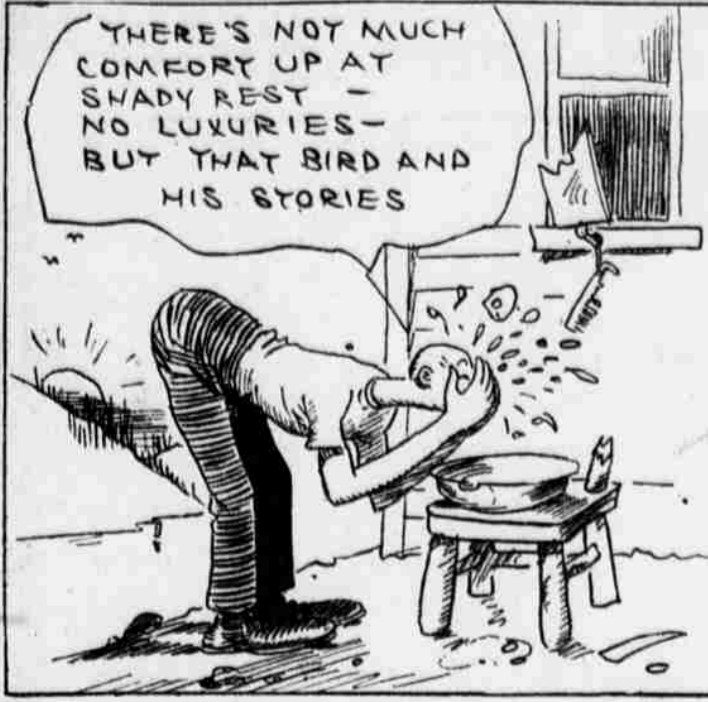


THE GUMPS—Andy Is Still the Star Boarder

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

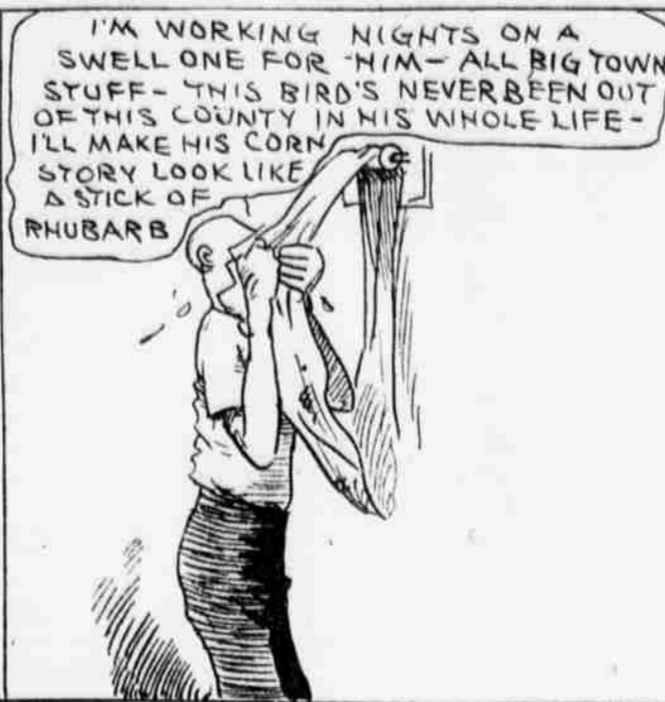
The Young Lady Across the Way



THERE'S NOT MUCH COMFORT UP AT SHADY REST—NO LUXURIES—BUT THAT BIRD AND HIS STORIES



I'VE GOT TO LAUGH AT HIM—HE'S FUNNY. HE THINKS I'M BELIEVING ALL THIS STUFF—I'M LETTING HIM RIDE TO SEE HOW FAR HE'LL GO—THAT'S ALL—



I'M WORKING NIGHTS ON A SWELL ONE FOR HIM—ALL BIG TOWN STUFF—THIS BIRD'S NEVER BEEN OUT OF THIS COUNTY IN HIS WHOLE LIFE—I'LL MAKE HIS CORN STORY LOOK LIKE A STICK OF RHUBARB



ICERTAINLY HAD TO LAUGH AT THAT ONE HE TOLD ME ABOUT THE BIG FROG HE HAD—COULD JUMP FARTHER THAN HE COULD SEE—ALWAYS BUMPIN' INTO THINGS—HE USED TO FLY A KITE JUST TO SEE THIS FROG JUMP OVER IT—IF HE'S TELLING THE TRUTH I'M LILLIAN RUSSELL

SIDNEY SMITH



We asked the young lady across the way if she understood inside baseball and she said she'd always seen it played outdoors.

