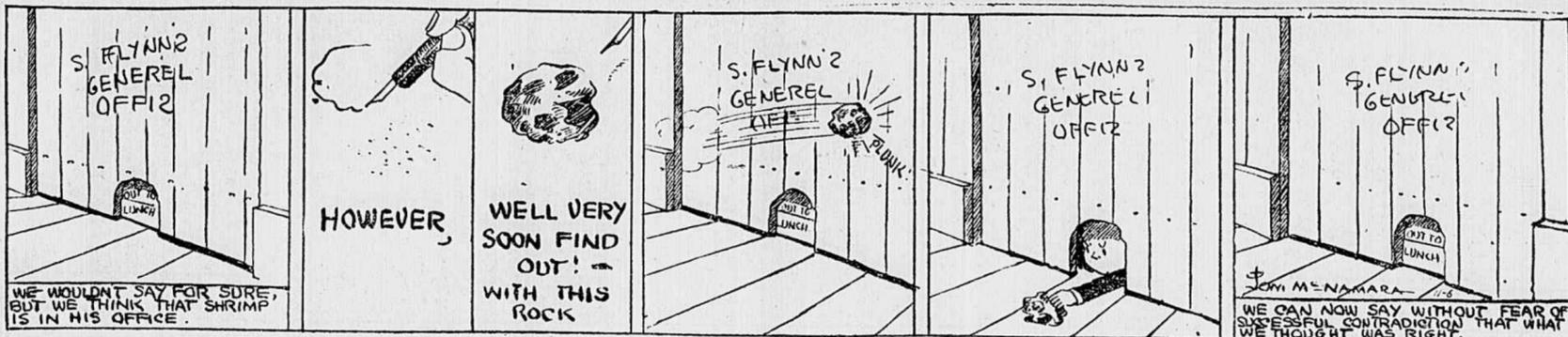


US BOYS

Bet Shrimp Thought It Was the Police!



The Sandman Story

Mr. Fox was lazy; that his wife knew very well, but she had made up her mind that he should help her with her spring house cleaning if she had to starve him to it.

"You won't get a bite to eat," she said one morning, "until you clean my carpets and rugs. Now go to work if you want your dinner, Reynard."

Out in the yard the rugs and carpets went with a bang, and back to his work went Mrs. Fox.

Reynard got up slowly from the ground where he was sitting under a tree and sighed, for he knew it was work or no dinner.

He pulled the carpet on the clothes-line and hung the rugs beside it, and just then Mr. Coon ran by, calling out that a flock of young turkeys were in the wood, and off ran Reynard with him.

One of Mrs. Fox's rugs happened to be a big goatskin, and the wild Billy Goat happened to pass by and see it. Billy Goat gave a look at the rug and shook his horns. "If I could find the one who did this," he said, "I would avenge my poor relative; I wonder who lives here?"

Billy Goat looked around and not seeing any one he took the goatskin and started to run away with it, but he had only gone as far as a clump of bushes when he saw some turkeys which Mrs. Fox had in a basket in the yard, and Billy changed his mind. He hid the skin of his relative behind the bushes and very cautiously tiptoed up to the basket and ate up every one of Mr. Fox's turkeys.

He felt pretty sleepy when he had finished the big meal, so instead of running home he crept behind a rock some distance from Mrs. Fox's house and went to sleep.

By and by Reynard came back from his run with Mr. Coon and he did not wish to share the goat skin, so he dodged behind every rock and tree as he can be near his house.

"Well, if there isn't Mrs. Fox's nice goatskin rug away over here," said Reynard, "it must have blown off the tree; now, isn't it lucky I came around this way?"

Reynard grabbed the tail of what he thought was the rug, but it wasn't the rug at all; it was Billy Goat, asleep, with his head in the grass and his horns quite hidden.

Reynard dropped the tail almost as soon as he touched it, for Billy Goat jumped and turned on him.

"Oh! I thought you were my wife's goatskin rug!" he said as fast as he could talk.

