

THE GUMPS—Andy Has No Sentiment

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BENEATH YOUR FEET WHAT TREASURES WOULD BE FLINGING— THE STARS WOULD BE YOUR PEARLS UPON A STRING— AND YOU SHOULD HAVE THE SUN AND MOON TO WEAR— IF I WERE KING— THAT'S THE KIND OF A MAN FOR ME— THEY APPRECIATED WOMEN IN THOSE DAYS

THERE ARE NO MEN NOW LIKE THAT— OH! IF I HAD LIVED IN THE DAYS OF ROMANCE AND LOVE— TO HAVE BEEN A QUEEN UPON A THRONE— WITH PALACES AND MARBLE HALLS, BRAVE KNIGHTS FIGHTING FOR MY FAVOR— LIKE THE HEROINE IN THESE STORIES

EVERY ONE OF THOSE QUEENS HAD A THOUSAND SLAVES— YOU WOULD HAVE HAD TO BE VERY LUCKY MIN— IF YOU EVER GOT NEAR A THRONE YOU MIGHT HAVE HAD ONE OF THOSE BIG FANS IN YOUR HAND TRYING TO STIR UP A LITTLE BREEZE FOR SOME QUEEN

WHO COOKED THE MEALS IN THOSE DAYS? WHO WASHED THE DISHES? WHO MADE THE BEDS? WHO SEWED THE BUTTONS ON THOSE VELVET JACKETS? WHO DARNED THOSE LONG TIGHTS THOSE BIRDS WORE? SOMEBODY WORKED— THEY WERN'T ALL QUEENS

The Young Lady Across the Way



The young lady across the way says the war taught us all lessons in thrift and for her part she was careful to use up all her three-cent postage stamps before July 1, even though she had to write a lot of unnecessary letters to do it.

PETEY—A Fat Chance, Say We

By C. A. VOIGHT

— MABEL, JUST THINK— THEY'RE FLYING ACROSS THE OCEAN

YES— ISN'T IT WONDERFUL AUNTIE—

— WHY, IN A YEAR OR SO WE'LL PROBABLY TAKE A TRIP TO EUROPE IN AN AIRSHIP

WHADDYA MEAN— WE !!

— YOU HAVEN'T GOTTA CHANCE— THEY'RE GOING TO CHARGE BY THE POUND

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 complete turn over and you'll find a surprising result. Save the pictures.

"CAP" STUBBS—That's Gran'ma for You!

By EDWINA

WHY I HAVE A NICKEL FOR YOU! DON'T YOU GIVE IT TO HIM? YOU ARE CHILDREN COMING TO! I NEVER HAD MONEY WHEN I WAS A CHILD!

NO!

HUMPH, WELL I'LL GIVE IT TO HIM! I'M SURE YOU'VE HAD YOUR SHARE OF NICKELS! YOU'VE GOT TO BE A LITTLE MORE GENEROUS!

THANKY GRAN'MA!

HOW JIMMY'S FEET APPEARED TO HIS MOTHER

By FONTAINE FOX

THE DAY SHE TRIED TO PUT HIS SHOES ON HIM AFTER HE HAD BEEN RUNNING BAREFOOT FOR OVER A MONTH.

SCHOOL DAYS—

By DWIG

My lov-ly rainwater!

Gee-wi-ny-dont be like it! Its good for him, too. If a dog gits too hot he goes mad— I betcha this'll save his life, dont you?

Gosh, Rover, I wouldnt mind gittin this myself—

100 PER CENT?



"Law! I wonder wot pension 'e got!"

—The Sketch

SOMEBODY'S STENOG—This Is a Clever Writer

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By Hayward

I HOPE THAT GARLIC FIEND DOESN'T COME NEAR ME TODAY!

HERE'S SOMETHING INTERESTING, "COUNTS"— DO YOU EVER READ STATISTICS?

HERE'S AN ARTICLE ON THE DEATH RATE: IT SAYS EVERY TIME I BREATHE SOMEONE DIES!

WHAT'S SO FUNNY?

OH GEE!— THAT GUY KNOWS WHAT HE'S WRITING ABOUT, ALLRIGHT ALLRIGHT!

AE HAYWARD-22