

CHIPS, 1D.
OUR LUCKY READERS.
 THE
 NAMES AND ADDRESSES
 OF THE
WINNERS
 OF
TWELVE 'CHIPS' PRIZE
FOOTBALLS
 ARE ON PAGE 6.

No. 857. (NEW SERIES.) [ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL.] PRICE ONE

WEARY WILLIE AND TIRED TIM



1. Whatever can our noble pair be thinking about, running around in their pyjamas like this? Chased by tram inspectors, too! There is some dark mystery lurking here. But stay! Are they pyjamas? Are they tram inspectors? Nunno! Let us face the hard fact (hard labour facts), and get it over. Our pair have been in trouble—they have been doing time! Fortunately for the newsagents and the public generally they have managed to make good their escape, otherwise we should have been obliged to publish our merry little page with a blank front page, which would have looked funny in the shop windows, wouldn't it?



3. It seemed a silly sort of a notion at first, because, under ordinary conditions, the pair would have simply moved round in a circle and landed right in the enemies' arms (fire-arms, some of them).

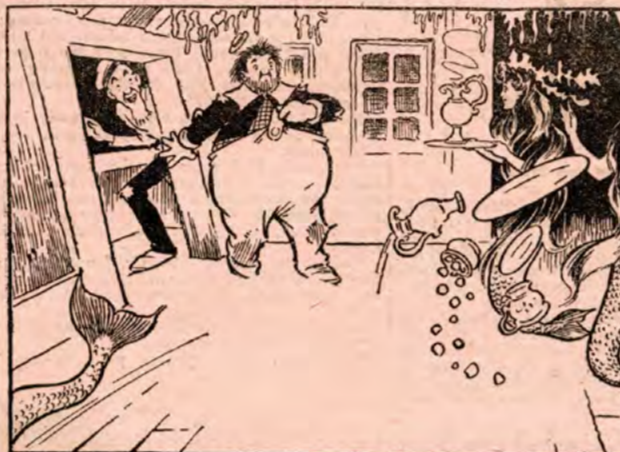


4. But those wily warders had a balloon. "Farewell, dear, del accents. "Farewell—farewell,



6. Those warders were quite overwhelmed by this sudden burst of generosity of their warding in a hospital ward till further notice. (Now have a look at that eye-opening

ILLUSTRATED CHIPS
 STORY STARTS IN
 HALFPENNY. [TRANSMISSION ABROAD AT BOOK RATES.] MARCH
 FOR TREASURE AND FIND TROUBLE.



2. Then a strange thing happened. Our dashing adventurers had just the ancient vessel, and were about to enter one of the cabins, when loud suddenly rent the still night air in two separate places. Then followed the crockery, and our pair found themselves face to face with a couple of mermaid dear, how you frightened us!" cooed one of the startled sirens to Tim as recovered her breath. "Have you called to see Miss Clara, sir? Because and, if you please, sir, what name shall we give?" "Gracious goodness," who had overheard the remark, "you don't mean to say that Clara the me Run at once, and tell her that her old friends Weary Willie and Tired Tim have just dropped in as they were passing by!" "This is a bit of luck!"



4. But our heroes did not forget the main object of their visit. Nunn had come to look for Spanish treasure, and a little later on they found it. "C piped Tim joyously, as his gaze fell heavily upon the valuables. "This m Park Lane for me, with fountains and a rockery in the back garden! You



6. Well, our pair had to leave the balloon behind in the end. Clara an them to get into the big lamp which the Spaniards used to hang over the p at lighting-up time, and thus cosily shielded from the elements they we ashore on the flood tide. So CHIPS will come out as usual next Thursday.

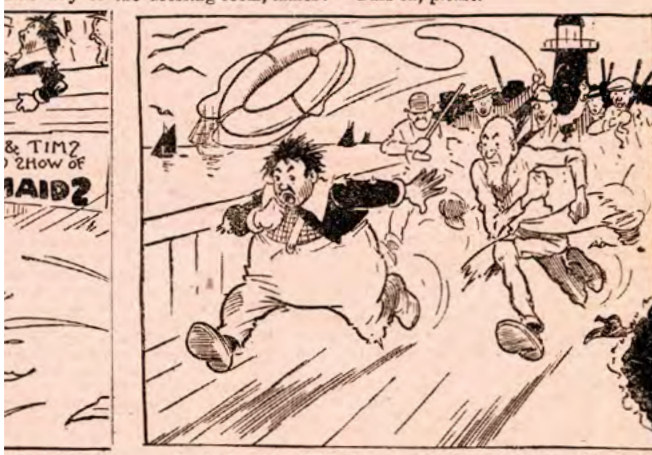
1 2
 PENNY. [TRANSMISSION ABROAD AT BOOK RATES.] MAY 18, 1907.
 A MERMAID FACTORY.



a firm footing, our enterprising innovators took a jaunt to Billingsgate—a place who are anxious to master our language—and here they "procured" a few fish ial to the manufacture of genuine mermaids, for, as you are doubtless aware, r its linguists. But, alas! commercial enterprise of this sort does not always and our very free traders were not allowed to take anything away with them. ith the torrent of eloquence, etc., that greeted them on their departure. "What "It's wonderful how they do it without referring to notes."



for you others," growled Willie to the unsuccessful candidates, "I don't see how e able to swim with ugly faces like those! Kindly leave by the side-door, so as rganise the traffic!" Then, turning to the favoured few, he cooed in dulcet This way to the dressing-room, ladies!" Pass on, please.



Bumblebay, eethearts of ous youth;
 6. And our pair had to exceed the human speed limit all the way to the station in order—here we quote from "The Bumblebay Bugle"—"to escape summary justice at the hands of an infuriated mob."

EXCERPTS FROM THE KEVIN CARPENTER COLLECTION

WEARY WILLIE AND TIRED TIM

PERFECTING THE MOLD FOR KNOCKABOUT TRAMPS

EXAMPLES FROM ILLUSTRATED CHIPS 1907-1909

IMPRESSUM:

**Texts by Kevin Carpenter: p. 5, p. 6 top,
all other texts: Kevin Carpenter and Jakob Dittmar.
Images: Amalgamated Press 1898-1922.
Edited by Jakob Dittmar.
Printed by WIRmachenDRUCK, Backnang, Germany.
Published by New Smallprint Press, Trelleborg, 2025.**

ISBN: 978-91-981603-8-3 (print)

ISBN: 978-91-990299-0-0 (pdf)

As individual work was not signed, authorship of the comics published by Harmsworth and the Amalgamated Press is not easily attributable.

The images in this volume have not been edited apart from careful adjustments of contrasts in case of particularly weak print. They are reproduced in original size, resulting in slightly odd page designs. Where reproductions had to be scaled this is indicated in the information on the image.

The main texts in this volume are based on Kevin Carpenter's "wonderfully vulgar" (2013) and have been carefully adapted and expanded by the editor to fit the purpose of this volume.

The example for 1 October 1898 is not part of the Kevin Carpenter Collection but has been included here from the Oldenburg University special collection to give an impression for the style set before the main material of this volume was produced.

All Amalgamated Press-material in this volume is reproduced in original size. Their original publication format was a tabloid newspaper-size that varied slightly between productions.

Please note the pencil-sketches in some of the margins that are included in a few reproductions - their origins are unknown and they do not look like some reader's aimless drawings. Somebody repeated and continued design ideas from the images shown. As details like these are part of the fun when working with archives, they are included.

Other volumes showcasing the Kevin Carpenter Collection:

BITS AND PIECES. MISCELLANEOUS COMIC STRIPS FROM ILLUSTRATED CHIPS AND PUCK 1906 / 1907.

Trelleborg, 2025:

ISBN: 978-91-981603-9-0 (print)

ISBN: 978-91-990299-2-4 (pdf)

CASEY COURT OR BILLY BAGGS AND THE CASEY COURT NIBS.

Trelleborg, 2025:

ISBN 978-91-981603-7-6 (print)

ISBN: 978-91-990299-1-7 (pdf)

WEARY WILLIE AND TIRED TIM

PERFECTING THE MOLD FOR KNOCKABOUT TRAMPS

EXCERPTS FROM THE KEVIN CARPENTER COLLECTION

While the library of Carl von Ossietzky-University in Oldenburg, Germany, holds a special collection of around 5000 early British comics, that collection is not catalogued nor digitised extensively, far from it. Throughout his years as a teacher at the university, Kevin Carpenter has promoted research into this special collection, and while insisting that he did not collect comics, he has collected his own catalogue of early British comics to be able to show how these work, how stories were told in text-adventures as well as in caricatures and comics, how themes re-appeared and changed when re-told.

While working with Kevin Carpenter’s collection, its width and strengths have become clear: The material allows us to look not only into the bandwidth of productions at the time, understand the development and establishment of a dedicated section in publishing and its titles, figures, styles, and genres. Also, influences on and interdependencies between individual publications become visible and allow to understand better in what way individual social issues, cultural changes, and historic events and incidents were taken up in what ways in the comic papers then. It invites to discover forgotten contributions to the history of comics as well as the narrative culture of its time – good and bad.

Not only because I am most grateful for receiving Kevin Carpenter’s collection, but also because of the doors it opens for research and contemplation, I want to share it with interested readers and researchers by publishing selections from it. This way, more than just single representative examples become easily accessible and allow to understand the narrative strategies, routines, but also the extend of experimentation and development in these comics. And, not at least, they allow us to see better similarities and differences in other comics’ developments.

Jakob Dittmar, 2025

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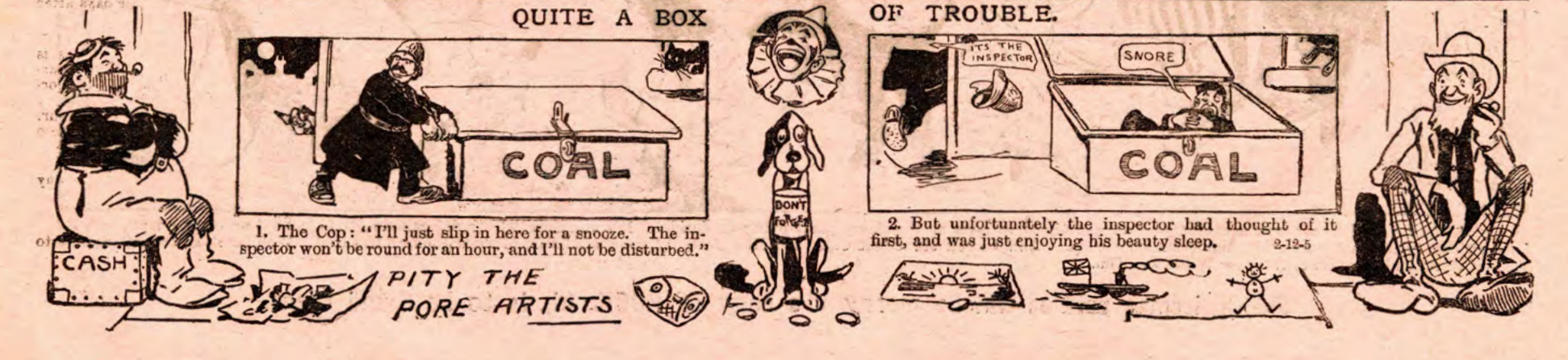
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WEARY WILLIE AND TIRED TIM

It was Nottingham-born artist Tom Browne who broke the tramp mould. Prompted in part by the sight of two down-and-outs on the Thames Embankment, also inspired by Don Quixote (probably the edition illustrated by Gustave Doré), Browne created two amiable characters he called Weary Willie (or Willy) and Tired Tim for Harmsworth’s comic *Illustrated Chips* in 1896. One thin tramp (Willie) plus one fat tramp (Tim), bold, brazen and wily, constantly in scrapes in a win-one lose-one rhythm, they exude confidence and cheerfulness. In a late-nineties strip, Willy and Tim breeze into view like working-class flâneurs, strolling round the city, their city, observing, commenting, and intervening at whim (see Illustrated Chips, 1 October 1898, reproduced on page 8).

The popularity of the series was “instant and enormous”, practically doubling the sales of *Illustrated Chips*. By the time he retired from the comics after a decade of prolific activity, not only had Browne changed the template for tramp portrayal in the comics – and the imitations, some by himself, were numerous – by common academic consent he had also been hugely responsible for the consolidation of the style of British comics. His “world-famed tramps” continued to decorate the cover page of *Chips* every week until 1953, drawn by various hands, for the last forty-four years by Percy Cocking.

Illustrated Chips, 2 December 1907



AMALGAMATED PRESS AND ILLUSTRATED CHIPS

Illustrated Chips was published by Alfred Harmsworth (later Lord Northcliffe), who founded the Amalgamated Press in 1901 to contain his diverse publications. While he later established the Daily Mail and Daily Mirror, he started with smaller publications across different fields, earning most from entertainment periodicals.

In 1890, after having analysed the market, he hastily assembled a paper called Comic Cuts. Its huge success marked the beginning of the comics paper-boom in Britain. The new paper cost a halfpenny each, and competition for these ha'pennies was fierce. Without revealing its exact weekly sales, the editor of Comic Cuts soon boasted that its circulation equalled the combined sale of all its competitors (Comic Cuts, 15 November 1890), a few months later assessing its average issue readership as “two or three million people” (Comic Cuts, 7 March 1891), and scornfully adding early the following year that most of the forty or fifty imitations had “died a lingering death” (Comic Cuts, 6 February 1892).

To squash the remaining competition, Harmsworth speedily brought out a companion to his first comic, calling it Illustrated Chips (1890). Both of these comic journals initially pinched material from abroad, although they very soon relied almost exclusively on material provided by British artists. Short comic strips and full-page comics appeared on the pages of these periodicals together with single-picture cartoons, while each volume consisted of four pages text-stories and four pages comics.

THE COMICS IN ILLUSTRATED CHIPS

While different publications were put on the marked, merged or re-named as the owner considered best, a host of comics were published in these. If they were not really boosting sales, they were stopped abruptly, while similar themes and figures re-appeared under new names and in slightly different circumstances. Guest-appearances of figures from one comic in other comics of the publisher were used for cross-attracting readers of the different titles to read all the others comic papers as well. At the same time, no names of artists or writers are stated in the pages of Illustrated Chips and its sister-publications.

For many years, these two sections in the comics, “Screaming Sketches, Engrossing Tales” (masthead of The Comic Home Journal, 1902) or inversely “The Best Stories and the Funniest Pictures” (masthead of Illustrated Chips, 1922), remained separate and distinct. Perhaps this clear compartmentalization into serious fiction here, humorous comic strip there, is one of the reasons why the adventure strip was slow to enter and then develop in British comics. The rule remained that about half of the content of Illustrated Chips consists of fictional texts, editor’s comments, satires on news and other newspaper content of the time, and of course advertisements. The other half are not illustrated texts as mentioned before, but are picture-based: Apart from the longer running main comic titles, many comics were included in the pages of Illustrated Chips and Puck that were one-offs, like the figures in the many caricatures created for one contribution only. While much of the comics content were comic strips of varying length, some of the comics were full-page comics, running in every issue of their publication as long as they were popular enough to support sales of that journal. The fluid co-existence of these diverse visual formats in sometimes crowded juxtaposition proves that readers had no issues with these wild blends of different types of storytelling, commenting, and advertising at all.

