

PICTURE FUN

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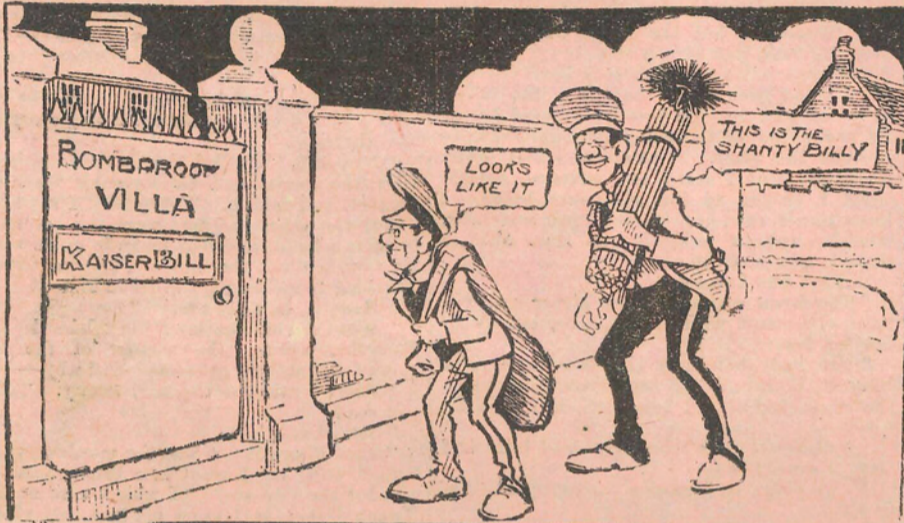
THE BRIGHTEST PAPER ON EARTH

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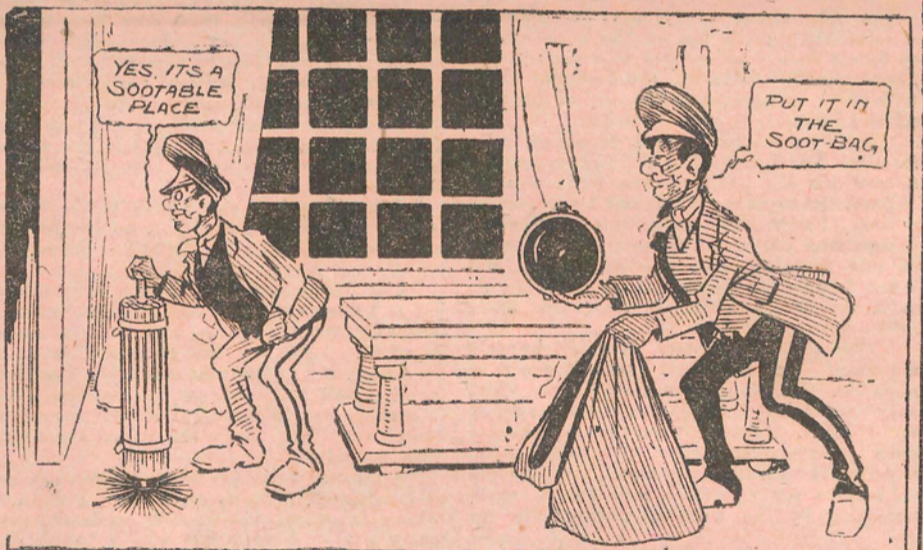
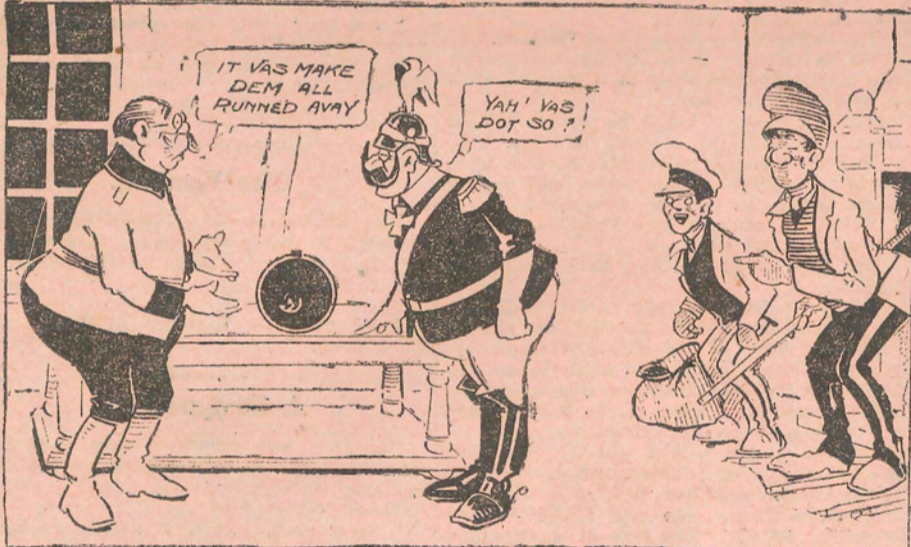
MAY 8, 1915.

BRIMSTONE BOBS AND THAT BRICK BILLY BELGIUM MAKE KAISER BILL TAKE HIS OWN PILL.



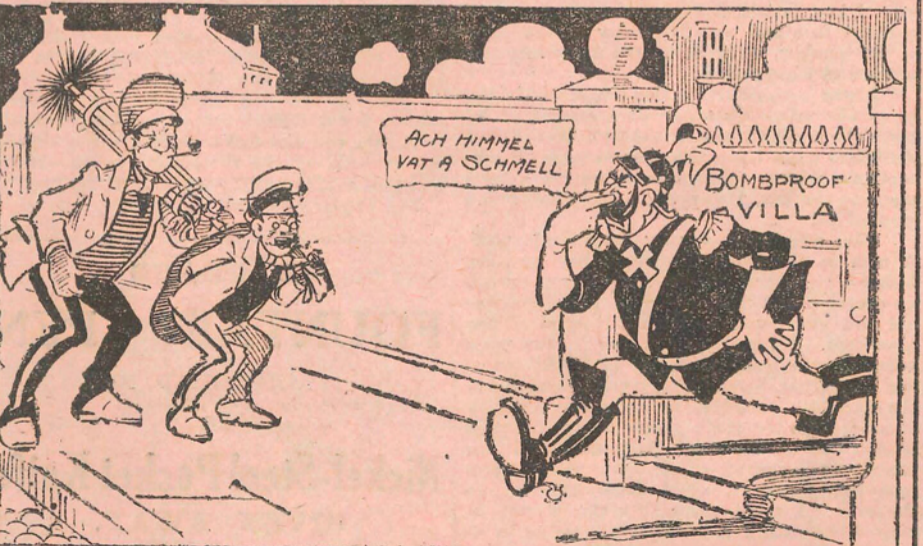
1.—BRIMSTONE and Billy heard that the chimneys wanted sweeping badly at Kaiser Bill's Bomb Proof Villa, but sweeps being scarce in Germany they couldn't be did, so our pair disguised themselves as sweeps, and called on his royal nibs. Of course they got the job right away.

2.—But it wasn't chimney sweeping they were after; that was only a blind, and when Kaiser Bill, and one of his cultured jossers floated in they were all ears. "You vas go on mit der schveeping all der dime," sez Bi.l, when he saw our pair of Tartars at work on the chimney.



3.—You see the cultured one had a new invention to show his royal gills—a bomb that would make the enemy do a bunk the moment it exploded. And Old Bill was delighted, gave the brainy one sixteen iron crosses, and threepence an hour more for overtime, and let him out at the front door himself.

4.—But he left the bomb behind him, all on its lonely, which was an oversight. Yes, another German blunder, because our pair captured it right off by popping it into the soot-bag, and greased off with it out at the back door. "We'll finish the chimney sweeping at a more sootable time!" grinned Bobs. "We've done enough this journey."



5.—But when they got outside, and saw a side window open, their conscience smited 'em. "I don't think we oughter do sich a mean thing," sez Billy; "I don't really." "Same here, Billy," grinned Bobs. "It's taking a mean advantage. We'll give it him back." So Brimstone gave Billy a buck up with the brush, and he chucked the bomb through the window.

6.—And then they felt a lot better, quite a load off their minds, so to speak. Yes, Kaiser Bill got his bomb back again all right, 'cos when they turned the corner they were just in time to see him rush out holding his boko. "Dear me!" grinned Bobs, "what's the matter with Bill? Afraid that pill hasn't agreed with him."

THE CAPTAIN'S STORY.



The moon was coming up over the Apennines. The silver light fell upon the tourists' camp by the rippling mountain stream. There were half-a-dozen of them, camping in the Italian hills, with a swarthy-faced, black-eyed guide. They had supped, and were smoking their pipes before turning into their blankets, and yarning as they smoked.

The guide, Pietro Bocco, sat upon a rock, pulling at a big black strong-smelling cigar, and listening with a face of stolid indifference. The Captain, who was the leader of the little party, was sitting against a boulder, and he was unusually silent.