"Oh! You did, did you?" said Billy Goat, lowering his head. "So you are the fellow who brought my poor relative to this sad end?"

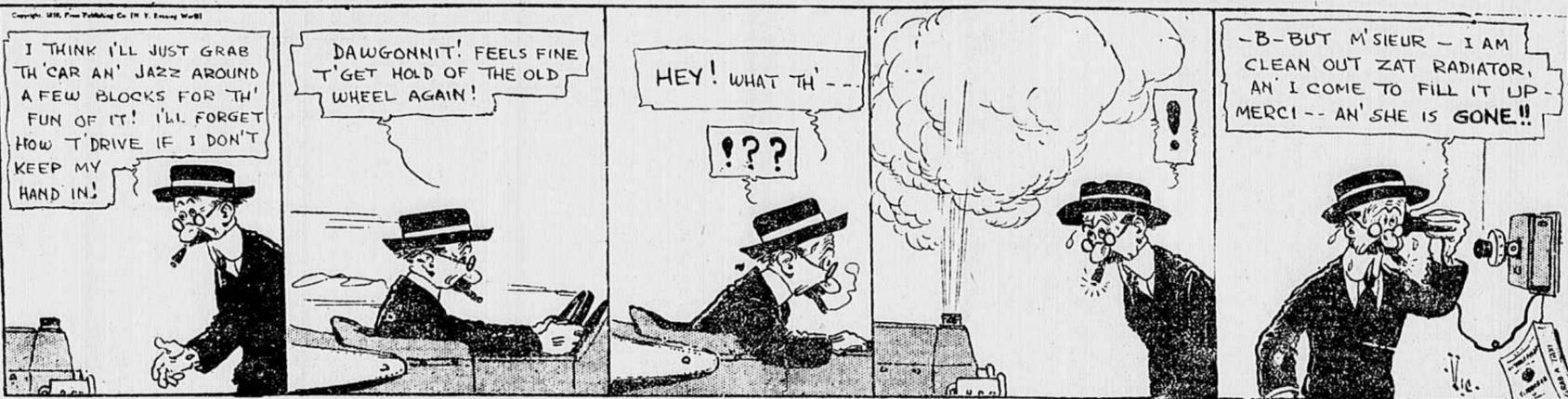
"But let me tell you about it," said Mr. Fox, as Billy Goat butted him over and over the ground.

"I'll use all the butts that are needed to explain this situation," said Billy Goat. "I am the fellow who put the other 'u' in the name you want to call me about. I know all about it."

Poor Reynard limped home, holding his back and shivering with pain, but Mrs. Fox would not listen to anything he said. "If you had stayed here and done the work you would not have a lame back!" she said. She made him clean the carpet and find the goatskin rug, which Billy Goat, in his hurry, forgot, before she gave her husband his dinner, and all through the woods could be heard the groaning of Reynard as he worked, but not a bit of sympathy did he get from Mrs. Fox. (Copyright, 1919)