Weary Willy and Tired Tim and similar slapsticky material, also referred to as “Knockabout”, was printed in black on tinted paper, green, blue, pink or yellow in contrast to the brightly-coloured nursery comics. These comics printed in black were cheaper than the coloured publications and were known as “black comics” even though they are dominated by their papers’ colour. The term “yellow press” for cheap newspapers in general originates from these tinted papers, the strategy was definitely not restricted to cheap entertainment periodicals with their combination of serialised texts, caricatures, and comics.

Following price standardization at the Amalgamated Press in the autumn of 1922, they cost a penny (1d) apiece, a price that seemed to have fallen within the discretionary pocket money of lower-middle-class and working-class youngsters, particularly boys. These “black comics” included the old stalwarts Funny Wonder, Chips, Comic Cuts and Merry and Bright along with the newcomers Joker and Larks and many more.

In its heyday in the 1930s, Chips alone reputedly sold a million copies per week. Nor were these comics only available in England, Scotland, Wales and Ireland. Many “overseas editions” were distributed through agents in Canada, Australia, New Zealand and South Africa, the shipped-out versions generally consisting of one or more comics folded or stapled inside one another.

The names of the figures and their comics titles brim with alliterations. Even the most successful and long-running full-page titles in the comics of Amalgamated Press are part of this approach: Weary Willie and Tired Tim.

The extend of borrowing and direct lifting of material that can be seen in the pages of these early comic papers is noteworthy. Not only the Amalgamated Press but rather the entire industry seems to not have cared about copyrights: Story ideas, figures and punch-lines were partly original, partly lifted straight from other publications. Other names and figures are clearly designed to fit as close as possible on some other design in a competitor’s paper. The sources of inspiration are never hard to find. The same can be said for developments in visual storytelling, as the possibilities and peculiarities of comics narration and design were only beginning to develop then. Considering that speech balloons had been fully established within British caricature around the middle of the 19th century, it is noteworthy how long it took for the speech balloon to become established as the main text-form in comics even after it was used extensively in 1902 for Happy Hooligan and other the US-published comics by Frederick Oppen.

The way these comics tell their stories raise questions about their audiences and have to be considered together with the text-adventures and romances that were half of the content of not only Illustrated Chips. In the caricatures, comics, and illustrated comments, the narrations relate partly explicitly to other comics’ titles but also to comics as a medium itself. Texts partly are written in a tone of confidentiality, irony, partly jovial, partly chummy even, but partly determined - a tone that signals to readers that they are taken serious.

ADVERTISING AND PLACEMENT ACROSS TITLES

Amalgamated Press pushed new titles into the comics market and dominated it quite quickly until its position was successfully attacked in the 1920’s by the Scottish publisher D.C. Thomson. In the Amalgamated Press, content and talent was shared and moved between the different publications, while adjustments for different audiences were made, for example the children of Casey Court (of Illustrated Chips) appeared in the Newlyweds’ (Puck) stories, but were presented as a danger to prosperity and order in the house (see the volume on Casey Court for details). Other material was moved without changes to its tone, as the example of Chutney the Charmer in this volume illustrates.



Illustrated Chips, 16 March 1907

The advantage of cross-publication marketing as well as the pull-factor of established successfull figures was maximised, not least on the editor’s pages, where these editors advised and recommended the sister papers to they readers. Figures reading the different papers are included in several of the comics and one-panel series like Casey Court.

While coloured comic journals were more up-market and expensive, the papers printed in black were called “black comics” despite their tinted papers. These spread

into a group of aproximately a dozen tabloid newspaper-format comics produced for lower-middle-class and working-class families: Larks, Jester, Joker, Butterfly, Favourite Comics, Jolly Comic, and others, including the established Comic Cuts and Illustrated Chips. They contained four pages of serialised story in small print and four pages of humorous strips.

While each of these periodicals pointed at the others in advertisements and editorial, these were also referred to in the images: papers with the titles of the other journals regularly appear in all kinds of comics. The figures from one title were mentioned or even appeared as figures in other titles. Also, figures from the more success comics were used in caricatures, for decorative bands and ornaments etc. For example, most tramp-figures appeared in pairs that were varied only slightly: thin and long one of them, short and round the other. To illustrate that method, a few examples for these uses are shown on this double page from Weary Willie and Tired Tim to very similar figures are shown on this double page. The character design of the figures even points at the influence of comics on early film, as they clearly predate the set-up of the Laurel and Hardy-duo while including the typical physicality and practical humour of those early films. The hectic farce of these comics seems to have filtered through into early slapstick film. That again fed back into British comics: When the cinema started to take form in the early 1910s, a series of small, cinema-related strips started to appear in the comics. Soon, comics were constructed around the stars of film with Charlie Chaplin dominating the field for years. The comics papers had no difficulties to include comics later that were explicitly starring Laurel & Hardy, either. A favourite of the readers, these ran as long as both stars were alive (until 1957).

TYPES, STEREOTYPES, AND FICTIONS OF EMPIRE

While publishers of fiction certainly promoted British hegemony long before the Edwardian age, most had focused on stories that used the empire as a colourful backdrop to their adventure stories. In difference to that, Harmsworth’s titles were an efficient mouthpiece for the jingoism of the age (Carpenter 1983 52). In how far that jingoism and racism in these publications mirrored the mood and opinion in wider society or whether they helped these positions to gain the dominance they then held in public opinion goes beyond the reach of this publication.

The Amalgamated Press dominated the market for entertainment periodicals, increasingly also with productions earmarked for young audiences. The perspective expressed was not unusual, as all publications in Britain, not only the entertaining press with its ready use of ethnic and racial stereotypes, reflected and mostly sustained the Imperialist world view interwoven with racist ideas of superiority of some over others, conveniently decorating exploitation with some assumed obligation of “white man’s burden”. That position was predominant in British popular media, but not shared by all. How much differentiation of positions was given in real life is unclear, but it has to be remembered that in several comics black figures simply are part of the personnel, they act and are treated like all other figures. Not all fictional adventure-stories looked down at other cultures, but most. Depending on contemporary wars and unrests in the British empire, different ethnic and racial groups are in the focus of jokes. Quite some comics of the later Edwardian time make fun of Asian figures, invariably showing these in coolie-garb and with one long pigtail each. And without a doubt, these visual stereotypes go beyond simplifications into types, in early comics they often combine with the use of derogatory terms and names. They are part of the Zeitgeist and contribute to the indoctrination of readers into underlying mindsets. Even when comparing these to the generally rough humour that is played out in the names and attributions given irrespective of racial or national contexts across comics productions of the time, the difference is getting more clear in the ways these figures are used for telling jokes.

Please bear in mind that these routines were conspired by some already then, while the mainstream continued to consider racist stereotyping funny much longer. It continued easily into post-Second World War society, where some elements of this everyday racism were so established that some less-reflective members of society defend it as part of their nostalgic memories of childhood. There is a straight line from the material here to the racism of Boris Johnson and sorts.

It has to be pointed out that the Science Fiction adventure comics of the 1950s and 60s apply the same jingoistic approach still, only black figures have become green, Africa has turned into a planet of its own, and the colonial officers have gotten new uniforms (Carpenter 1982, 77). The treatment of the Windrush-arrivals and after is part of the picture, not its excessive abhorration. Earlier, in 1939, George Orwell examined the contents of the best-selling boys’ weekly papers and concluded that these preserved the worst illusions of the Edwardian age. The positions taken in these papers had not reacted to changes in the world nor to the increasing demands for representation and independence from colonies and dominions - in his words the position taken was that “the clock has stopped at 1910 and Britannia rules the waves” (Orwell, George: “Boys’ Weeklies.” In: Horizon, March 1940). It did not change really after the war, either.

This volume collects material from that very Edwardian age, with the most examples published in 1907. The material has to understood in that light: the underlying tone permeates much of the material and reminds readers of those illusions de grandeur that translate into dreams of special relationships with the hegemonies of our time that Britain can not really afford. (Stop ranting! - Ed.)

Please remember with all representations included here that they illustrate how the majority of the British did see the world then. And: French, Italian, Belgian, German, and US American media were absolutely not different: The imperialist mindset did set the stage for World War One.

CHIPS

ILLUSTRATED

1/2

No. 422. VOL. XVII. (NEW SERIES.) [ENTRANCE AT STATIONERS' HALL.] PRICE ONE HALFPENNY. [TRANSMISSION AHEAD AT BOOK HALLS.] OCTOBER 1, 1898.



1. "William," murmured Tim faintly; "what is that terrible object I see before me?" "That, my boy," said William, "is a veiled statchoo, and with that there veiled statchoo we is goin' to have a beano."



2. "Great grandmother!" yapped Tim, as they carted the statue off; "they call these chaps the leading lights of Fozzleton; but I think they're thundering heavy."



3. Later on in the day the unveiling took place. "Ladies and gentlemen," said the Mayor, "I consider it a great honour to unveil these statues. They were two honest, upright, industrious—"



4. But just then the cover was thrown aside in a hurry, and there stood our old pals. "You needn't lay it on so thick, Bertie," said Tim. "G-r-r-h! what is it?" gasped the Mayor.



5. Pretty soon, however, Willy and Tim found themselves in the centre of a crowd of admirers, all anxious to gouge their eyes out.



6. And those police were so flabbergasted that they didn't say a word when the noble comrades collared one of their horses and flew off on the wings of the wind. 1/2/99

CHIPS

SUMMER NUMBER

1/2

No. 718. VOL. XXVIII. (NEW SERIES.) [ENTRANCE AT STATIONERS' HALL.] PRICE ONE HALFPENNY. [TRANSMISSION AHEAD AT BOOK HALLS.] JUNE 4, 1904.

A TERRIBLE NIGHT FOR WEARY WILLIE AND TIRED TIM.



1. "Well, I'm jiggered! Where on earth have we got to now?" gasped Tim, as he and his bosom pal Willie gazed with wondrous eyes on the weird and ghostly scene depicted above. "Hush!" whispered Willie, "taint on earth at all. We must 'a' strayed into one o' those fairy tales we've read about, and this is the enchanted castle. 'Goo' gracious! you don't say so!" shivered Timmy. "Let's go up and see if we can find tuppence for a drink." And up they went.



3. And when they came to again they found themselves in this scene. "What another one!" piped Tim. "There's a bogie on every picture. Hi, you Mister Spook, can you show us the entrance out?" "Hush-shush! Tut-tut!" spoke the spook. "Were it not I had orders to see thee out of this kingdom, I wouldst e'en cleave thy wizens to the brisket—so I would! Here are two steeds! Scoot quick, before I prowl thee in the wishbones!"



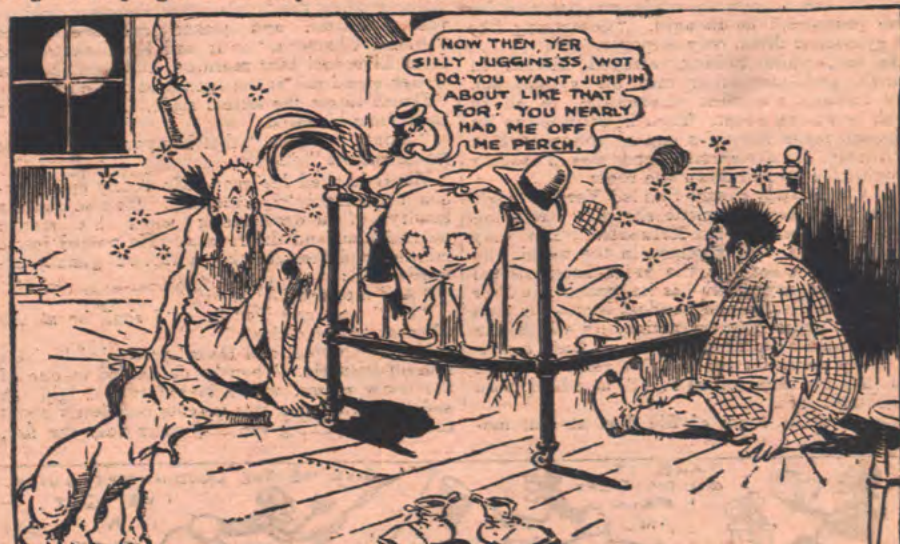
5. But he didn't have to wonder long; it soon came. A sort of flying dragon it was, with a breath like a two-year-old blaster. "We're goners this time," screamed Willie. "Let him have a little piece o' you, Timmy, just to begin with, while I rush off for help." "Oh, mices to you!" Timmy yapped; "I ain't going to sit here and be nibbled at! Ooh-er, I'm falling off!" "So am I!" howled Willie. Then down, down, they went— 1/2/04




2. "Ooh! help! help! save us!" howled the pair. "Spare our young whiskers!" "Wot is it?" yelled Timmy. "Ooh-er! g'way, you beak-faced nightmare!" Then his hair stood on end, and his knees banged together till he was nearly knock-kneed! "Whirloo!" screamed Tim, "pipe the chap with the cheese taster coming round the corner!" On came the weird form, brandishing his carving-knife, straight for Willie and Tim; but, with a shriek, they flopped with a sickening flop!



4. "It was very kind of him to let us live," chirped Willie, as they rode along. "But where are we off to now? That's wot I want to know," piped Tim. "We've got a pair o' horses, but there ain't a sossidge shop for miles around, an' this bumping does hurt me so! Ooh! look there! I never saw such a collection of blue shrimps, purple grasshoppers, and ring-tailed spadgers in all me puff. I wonder what's next?"



6. Thud! Then they woke up. 'Twas all a dream! "And we only had a light supper," groaned Tim. "A few whelks, a plate o' fried fish, two stouts, one winkle, and a German sossidge." "That's no reason why you should kick me out o' bed," snarled Willie; "and if you do it again, I shall biff you severely over the eyeball!" Then the pair crawled back to bed to sleep the sleep of the just till morn. Let them sleep, and dream out a new wheeze for next week.

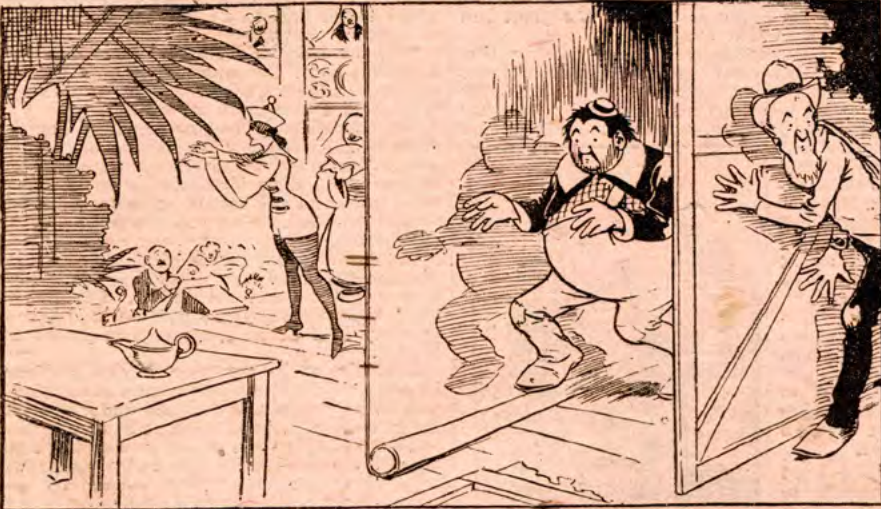


CHIPS 1^D

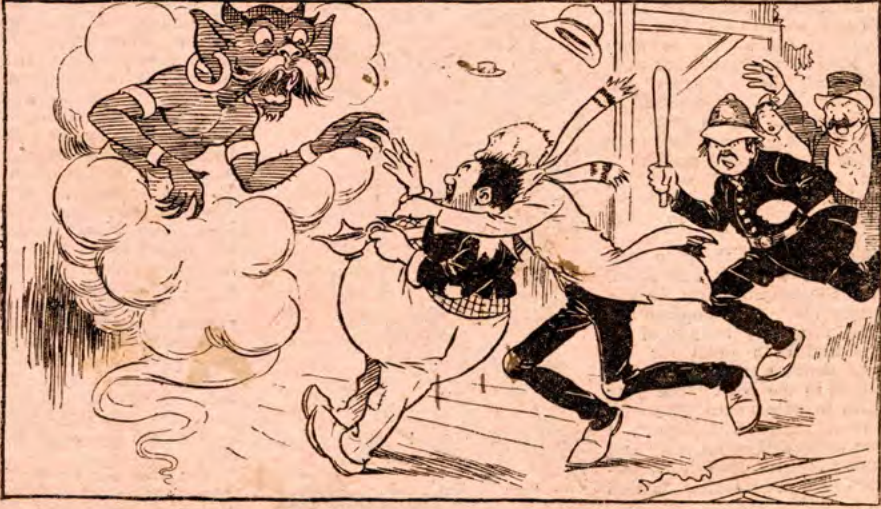
XMAS DOUBLE No.