"The Captain has not yarned yet," said Dick Forsythe. "Come, Captain, it's your turn. Give us a rouser before we go to sleep."

And there was a general call upon the Captain.

"I'll tell you a yarn, boys," said the Captain, "one that has come into my mind while you've been talking. A true tale, though there's a ghost in it."

There was a movement of interest.

"Go ahead, Captain!"

"It happened in Italy. It was in the southern Apennines, a country which Pietro here knows very well, as he came from the south of Italy."

The guide started a little as his name was mentioned, and shook his head.

"The signor is mistaken," he said. "I am of this country. I know nothing of the south."

"Indeed, I imagined by your speech that it was otherwise," said the Captain. "However, that matters not. This adventure happened in Southern Italy. But—may be, it's a bit too gruesome to tell you just before going to bed."

"Rats!"

"Get on!"

"All right. I was crossing the mountain of San Carlo by the diligence, when it broke down. The choice was to pass the night at a villainously filthy inn on the mountain, or to tramp twenty miles by a wild path to the town. I chose the latter, and I set out alone, with many warnings as to the peril of the path which I did not fully heed at the time."

"But by the time I was a couple of miles from the inn, I realised that I had undertaken a task too big for me. The route was ill-defined, the night was dark, and I was soon at a loss. Under these hopeless circumstances, I wandered on, and was soon weary enough to sink down under a tree and sleep. But when I had almost made up my mind to do so, I perceived twinkling in the distant darkness a solitary light."

"The sight cheered me. It might be only a peasant's hut, but at all events it would be a shelter. I made my way towards the light, sometimes losing it, and always contriving to find it again. I found at last that it proceeded from the unglazed window of a small cabin, standing under a clump of trees. I approached it, and to my surprise saw a human figure crouching by the window, staring into the hut."

"The man was an Italian, of course, and it looked to me as if a robbery was probably intended. The man's look and attitude told that his errand there was not a peaceful one. I stumbled over a stone, and the man started up. I had just time to catch a glimpse of a swarthy face and scowling brow in the light of the window, when he darted away into the night and disappeared."

"I was somewhat startled: my misgivings as to the man's character were confirmed by his sudden flight, and I realised that I had doubtless come upon the spot in time to prevent a robbery. Before applying for admittance to the hut, I stepped to the window and glanced in."

"The interior was very bare and poor. A man in the garb of a monk was kneeling before a crucifix, and evidently praying, though no sound issued from his lips. His face was old and worn, and he wore the habit of San Geronimo. I knew then whom it was upon whom I was looking. They had told me of the inn of the hermit who dwelt alone upon the mountain, and that his cabin was a couple of miles from the route I should have followed to San Carlo. He was a holy man, and was often the recipient of generous alms from moneyed penitents, which he distributed to the poor. I could guess then the interest in him of the man I had surprised staring in at his window."

"I went round to the door, and tapped.

I heard him rise, and he opened the door, and gave me greeting in Italian. I asked for a night's shelter, and he at once admitted me to the cabin. Upon a wooden bench I saw a number of gold coins lying, and as my glance went towards them, he smiled.

"Alms for the poor, signor," he said, in English. "Myself, I have nothing but the milk and the bread the peasants give me, and that suffices for my wants. And such fare, signor, is at your service and a bed of rushes."

"I thanked him, and sat down to his frugal meal. He did not eat, but waited upon me hospitably. Then I spoke of the man I had seen watching at his window, and warned him of my misgivings. He smiled sadly.

"Who would harm the poor hermit?" he said. "Besides, the curse of the church would fall upon such a sacrilegious villain. No, signor, I am safe enough here."

"I slept upon the bed of rushes, and in the morning breakfasted with the hermit, and then he set me on my way. I crossed the mountain safely, and reached San Carlo. I spent some weeks there, and quite by chance a month after my adventure on the mountain, I learned of the hermit's fate. He had been murdered, and robbed of a sum of gold. A passer had found him dead in his cell, stabbed to the heart, and then he had been dead for days."

The Captain broke off.

There was a pause, while the campers waited for him to continue. All were deeply interested, and Pietro the guide as much as any. His glittering black eyes never left the narrator's face.

"He had been murdered for gold," the Captain resumed. "And the crime, of course, had been committed by the scoundrel I saw watching at his window that night. I had no doubt upon that point. I heard, too, that a peasant on the mountain was missing, and that he was suspected of having a hand in the crime."

"Naturally enough, there grew up a legend in connection with the solitary cabin where so terrible a crime had been perpetrated. The peasants avoided it, and told each other with bated breath that the spirit of the murdered padre haunted the old place. It fell into ruin. I had forgotten the matter, leaving San Carlo, but about a year later my business took me that way again."

"I determined to pay a visit to the cabin, for the remembrance of my friend the hermit, and also because the strange tale of the haunting aroused my interest."

"I set out from San Carlo early in the day, but as I was unable to obtain a guide, when I announced my destination, I was compelled to go alone. Again, on the mountain route, I grew uncertain of the way, and when I at last found myself at the solitary cabin, the dusk of evening was thickening over the mountain. Under the trees where the cabin stood the dusk was thick."

"A strange eerie feeling went through me as I advanced towards the cabin. I did not believe in ghosts, yet at such an hour in so lonely a spot, I could not wholly banish the wild tales told by the peasants from my mind."

"I remembered how I had approached that cabin before, and seen the tigerish figure of the Italian crouching in the darkness his hawk-like eyes fastened upon the glimmering gold inside the unhappy hermit's cabin."

"I remembered his sudden leap and flight as he discovered me at his elbow, and in imagination I again saw the figure."

"But—it was no deception—as I drew nearer, I did indeed see a crouching form—a form that was dim and undefined—in a crouching attitude by the shattered window—and I stopped, my heart growing still within me."

The Captain paused.

A GRAND

FOUNTAIN PEN

(14-CARAT GOLD NIB),

OR

Nickel-Steel Pocket Knife

GIVEN AWAY.

SEE PARTICULARS ON PAGE 6.

The eyes of all his companions were glued upon him, but keenest of all was the interest of Pietro Bocco. His eyes never left the Captain's face, and they were growing wilder and brighter with suppressed excitement. It was clear that the superstitious Italian was far more moved by the story than the Englishmen, keenly interested as they were.

The Captain's voice was low and very distinct as he resumed:

"I rubbed my eyes, and started forward: the figure was gone. I told myself that I had been dreaming. But a wild desire was rising within me to flee from the cabin, to escape from the vicinity ere harm came of my visit there. Yet, as I had determined to pass the night in the cabin, rather than upon the open mountain, I could not yield to this desire without acknowledging the mastery of a groundless terror, and that I would not do. I strode into the cabin."

"The door had long since fallen away, and most of the roof was gone. A wind from the mountain whistled in at cracks and crannies, and made a low melancholy moaning in the trees without. The interior of the cabin was very dark, but the moon was climbing over the trees, just as it is now."

The captain's voice sank very low.

"I stood just within the ruin. The falling in of the roof left the interior exposed to the air, and as the moon rose, a dim light began to pervade the place. A nameless terror seized upon me, and I could not advance, neither could I muster up the will-power to fly. I knew that I was about to look upon something terrible, without being in the least able to make a movement to escape it."

"What was I to see?"

"The moon was coming up higher over the trees as I stood, with rooted limbs, but wildly beating heart."

"The light fell upon the floor, where the body of the hermit had been found, and where the rough bricks had been drenched with his blood."

"And there, there where the dead body had lain—I saw—I saw—"

A gasping exclamation interrupted the Captain.

It came from Pietro the guide.

The man was listening entranced to the tale, his body bent forward, his swarthy face white and strained. His cigar had fallen unheeded to the ground. His eyes were staring, almost starting from his head.

The listeners glared angrily at the man. His involuntary gasp of expectant terror had interrupted the story at a moment when it grew wildly thrilling.

But the Captain, though he paused, did not seem to notice the agitation of the guide.

He stared straight before him, his eyes upon the silver crescent of moon that was coming higher and higher over the Apennines.

"Go on," muttered Dick Forsythe, at last.

"What did you see?"

The Captain gave a start as if recalled to himself.

"I saw a body—a body at first indistinct to the view, but growing clearer in the ghostly light—the body of the murdered monk. It lay there, just as it had lain when the assassin had struck the blow—but it was dim, intangible, and through the outlines of the body I could see the form of the bricks of the floor."

"Laugh if you will, I saw it. And that was not all. Some intuition turned my glance to the window, and there, looking in, I saw the face of the Italian, the man I had watched crouching outside. The face of a phantom, for the man in the body was far away, but this resemblance of him haunted the spot where his crime had been done."

"And as I looked in the face, I saw its expression changing. I saw terror growing there, and the black eyes rolling, and then, as if moved by an invisible power, the murderer slowly, and as it were painfully, made his way into the cabin. Some power drew him towards the body of his victim, and though he seemed to struggle inwardly, and his terror was evident in his face, he could not resist."

