

THE GUMPS—Ho, Hum! And a Bottle of Rum

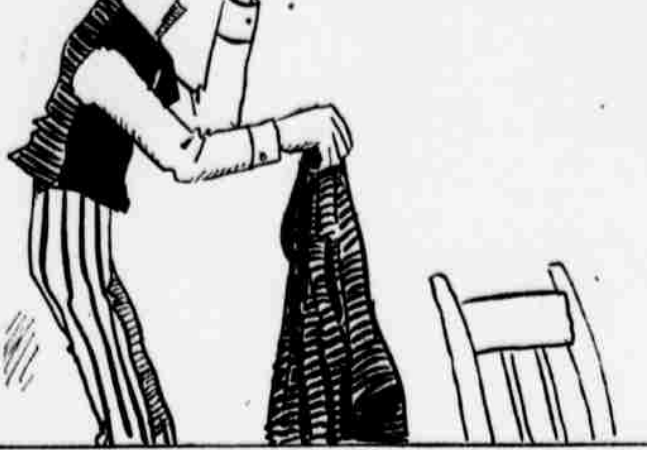
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The Young Lady Across the Way

I CAN'T GET OVER UNCLE BIM— DO YOU REALLY THINK HE BURIED ALL THAT MONEY? FORTWO WHOLE DAYS NOW— HE'S BEEN RAVING ABOUT A MILLION DOLLARS HE BURIED IN AN IRON CHEST IN THE CORNER OF THE FENCE IN OUR BACK YARD— DO YOU THINK HE IMAGINES THAT?

BY GOLLY— IT WON'T HURT TO GO AND SEE— I'LL GET A SPADE AND DIG AROUND A LITTLE— A FELLOW WOULD BE A FOOL TO LEAVE A BUNCH OF MONEY LIKE THAT LAYING AROUND LOOSE

I CAN AT LEAST LOOK AND SEE IF THE SOD HAS BEEN REMOVED LATELY— OR IF ANY ONE HAS BEEN DIGGING THERE

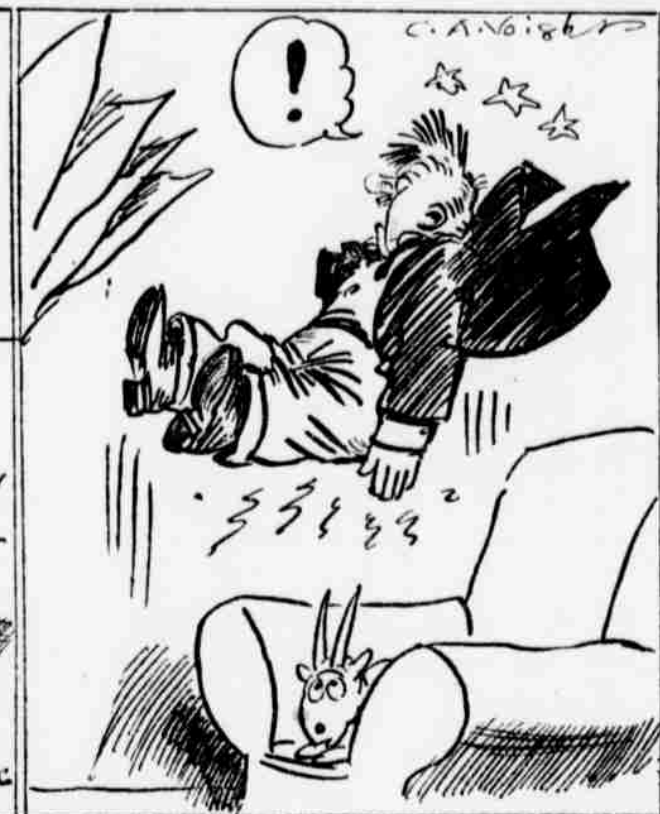
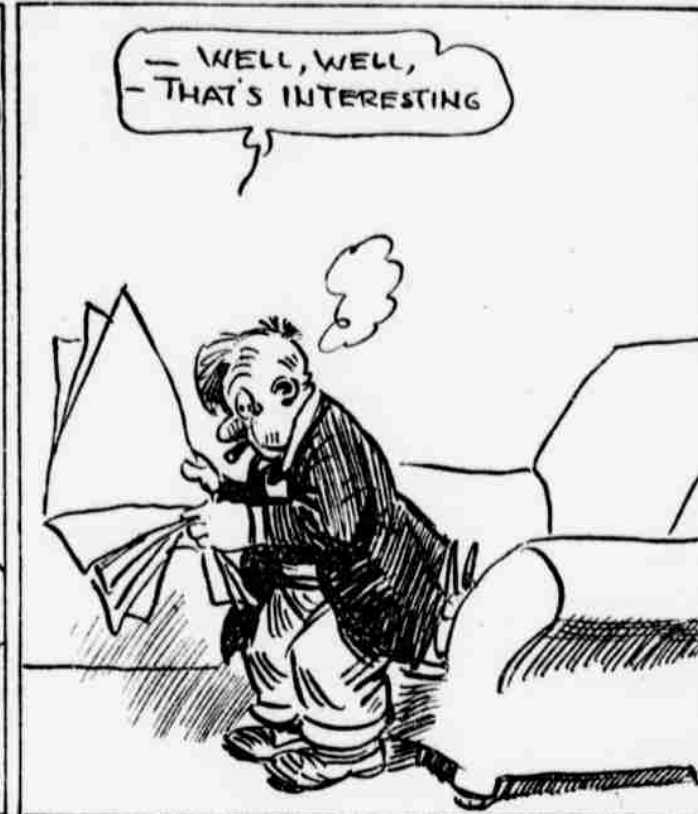