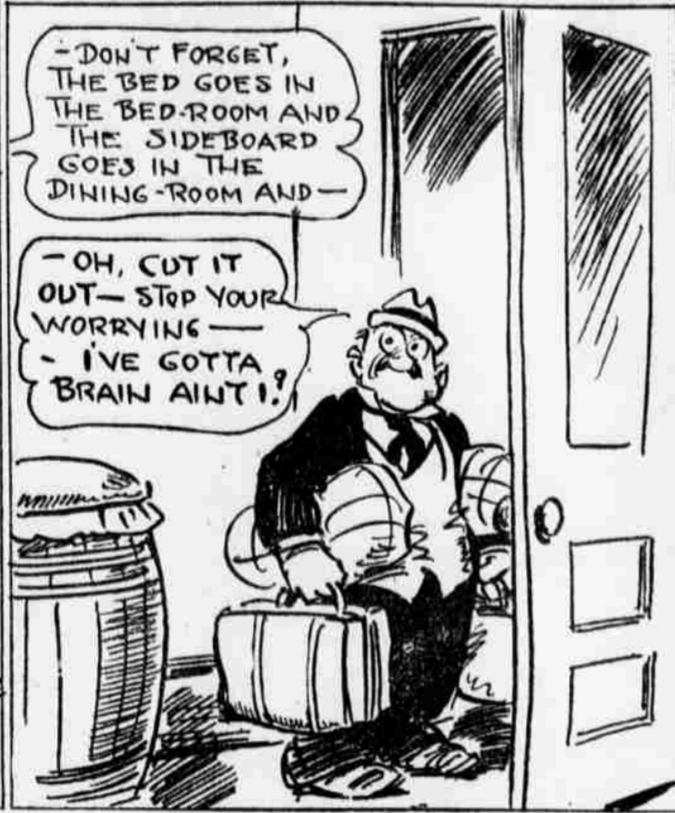
PETEY—He Didn't Come Up to the Situation

By C. A. VOIGHT



—PETEY DEAR, YOU'D BETTER HURRY 'ROUND TO THE NEW HOUSE BEFORE THE MOVING MEN GET THERE AND TELL THEM WHERE TO PUT THINGS

—A RIGHT, I'M ON MY WAY



—DON'T FORGET, THE BED GOES IN THE BED-ROOM AND THE SIDBOARD GOES IN THE DINING-ROOM AND—

—OH, CUT IT OUT—STOP YOUR WORRYING—I'VE GOTTA BRAIN AINT I!



—THE WAY SHE TALKS YOU'D THINK I DIDN'T KNOW ANYTHING—GEE WHIZ, AN' HERE I'VE GOT THINGS ALL SETTLED ALLREADY!



—WHY PETEY DEAR, THIS ISN'T OUR APARTMENT—OURS IS TWO FLOORS UP!

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

"CAP" STUBBS—Gran'ma's Scheme Might Have Worked Better!



BREAKING IT BY DEGREES

THE TOONERVILLE TROLLEY THAT MEETS ALL THE TRAINS

By FONTAINE FOX



"BRAN' NEW! I WISH I COULD FIND A COUPLE MORE LIKE THIS LITTLE BABY!"

IT CERTAINLY WAS A DARK DAY FOR THE TROLLEY SERVICE WHEN THE SKIPPER LEARNED THAT THERE WAS A READY MARKET FOR THOSE LITTLE WHITE BALLS THE GOLF PLAYERS KNOCKED OVER THE FENCE AND NEVER FOUND.

SCHOOL DAYS

By DWIG



Answer my question! That's all you gotta do. Just simply answer me if your father knows personally a gentleman in Cincinnati that wears a regular uniform and drives the fire engine to the fires and can he walk right into the fire engine house and climb up onto the fire engine and an ride to a fire and help squirt the water if he wants to or does he not? Does he or dont he?

—an, as I was a boy, besides been able to take a fifty pound sack of flour in his hand and hold it right out straight, my cousin Roy Ballard can take a piece of wood out of Caesar's crack and whittle out a revolver with his knife just as natural as life, and he can whittle out a man out of the mud, too, an anything I set him to whittle.

Damon & Pythias



—Sydney Bulletin.

"Did you tell your father that I was a black-and-white artist?" "No, I told him about your drinking and gambling, but I couldn't tell him everything at once."

SOMEBODY'S STENOGRAPHER—The Lady Knows What She Wants

Copyright, 1919, by Public Ledger Co.

By Hayward



FITTING LINES



GOODNIGHT, I WONDER WHO WISHED THIS COLD ON ME!



I WANT TO SEE SOME HANDKERCHIEFS

FOUR AISLES OVER, MISS!



THIS IS WHAT I WANT—HOW MUCH WILL THESE SET ME BACK?

THIS WAY, MISS, YOU DON'T WANT THOSE—THEY'RE MAN-SIZED HANDKERCHIEFS.



THAT'S ALL RIGHT—I GOT A MAN-SIZED COLD!

A-E HAYWARD-6

—Bliss, London. French Officer (wishing to be directed and quoting verbatim from his French-English dictionary)—Sir, or madam, as the case might be—