"And I knew—" The captain's voice sank to a whisper, but it was strangely tense and clear: "I knew that that was to be the punishment of the murderer, as if a voice had told me so—that wherever he might hide himself, wherever he might flee, sooner or later he would be drawn back to the scene of his crime, sooner or later some invisible power would drag him to that solitary spot, to behold again the body of his victim, and to meet the doom merited by his sacrilegious crime."

"I knew that—"

A groan interrupted the Captain.

Pietro the guide had dropped his face into his hands, and was shaking like a leaf.

The Captain's face was fixed upon the guide now.

"I knew," he went on, his voice clear with a metallic ring. "I knew that it was to be my task to apprise the murderer of the doom that awaited him, that I should see him again

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and should tell him the story of the haunted cabin, and that his fate would drive him there to meet his doom.

"I knew that he would resist, and struggle and flee, but that in the end he would yield, and would hurry to the accursed spot, and there expiate his crime. That, even as I now saw the shadowy resemblance of him, so the man in flesh and blood would enter the solitary scene, and approach the bleeding body of his victim—that the murdered monk would rise to his feet, as now I saw the phantom of him rise—that he would approach the terror-stricken murderer, his eyes glaring, his hands outstretched—would close upon him—"

The captain broke off and sprang to his feet.

Pietro the guide had leaped from the rock with a yell of horror, and was racing away into the darkness.

"Stop him!" yelled the Captain, springing after the guide, and catching his foot in a blanket, and falling. "Stop him, I say!"

But the other campers were too astounded to raise a hand, and fear lent the guide wings. He vanished into the shadows, and the Captain stumbled to his feet, growling to himself.

"Hang it, he's got away!"

"What's the matter?" exclaimed Dick Forsythe, voicing the wonder of the rest.

"Why shouldn't he get away—and why—?"

"Pish!" said the Captain, testily. "Can't you see?"

"See what?"

"That Pietro Bocco was the murderer of the hermit, and that I made him betray himself," growled the Captain. "I wasn't sure at first, though I thought I knew his face, but after I began talking about the ghost—"

"The murderer?"

"Yes."

"Then the hermit was really murdered?"

"Of course."

"And—and—but the ghost story—that never happened?"

The Captain shrugged his shoulders, and lighted a cigar.

THE END.

The Reason.

TEACHER (at the end of object lesson on cat): "How is it that pussy can see in the dark?"

Tiny Tommy: "Please, teacher, because its fed on lights."

Basil Ayre, 58, High Street, Hartlepool—Book Prize.

A Distinction.

THE 'bus was crowded, some passengers were standing. A lady wanted to get out, and rang the bell.

The conductor cried:

"Stand back, please, a woman wants to get out."

Lady, very wrathfully:

"Who are you calling a woman? I am a lady."

Conductor:

"Stand back there, please. A lady, who's not a woman, wants to get out."

Edward Nix, 25, Stafford Street, Peckham, London, S.E.—Book Prize.

A Poser for Nurse.

"NURSIE!"

Little Freddie's voice broke the twilight stillness of the nursery for the twentieth time, and "nursie" began to get angry.

"Well, what do you want now?" she snapped.

"I on'y wanted to ask you—"

"I'll answer no more questions this night!" said nurse, firmly, as she went on folding up her charge's clothes.

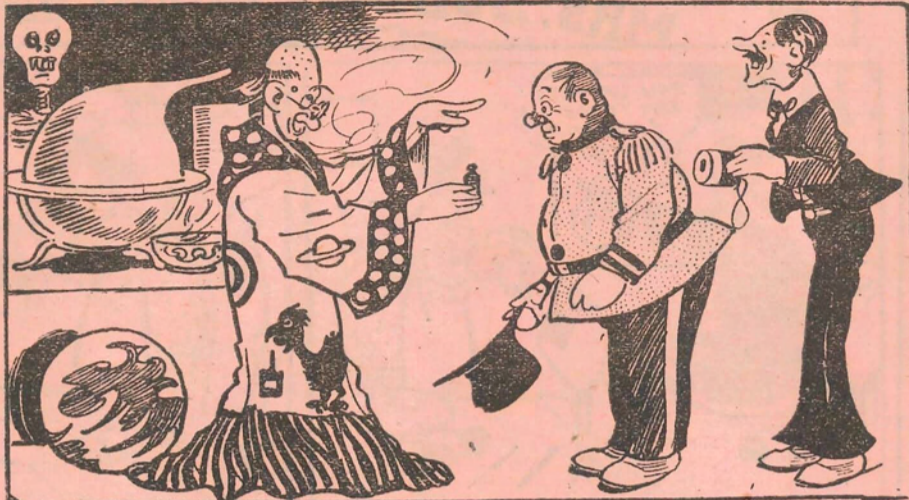
"Don't you know that curiosity killed a cat, Freddie?"

The small boy lay in silence, stunned by the wonder of this statement. Then he burst out again:

"Nursie, what did that cat want to know?"

Maggie Brooks, Flacks Farm, Sedge Top Lakenheath, Suffolk—Book Prize.

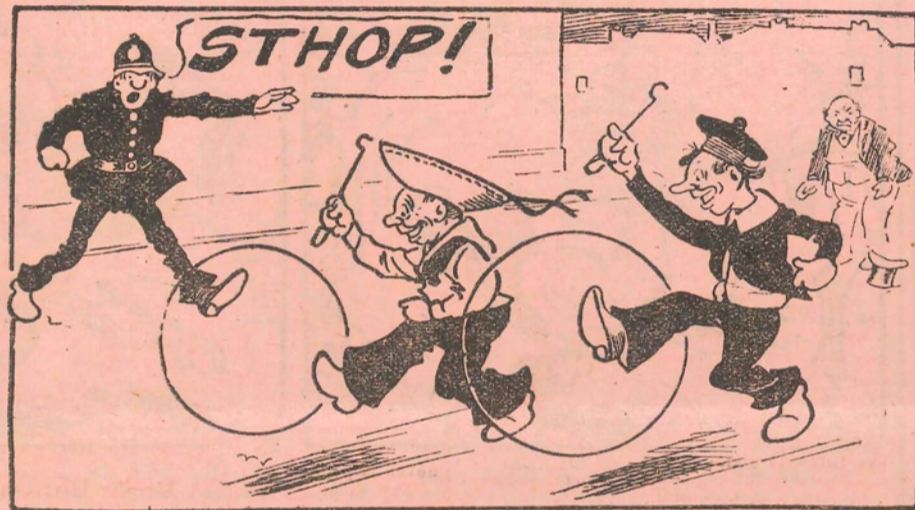
BIRDIE AND NAP. AND YOUTH POTION.



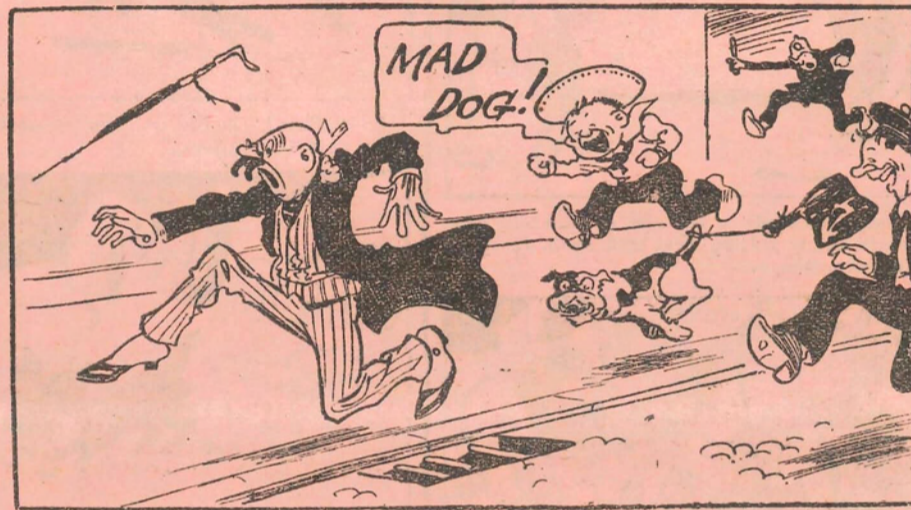
1.—DEAR READER, you have heard us mention before in our ramblings the name of Professor Whatnott, the Eminent Magician, Astrologer, Life Preserver, and Corn Extractor, hast thou not? Well, he's back again in England, a blessed sight cleverer even than before. Tais time it is the discovery of a Patent Fluid which possesses the wonderful property of turning old age into youth. As an experiment, he is giving our two heroes instructions for turning themselves into boys again FOR EXACTLY ONE WEEK.



