

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

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THE GUMPS—Andy Is Glad to Get Back Home

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**POOR ANDY**  
HE GOT EVERYTHING ON HIS VACATION BUT WHAT HE WENT FOR—FISH AND REST.

SHADY REST—THE HOME OF THE BASS—PLENTY OF FRESH AIR—HOME COOKED MEALS—

GEE! IT SEEMED GOOD TO SEE ALL THE PEOPLE DRESSED UP WHEN I GOT OFF THAT TRAIN. TO BE ABLE TO BUY A GOOD CIGAR AGAIN—AND THAT MEAL I ATE IN THE RESTAURANT—PEACHES AND CREAM—TALK ABOUT YOUR HOME COOKED MEALS UP IN THE WILDS—

TO BE WHERE YOU HAVE SCREENS AGAIN. WARM WATER AND NO MOSQUITOES. CLEAN TOWELS AND DISHES AND CHAIRS WITH BACKS ON 'EM.—AND PEOPLE TAKE VACATIONS AND PAY MONEY FOR THEM?

BE IT EVER SO NUMBIE THERE'S NO PLACE LIKE HOME OH WELL

SIDNEY SMITH

The Young Lady Across the Way



"Better never than late," said the young lady across the way graciously, as we entered the dining room, where she and her other guests were already seated.

SCHOOL DAYS By DWIG

Hurry up, Wilbur! There goes the first bell. You don't want to be late to school on the first day do you?

—Dwig

**Fresh Paint**  
He held her to his shoulder; The color left her cheek— And stayed upon his coat-sleeve For just about a week.  
—Cornell Widow.

**Knowledge Limited**  
Caller—Are the sandwiches fresh, my boy?  
Barman—Don't know. I've only been here a fortnight.—Pearson's Weekly.

WASTE OF DYNAMIC ENERGY IN WAR



THE GLASSES OF WINE SPILT IN LONDON RESTAURANTS IN THREE DAYS. WOULD MAKE A PACIFYING 18 FEET HIGH, SPEECHLESS FOR A MONTH.  
—The Sketch.

THE TOONERVILLE TROLLEY By FONTAINE FOX

I TOLD YUH, LADY, TH' SKIPPER WOULDN'T STOP FER YUH WITH ALL THAT THERE GOLDENROD IN YER HAND!

THE SKIPPER IS VERY SUSCEPTIBLE TO HAY-FEVER AND THE VILLAGERS SAY THAT THE PRESIDENT OF THE U.S. HIMSELF COULDN'T GET ON THE CAR CARRYING A BUNCH OF GOLDENROD.

10

"KAMERAD!"



Didn't Recognize Will  
"No, mum," said the wounded man regretfully. "I never shot a German, an' I had a good chanst, too. The 'Uns was chargin' in close order. 'Shoot at will!' shouted our captain. 'Which one is he?' I asks, an' before any one could tell me I got it in the chest."  
—Tit-Bits.

Same Old Story  
"What is the object of your society?"  
"To prevent gambling among women."  
"Nonsense; it can't be done."  
"Certainly, gambling can be stopped."  
"Gambling! I thought you said gambling."  
—Tit-Bits.

Not What He Expected



—Guest— I left my boots outside my door last night and I notice they are still there in the same condition.  
Landlady (beaming)— Thank heaven, sir, we're honest in these parts. You might have left your purse there, too, and nobody would have touched it.

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.

"CAP" STUBBS—Tippie Knew When It Was Time to Leave

By EDWINA

NICE DOGGIE

YAH!

WHY DON'T YA HOLD YER EARS UP LIKE HE DOES?

MEBBE, IF WE'D GIVE TIPPIE A BATH AN' STARCH HIS BARS, THEY'D STAND UP.

IF WE'D PUT IN LOTS O' STARCH!

WELL GEE! WHERE'S TIPPIE!

EDWINA

A SAD STORY By BUNNY

Thank old chap

I lent a chap  
Five dollars once  
I kissed it  
Fond farewell  
But  
Strange to say  
He  
Paid it back  
I'm  
Very glad to tell.  
But yesterday  
He  
Came again  
This time  
He wanted Twenty  
One  
Disappointment  
Was enough  
Yes I thought  
Quite  
A Plenty  
Did he!  
He  
DID NOT!

BUNNY

"PETEY"—Yes, Petey, It Has Been Done Since the Days of Eve

By C. A. VOIGHT

BY JINGOES— THAT LOOKS LIKE IT'S TRUE ABOUT MEN NOT HAVING POCKETS IN THEIR CLOTHES

— GOSH— WHAT'LL WE DO?

I MUST TELL THAT TO THE WIFE— SEEMS TO ME THAT IT CAN'T BE DONE.

JUST A MINUTE MABEL 'TILL I GET YOU THE MONEY

— NOW WHAT DID YOU SAY PETEY DEAR?

NOTHING!