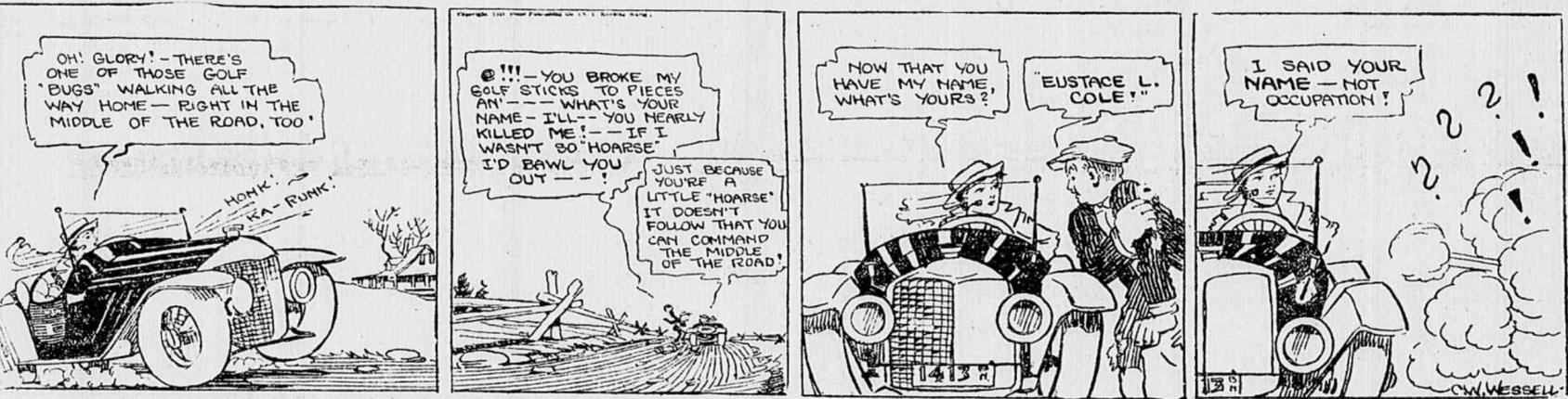
JOE'S CAR

Y' Better Ask Permission, Next Time, Joe!



LEAVE IT TO LOU

Lou's a Naughty Snip!



The Rhyming Optimist

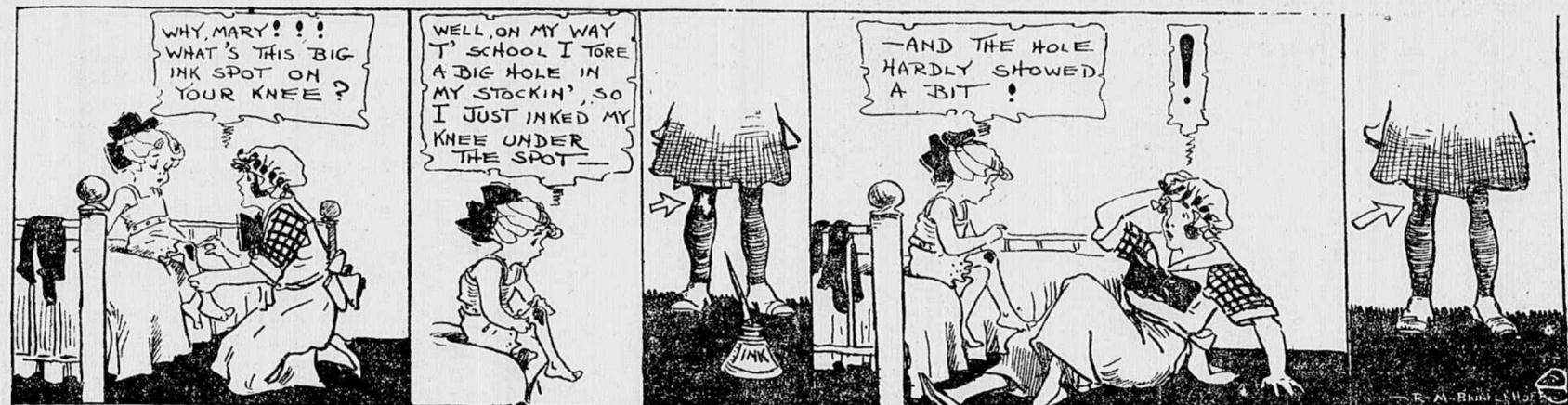
The New Game.

Oh, the subjects of my ditty you will find most everywhere, in the hamlet, in the city; you are sure to meet 'em there. For there are ten million ladies and about as many men who turn all their world to hades and can't turn it back again. Mrs. Bessie, I can tell you, dreadful, no one understands my soul!"