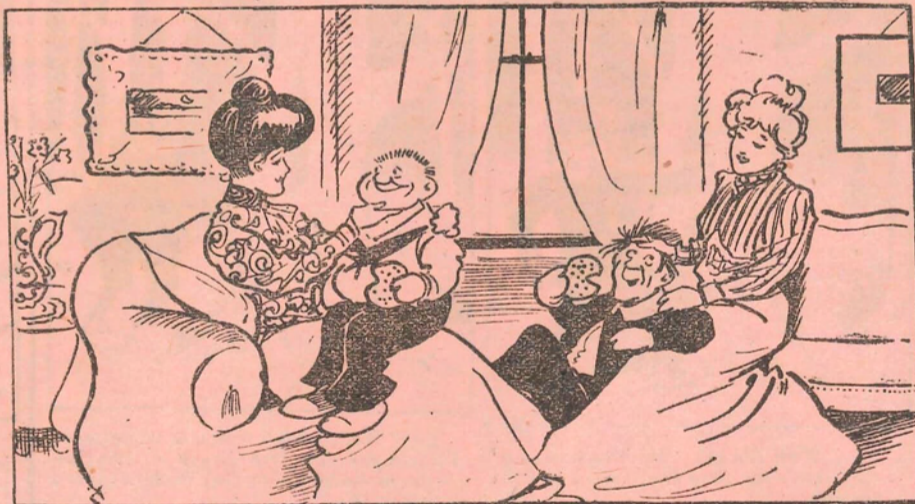
2.—For exactly one week. We will say that again because it's important. Well, Birdie and Nap, bided them to their digs, purchasing on their way a pair of boys' suits, and straightway retiring to their rooms, carried out the professor's instructions. The effect was marvellous—MARVELLOUS!! And you can imagine the unalloyed astonishment of the landlady when, on bringing in their tea, she found her staid, elderly lodgers changed, as per above cleograph, into a couple of sassy kids playing leap-frog!!!



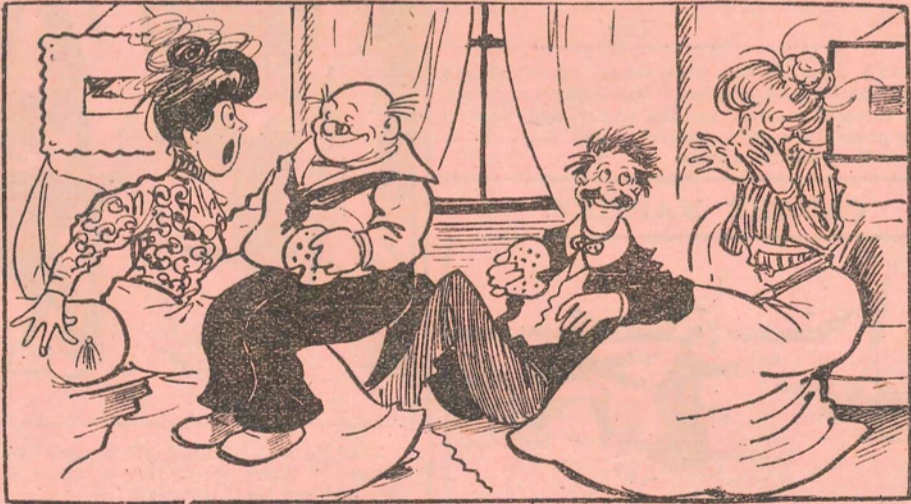
3.—Just look at the young rascals! There was no half doing things while Birdie and Nap were boys, we can assure you. Here we see the two beauties galavanting through the streets with iron hoops, as merry as sand boys, knocking down old gentlemen, banging into nurse-maids, oversetting prams, racing the legs of tall gents, and, in fact, doing the whole caboodle of tricks that boys love when enjoying of their little selves.



4.—The next day, in order to have a pleasing variety, the little demons planned a "mad dog" adventure, by tying an old saucepan to the tail end of an innocent mongrel, and then frightening him into chasing old gentlemen, suffering from "nerves," through the streets. My! how they howled with enjoyment! (Oh! ho! Not the old gents with "nerves," but Birdie and Nap.)

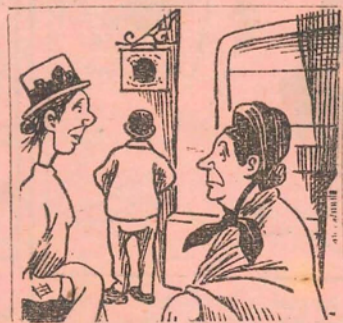


5.—But now we're coming to the most astonishing and amoo's'n' climax. The spell had started at exactly 3 p.m. on Saturday. Here we see Birdie and Nap, being petted by two young ladies who had taken rather a fancy to them (thinking them little boys, of course). The time is now exactly 25 seconds to three on the following Saturday. Another 25 seconds and they will be grown up men again!!!

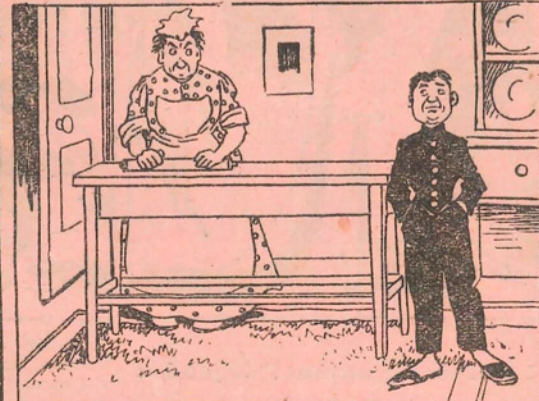


6.—Whuff—Alamacushla!!! Exactly at the tick of 3, an instantaneous change took place. Nap, was once more the bald-headed old rascal of old, whilst Birdie had grown up about another 4 feet, and sprouted his old moustache. Now, what CAN we say about the young ladies? It's impossible to describe their petrified astonishment and dismay to find that they had been petting and cuddling our two famous old crocks! Let us draw a veil.

ONE FOR 'ER.



Mrs. SNIFF: "Why, I wouldn't put me nose inside yer 'ouse, it's tha' dirty."
Mrs. COBWEB: "Yus, it always is; 'ankerchivs ain't in your line."

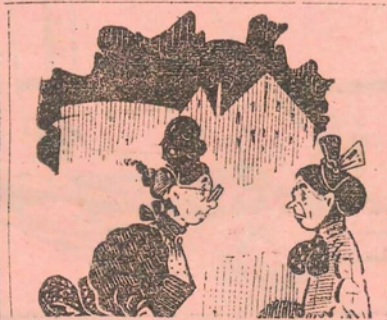


1.—THE NEW PAGE: "I say, look here, cookie, I didn't like that last pie you made at all. Yer'll 'ave ter turn over a new leaf if I'm ter live here, d'yer see!"



2.—Cookie: "I don't know about a leaf, but I allers 'as much pleasure in turning over a page, and I general'y leaves me mark on the back about 'arf way down,!"

TROUBLE.



"SAY, Mrs. Murphy, yer looking terrible sad about yer husband. Cheer up a bit, he only got six months 'ard, and six months will soon pass over."
Mrs. M.: "That's what makes me sad."

WILLING TO OBLIGE.



1.—“Just keep your eye on my shop for a minute, will you, my boy, and I'll give yer one of these buns to eat,” said the coffee-stall man to Jacky Horner.

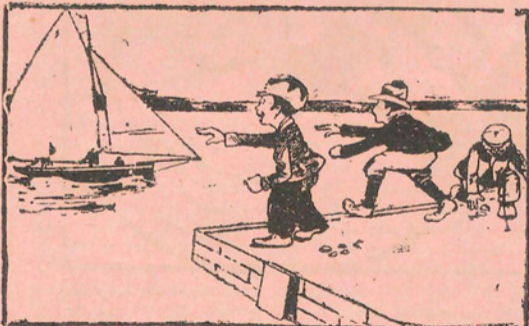


2.—Soon afterwards a big gust of wind blew down the tickets, and in putting them back again Jacky got them mixed somehow.

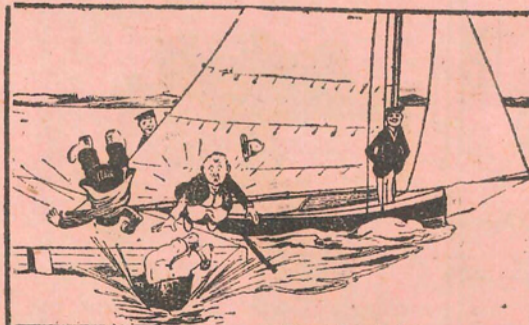


3.—And when Jacky's two chums turned up and caught sight of that invitation, “Please take one,” they simply threw themselves on the pastry, and, wust of all, the proprietor caught them at it, and, alas! Jacky will ache for a month to come.

CAUGHT NAPPING.