No. 796.
NEW SERIES.
[ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL]
PRICE ONE PENNY.
[TRANSMISSION ABROAD AT BOOK RATES.]
DECEMBER 2, 1905.

THE CHRISTMAS ADVENTURES OF WEARY WILLIE AND TIRED TIM.



1. It being Christmas Eve, Tim and Willie thought they would treat themselves to a tannersworth in the gallery at a pantomime. The play was all about a saucy young fellow named Aladdin, who picked up an old lamp guaranteed to turn out anything at a moment's notice, from a quarter's rent to a tripe supper. "Willie," murmured Tim, as they slid round to the stage door, "that lamp would be very handy to have about the house; I vote we pinch it!" "You mean rub it," twistered Willie. "Can't yer read the instructions on the box?"



2. Tim no sooner got his paws on the lamp than he rubbed it for all he was worth. "Hi, stop 'em!" yelled the manager. And the stage policeman answered to the call of duty just like a real professional would in a dream! "Hand over that lamp!" cried the cop. But too late—the Genie of the lamp had called for orders. "Get us out of this hole quick!" gurgled Tim. "Transport us to the other side of the earth!"



3. "Done!" said the Genie. "Gurr-r!" gasped Willie, as they landed in the middle of a jungle full of lions and tigers. "Look what you've been and done, you fool! Why can't you be more careful with your orders? Rub that 'ere lamp again quick, before they make a Christmas dinner off us!"



4. So Tim rubbed. "There, Mr. Genie!" he warbled, "can't you do anything better than this? Find us some nice soft job. Make me a King, and Willie can be my Prime Minister." And in half a jiff the Genie, who was a bit of a wag in his way, turned Tim into Charles I., and Willie into the Dook of Buckingham.

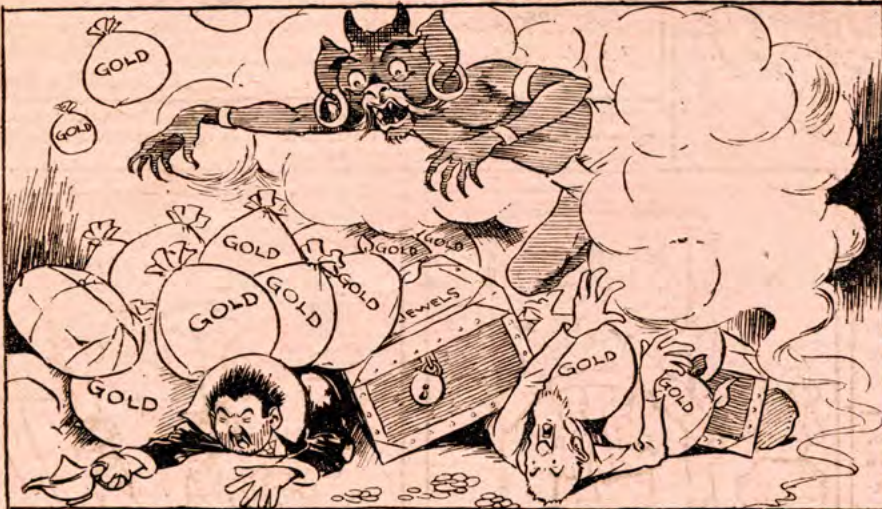


5. "Help!" yelled Tim, when he found he was about to have his hair cut in the Cromwellian style. "We don't like these good old days—they're too exciting! Turn us into modern millionaires—it's safer!" But the millionaires happened to have a strike on hand just as Willie and Tim got the job, and things were getting too hot to hold them.

(THIS HIGHLY INTERESTING AND THRILLING ADVENTURE IS CONTINUED ON PAGE 5.)

2/12/5

WEARY WILLIE AND TIRED TIM—(Continued from page 1).



6. "Here, slave!" cried Tim, "it's retired millionaires we want to be—nice and quiet, with heaps and heaps of gold, done up in bundles! No mouldy shares for us!" "Right-o!" chirruped the Genie. The next minute they got the oof—fairly wallowed in it! "Oo-er!" groaned Willie, "I wish we hadn't got a blessed penny now!" "Ditto!" gurgled Tim.



7. And that's how they came to find themselves outside Chips Villa, tooting tin whistles for a living. "What are you waiting outside here for?" chirped Mr. Chips. "Come inside and warm your feet. Never let it be said that Corny Chips neglected an old pal! Buck up! Don't be downhearted! While there's padding there's hope!"



8. As a special favour, gentle reader, you are permitted to peep at the merry party going on inside. It's wonderful what a difference a good blow-out makes in a man, isn't it? Look at Tim, you'd hardly recognize him as the same chap. And there's old Comic Outs, and Miss Butterly, too; what a lot of old friends, to be sure! Well here's a Merry Christmas to all of them, and three times three for Willie and Tim.

'CHIPS,' 1/2D. Thrilling Instalment of our New Story in this Number.



"Here I am again, boys!" Chippity Slin, the champion wheeze-worker, in the Great New Circus Tale. See inside, friends.

ILLUSTRATED CHIPS 1/2

No. 858. (NEW SERIES.) [ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL.] PRICE ONE HALFPENNY. [TRANSMISSION ABROAD AT BOOK RATE.] FEBRUARY 9, 1907.

WEARY WILLIE AND TIRED TIM TUNNEL THE CHANNEL.



1. Our enterprising pair toddled down to Dover last Chewsday with a great scheme in their versatile noddles. Early that morning they had discovered a large hole in the cliffs, and it occurred to Willie that by passing it off as the entrance to the proposed Channel Tunnel, of which there has been so much newspaper talk lately, they might earn a dishonest crust or two, and perhaps also a little dishonest butter (commonly called margarine). You never know your luck. Here you see the artful artificers making their way through sleeping villages under cover of the night to the cliffs aforementioned.



2. Beloved readers, it is morn. A redder berry on the thorn—Excuse us, bursting into song, won't you? We are taken like that sometimes. Anyhow, it is morn (9.30 a.m.), and our pair have started in the tunnel business, and are doing pretty well at present. "Now's your chance, people," chirps Timothy; "a sharp walk to France and back will give you a beautiful appetite for your table d'hôte with two vegetables!" Then the champs rolled up and planted down their nimble tuppences, little dreaming that the tunnel was barely a quarter of a mile in length, without as much as a bottle of French polish at the end of it. "What a lot of us there are about this morning!" cried the other gulls.



3. But our precious pair received a shock to their nervous systems two minutes later, when those gullible trippers returned heavily laden with gold and treasure. "Bless my bonnie blue eyes!" ejaculated Tim. "That cave must be one of the secret places where the famous pirate, Captain Kidd, used to put a little bit away for a rainy day. I hope there these trippers have left a little bullion for us!"



4. But they hadn't—no, not even a smooth sixpence. Nothing daunted, however, our hopefuls put in a couple of hours' good solid work with pick and shovel, till at last, quite unexpectedly, they struck the busy haunt of the sea-serpent (the wholesale department, as you might say); and for anybody who was really wanting a reliable sea-serpent, with all the latest improvements, that haunt was certainly the place to go to.

(THIS HIGHLY INTERESTING AND THRILLING ADVENTURE IS CONTINUED ON PAGE 8.)

ANOTHER THINKING HORSE.



1. "This creature is absolutely under my control," smirked Bowcher. "He does just as I tell him. Watch him do as your little dog is doing!"



2. Splash! Very obedient animal that gee. Miss Prettylips thought the performance most amusing.

FURRIERS, NOTE.



A genuine fox skin. 927

'CHIPS,' 1/2D. 'THE HORNED MAN.'—A WONDERFUL, FASCINATING STORY.



FREE COLLECTIONS OF FOREIGN STAMPS. See Inside.

ILLUSTRATED CHIPS 1/2

No. 859. (NEW SERIES.) [ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL.] PRICE ONE HALFPENNY. [TRANSMISSION ABROAD AT BOOK RATE.] FEBRUARY 16, 1907.

WEARY WILLIE AND TIRED TIM HAPPEN ACROSS SIGGERS' CIRCUS.



1. Yes, dear readers, it is quite true. Our noble pair have actually stooped to rob a circus this week. Some journals would have tried to varnish the painful fact over with some sort of a joke; but we don't beat about the bush. We prefer to make a clean breast of the matter in the plainest possible English. WEARY WILLIE AND TIRED TIM ROB A CIRCUS. It made our best printer weep to set those accusing words up in type; but we shouldn't care if they had been set to music.



2. WEARY WILLIE AND TIRED TIM ROB A CIRCUS AND ARE BEING CHASED BY THE PROPRIETOR! More glorious truth! How fearless we are! We don't care if it snows! But our nerves were feeling a bit anxious at the precise moment depicted above. "Come up, old Grate Polish!" cried Willie to the zebra in coaxing accents; "put your best hoof foremost, and when we get to CHIPS' office I'll introduce you to Gertie the Mule in 'Comic Cuts.'"



3. Then our pair pulled up at the Pig and Whistle for a dry ginger ale, in spite of the fact that the very fierce circus proprietor was close on their track. "All change here for Burton-on-Trent!" cried the ever-thirsty Tim, as he gaily alighted from his borrowed steed. "I shall catch them nicely now," mused the circus man, as he waved his blunderbuss triumphantly.



4. "C-c-come out of it, you scalliwags!" he cried a little later in broken-winded English, as he burst open the door of the hotel at which our travellers were stopping for the moment. "I'll teach you to steal my beautiful zebra! It took me hours and hours to paint those pretty stripes on him, so it did!"



5. Then the fun commenced. "This is where we loop the loop!" warbled William wittily, as he greased down the animated fire-escape. "Yes," remarked Tim; "this is a neck-cellent way of getting downstairs!" Don't laugh, reader, it only encourages him.



6. "Oh dear! Oh dear! What shall I do? How ever shall I break the news to the clown?" cried Siggers as he watched his menagerie disappearing in the sketchy background. "The giraffe is a real one, that's the worst of it!" he sobbed. "Hee-haw!" cried the zebra in token of farewell. "See you again in 'The Jester' this week."

ONE AT A TIME.



1. "You ain't going to leave me to drown, Pat?" "Hould tight, man, Oi'll jist swim ashore and save meself, thin Oi'll come back for you—see?"

THERE ARE A LOT OF POINTS IN THIS JOKE.



1. "Now for a quick lunch, and a cheap one in the bargain," meowed Pusskins, as he stealthily climbed on old Baldtop's table. But note the hedgehog, please, reader.



2. And when Pusskins was about to make a saucer of milk look silly, it noticed the hair on Baldtop's top-knot. "Lawks!" it meowed, as it rushed off; "he must be using Snatcho!"

(Page 8 with the concluding images for the installment is missing.)

'CHIPS,' 1D. 2

TWELVE
BEST MATCH
FOOTBALLS
GIVEN AWAY
TO READERS
EVERY WEEK.

'THE HORNERD MAN.'—A WONDERFUL, -
FASCINATING STORY.

ILLUSTRATED CHIPS

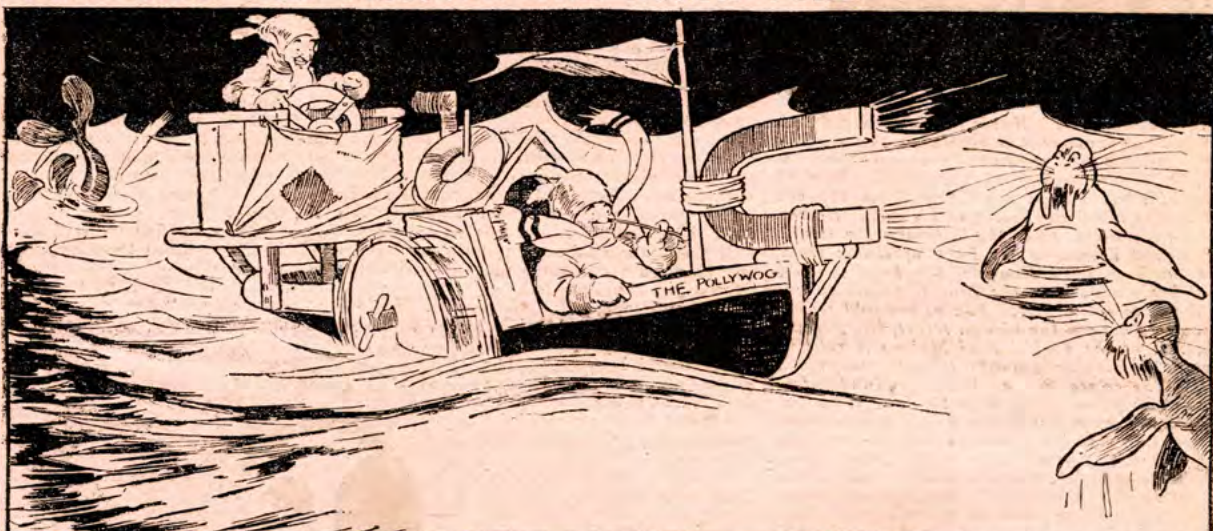
1D. 2

No. 860. (NEW SERIES.) [ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL.] PRICE ONE HALFPENNY. [TRANSMISSION ABROAD AT BOOK RATE.] FEBRUARY 23, 1907.

WEARY WILLIE AND TIRED TIM DISCOVER THE NORTH POLE.



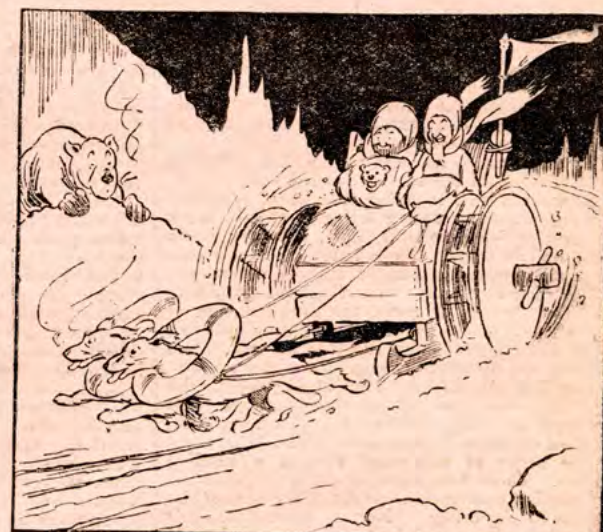
1. A touching scene was enacted at Euston early in the week when our prize pair bade farewell to England, Home, and Beauty (with an accent on the "Beauty") previous to embarking upon their great North Polar Expedition. "Mr. Guard and Ladies," said Tim, addressing the crowd on the platform, "me and my pal have registered a solemn vow to discover the North Pole or come back in the attempt."