And she has her silly head full of all sorts of griefs and sorrows. No, she is not wise nor witty, on that fact it's safe to bank; there is room for naught but pity in her limited thank-tank. Nor do cares of others grieve her; she just puts them on the shelf and, if you would but believe her, she owns most all woes herself. If a fellow has some grit, he never works along this line, for he doesn't care for pity and hasn't learned to whine with wit and folks who are clever waste no pity on these guys who are always and forever citing their calamities. For they say: "Here's where the sober gets his chance to shed some brine. One would really be a robber who would steal his chance to shine, so we'll let him do his crying wholly, solely on his own, he is happy when he's sighing; let him do it all alone."

LITTLE MARY MIXUP

An Ingenious Mite, Is Mary!



Engaged.

They had been engaged a weekk. "Do you believe in dreams?" the young man asked.

"Sure," she replied.

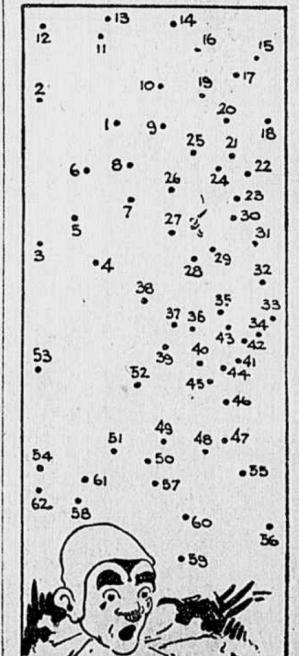
"Well, I had an awful one last night. I dreamed of a coffin and—" "Oh, Jim," she exclaimed, "that's a sign that you are going to be married."

The young man looked at her in bewilderment.

"If that's the case," he responded gallantly, "I wish I would dream it a dozen times."

"I think you're mean," she exclaimed. "I'd like to know what on earth you would do with a dozen wives. I bet you couldn't manage one—by yourself."

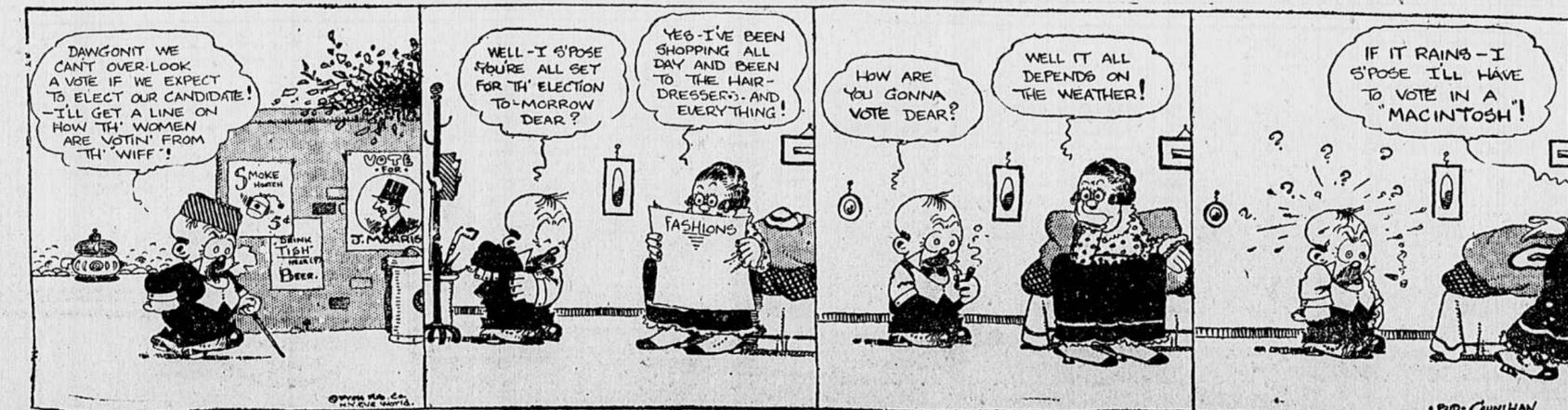
Puzzle Picture



Next I'll tell you what to do, Trace the dots to sixty-two. Draw from one to two and so on to the end.

THE BIG LITTLE FAMILY

AIN'T THAT JUST LIKE WOMEN?



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