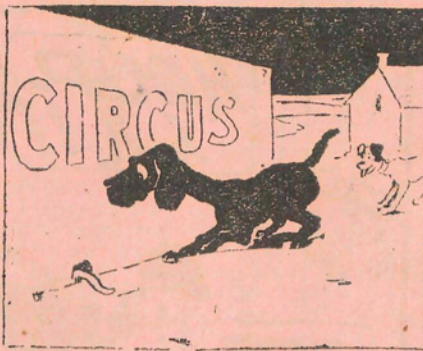


1.—THE youthlets had it all their own way, for the yachtmen could not reply to the salute of stones they received.



2.—But the steerman made things boom by changing his course suddenly, and swiping the nippers off for a cold bath. Rough luck, eh?

A SLIGHT BLOOMER.



1.—“Now for a nice giddy time with that cat's tail.”



2.—“Whoa! the fun is about to start. Keep your seats, please.”



3.—But it wasn't the tail of a cat that time.

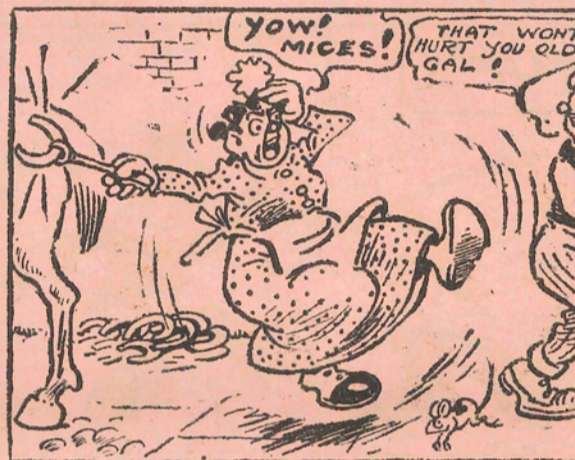
THE ADVENTURES OF MRS. SUDDS THE CHARLADY



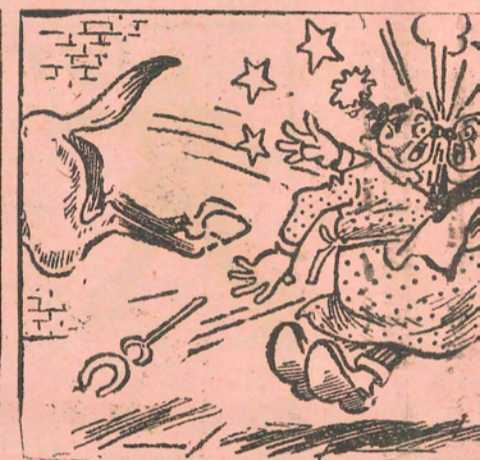
1.—MRS. SUDDS has been working for Mrs. Hammerknut, the blacksmith's wife, this week, and well she knows it. Yes. “Run up to the smithy with this meat pudden, he's so busy, he can't stop to come home,” hollered the missus.



2.—“Arf a mo, old gal, and I'll take it off—wait while I give this shoe another tap or two w'ot's” gurgled the blacksmith. “Thanks, that's you'd just hold this shoe a moment.”



4.—And Mrs. Sudds, like other girls, is scared of mices, and gave a scream, and jumped four feet in the air. In her excitement, she jabbed the red hot shoe on the gee-gee's hind quarters. And the horse strongly objected, and cotched her a nasty one.



5.—And biff! she cannoned up agin the “Oh, me pudden!” screeched he, as the pudden his hand and went smash on the floor. “You' out of my dinner,” screeched he, as he flew i' temper, and threatened to settle her straight off.

INTERCEPTED.



1.—“HALLOA!” muttered Tommy Titmouse. “Wot's Sis putting a letter in that old tree for, I wonder?”



2.—“Why, it's got ‘Mr. Skinnichump’ on it; that's the chap Dad kicked out the other night.”



3.—“Well, I don't wish him no harm, so I'll just put this 'ere bunch o' stinging nettles in the letter box just to show there's no malice like.”



4.—“He, he!” tittered Skinnichump, “I'll just see if my little bird has left me a message, before I post mine.”



5.—“Thumping scorpions!” he yelled, as he copped the full flavour of them nettles.



6.—And off he rushed howling for an ambulance, leaving his package unposted on the ground, which was fully appreciated by Tommy when he found it contained a box of sweets.



1.—It was old Gr just when he was i boy announced: “see you most partic

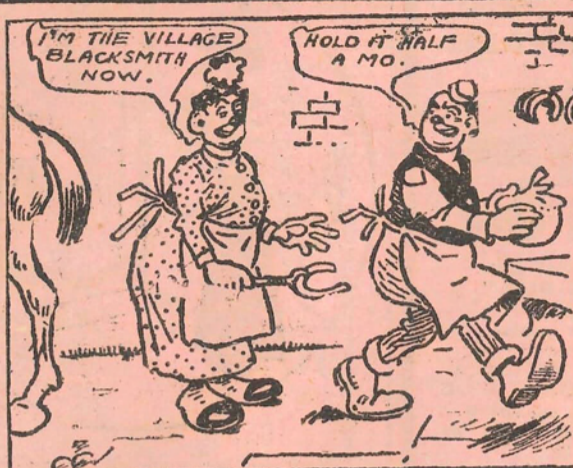


2.—But it was on book canvassers, wh buy a fine-art edi “How to keep t languages.”

AND THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.



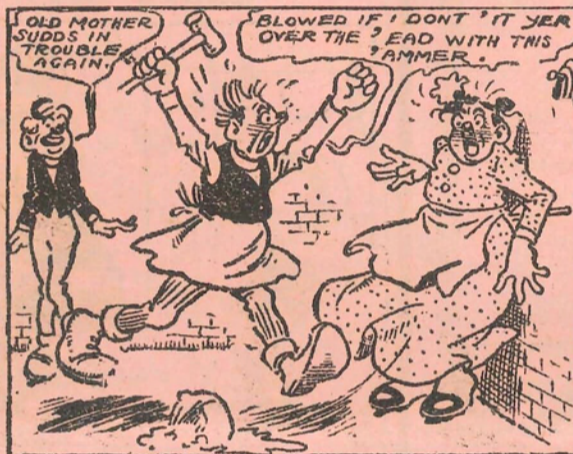
and I'll take it off you. Just another tap or two while its red h. "Thanks, that's it. I wish moment."



3.—"While I put the pudden on the forge to keep warm," gurgled the blacksmith. "Certainly," cooed Mrs. Sudds. Well, she'd only held it about three decimal point five seconds, when a mouse darted out.



oned up agin the blacksmith. ned he, as the pudden flew out of on the floor. "You've done me ched he, as he flew in a great settle her straight off.



6.—"Hang yer pudden! Why don't yer old woman bring it herself," yelled the unfortunate old gal. Alright taking a chap's dinner and getting nearly killed. Yer certainly seem very unfortunate. Ah, well, it ain't the first time she's had putrid luck, is it? See her next week.

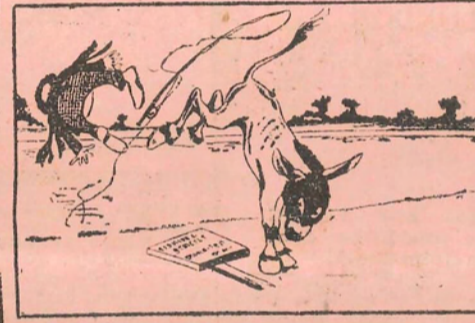
AN EDUCATED MOKE.



1.—THE MOKE: "Confound that fat-headed chap, can he not see that fishing is prohibited here?"



2.—"Now I will bring the matter before his notice. Can you not see that, blockhead?"

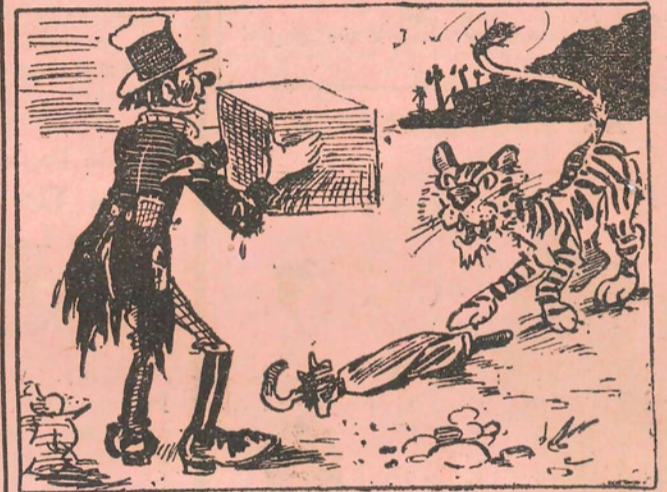


3.—"There! It's the only way to knock any sense into you. It's no use arguing with a man that won't see when he is in the wrong.

STRIPES GETS THE KNOCK.



1.—"On, great goodness!" yelled the pedlar, who was working Bamboozleland with "notions," "this is no place for me; this tiger's bump of admiration is a bit too developed."