2. One day and three minutes are supposed to have elapsed between the first picture and this one, which portrays our lightning navigators ploughing the Arctic seas. Quick work, eh? You see the Pollywog is a vessel specially constructed for Arctic exploration. A large magnet is fixed on in front, and the natural drawing powers of the North Pole and our artist do the rest. It's a wonder that Nansen never thought of it. "Sorry to spoil your bathing, ol' chap," remarked Tim to a good-looking walrus, who was taking his morning dip. "Pray 'don't mention it, my dear sir!" replied the walrus. The polite beast would have said more had not the Pollywog cut him short.



3. Five minutes later, in lat. 999, long. 21d, our travellers ran up against an iceberg. "What a small world it is!" remarked Willie; "it's impossible to move a couple of yards without knocking into something. It's sickening, that's what it is!" "Yes," Tim agreed; "it certainly ought to be enlarged. I shall write to the L.C.C. about it, so I shall." "Dear, dear!" chuckled the penguins; "here's some of them explorer chaps taking a fancy to the air round here, and come to settle down in the neighbourhood for good."



4. But our pair are always ready for any emergency. Luckily, they had brought a couple of dogs with them from Battersea, and, with the help of a few tin-tacks and their own powerful intellects, they were able to convert the Pollywog to other uses, as per diagram.



5. Then a wonderful thing happened. Our pair actually found out (quite suddenly) what it really was that made the North Pole attract so. Just as they were passing the Aurora borealis two of the attractions rode forth to meet them.



6. They were just a couple of ordinary female girls. Heigho! 'Twas ever thus! After indulging in a little small talk they led the way to the Pole, and our pair went up to it and discovered it, as they had promised to do. And so ended a very happy day.

'CHIPS,' 1D. 2

GOOD NEWS!



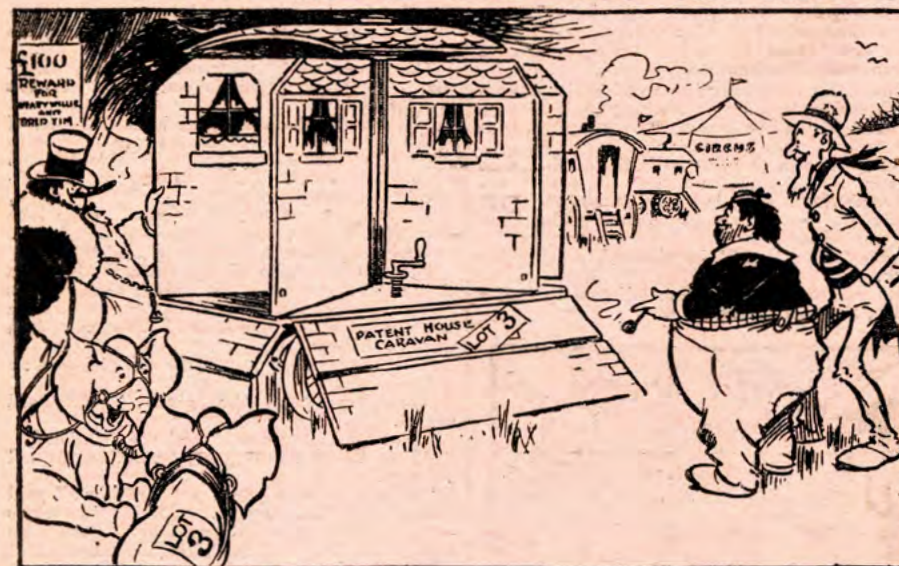
A GRAND NEW MILITARY DRAMA FOR "CHIPS."

ILLUSTRATED CHIPS

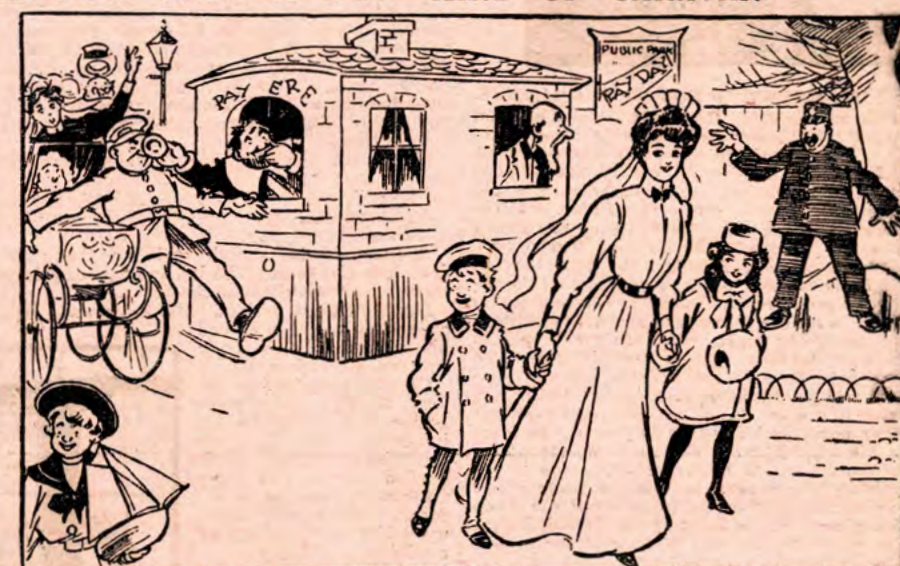
1D. 2

No. 861. (NEW SERIES.) [ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL.] PRICE ONE HALFPENNY. [TRANSMISSION ABROAD AT BOOK RATE.] MARCH 2, 1907.

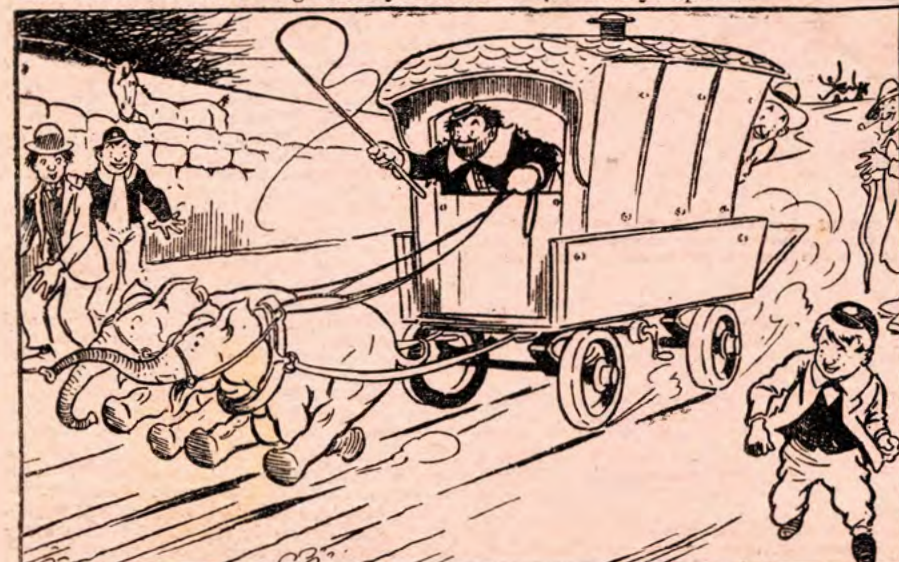
WEARY WILLIE AND TIRED TIM HAVE SOME FUN WITH A NEW KIND OF CARAVAN.



1. Our joyful couple were strolling merrily along the country lanes of Old England the other after-breakfast, gaily humming little snatches from Tristram and Lohengrin and other musical comedies, when they ran up against a circus proprietor who was anxious to dispose of a patent convertible trick caravan. It was a wonderful contraption. When you worked a lever it turned itself into a sort of cottage; but if you pressed a button it became a fully licensed hotel; whilst, by the simple expedient of pulling a string, you could immediately transform it into a model roundabout. And lastly, by switching a switch, and pronouncing distinctly the words "As you were!" you caused it to become a caravan again. Our pair gave the owner a We O U for £100, with permission to add as many noughts to it as he liked, in consideration of which he generously threw in a couple of baby elephants.



2. Well, having secured their bargain (and a bargain it certainly was, in spite of the fact that the paper the We O U was written on had originally cost a shilling per quire), our smart dealers trundled merrily along till they came to the entrance of a public park. Here they pulled the lever that turned the caravan into a cottage or lodge, and pretending it was pay-day, the artful dodgers succeeded in taking toll from the simple-minded passer-by. The price of admission varied according to the apparent social position of the visitors. Personal attractiveness was also taken into consideration, as, for instance, the pretty nursemaid depicted above was allowed to enter for two smiles and a short kiss. Smart business—Then the park-keeper tumbled that something was wrong, and ran off to give the alarm.



3. The only thing to do in such an emergency was to harness the elephantettes, and switch the switch which—switch which sounds funny, doesn't it?—which converted the contraption into an ordinary-looking caravan, licensed to carry two individuals (top-speed preferred in this instance). "Chuck yourselves about!" shouted Tim to the indiarubber-osity; "you shall each have a bun with a real currant in it at the next pull-up for carmen."

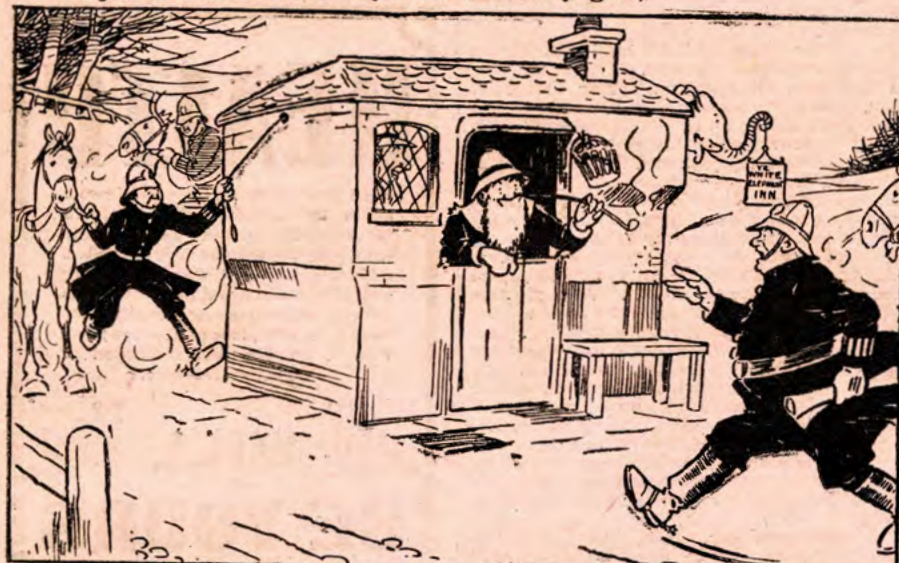


4. Having outdistanced their pursuers, our energetic couple set to work to turn the caravan inside out, and to switch the switch which still sounds funny doesn't it?—which transformed the conveyance into a high-class inn (that is what we meant by inside out—see)? In a few minutes a brand new house of call had sprung up by the wayside. (THIS HIGHLY INTERESTING AND THRILLING ADVENTURE IS CONTINUED ON PAGE 8.)

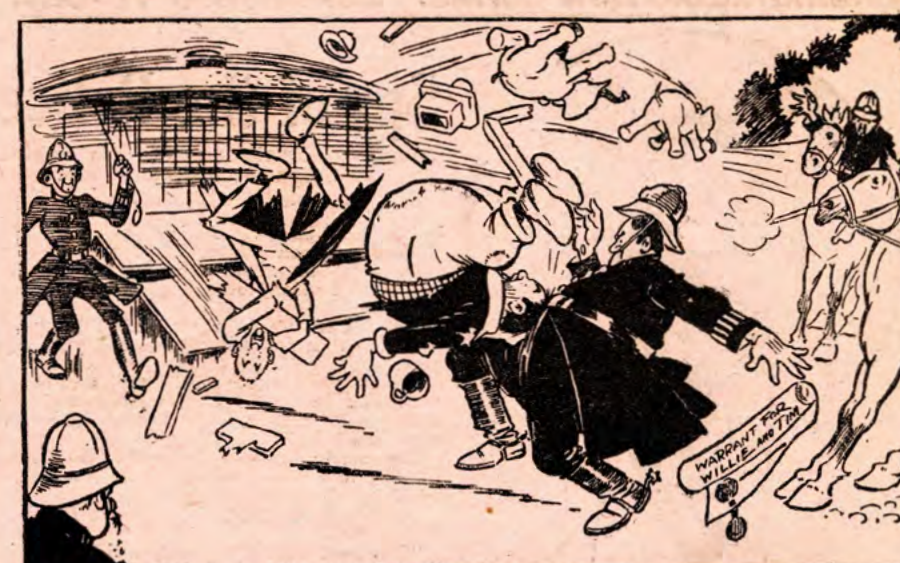
8

CHIPS.

Weary Willie and Tired Tim (continued from page 7).



5. "Say, guv'nor," said a policeman to Tim, who had cleverly disguised himself as a regular customer, "have you seen a couple of freaks in a caravan pass this way?" But before Tim could answer, another intelligent officer commenced to pull what he thought was the bell-rope.



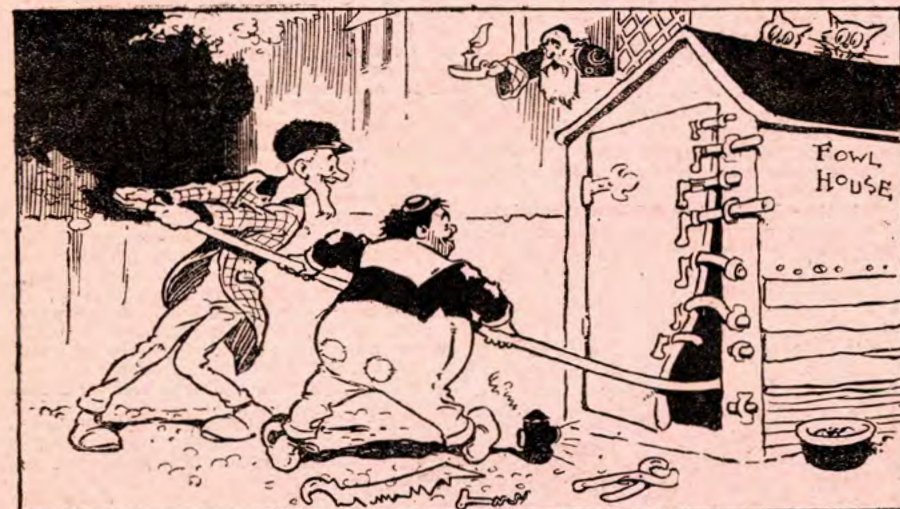
6. But, alas and alack! it wasn't a bell-rope at all—nunno! It was the string that brought the roundabout into action, and our unfortunate heroes were violently precipitated into the very arms of the law. Let us hope they will be brought before a nice, kind magistrate, who will merely sentence them to a mild joke and a couple of cautions.

'CHIPS,' ½D. IS YOUR NAME ON PAGE 3? IF SO, YOU ARE IN LUCK.



