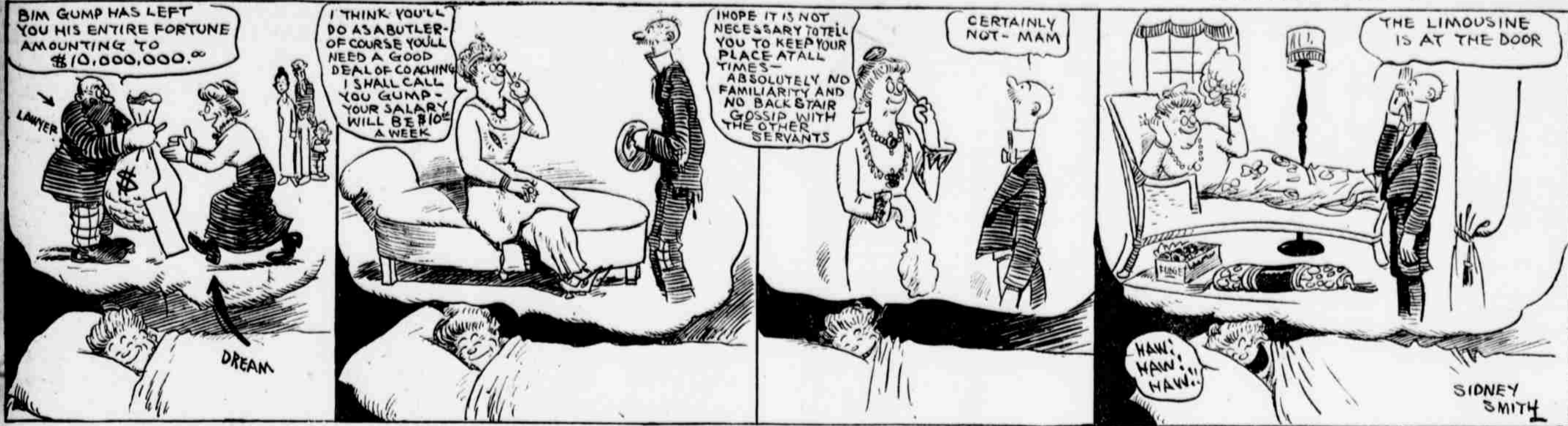


THE GUMPS—Mother's Dream

Copyright, 1919, by The Tribune Co. By SIDNEY SMITH

The Young Lady Across the Way



PETEY—Feeding Himself to the Sharks Isn't His Idea of Sport

By C. A. VOIGHT



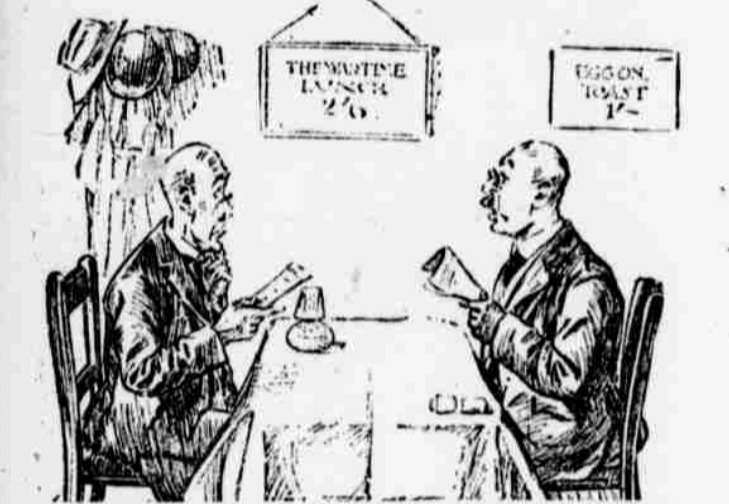
MOVING PICTURE FUNNIES



Instructions for a cut-out puzzle: '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.'

Kidding: 'She (at the concert)—He's advertised as "The Boy Pianist." Why, he's fully nineteen. He—Yes, but he plays like a boy of nine.—Pearson's Weekly.'

TOO MANY IMITATORS



London Opinion. Luncheon—This paper reports the death of the famous Italian Fasting Man. Gloomy Rationer—Yes, poor chap—how would you like to live in a world full of imitators?

A TALL AND SHORT ORDER



The Fasting Show. Manager of Show—You say in your advertisements that you supply standard suits to fit everybody. Well, I want you to rig out my troupe!

HIS VIEW OF IT



London Opinion. The Optimist—In the words of our great statesman, let us determine to make this country fit for heroes to live in. The "Fed" One (bit'ery)—W ell—Wot about it—that's all it think's well is fit for!

THE GROUND WAS A BIT TOO COLD AND DAMP TO GO BAREFOOT SO TOMBOY TAYLOR CAME HOME ON STILTS

By FONTAINE FOX



CHUCK ME OUT MY OLD SHOES, WILL YUH, MA. THESE NEW ONES HURT MY FEET.

SCHOOL DAYS

By DWIG



Damon & Pythias

"CAP" STUBBS—He's Always Missing Something

By EDWINA



GEE. POOR OLE "RED" AN' SAMMY HAVIN' TO GO TO SCHOOL. GOSH, AIN'T I GLAD I'M SICK!

HULLO, HOW ARE YA? GEE, YA OUGHTER BIN TO SCHOOL TODAY. WE HAD A SUBSTITUTE 'CUZ TEACHER WUZ SICK, AN' WE TALKED OUT LOUD AN' WALKED 'ROUND TH' ROOM AN' EVERYTHIN'.

WE DIDN'T HAVE NO LESSONS ER NUTHIN'. WHY ME AN' BONEY HAD A FIGHT AN' SHE COULDN'T DO A THING. GEE! WE HAD TH' BEST TIME!

AIN'T THAT JEST MY LUCK!