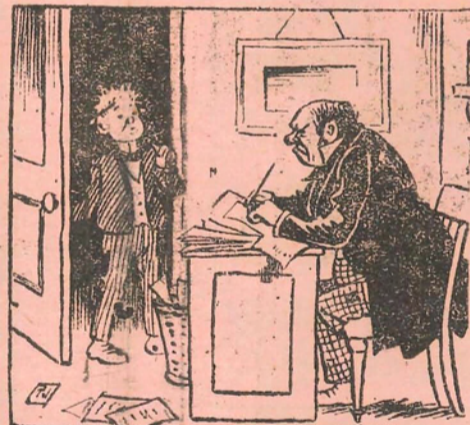


2.—"I've only one chance, and if that don't come off, I'm a deader. This little box might do the trick. Spick!"

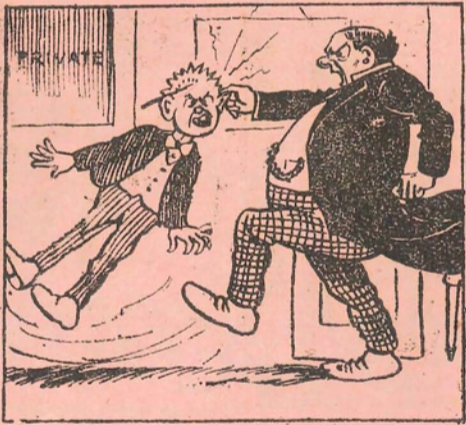


3.—And out popped an effigy of the Kaiser before he started shaving. "G-r-r-r," yapped the tiger, "except my eyes deceive my earsight, I'm in the Chamber of 'Errors." Then that pedlar chuckled a big chuckle, and greased off on the O.P. side.

A BUSY DAY.



1.—It was old Grumpthunder's busy day, and just when he was in the thick of it, the office boy announced: "Ere's a gentleman wants to see you most particular, sir."



3.—After the old chap had thrown him out of the window, he seized the office boy by the ear, and after swinging him round the office, gave him a week's notice.



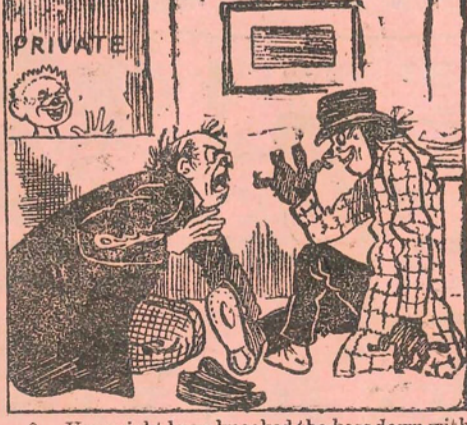
5.—The boss's hair curled when he caught sight of the nuisance. "I'll knock the nonsense out of him this time," he moaned. And then, Bumpitty! Riffitty! Bassetty! Bang!



2.—But it was only one of those humbugging book canvassers, who wanted Grumpthunder to buy a fine-art edition of that famous work: "How to keep the hair in curl in fifty languages."

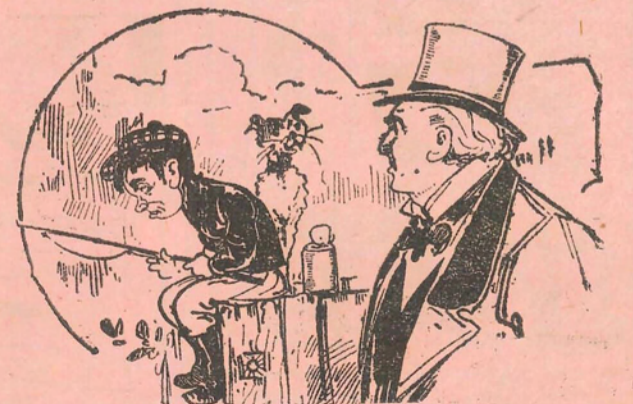


4.—Then did that office boy thirst for revenge. So he made up a dummy so like the canvasser that his mother would have known it first time.



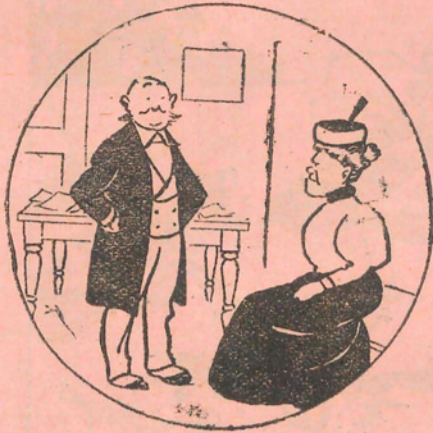
6.—You might have knocked the boss down with a steam hammer when he found how he'd been taken in. And when he saw what a splendid likeness it was, he remarked, "there's something in the young scamp after all." So he took him on again and doubled his screw. He did, straight.

REASSURING.



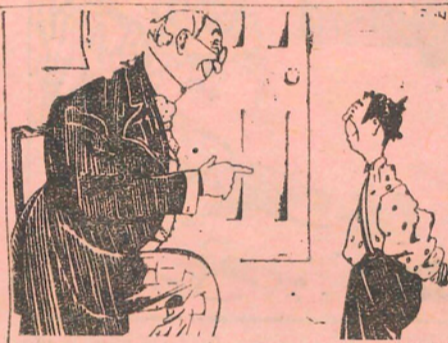
YOUTHFUL ANGLER (to dog): "Lie down, Fish, yer ole mongrel."—(To old gentleman.) "Yer needn't be frightened of 'im, sir; he never bites." That's why we calls 'im 'Fish.'"

PRELIMINARY.



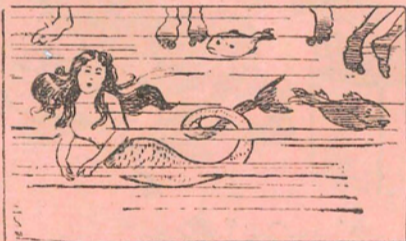
"I WANT to know if I can get a divorce from my husband. He boxed my ears this morning."
"Certainly, madam! That is a case of cruelty. Are you and your husband living together at the present time?"
"Well, not exactly! He's in the hospital with a broken jaw."

AN ACQUAINTANCE.



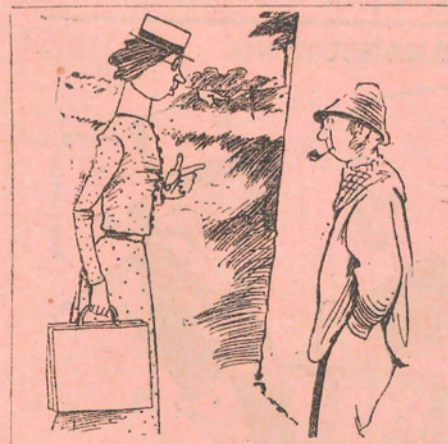
TEACHER: "If your father gave you half-a-crown, and your mother two shillings, how much would you have?"
Boy: "Humph! I guess you don't know anything of father. He's not that kind of a hairpin."

OH, THE TOOTSIES.



MISS MERMAID: "Oh, dear, I shall have to move. These cheap trippers spoil everything."

AIDS TO BEAUTY.



SHORT-SIGHTED LADY ARTIST: "My good men, whose are those beautiful moving objects near those trees, fluttering 'twixth earth and sky, giving an air of hazy movement to the landscape?"
Old Yokel: "Oh, them there, why they be a pair of my old trassis out to dry, mum."

(8/5/15)

LUCKY BLUE COUPONS ALSO APPEAR IN "FUNNY CUTS" EVERY WEEK.

SPLENDID FOUNTAIN PEN FREE.



With 14-CARAT GOLD NIB (English Make), including Special Filler, with full instructions in box. POST FREE.

Champion POCKET KNIFE FREE.

Two Blades. GUARANTEED BEST SHEFFIELD STEEL, Heavy Nickel-Plated Handle. POST FREE.



"PICTURE FUN" LUCKY BLUE COUPON.

Every week we shall print hundreds of these Coupons in BLUE ink. If your copy of either "FUNNY CUTS" or "PICTURE FUN" contains a Coupon printed in BLUE ink you are entitled to a FOUNTAIN PEN or a POCKET KNIFE—whichever you prefer.

It will be sent you POST FREE on the following conditions: When you find a LUCKY BLUE COUPON tell your chums about it and ask them to help you. Get THREE of them to buy a copy of either "FUNNY CUTS" or "PICTURE FUN" and ask them to give you their Coupons. Send these THREE ORDINARY COUPONS along with the LUCKY BLUE COUPON filled in with your name and address to:

Coupon Department,
"Funny Cuts" & "Picture Fun,"
Fleet Lane, LONDON, E.C.

The Editor will send you BY RETURN, POST FREE, a "FUNNY CUTS" FOUNTAIN PEN (14 Carat Gold Nib) or POCKET KNIFE (Sheffield Steel Blades, Nickel-Plated Handle).