No. 862. (NEW SERIES.) [ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL.] PRICE ONE HALFPENNY. [TRANSMISSION ABROAD AT BOOK HAYES.] MARCH 9, 1907.

WEARY WILLIE AND TIRED TIM POACH SOME EGGS THIS WEEK.



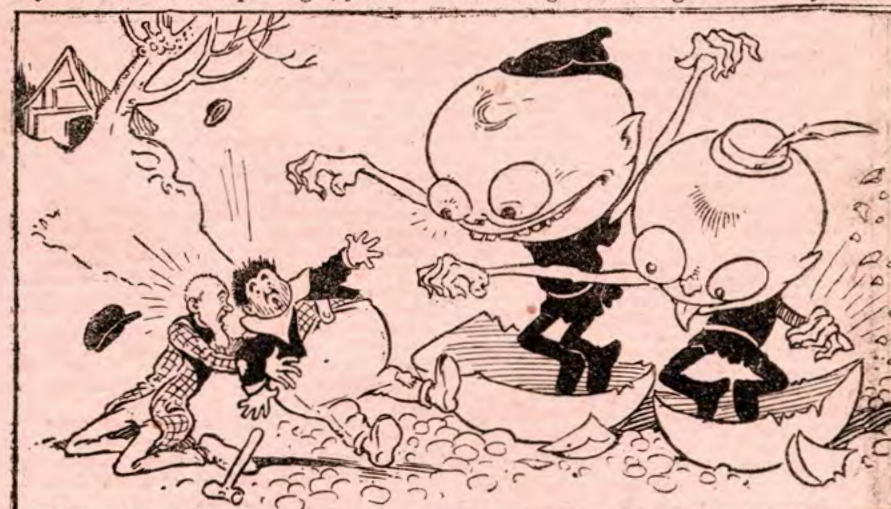
1. The other afterbedtime Willie and Tim went out to get a bit of supper. As it happened, they both fancied poultry, and that is why you see them in the picture getting so close to somebody's fowl-house. "We're in luck for once," chirped Tim; "the blessed fowls have bolted themselves in on the outside, so all we have to do is to slip them bolts, open the door, and walk in." "Don't be silly!" growled William. "You talk like an amateur crackman. I ain't dragged this fifteen pound crowbar four miles for nothin', so I tell yer we're a-going to open these premises in the kireest way or not at all!" Then they started. "It's 'ard work, an' no error!" exclaimed Tim after the first five minutes. "You're right, sonny," Willie agreed. "I'm glad I thought to put a poacher's cap on; it's a great help." Then a middle-aged gent with fluffy whiskers popped his head out of a window, and made several remarks in Persian and Arabic.



2. He was a magician by trade, and that fowl-house was where he kept his favourite golden eagle, which was ten thousand years old (pretty tough poultry—what?), and had once belonged to the Sultan Haroudhaddoesquire, Defender of the Faithful, whom perhaps you have read about in "The Arabian Nights." Well, that magician ran back for his magic wand, and waved it out of the window, and recited all the incantations he'd ever learnt, and even went to the trouble of making up some new ones to suit that particular occasion, but without avail. Our pair succeeded in getting clear away with that eagle, or, to be precise, the eagle got away with them. "This is a pretty fine how-d'ye-do!" remarked Willie wisely. "I wonder if I shall ever see my Aunt Matilda again?" She was very good to me, was Aunt Tilly, and I'm afraid I was never properly grateful. I wish now—" "Oh, dry up!" interrupted Tim peevishly. "How would yer like to be me travelling steerage all the way? You're a saloon passenger, you are! You ain't got much to growl about—you ain't!"



3. Over hills and dales sailed our pair, over winding rivers and rippling brooks, over sloping hamlets and smiling villages—on, on, on, till at last the eagle let them down gently on an enchanted island. Here it left them for a few moments while it paid a visit to one of its branch establishments in a neighbouring tree. Then our pair discovered a couple of real golden eggs, life size, 22 carat, and music-hall marked in plain figures. Hooley ray! (THIS HIGHLY INTERESTING AND THRILLING ADVENTURE IS CONTINUED ON PAGE 8.)



4. Tim at once procured a hammer from the tool-shed at the top of the hill, and gave those valuable eggs a gentle tap apiece just to see if they were new-laid or merely fresh, and the next moment a strange thing happened. A couple of goblins emerged from the shattered shells—not Jimmy-o-goblins, as you might expect from a golden egg—oh, dear no. "I wish I was home!" piped Tim.

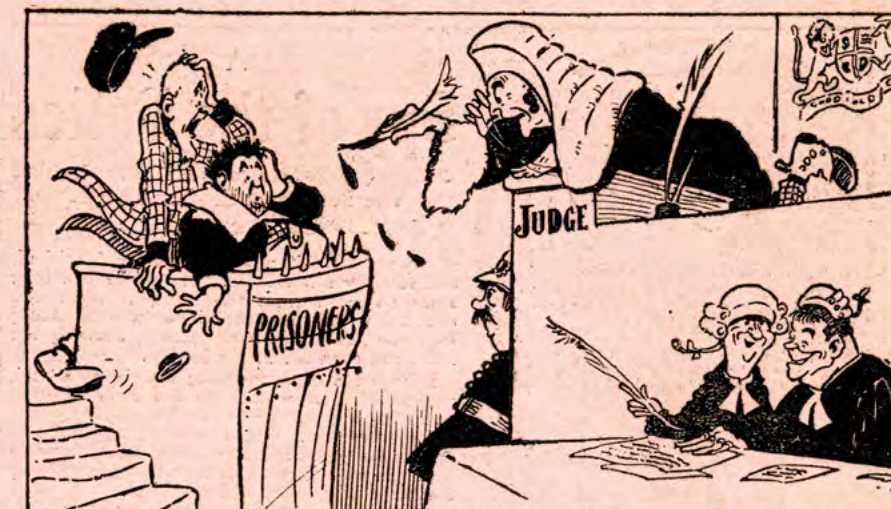
8

CHIPS.

Weary Willie and Tired Tim (continued from page 7).



5. "Home?" duetted the goblins. "We will take you there at once. Oh, it's no trouble—not another word, please!" So with the very best intentions in the world those good-natured goblins took our adventurers to their own little home. "What do you think of pa and ma?" they inquired. "Well," remarked Tim, "I'm no judge."



6. "But I am!" exclaimed a strange voice in stern judicial accents. "Forty shillings or a month for going to sleep on the public footpath. How dare you?" They were in a court of justice. The other five pictures had all been a dream. Like a brick, Corney Chips paid the fine, so our pair will be playing the giddy Oxo on this page as usual next week.

'CHIPS,' ½D. To Newsagents & Readers.—Order No. 1 of the GEM, ½d., Now!



No. 863. (NEW SERIES.) [ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL.] PRICE ONE HALFPENNY. [TRANSMISSION ABROAD AT BOOK HAYES.] MARCH 16, 1907.

WEARY WILLIE AND TIRED TIM HAVE A LOT TO DO WITH SHIPPING.



1. Tim is addressing a select audience of ancient mariners on the subject of our present adventure in the cosy bar-parlour of the Blue Whelk. Please, don't interrupt while he is speaking. "Mister host, feller-voyagers, and cider-shifters," he begins, "ye who explore the vasty deep as fearlessly as ye would the depths of the homely tankard, lend me your long ears. I have here a chart of the broad Atlantic, and I am touching the spot"—(cheers)—"where the famous Sargasso Sea is situated. Into this mysterious region many stately vessels, laden with costly merchandise, have drifted never to return. It is our intention, gentlemen, to explore this tract of water at great personal risk"—(laughter)—"and with but little hope of personal gain."



2. After that it was plain sailing for our pair—or rather plain steaming on their merry little tug the Whistling Oyster. Their old chum the sea serpent popped his head up to ask if he could be of any assistance, and wriggled off quietly smiling to himself when Tim informed him that he wouldn't be wanted in the next picture. Then Willie uttered a great glad cry as the famous Sargasso Sea—or whatever it is called—with its derelict fleet hove in sight. "My word," chirped Tim, "there ought to be something worth having on them ships, unless they were carrying foodstuff!" "That's so, sonny," answered William; "I hope we shall somehow manage to collar a few."



3. Then our enterprising pair did a clever bit of lassoing, with the happy result depicted above. "There!" snapped Willie triumphantly. "Didn't I tell you that the orifice—er—would bring us luck if we took her with us?" "True!" agreed Tim, who was busy catching a fish supper for pussums.



4. But suddenly a weird sound broke the stilly stillness. "There you go, clumsy," grumbled Tim, "treading on the cat's tail again!" "Tain't the cat," replied Willie; "it's the tempest howling." A second later our pair were fighting with the waves and getting the worst of it, while the lazy sea serpent looked on with a forced smile.



5. Then the waves washed our heroes ashore, and the derelict vessels with them. But, alas! if those wrecks had contained any treasure it found its way to Davy Jones' Safe Deposit in the end. However, our up-to-date Columbuses know how to make the best of a bad job, and they soon turned those sheer hulks into a picturesque seaside village.

'CHIPS,' 1D. 'IN THE RANKS.' OUR GRAND NEW MILITARY STORY STARTS TO-DAY.

ILLUSTRATED CHIPS

1D. 2

No. 864. (NEW SERIES.) [ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL.] PRICE ONE HALFPENNY. [TRANSMISSION ABROAD AT BOOK RATES.] MARCH 23, 1907.

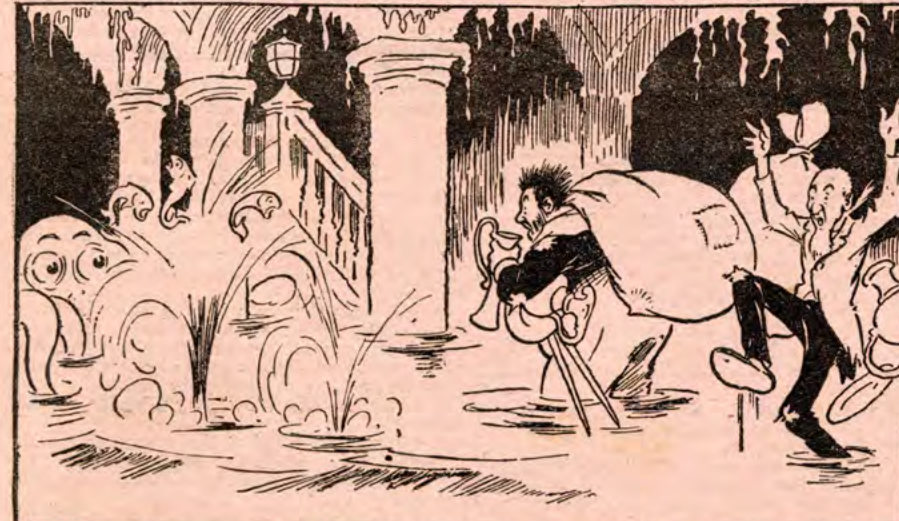
WEARY WILLIE AND TIRED TIM LOOK FOR TREASURE AND FIND TROUBLE.



1. 'Twas night. The moon was out, and so was the tide—right out (as it generally is at Southend), and our noble pair were out, too—out at elbow. They were wandering aimlessly along the seashore in the direction of Westcliffe, wondering what sort of adventure they were going to have, and whether their old friend the sea-serpent, whom they had just passed, was likely to get mixed up in it, when Tim, with the aid of his powerful telescope, espied an old Spanish galleon lying high and dry upon the treacherous sands. Wot-o! Thoughts of priceless treasure that had been long hidden beneath the waves at once filled his brain-box. "Yes, ol' son," remarked Willie, when he, too, had peeped through the glass, "it's a Spanish onion—I mean galleon—right enough: and it's probably loaded to the bung with valuable coins—ingots of gold, silver ashtrays, and what not! Let us explore it."



3. Yes, our pair had fallen upon happy times, and no mistake. Clara the mermaid was delighted to see them again, so was her friend Gladys Fische, and the boiled cod with oyster sauce was excellent. After supper the little party laughed gaily over the funny adventures they had had together in back numbers of CHIPS, and all looked forward to merrier times.



5. Then the tide came in, as it will do occasionally (even at Southend). "Gawhells!" cried Tim in tones of anguish. "This may be a very convenient house to live in for them folks what haven't got any toesies to get wet—such as mermaids and Chelsea pensioners—but it ain't at all an 'healthy spot for you and me, Willie!" "True!" said William.



2. Then a strange thing happened. Our dashing adventurers had just stepped aboard the ancient vessel, and were about to enter one of the cabins, when loud feminine shrieks suddenly rent the still night air in two separate places. Then followed the sound of falling crockery, and our pair found themselves face to face with a couple of mermaid-servants. "Oh, dear, how you frightened us!" cooed one of the startled sirens to Tim as soon as she had recovered her breath. "Have you called to see Miss Clara, sir? Because, if so, she's in; and, if you please, sir, what name shall we give?" "Gracious goodness me," cried Willie, who had overheard the remark, "you don't mean to say that Clara the mermaid lives here? Run at once, and tell her that her old friends Weary Willie and Tired Tim of CHIPS have just dropped in as they were passing by!" "This is a bit of luck!" chorled Tim.



4. But our heroes did not forget the main object of their visit. Nunnunna! They had come to look for Spanish treasure, and a little later on they found it. "Oh, me eyesight!" piped Tim joyously, as his gaze fell heavily upon the valuables. "This means a mansion in Park Lane for me, with fountains and a rockery in the back garden! You see if it don't!"



6. Well, our pair had to leave the bullion behind in the end. Clara and Gladys helped them to get into the big lamp which the Spaniards used to hang over the prow of the vessel at lighting-up time, and thus cosily shielded from the elements they were safely carried ashore on the flood tide. So CHIPS will come out as usual next Thursday. (You may cheer.)

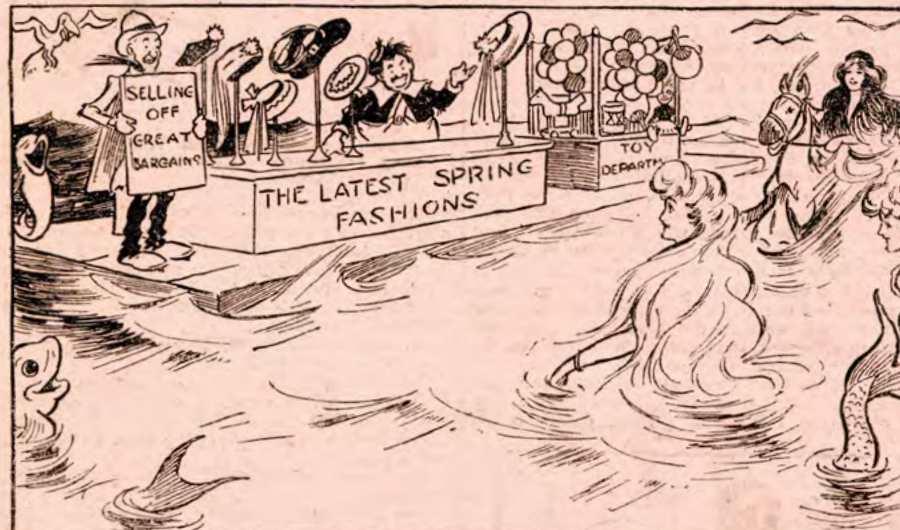
'CHIPS,' 1D. OUR SPECIAL HOLIDAY NUMBER. NO EXTRA CHARGE.

