

THE GUMPS—Oh, to Be a Child Once More!

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The Young Lady Across the Way

LOOK AT THAT BOY— AND I PUT THAT FIFTEEN MINUTES AGO— WHAT'LL I DO? HE'LL DRIVE ME INTO NERVOUS PROSTRATION

NERVOUS PROSTRATION— WITH ONE LONE LITTLE CHILD— A MEN WITH ONE CHICK—

MY MOTHER RAISED SEVEN CHILDREN— TOOK CARE OF THEM— DRESSED THEM— PUT THEM TO BED NIGHTS LISTENED TO THEIR PRAYERS— MADE THEIR CLOTHES— KNIT THEIR STOCKINGS— AND WE ALWAYS LOOKED NICE AND NEAT

SHE DID ALL THE COOKING FOR THE FAMILY— AND SOME COOKING— SHE HAD NO DELICATESSEN STORE TO RUN TO AND BUY A LITTLE COLD MEAT AT THE LAST MOMENT— HALFA BOUND OF FRANKFURTS AND GIVE THEM A HOT BATH AND THROW THEM ON THE TABLE— SHE BAKED HER OWN BREAD AND CAKES AND MADE PIE— AND THEY WERE SOME PIES

AND THOSE FRIED CAKES— MADE ENOUGH AT ONE TIME TO FILL A BUSHEL BASKET— AND THEN FOUND TIME TO KNIT A SCARF FOR THE OLD MAN THAT WOULD REACH HALF WAY ACROSS THE STATE OF TEXAS— AND SHE DIDN'T HAVE NERVOUS PROSTRATION— SHE DIDN'T HAVE TIME



We asked the young lady across the way what she thought of a substitute for saloons. She said there ought to be some place where a hungry man could get a good stew, which she understands they made a specialty of.

PETEY—It Depends on the Kind of Chickens He Meant

By C. A. VOIGHT

OH PETEY DEAR— YOU OUGHT TO SEE THE NEW GOWN THAT MABEL HAS—

HUH?

— WELL, I HOPE IT'S NOT THE KIND THAT ALL THE CHICKENS ARE WEARING THIS SEASON

OH NO—

— FAR BE IT FROM SUCH— THIS IS AN IMPORTED PARISIAN AFFAIR.

— HOW DO YOU LIKE MY NEW FEATHER GOWN UNCLE PETEY?



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 picture.

"CAP" STUBBS—Nothing at All!

By EDWINA

DID YOU LOCK ALL THE DOORS? SHI DIDN'T YOU HEAR SOMETHING? I HOPE YOUR PAINT MAN DON'T STAY LATE

SHI THERE IT IS AGAIN! DID YOU LOCK ALL THE WINDOWS TOO? A BIRD COULD CLIMB UP ON THE PORCH ROOF AN' GET IN JUST AS EASY AS 'SWEET AS LOUDER' AT THAT TIME

(MERCIFUL HEAVENS! HELP!— WHAT'S THAT?)

YOU SEE— THERE WAS NOTHING TO BE AFRAID OF AS LONG AS YOUR GRANDDAD'S WIG WITH YOU (OF COURSE NOT)

GUESS AGAIN!

Astute Actor (jibbing at crook contract)—I smell a rat!

Manager—Oh, no, you don't. It's that cigar.

THE EXPLANATION

By FONTAINE FOX

I DIDN'T HOPE TO HAVE A CADDY THIS MORNING. HOW IS IT YOU'RE NOT AT SCHOOL?

ME? I DONT HAFTA GO. ME BRUDDER AND SISTER IS BOTE—

— SICK WIT SCARLET FEVER.

SCHOOL DAYS

By DWIG

Give em a tune on yir French harp, Frog. They want to dance, I think

Two miles an' a half!

What they tryin to do— kiss?

Say! What is this? A foot race or a fight?

The circle vicious

SOMEBODY'S STENOG—! Was Some Scrap!

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By Hayward

MAYBE IT WAS MISS COOKIE WHO GOT YOUR DESK ALL MIXED UP. SHE WAS HUNTING CARBON PAPER JUST BEFORE SHE WENT AWAY.

IS THAT SO? THE SNOOPY FEEL! SHE'S ALWAYS IN SOMEBODY'S BUSINESS. I'LL TELL HER! JUST WAIT 'TIL SHE COMES BACK!

AFTER I GET THROUGH SHE'LL NEED ANOTHER VACATION. WHAT I WONT TELL HER AINT IN THE ROAD BOOK, AN' I WONT MAKE NO DETOURS EITHER! I'LL HAND IT TO HER STRAIGHT AN' MY WORDS WILL HAVE STINGS LIKE A WASPS!!

OH BOY, I'M GOING TO SEE THIS! HERE COMES MISS COOKIE! WAIT 'TIL MISS O'FLAGE SEES HER! IT WILL BE SOME SCRAP!

SMACK!

THE BUSH FIRE BRIGADE

The Old 'Un—What are your lads 'agin' round here for?

Micko—Well, dad, me an' me cobbler thought you might need a hand if yer crop caught alight.