ONE Blue Coupon and THREE Ordinary Coupons must be Sent with Each Application.

When this Coupon is printed in BLUE ink it is a LUCKY BLUE COUPON, and will be accepted if received by the Editor on or before May 15.

"PICTURE FUN" COUPON

MAY 8, 1915.

NAME

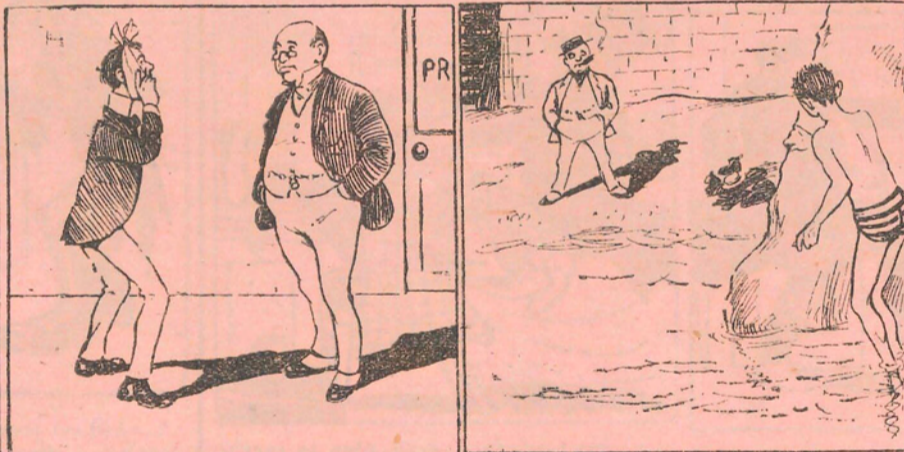
ADDRESS

FOUNTAIN PEN | Cross out one NOT
POCKET KNIFE | wanted.

ONE LUCKY Blue Coupon and THREE Ordinary Coupons MUST BE SENT WITH EACH APPLICATION FOR A FOUNTAIN PEN OR POCKET KNIFE.

LUCKY BLUE COUPONS will also be printed in the Colonial Editions. Australian, New Zealand, South African and Canadian Readers should look out for a LUCKY BLUE COUPON, Which will be accepted from Colonial Readers if received within 6 Months of date thereon.

HOW JENKINS GOT HIS HOLIDAY.



1.—JENKINS wanted a holiday, so he told his master he had neuralgia very badly, which, of course, was not true; anyway he got the holiday.

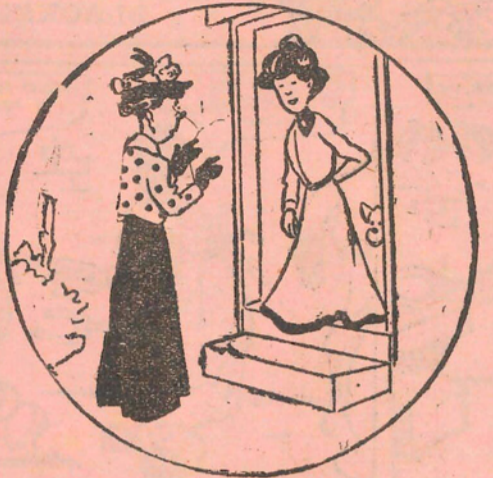
2.—Of course, he went down by the sea, and after having a dip, he was just returning to his clothes, when who should be standing there but his master. "Great Scott!"



3.—Poor Jenkins waited half-an-hour, and by that time the tide came in and washed his clothes away.

4.—He rescued them all but his boots, and to make it worse, that cheap suit shrunk a bit. He returned home by the next train.

UNIMPORTANT, IF TRUE.



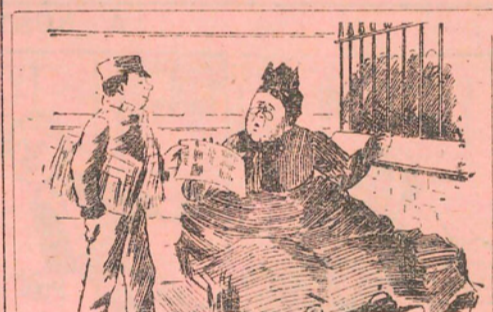
"Your brother proposed to me during the service last Sunday."
"You mustn't mind him; he often talks in his sleep."

BRAVE BOY!



POLICEMAN: "How dare you laugh at me!"
Boy: "Cos you ain't a real copper; but only a silly old comic paper one."

CHEEKY BOY.



CHEEKY NEWSBOY (to old lady who has come down a cropper): "Buy a copy of Funny Cuts, mum. There's an awful funny picture in it of an old lady who fell down on a bit of banana skin."

THE GIRL DIDN'T KNOW.



HE: "The last time I rowed I broke my scull."
SHE: "Good gracious! Did they take you to the hospital?"

More Correct.

"In your sermon this morning you spoke of a baby as 'a new wave on the ocean of life,'" said the churchwarden, who had recently become a father, to the vicar in the vestry. "I did," replied the vicar; "it was a poetic figure of speech."



"Don't you think 'a fresh squall' would have hit the mark better."

George Winterbourne, 165, Ock Street, Alington—First Prize, 5s.

Where His Mother Was.

INSURANCE AGENT: "Good morning, Tom, is your mother in the Prudential?" Little Tom: "No, she ain't; she's in the wash-house."

W. H. Wardell, 43, Maynard Street, Carlen House, R.S.O., Yorks.—Book Prize.

The Irishman in Blue.

ALTHOUGH hot and exhausted, P.C. Patrick O'Broil felt not a little pleased with himself. He had just effected his first arrest since becoming a member of the Force; and, more than that, an arrest certainly to be proud of. In short, after a long, exciting chase, he had captured Tom Crooke, the notorious but elusive housebreaker.

While he was marching to the station, however, with his prisoner, the latter's hat suddenly blew off, and went scurrying away along the street.

"Lawks!" cried Tom. "There goes my 'at! Shall I run after it?" "Phwat?" roared Pat, a wise look on his face. "You run after it, and not come back again? No, my lad, you stand here; I'll fetch your hat."

Walter Crocket, Bull Ring, Church Street, Heath Town, Wolverhampton.—Book Prize.

No Stops.

MRS. O'HOOIHAN: "Faith, Moike, th' father was ather sayin' me tongue was an orgin. Did iver ye hear th loike?"

Moike: "Bedad, an' it's a bad mistake he's ather makin.' Shure, on' they do say as how



there be shtops to an orgin, but there's divil a shtop to yer tongue."

Ella Ford, 50, Dean Road, South Shields—Prize, 2s. 6d.



Wasted Exertion.

ONE windy day Jones was out walking, when his best straw hat blew away. He raced after it for about half-an-hour, and at last caught it. Jones then leaned against the nearest wall to gain his breath, which was coming in gasps and sobs.

After about five minutes a fat man came running up, and asked for his hat. "Y-your hat!" gasped Jones, looking dazedly at his capture. "Then where's mine?" "Yours is hanging down your back by a string," said the fat man. Then Jones fainted.

Hugh Salway, 175, Gelli Road, Ton Pentre, Ystrad, South Wales.—Book Prize.

Quite So.

NERVOUS Mistress (to Maggie, who is wearing soft shoes):—"How you frightened me, Maggie, coming in so quietly. I wish you would have some nails put in your shoes."

Maggie—"If you please, ma'am, there is nails in them."

Mistress—"Are you sure?" "Yis, ma'am; me toe-mails."

Bernard Caranagh, 79 Main Street, Maryboro.—Book Prize.

She Had Her Pick.

A YOUNG lady came running into the post office.

"Do you sell stamps here?"



"Yes, madam," replied the obliging clerk.

"Will you let me see some," asked the fair one.

The clerk showed her a sheet of pennystamps. After looking at them

for a little while, she said: "I'll have this one please," pointing to one in the middle of the sheet.

Hal Waites, Off De Beers Bridge, Kimberley, S. Africa.—Book Prize.

The Excuse.

MISTRESS: "Dinner won't be ready for two hours! Good gracious, Jane, what's the delay?"

Jane: "Why, mum, you said you wanted split pea soup, and, faith, it's taken me two hours and twenty minutes to split 300 peas, and there are 479 to be split yet. Oi counted 'em myself."

Eva White, Axe Brand House, High Street, Chatham, Kent.—Book Prize.

A Credit To His Mother.

WHERE the carefully-nurtured child learns manners is a standing mystery to its watchful parents. These anxious rearers of the young are often heard propounding this query but generally without result. Once in a while, however, out of the deep silence comes an illuminating answer.



Johnny furnished one just the other day. He had just finished a particularly toothsome dish of apple pudding, which he ate to the last morsel. Then, despite the fact that there was company at the table, he deliberately picked up his saucer, and licked it clean.