ILLUSTRATED CHIPS

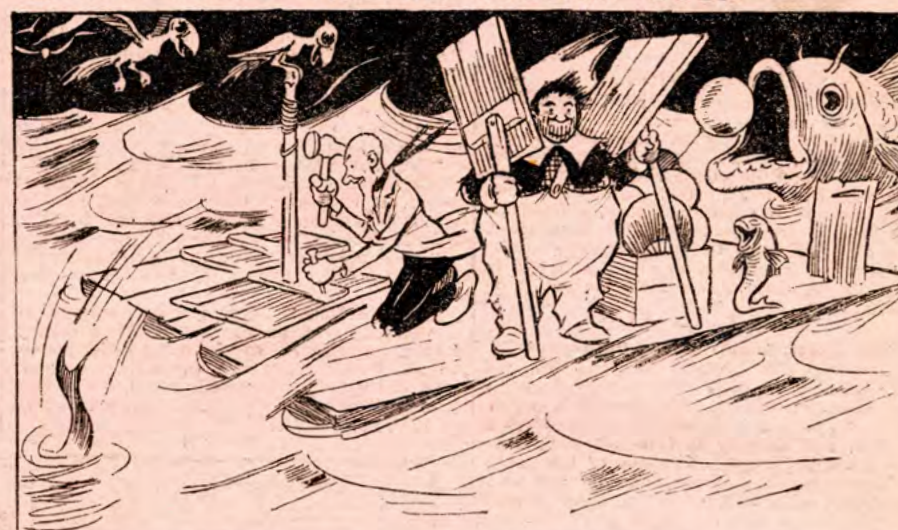
1D. 2

No. 865. (NEW SERIES.) [ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL.] PRICE ONE HALFPENNY. [TRANSMISSION ABROAD AT BOOK RATES.] MARCH 30, 1907.

WEARY WILLIE AND TIRED TIM DO A ROARING TRADE ON THE ROLLING DEEP.



1. Our enterprising pair have gone headlong into the drapery business this week. In this age of trust monopolies the small trader finds it difficult to make both ends meet (cheese and celery having to suffice in many cases), so it was a happy idea to open a shop in the middle of the ocean, where there is no ground rent and no competition. Our heroes made up their minds to *sale* away, and having created some commanding premises on an eligible site where the waves were not too wary, they just stood about and watched for the trade winds to blow them some business. Clara the mermaid was their first customer, and purchased a duck of a spring bonnet for a couple of coral reefs, whilst her friend Gladys Fyshe secured half a dozen shop-soiled handkerchiefs for a rope of pearls. Good biz!



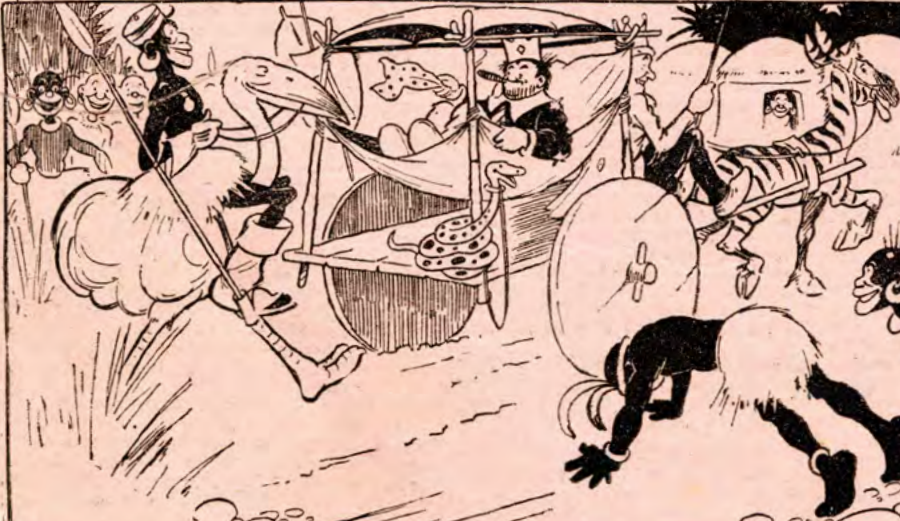
2. Then the storm broke (broke everything), the billows rolled (so did the stock, which became rolling-stock), and the dry goods got severely wetted. But our jovial pair smiled through it all. "Are we downhearted?" cried Tim with originality. "No!" shouted Willie with ready wit. "It's not a bit of use us trying to walk home while it's so wet under foot," was Tim's next remark. "You're right again, ol' son," Willie agreed; "there's only one way out of the difficulty. We shall have to build a couple of aeroplanes, and fly for our lives!" Then they started work with the remaining fans, balloons, and what not, with the happy result depicted in the next picture.



3. Here you are privileged to see our pair skimming lightly over the foam like a couple of albatrosses. The sea-sarpint who had just popped up to improve the picture got an extra curve in his tail with surprise, and the croc was so astonished and astounded that he dropped his sardine, and had to make shift that evening with a plain bread-and-butter tea.



4. Shortly afterwards our daring explorers alighted in the land of the olive and fig, and the superstitious natives were greatly impressed. "Yah, yah, yoko—bing, bang, boo!" they cried; which means, "O, Great White Magicians, please don't turn us into frogs!" We'll be so good!"

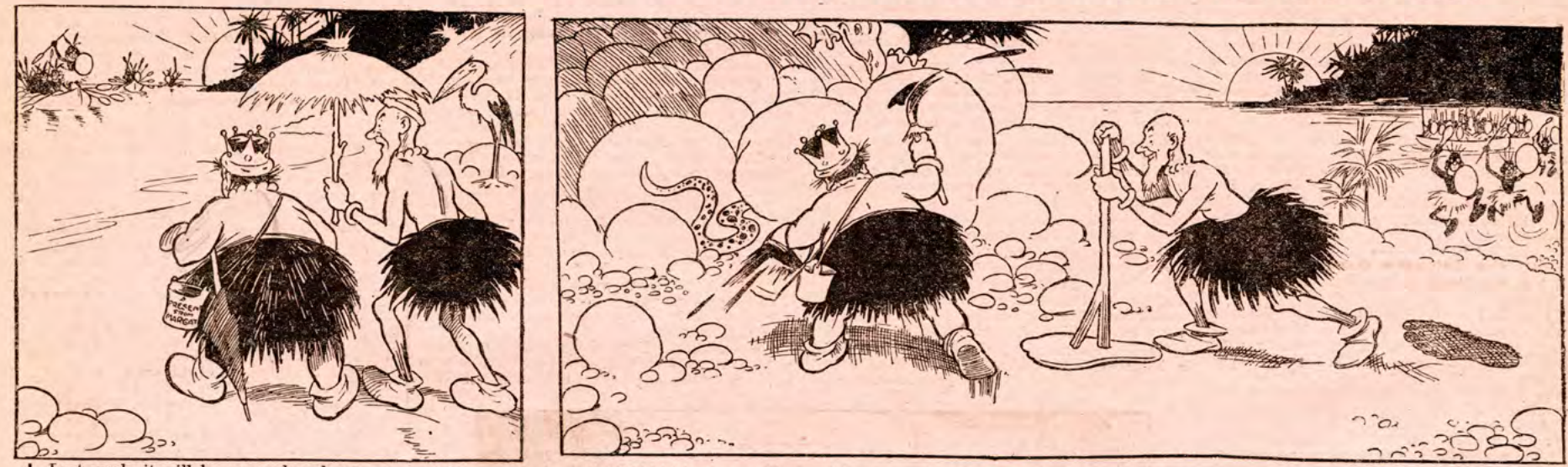


5. Then our versatile ones started in the king business right away, and organised a gorgeous coronation procession, which was quite Sangeresque in its animalosity, and the Bingbangalists came out in their thousands, and cheered in the best Bingbangalese. (See local papers.)



6. But, alas and alack (here we blush)! when night had spread her mantle o'er the scene, the German-silver moonlight revealed the stealthy forms of our dishonest pair leaving the State treasure-house loaded with ivory and gold. They drove rapidly away in the royal coach, and the simple-hearted Bingists never saw them more. Yes, 'tis sad, but true! 30-37

WEARY WILLIE AND TIRED TIM HAVE ANOTHER ADVENTURE IN THE BINGBANG ISLANDS.



1. Last week, it will be remembered, our unscrupulous pair played a very shabby trick upon the simple-minded natives who had given them crowns to wear and sceptres to wangle. Instead of making wise laws wherewith to rule their newly-acquired kingdom, our reprobates began their reign by breaking the laws that already existed. That is why civil war has broken out in the very first picture of this series.

2. "Ki-ki-ki-ock, woolli-woolli-wot-o!" cried the natives; which means, "We'll teach you to rob the State treasure house (in last week's CHIPS), you pink-faced outsiders!" "Jumppimieknackeronetwothree!" they added as an afterthought; which means, "You can't swindle us!" Then they jumped from their canoes, and made a dash for the shore, with the fire of battle in their eyes and something heavier in their hands. But our slippery backsliders don't walk into adventures of this kind with their optics closed. Oh dear, nunno! They had foreseen the consequences of last week's spam, and had laid their plans accordingly. Willie is very busy, you will notice, leaving footprints on the sands of time (number thirties), whilst Tim is doing a little painting and decorating.



3. "Shiver me timbers!" cried King Golliwog II, who had picked up a bit of English from the last shipwrecked sailor he had had for lunch. "What does this mean?" "It means dat dis yere island am infested with a race of cannibal giants, your Royal Tubbiness!" replied the court chamberlain. And as those choice natives had no desire to figure on a menu (even at 3s. 6d. per dozen) they recoiled. "That's done it on 'em, of sport!" piped King Timothy, in regal accents from behind the rockery. "They're going to leave us without sparing a penny for the groto!" remarked Willie, with humour.

4. But to return to the natives. They reached their canoe all right, and were just about to paddle merrily home when—whizz—plonk—splash—gurgle!—something hard and heavy struck them severely amidships. The patent palm-tree catapult had got in their work. Hip—pip! (Twice.)

(THIS HIGHLY INTERESTING AND THRILLING ADVENTURE IS CONTINUED ON PAGE 8.)

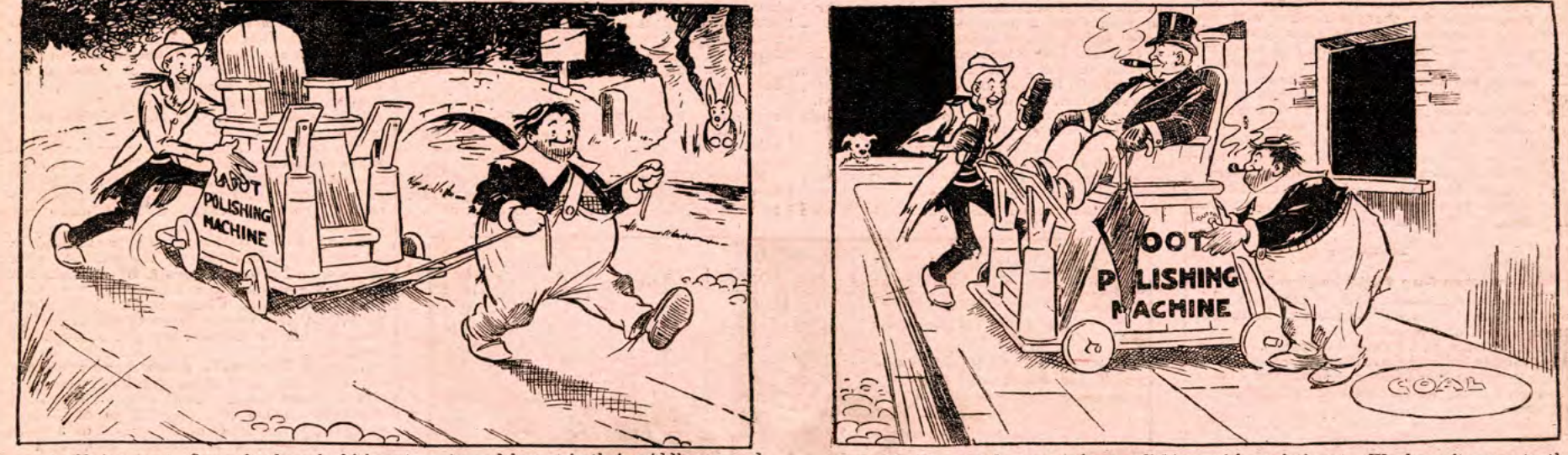
8CHIPS.

Weary Willie and Tired Tim (continued from page 1).

5. Well, to cut a short story long, the Day and Martins were glad enough to swim back to shore; Golliwog II. was easily persuaded to abdicate in favour of Willie, whilst Tim was immediately reinstated on the throne of Bingbang.

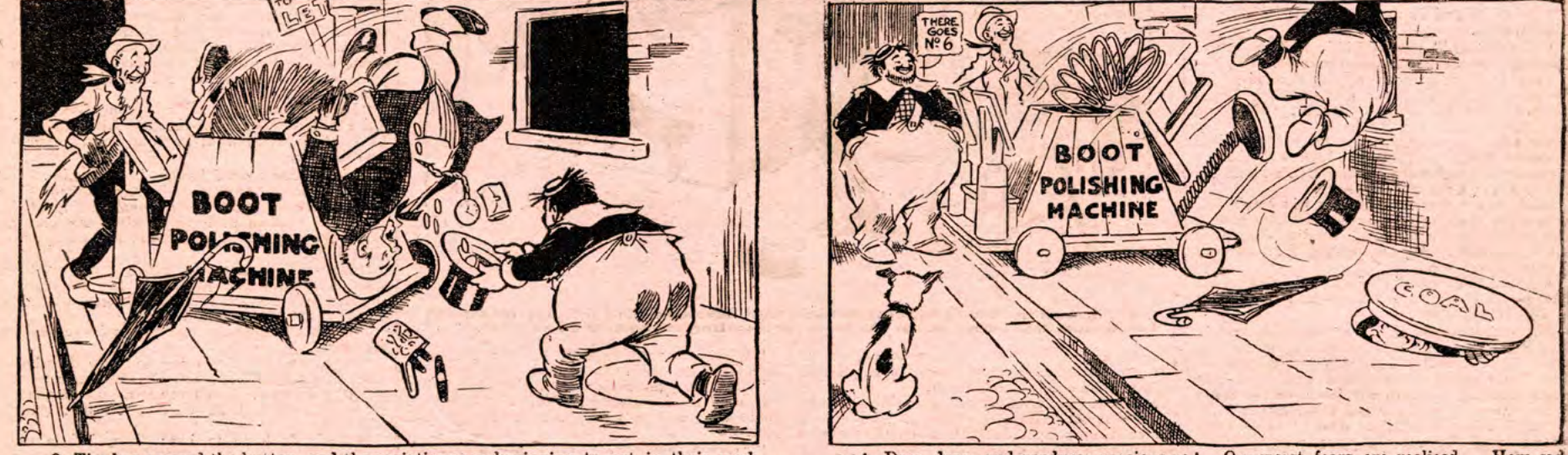
6. "O, great pink-faced magicians," cried Golliwog II., with fervour, "forgive the naughty people of Bingbangboo! Deal leniently with your slaves, O noble ones, and we will show you where to find a lot more gold and ivory and precious stones." (What luck!)

WEARY WILLIE AND TIRED TIM GET ALL THEY DESERVE.



