

THE GUMPS—All They Need Now Is a Garage

By SIDNEY SMITH

UNCLE BIM AND MOTHER WENT TO THE OPERA ALONE TO NIGHT. OH! WHAT A TREAT FOR MIN AND ANDY TO BE HOME WITH NO ONE TO BUY IN OR BOTHER THEM— THEY'VE SORT OF EXPECTED THAT AUTO THEY THINK UNCLE BIM BOUGHT FOR THEM— THEY WOULDN'T BE SURPRISED EVEN AT THIS LATE HOUR TO HEAR A BIG ROLL ROLL UP TO THE DOOR WITH A SIGN— TO ANDY AND MIN, FROM UNCLE BIM

MIN! I CAN'T HELP BUT THINK HE BOUGHT A CAR FOR US— DID YOU NOTICE THE WAY HE SMILED WHEN WE MENTIONED AUTOMOBILES THIS MORNING? TWO OR THREE TIMES I THOUGHT HE WAS GOING TO TELL ME ABOUT IT.

I THINK I KNOW THE CAR HE PICKED OUT TOO AND I'M SURE I SAW HIM HAND THAT FELLOW A ROLL OF BILLS— WHEN WE GET THAT CAR NOW THOUGH MIN— WE'VE GOT TO TAKE CARE OF IT AND NOT LET IT COST A LOT OF MONEY

OH! I JUST CAN'T WAIT TO GET IN AND DRIVE IT ALL ALONE— ON THE SWELL TRIPS I'LL HAVE—

YOU DRIVE IT— SAY— YOU'LL NEVER PUT YOUR HANDS ON THE WHEEL AS LONG AS I OWN THE CAR— YOU'LL KILL YOURSELF— YOU LET THAT CAR ALONE

OH! IT'S YOUR CAR IS IT— WELL— WELL— NOT ARGUE ABOUT THAT NOW—

OH! IF HE GETS THAT ONE WITH THE EXHAUST ON THE OUTSIDE AND THE BIG LOUD CUTOUT THAT BIG YELLOW BOY— GOOD NIGHT!!

DREAM ON ANDY— DREAM ON— HERE'S HOPING YOUR DREAMS COME TRUE— TO BE CONTINUED.

The Young Lady Across the Way



The young lady across the way says a good many of the Congressmen seem to feel that no one man can do it all and that President Wilson ought to intrust more of the work to the executive department of the government.

PETEY—A Fortune Teller May Be a Humbug, but Oh, You Blonde!

By C. A. VOIGHT

-HA-HA- EVERY TIME I THINK WHAT THAT FORTUNE-TELLER TOLD ME ABOUT A BLONDE WOMAN BEING AFTER YOU, I HAFTA SMILE

-OH I DON'T KNOW!

-BY GEORGE, DIDN'T SHE WINK AT ME? DIDN'T SHE SAY, 'I WONDER IF THAT FORTUNE-TELLER HAD THE RIGHT DOPE— UM?'

-WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT THAT— THAT MUST BE HER— ALL BLONDE AND EVERYTHIN'

-OH YOUNG MAN— YOUNG MAN—

-ER— ER— WILL YOU PLEASE TELL ME—??



The Check of Ma

—Sedley Bulletin.  
"Mother says if you don't hurry me before you sail you'll have a word with you."  
"So's the final."  
"Isn't she? I told her to mind her own business. I said to her that if you didn't see the truth I'd have a word with you myself."