"Johnny!" exclaimed his mother, after a horrified gasp, "whom did you ever see do a thing like that?"

"Cats," replied Johnny.

Cissy Fleming, Briar Cottage, Alyth—Book Prize.

He Did Not Understand.

AN old highland sergeant, in one of the Scottish regiments, was going his rounds one night to see that all lights were out. Coming to a room where he thought he saw a light shining, he roared out:

"Put out that light there!"

One of the men shouted back:

"It's the mune, sergeant!"

Not hearing very well, the sergeant cried, in return:

"I dinna care a ticket what it is. Put it out!"

D. E. Davies, 3, Marian Street, Chlydach Vale, Rhondda Valley—Book Prize.

Puzzle.

"I HEAR that friend of yours has been turned out of the hospital incurable."

"Yes, that's a bad case."

"What's the matter with him?"

"That's what puzzles the doctors. You see he's so thin that they can't tell whether it's a backache or a stomach ache."

David Grey, Rock Terrace, Morrington nr. Swansea, South Wales.—Book Prize.

A Tragedy.

FIRST BOY (shouting to playmate in the distance): "Willie's got a boat!"

Second Boy: "Wot?"

F. B. (louder still): "Willie's go-t a b-o-a-t."

S. B.: "Eh! Cut 'es froat?"

F. B. (fortissimo): "Nah! Wil-l-i-e's go-t a b-o-a-t."

S. B. (shocked): "Cut it much?"

F. B. (in disgust and nearly blue in the face): "O' 'es cut 'es bloomin' 'ead orf."

Gerald Graham, 23, West Avenue, Pontefract, Yorks.—Book Prize.

CASH FOR JOKES.

DO YOU KNOW A FUNNY STORY?

We offer readers a Prize of 5/- for the one we consider the best sent in each week. For the THREE NEXT BEST 2/6 EACH will be Awarded, and a BOUND VOLUME will be Given as Consolation Prizes. Write or stick your story on a sheet of paper; on the back of each story stick the coupon, which you will find at the side, fill in your name and address, and state where you took that story from. Post to

THE JOKE EDITOR, "PICTURE FUN" Office, Fleet Lane, LONDON, E.C.

You can send in as many stories as you like, each having an equal chance of winning a prize, but each one must have a coupon stuck on the back.

The names and addresses of the senders of those we print will be inserted under each story.

"SMILES" COUPON.

GOOD FOR ONE JOKE ONLY.

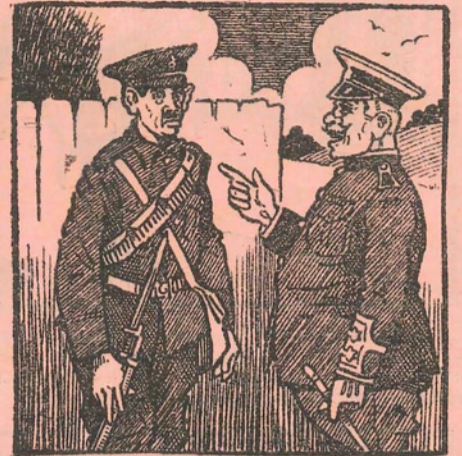
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Address

Guard Duty.

BINKS was on quarter guard. It was his first experience of sentry-go. The O.C. happened to be taking a stroll round the camp.

Binks, in spite of all the previous instructions he had received, neglected to come to the Present when the O.C. was passing his



post.

The "old man" turned to him sharply and, after giving him a severe telling off, asked:

"Have you ever done any guard duty before, my man?"

Binks (promptly): "Oh, yes, sir; every day for about two years."

O.C.: "Indeed! Where, may I ask?"

Binks: "On the Great Eastern, sir. There is a guard over Binks now."

S. Johnson, 39, Wordsworth Square, Town End, Morley, nr. Leeds—Prize, 2s. 6d.

Pointed.

A SCHOOLMASTER was giving his pupils a lesson on the circulation of the blood.



"If I stand on my head," said he, by way of illustration, "the blood rushes to my head doesn't it?"

Nobody contradicted him.

"Now," he continued, "when I stand on my feet, why doesn't the blood rush into my feet?"

"Because," answered a darling youth, "your feet ain't empty."

The master did not ask any more questions.

Master R. C. Hawkes, 9, Caprera Terrace, North Road, Plymouth, Devonshire Book Prize.

ALL THE FUN

IN

"FUNNY CUTS."

THE BRIGHTEST PAPER ON EARTH.

HAVE YOU FOUND A BLUE COUPON?

Neighbourly Affection.

FIRST BOY: "Huh! your mother take washin' in."

Second Boy: "Of course. You didn't find



she'd leave it hangin' out at night, now your farver isn't in prison?"

C. Howard, 43, Rosslyn Street, Liverpool—Prize, 2s. 6d.

ALGY OVERWEIGHT AND MAUDIE MARGARINE HAVE A DAY OFF.



1.—'Twas Algy and Maudie's day off! So they toddled off to the Zoo. Of course they had to see the monkeys, what d'you think! "Ain't he a funny feller?" sez Maudie, when an artful-looking monk gave her the glad-eye.



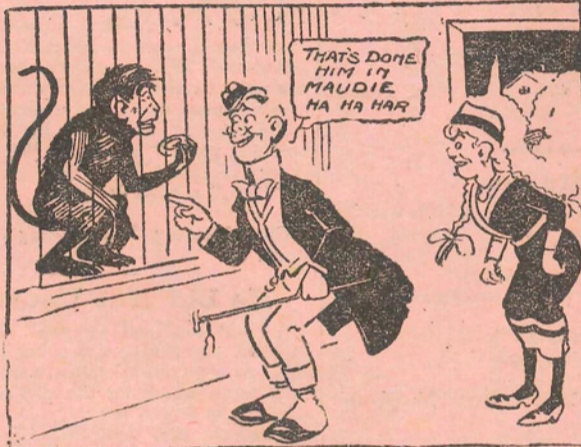
2.—But it wasn't Maudie he was gazing at; no, it was the bunch of artificial cherries she wore in her hat. Yes, they quite took his eye, and when Maudie turned her back, he made a grab at 'em. "Got 'em" he chortled in his own lingo.



3.—Oh, lor! wasn't Maudie wild? Rather. You can't rile a girl worse than to damage her top-knot. "Never mind, Maudie," cooed Algy, "I'll pay him out for it. Come along to the refreshment stall. I've got an idea."



4.—Yes. Artful Algy bought a "snice smince spie," and put a lot of mustard inside. Then he offered it to his nibs, the monkey, who was on it in once. "Now, we'll soon get our own back!" chuckled Algy.



5.—And didn't our pair laugh when Mister Monk got a taste of the mustard. "Ha, ha, her!" laughed Algy. "Didn't I tell yer, Maudie, we'd soon get our own back?" Ennyway, Algy did.



6.—He got that mince pie back. Yes, slap in the eye, mustard and all. No, Algy, old chap, you can't monkey with monkeys; ennyway, not for long. Then Algy wept bitterly, with one eye. So Maudie took him home to his ma.

FORWARD BOY.



SHE: "What business are you going in for, John?"
He: "I'm thinking of starting a matrimonial agency, and I want you to be my first client."

HARD HIT.



CLARENCE REGINALD (who has just been scornfully rejected): "A time will come, Madam, when you will sue on bended knees in vain for the proud position I now offer you!"

A SURPRISE



1.—"GLAD I've nearly done this posting business. Then I can go 'ome and have a blow out of pudden."



2.—"I'm almost certain I've covered a window, but life's too short to go back and see."



3.—Irate Householder: "Look here, you rascal! What! How! When the—!"



Billposter (giving him a dose of paste): "Garn, Mister! Yer torks too much by 'arf!"

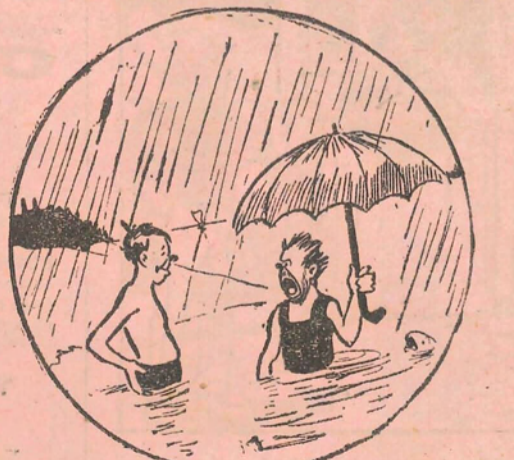
THE BEAUTIFUL WATERFALL.



COUNTRY BOARDER: "Where's that grand waterfall you advertised?"

Farmer: "Why, ain't yer seen that spout there? When the rain comes, the water comes pouring out er there, and makes as purty a waterfall as ye'd wish ter see!"

AFRAID HE MIGHT GET WET.



"HEAVEN'S, man! what are yer doing with that umbrella?"
"Don't yer see it's raining, yer flule!"