, he was in his bedroom putting on his union suit. One leg and one arm were inside out. To straighten out a little tangle like that is not difficult for a normal man. Why, the thing would virtually untangle itself, being, as it were, a kind of appreciative union suit. But Robert was no longer normal. He worked for exactly fifty seconds they seemed as many minutes, and then sat down to smoke. He knew he ought not to smoke before breakfast, but what is a man to do? "What I need," he said, "is to get a good grip on myself. There! I have it now." He stretched the union suit on the bed and painstakingly righted its wrongs. Thereafter he proceeded to dress in a slow, methodical fashion. Of course, his shoe lace broke, but he had no trouble with his collar buttons, and had no difficulty in choosing a tie. They were all of the same color—a delicate shade of blue. With the firm hold tread of a martyr going to the stake he at last made his way downstairs. His wife appeared at the dining room door with a smile on her face. "Good morning, dear," she said, "Will you start your breakfast with grapefruit or—?" "Prunes," he said, shortly. In the kitchen she shrugged her shoulders. "He has the black dog on his back," she opined. But there she did him an injustice. His disposition was not black. It was a delicate shade of blue. (THE END)

By C. A. VOIGHT

PETEY—Some Country Dogs Are Practical Jokers

MOVING PICTURE FUNNIES



Will you give the peg legs a bear a nose supporter today? No, sock up with!