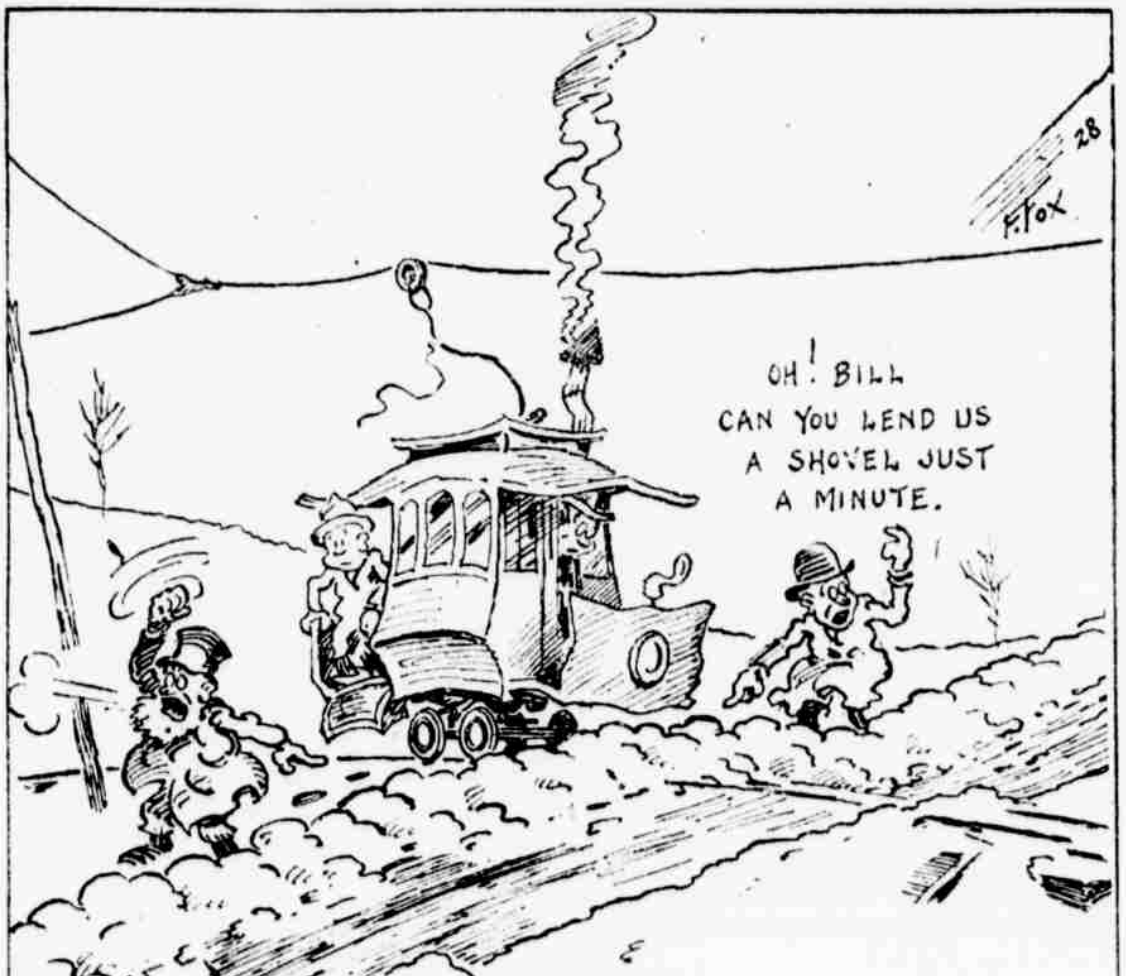
HOT STUFF NEEDED

THE TOONERVILLE TROLLEY

SCHOOL DAYS



Theatre Manager (to author)—We shall have to cut out that North Pole scene and give you a funny one instead.  
Author—But why?  
Manager—We've got to warm the public this winter, my boy— they want hot stuff, not icebergs.



OH! BILL CAN YOU LEND US A SHOVEL JUST A MINUTE.

THAT NEW MAN WHO IS DRIVING THE TOWNSHIP SNOW-SCRAPER DIDN'T KNOW HOW LITTLE SNOW IT TOOK TO BLOCK THE TOONERVILLE TROLLEY.



Gosh, want this fool the ole teacher, tho! She'll think we've all been a-fightin' an' when she stays in to tick us, why well jess natcherly wipe it off on our sleeves an' give her the laff!

I'm gonna put some red ink on my nose, too, to make bleeve its bleedy

Do I look like I'd been in a fight?

You look more like the other feller—I'd been in it

Burnt cork black eyes

A BLOODLESS VICTORY



I won't forget the time I first drew that sword— Eh? I never knew you were a fighting man. I'm not. I drew it in a raffle.

"CAP" STUBBS—Or the Day After

By EDWINA

IT'S BEEN A MONTH SINCE CHRISTMAS AND YOU'VE NEVER WRITTEN YOUR COUSIN JENNIE TO THANK HER FOR THE HANDKERCHIEF SHE GAVE YOU!

AW— WOT'LL I WRITE!

JUST THANK HER FOR THEM! YOU KNOW WHAT TO SAY AS WELL AS I DO!

AW— I DUNNO WOT TO SAY!

AW— I DIDN'T WANT HER OLE HAN KERCHIEFS ANYHOW!

AW!

AW— I'LL WRITE IT TOMORROW!