1. Oh joy, joy! Our pair of work-shirkers have turned honest in their middle age, and are going to do something really useful for a living at last. Oh, glad, glad news! Echo it; carry it far and wide! Of course, they had some difficulty at first in choosing a career. The Law, the Army, the circus, politics, and the business life are all being overdone; besides, what they wanted was some sort of healthy outdoor employment that would bring the roses to their cheeks. So Willie, in one of his brainy moments, suggested boot-polishing, with variations. Yes, with variations! Then they built a suitable contraption for the purpose, and turned their dainty footsteps in the direction of London town.

2. Oh, it's a good game is boot polishing, with variations! We haven't come to the variations yet, but have patience. This is only the second picture. Our pair have set up their machine in a turning out of Throgmorton Street, which is nigh unto the Stock Exchange. Presently a City magnate came along. "Step this way, sir!" chirped Tim; "we'll polish your boots for nothing, just to give this new machine a trial." You can bet your last undervest that City magnate was on it like a bird; in fact, you can see him on it in the picture. But we want you most particularly to watch Tim. He is about to press a button. Now you may pass on quietly to the next oil painting.



3. Tim has pressed the button, and the variations are beginning to get in their work. Only just beginning, mind. Alas! we shall have to cancel that joy we expressed under the first sketch. Honestly, it seems, is not the policy of our pair, after all. The artist has deceived us again. But let us not judge our heroes too hastily. Perhaps Tim is only making a collection on behalf of some deserving charity. Picture 4 shall decide.

4. Dear, dear, and goodness gracious us! Our worst fears are realised. How sad! Tim's pockets are bulging with ill-gotten gains, and the sixth victim is just going in off the red through the little back window of the empty house, which, by the by, must be pretty full by this time. But neither Tim nor Willie have noticed the coalhole yet. Aha! Keep your eye on the coalhole, reader.

(THIS HIGHLY INTERESTING AND THRILLING ADVENTURE IS CONTINUED ON PAGE 8.)

8CHIPS.

Weary Willie and Tired Tim continued from page 1).

5. Here we rejoice exceedingly. Of course, we love our front-page pets, but we love justice more. When our pair do wrong it is only right that they should be punished. There's no narrow-mindedness about us. Though, perhaps, the county councillor with the Norbury brick might have adopted a slightly more lenient attitude towards Willie. After all, it was Tim who pressed the button.

6. All's well that ends well. Virtue is victorious, villainy vanquished, and our pair are now off to inspect the beautiful interior of the new Old Bailey. Handsome building, so people say—lucrusta wall-paper, parquet floor, ornamental dock-rail! Don't you envy them?

'CHIPS,' 1/2 D.



'IN THE RANKS.'

COMMENCE OUR FINE NEW SOLDIER STORY ON PAGE 2.

ILLUSTRATED CHIPS

1/2

No. 868. (NEW SERIES.) [ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL.] PRICE ONE HALFPENNY. [TRANSMISSION ABROAD AT BOOK HATES.] APRIL 20, 1907.

WEARY WILLIE AND TIRED TIM ARE FAIRLY BEWITCHED.



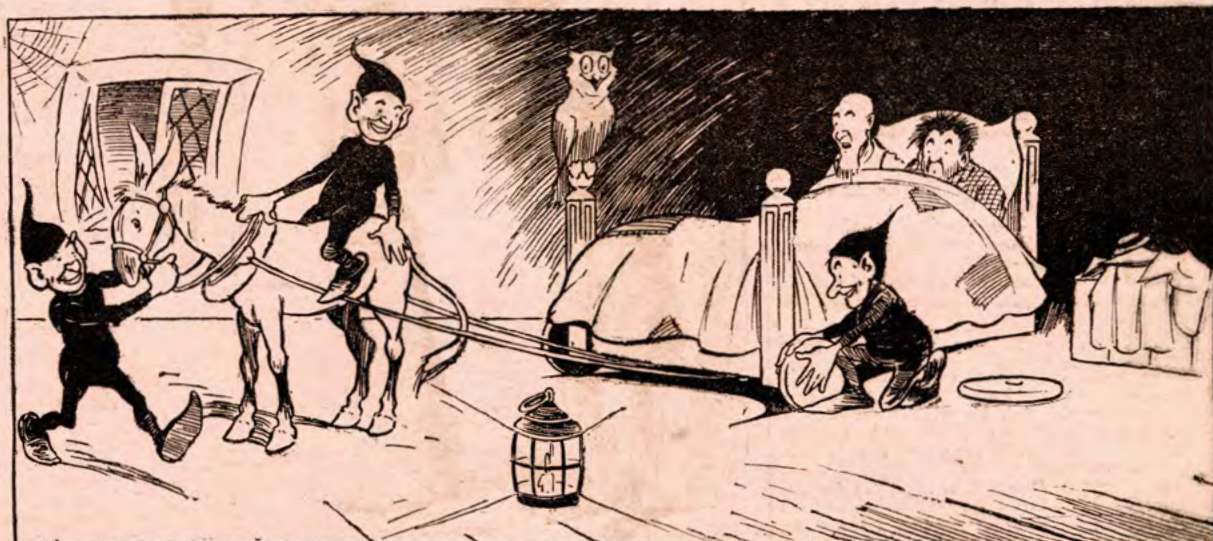
1. Our mirthful meanderers paid a visit to Weirde on the Weir the other after-bedtime. It isn't often that they pay anything, but when they do it's generally something cheap—such as their respects, or a visit. Pretty presently they found some brooms—magic ones! The kind that witches used to solve the problem of the air with long before Santos Dumont was born. Our pair were not slow to recognise the commercial value of such articles. "They ought to fetch a million pounds a-piece!" suggested Willie; "two millions with a coat of enamel!"



2. Then they hid them to a woodland hut, and made preparations for opening commodious premises on a commanding site. (Shop-fittings, decorations, and lighting by Tim, Limited.) "I hear there's a lot of wealthy witches in this neighbourhood," chirped William from the casement; "we ought to do good business—what?"



3. But, alas and alack! they had reckoned without the gnomes (pronounced "knowmes"). At about guine minutes to guine that night, while our pair were peacefully snoring and dreaming about the guine little fortune they were going to make, those gnomes crept into the bedroom. Gee!



4. Our pair soon woke up to the fact that they were in for a pretty lively time of it. One of the mischievous sprites fastened wheels to the bedstead, whilst another harnessed a mule to the novel conveyance thus manufactured. "This ain't at all a nice dream!" remarked Tim, thinking he was still asleep. "I wish I could take it back and change it!" "Say, you chumps," chortled the goblinities, "this is where you make the aristocracy look cheap! Dukes and earls may be able to have their breakfast in bed and go for a drive afterwards, but very few people can afford to have a drive in bed before breakfast! You're in luck!"

(THIS HIGHLY INTERESTING AND THRILLING ADVENTURE IS CONTINUED ON PAGE 8.)

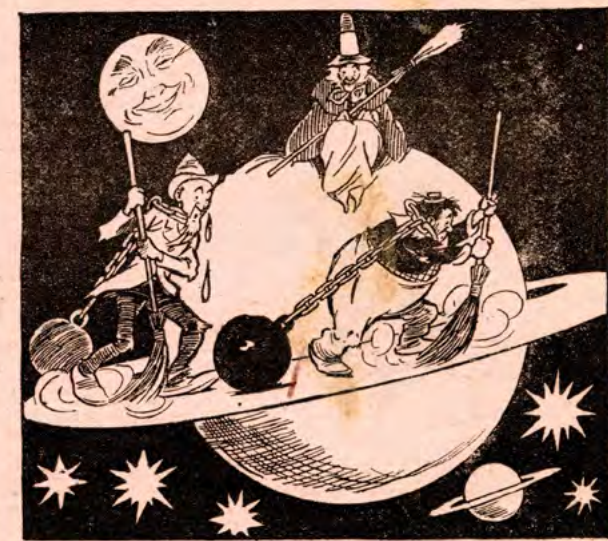
8

CHIPS.

Weary Willie and Tired Tim (continued from page 1).

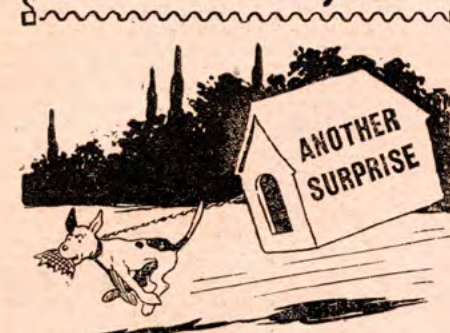


5. 'Twas true. Our pair were in luck; but it was the wrong kind. While they were being driven from home the witches swooped down upon the broom emporium, and made off with the whole stock-in-trade. So once more our pair have failed in business.



6. Then the ladies came back for them, and added insult to injury by turning them into mere drudges. One old Suffragette sat on Saturn with a saturnine smile whilst our heroes performed the endless task depicted above.

'CHIPS,' 1/2 D.



"Don't miss page 3 of this number.—BOTTLES."

'CAPTAIN FOX OF THE FLYING FISH.'

A COMPLETE STORY OF THIS FINE NEW SERIES ON PAGE 3.

ILLUSTRATED CHIPS

1/2

No. 870. (NEW SERIES.) [ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL.] PRICE ONE HALFPENNY. [TRANSMISSION ABROAD AT BOOK HATES.] MAY 4, 1907.

WEARY WILLIE AND TIRED TIM HAVE A BEAR IDEA THIS WEEK.



1. Weary Willie and Tired Tim were wending their way along the leafy lanes of old England the other after twilight, when all of a sudden they found a bear. They had to find it as suddenly as they could, because the owner who had just dropped in at Ye Azure Cow Inn to have a look at ye time-table and get change for sixpence might have come out at any moment and caught our pair in ye act. "It would never do to get caught in the first picture," remarked William—"though it might give old Corney a chance to fill the rest of the front page with advertisements." Thus they gaily prattled till they reached their little villa, "The Laburnums," in Shadwell Basin.



2. The next smiling morn our precious pilferers turned up at a West End motor emporium with a distinguished-looking foreign visitor in tow. "Me and my pal, sir," said Tim to the manager, "have been engaged by the Count Von Winklehelm, whom you see before you, to conduct his Excellency on a little motor-trip—no, trip—round the metrop, and we would like to hire a car for that purpose."



3. The manager was delighted to meet the requirements of so noble a patron, and placed at his service the finest car on the premises. Then the giddy trio wiffled through Rotten Row and made a huge impression.



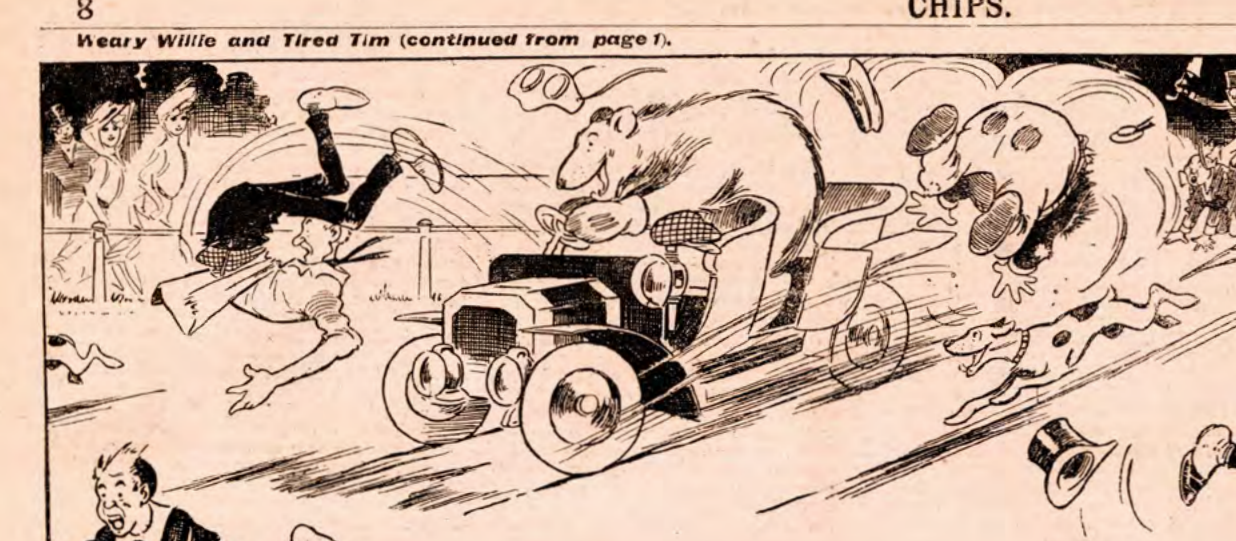
4. But quite unknown to our pair the noble count had been going through all his old circus tricks and experimenting with some new ones, which brought the mounted police on the scene. "You musn't perform here, you fellows!" bawled the bobby with the cheese-taster. "Hyde Park ain't a fun city!" "Who's performing?" inquired Tim, with indignation. "Why, your fat friend in the motor jacket," answered the cop. "He was standing on his head just now—so he was!" Then the awful truth dawned upon them.

(THIS HIGHLY INTERESTING AND THRILLING ADVENTURE IS CONTINUED ON PAGE 8.)

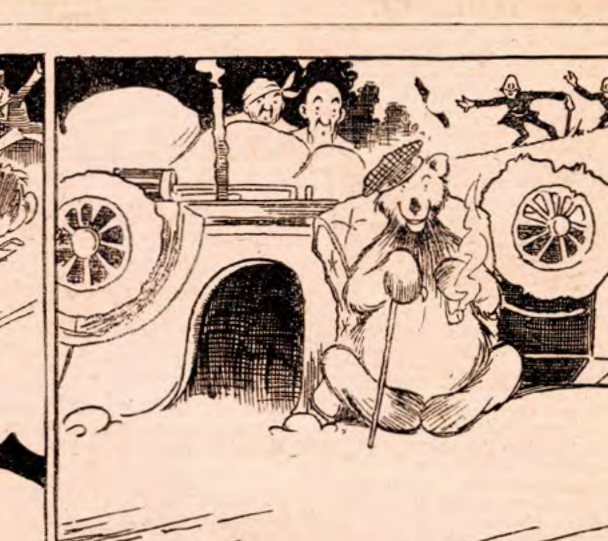
THIS ONE HAD TEN LIVES.



Weary Willie and Tired Tim (continued from page 1).



5. But the worst was to come. That enterprising bear thought he could run the concern very nicely without assistance, and our heroes soon found themselves being thrown out of employment, as per beautiful itching—tut-tut!—etching. Ah, us! It's a sad world, and a hard one! Try falling on it, if you don't believe us.



6. But our pertinacious peregrinators (we've never called them that before) received another shock to their nervous system later on when they discovered that Mr. Bruin had turned the capsized car into a sort of bungalow—and he before his cottage door was sitting in the sun." (Poetry.)

"CHIPS" HOLIDAY NUMBER, ½D. OUT ON THURSDAY NEXT. NEW STORIES. NEW PICTURES.



No. 871. (NEW SERIES.) [ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL] PRICE ONE HALFPENNY. [TRANSMISSION ABROAD AT BOOK RATE.] MAY 11, 1907.