The young lady across the way says kidney beans are a good food for anybody whether anything's the matter with those organs or not.

PETEY—This Goat Fad Puts Him Up in the Air

By C. A. VOIGHT

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 picture.

It's Possible She—I see a fellow married a girl before he died so that she could have his millions when he was gone. Could you love a girl like that? He quickly—Where does she live?—Stray Shots.

THE COWARD

POOR OLD HENRY PECK, RIDING ON THE TOOL BOX, WAS GETTING ALL WET ANYHOW By FONTAINE FOX

SCHOOL DAYS

By EDWINA



—London Opinion.



SO MRS. PECK HAD HIM RIDE OUT IN FRONT WHERE HE COULD KEEP THE WIND SHIELD WIPED OFF.



There he goes! Hi Dan! There he goes! Sic im! Sic im! Sic im! Hi Dan. Sic im! Whats a matter of you? Sic im! Katch im!

He dont see him!

The cootie hound

AFTER THE PANTOMIME



WHY WAS THE JAME GRUMBING ABOUT HER EDGERS, WHAT ARE EDGERS?

AND WHAT IS GOVERNMENT ALE WHICH THE ROBBERS SAID POISONED THEM?

AND WHO WAS IOHANNIE WALKER HE BARRON SAID ECCLUBBY THE OLD OF

AND THE DEMONS SONG ABOUT COALITION WHAT IS COALITION

ND WHY DID E PRINCE WHIT TAKE BO PEET DIXIE LAND?

AND WHERE IS DIXIE LAND?

"CAP" STUBBS—Comfort!

By EDWINA



HOW'D YA FEEL? FIERCE!

MEBBE YA GOT TYPHOID FEVER—I HAD A UNCLE DIE WITH IT ONCE!

HE ET BOILED CABBAGE WHEN TH' DOCTOR SAID NOT TO, AN' DIED RIGHT OFF! AIN'T GOT NO PAIN'S IN YER SIDE, HAVE YER?

YA MIGHT HAVE 'PENBICITIS, I HAD A COUSIN DIE OF THAT ONE. MA SEE HE WUZ TH HEALTHIEST KID

WELL—I HOPES YA GITS BETTER! G'BYE!

G'BYE!