

PEN AND PENCIL HERE HELP US TO LAUGH A LITTLE AT THE LIGHTER SIDE OF LIFE

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Why?
—Cassell's Saturday Journal.
First Lady (speaking of mutual acquaintance)—'E's a German, ain't it?
Second Lady—Yes, 'e is.
First Lady—Well, 'e then, why ain't 'e interred?



A Friendly Conference
—Sydney Bulletin.
She—Suppose I broke off our engagement, what would you do?
I'd die in a week of mortification.
She—Heaven! Does it act as quickly as that?



Synthetic Sanctity
—The Passing Show.
"When the devil was sick the devil a monk would be."



How Women Love One Another
—Sydney Bulletin.
"Reggie proposed to me last night, dear. If you were I would you accept him?"
"Probably, dear; though of course I refused him when he proposed to me."



Work or Fight
—New York Globe.



In the Air
—Harvard Lamoon.
An impetuous maiden named Claire once walked on the tracks without care.
It is needless to state when she met a fast freight, she was rightfully up in the air.



SCHOOL DAYS
By DWIG THE TOONERVILLE TROLLEY
Great Scott! Gee-mi-nent-ly! Oh BOY! Say! If you fellows only could see what I can see! Look at that, would you! Say! Well, who'd a bleeved it?
An Tom! Hurry up! Give us a look! Go on. An you know me Tom?
Kin ye see any people on it?
The Soap-coupon telescope



THE GUMPS—A Lot of Food Going to Waste Tonight
Copyright, 1918, by The Tribune Co. By SIDNEY SMITH
I CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHY THE COMPANY DOESN'T COME - IT'S GETTING LATE.
OH, THEY'LL BE HERE.
BUT IT'S SO FUNNY THEY'RE ALWAYS ON TIME - I'VE GOT ALL THE SANDWICHES MADE AND THE PUNCH READY BOUGHT THREE CHICKENS FOR CHICKEN-A-LA-KING-NINA AND FRANK ARE ALWAYS ON TIME
THAT IS STRANGE
NINE O'CLOCK AND NOT A SOUL HERE YET
GREAT SCOTT! I FORGOT TO MAIL THE INVITATIONS



THE NIGHT OF THE BIG PEACE CELEBRATION THE SKIPPER MET THE LAST TRAIN FROM TOWN AND WHEN THE TROLLEY SLIPPED OFF THEY STAYED RIGHT AT THAT SPOT THE REST OF THE NIGHT BECAUSE THERE WAS NO ONE ABOARD WITH A HAND STEADY ENOUGH TO PUT IT ON AGAIN.
—Fontaine Fox



ANOTHER HOLD-UP
—The Bustard.
The young lady across the way says she sees by the paper that the tax is going to run as high as 55 per cent on incomes of \$300,000 and she's mighty glad her father isn't that rich, as the family's got to have a little something left to live on.
Instructor—Whatcher leanin' on the barrel for? You're in the Army now, me lad, not the Bodega!



PAY OFFICE
—Sydney Bulletin.
Navy—'Ow much did yer pay me last year? I want ter make out me income tax.
Paymaster—Two hundred and fifty pounds.
Navy—I never earned as much as that.
Paymaster—I know you didn't; but that's what we paid you.



Frozen Out
—Sydney Bulletin.
German newspapers show ever-increasing anxiety as to Germany's economic and political position after the war.
German Manufacturer—Ach! I vos colder and colder yet, and perhaps dey nod open der door dis way?



What We Have to Put Up With
—Sydney Bulletin.
"A bit lonely for us girls, this war game."
"You said it! Look at what is left to keep us company!"



The Final Punishment
—Sydney Bulletin.
Prisoner Fritz—Dis not der vorst vot.
Prisoner Hans—Vot you mean?
Prisoner Fritz—Dey vos back to der Vaterland send us ven der var over vos.



Enthusiastic Friend—By George.
Fred, your wife's looking younger than ever.
Sour Husband—Well, she's dressin' like a kid, isn't she? If her bodys was as high as her frock billie you wouldn't be able to see her ears.