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

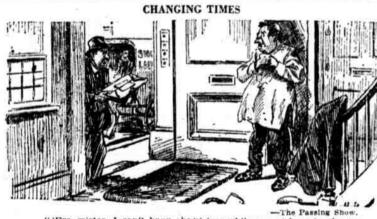


OUT ON THE DEEP -Sydney Bulletin. The Alling One-Get out of my sight you-you-you healthy-looking brute!





"Drastic economy in paper pro-posed."—Announcement by Control-ler.
"'Orace! You'll 'ave to reduce your bulk. That there blanket won't cover us both."



-The Passing Show. your laundry. It's agin the new regulations to keep me waitin."
"But do the new regulations explain by what miracle I can give you my shirt and pants until I have taken them off?

- JINGOES - WHAT A

WONDERFUL FEELING - PEACE

AGAIN- HOW A GUY CAN

THINK OF ENJOYING

HIMSELF AGAIN- OH

"CAP" STUBBS-Where Does Ma Come In?

PARCIATE MA TIPPIE



MIGHT WANT IT

"Save your money, old chap, We'll both be out when we reach the turn." "I'd give five pounds to be out of this car."



The Sergeant-Garden o' Eden? Oh, yus! I'm not surprised at old Adam eatin' the fruit of the forbidden tree. Blimey, if I could get my ticket, I'd eat the whole blinkin' orchard.

SIDNEY

SMITH

By C. A. VOIGHT

SHE COMES HERE
SO CETEN YOU HAVE
TO POUR OIL ON THE
HINGES TO KEEP EM
PROM GETTING

-:-



He—So you—aw—think marriage is a failure?
She—Decidedly. She—Decidedly,

He—But don't—er—you think
there are exceptions to the rule?

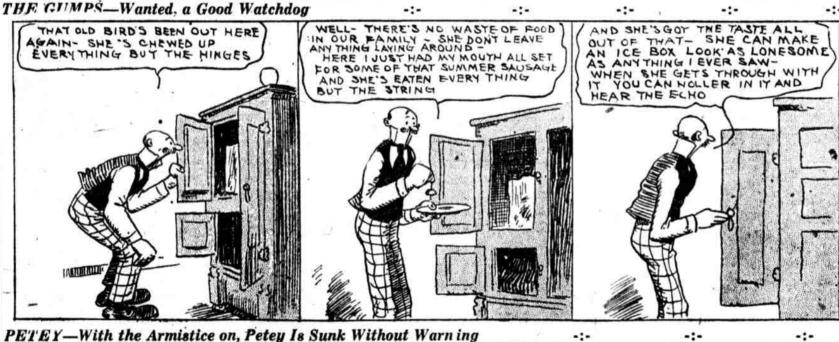
She—I'll take good care there will
be no exception taken to my rule.



The Girl—Oh, you dear, brave kid! Do tell me how you won the Military Medal.

The Hero—Oh, I carried the rum issue three miles through shell-fire and didn't, drink a drop.





- NOW THAT PEACE IS DECLARED I MEAN WE'LL TO DO OVER THE MAKE PETEY ENTIRE HOUSE - WE NEED THE DINING BUY A ROOM REDECORATED CAR AND - ETC-

I GUESS IT WON'T HURT



-;-





That "Thoroughness' Again

—Sydney Bulletin. Der Manufacturer—Dot no good Vos. Der Inventor-Vots der trouble Der Inventor-vols der mit tr?
Der Manufacturer-Id enly der frond way marches, You vos vont to alter der mechanism so dot id also backways marches like der drue

Special—Now then, what's all this noise and cheering about? Lady—It's all right, constable; my husband's just found a box of matches in an old jacket pocket.