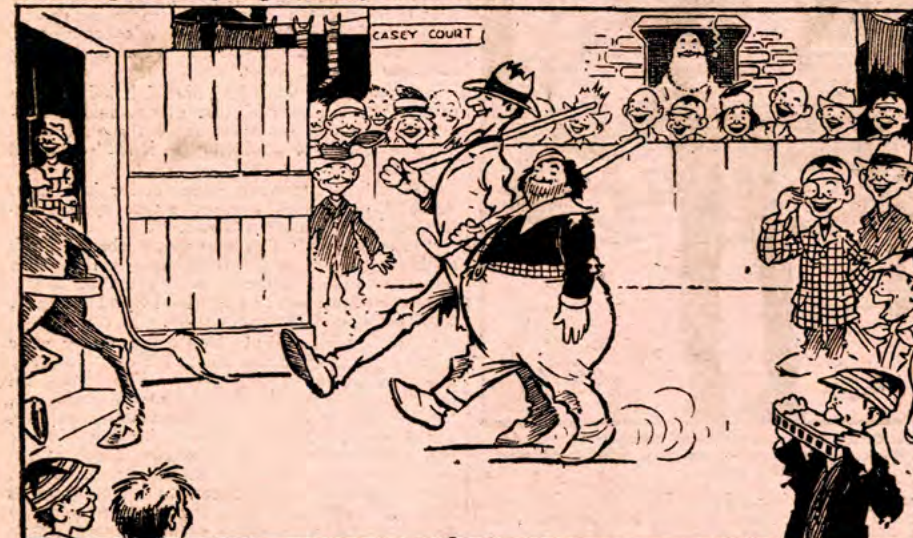
WEARY WILLIE AND TIRED TIM ARE CASEY COURT-MARTIALLED.



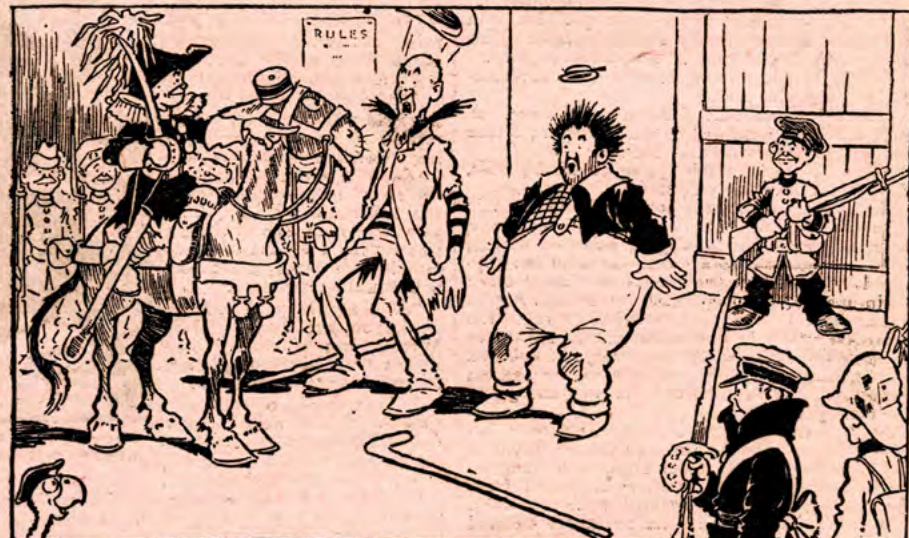
1. Weary Willie and Tired Tim had just got back from a little walking tour through Wendover, Andover, and Boudover, and were consequently feeling more weary and more tired than usual when the sudden sound of martial music seemed to put new life into them. Then the Casey Court Boy Army marched past, and a large salt quivered on Tim's eyelash as he thought of his young cadet days at Sandhurst.



2. "Noble lads! Noble lads!" he cried exultantly. "The eyes of Europe are on you!" "Mine, too!" put in Willie, with passion. Then that glowing spark of imperial pride that smoulders in the bosom of every true Briton leapt to flame (Hark at us!), and our tired heroes, travel-stained though they were, shouldered their staves, and with flashing eyes and swelling breasts stepped lightly forward, their throbbing feet keeping rhythmic time to the stately march music. (Oh, just hark! We're off again!) It was a touching spectacle. These two hardened men of the world, whose patriotic zeal— (That's enough for one picture.—EDITOR.)



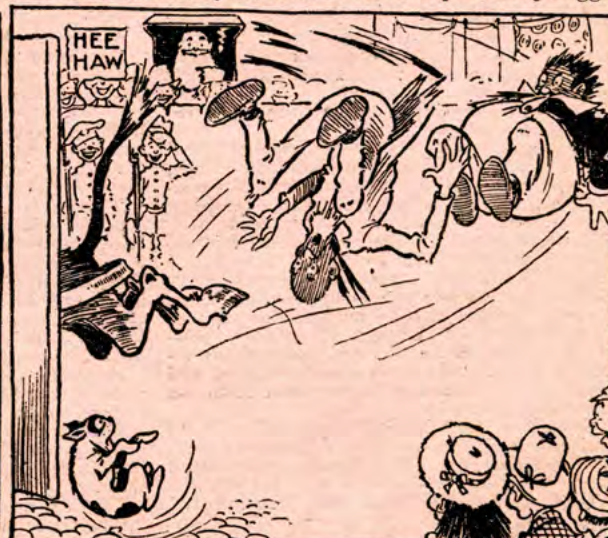
3. On, on, on they marched to the soul-stirring strains of "Johnny, get your gun!" till anon they reached Casey Court, where Casey himself, standing at his cottage door, smiled proudly to find himself figuring so unexpectedly upon the front page of the greatest comic journal in the world.



4. On, on, on they peregrinated (no extra charge for peregrinated. Wonderful how we do it for a halfpenny, isn't it? The "Times" would have just said "walked," but we spare no expense). On, on, on, through the barrack gate; on (three times as before), till at last they found themselves in the guard-room before that stern, relentless martinet Captain Billy Baggs.

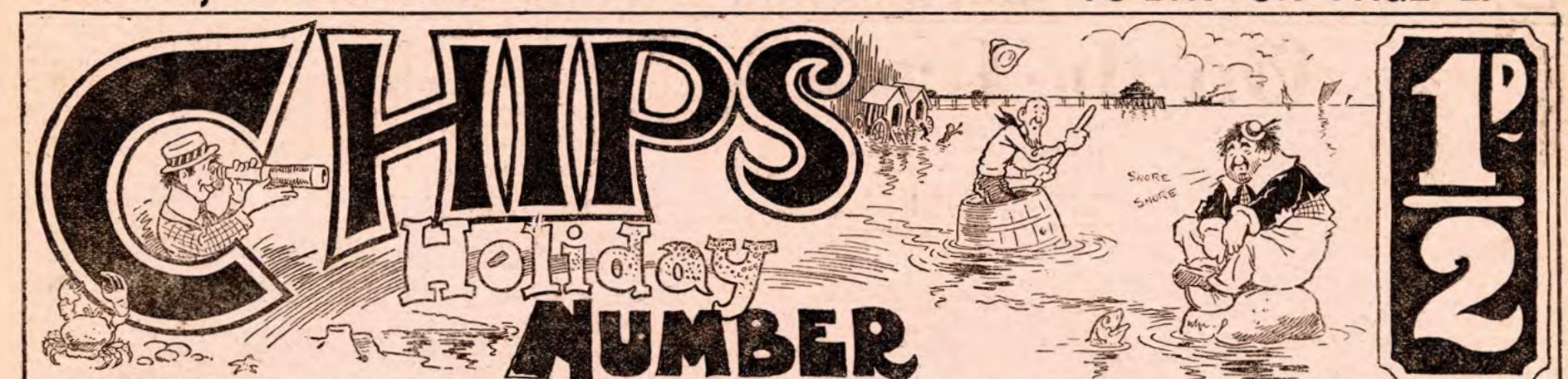


5. The next moment the heavy door had slammed behind. "Seize the spies!" shouted the cruel captain, in cold, hard tones. And immediately our pair were seized in several places. But let us get outside into the fresh air, where we cannot behold their anguish. The smiling faces of the Caseyites are more pleasant to look upon. "I'd rather be a dog and bay at the moon," remarked Smiler, quoting from the classics, "than be either of them front-page fellows at the present moment."



6. Then Gertie the mule (who, by the way, is having a ripping adventure in next week's "Comic Cuts."—Adv.) presented our patriotic heroes with the Grand Order of the Iron Hoof, to be worn upon their pants till further notice. 11-5-7

'DIRK, THE DOG DETECTIVE.'—THIS GRAND STORY STARTS TO-DAY ON PAGE 2.



No. 872. (NEW SERIES.) [ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL] PRICE ONE HALFPENNY. [TRANSMISSION ABROAD AT BOOK RATE.] MAY 18, 1907.

WEARY WILLIE AND TIRED TIM START A MERMAID FACTORY.



1. After due deliberation our versatile venturers decided to embark in the mermaid industry. They found some capital in the City (when nobody was looking), and opened an order office in a central position. On the very first day there was quite a mad rush of seaside mayors, town clerks, and district councillors who wished to draw the public to their respective pleasure-resorts.



2. Then, just to put the business on a firm footing, our enterprising innovators took a jaunt to Billingsgate—a place much frequented by intelligent foreigners who are anxious to master our language—and here they "procured" a few fish tails, fins, scales, and other things essential to the manufacture of genuine mermaids, for, as you are doubtless aware, Billingsgate is as famous for its fish as for its linguists. But, alas! commercial enterprise of this sort does not always meet with the encouragement it deserves, and our very free traders were not allowed to take anything away with them. They were very much struck, however, with the torrent of eloquence, etc., that greeted them on their departure. "What variety of expression!" remarked Willie. "It's wonderful how they do it without referring to notes."



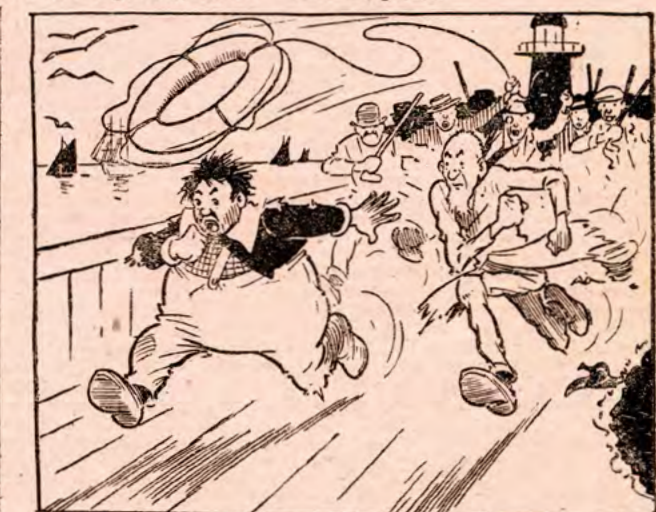
3. The next thing to do was to advertise for expert lady swimmers of good personal appearance. "I think you'll do all right, ladies," remarked Tim to a group of the prettiest applicants—"that is, of course, providing your—er—complexions—er—" "Our complexions, sir, are perfectly waterproof!" interrupted the ladies with quiet dignity.



4. "As for you others," growled Willie to the unsuccessful candidates, "I don't see how you'll ever be able to swim with ugly faces like those! Kindly leave by the side-door, so as not to disorganise the traffic!" Then, turning to the favoured few, he cooed in dulcet accents: "This way to the dressing-room, ladies!" Pass on, please.



5. Those mermaids were a great success. Thousands of people flocked to the quiet little seaport town of Bumblebay, who had never flocked anywhere before; but just as the ground rents were going up nicely the angry sweethearts of those lady swimmers came on the scene and spoilt everything. "Why, it's Maud!" shouted one impetuous youth; which gave the show completely away—



6. And our pair had to exceed the human speed limit all the way to the station in order—here we quote from "The Bumblebay Bugle"—"to escape summary justice at the hands of an infuriated mob." 12-5-7

'DIRK THE DOG DETECTIVE.'—START THIS GRAND STORY TO-DAY ON PAGE 2.

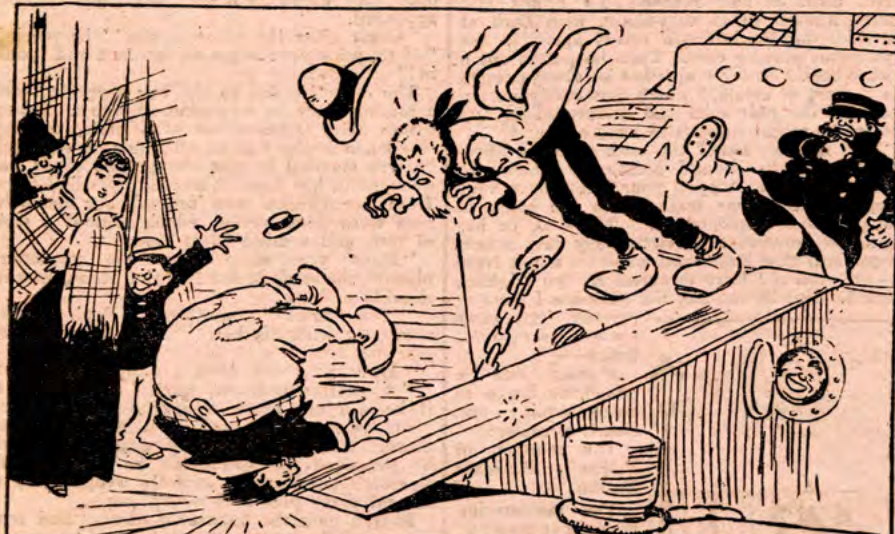


A new series of breezy stories of earth, sky, and sea. Complete each week.

ILLUSTRATED CHIPS 1 1/2

No. 873. (NEW SERIES.) [ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL.] PRICE ONE HALFPENNY. [TRANSMISSION ABROAD AT BOOK RATES.] MAY 25, 1907.

THE PEOPLE OF THE GREEN ISLE ARE DONE BROWN BY WEARY WILLIE AND TIRED TIM.



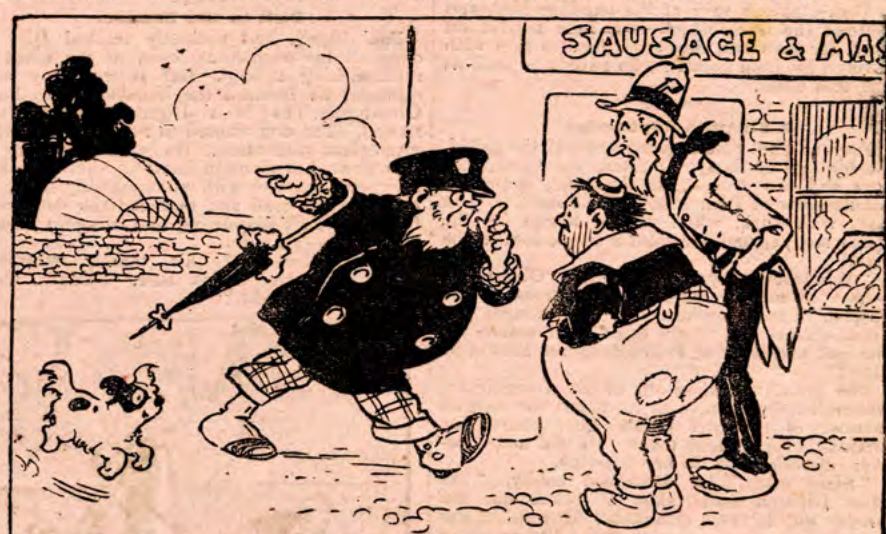
1. "I'm only a poor little blue-eyed stowaway!" sobbed Tim the other morning, as he alighted wrong side up on the sharp edge of Old Ireland. "Me, too! I'm another!" cooed Willie, as he also struck the pebbly beach with his knowledge-box. It was perfectly true, too—not empty bragging. They were really stowaways—those interesting people who get sung about at magic-lantern entertainments. How romantic!



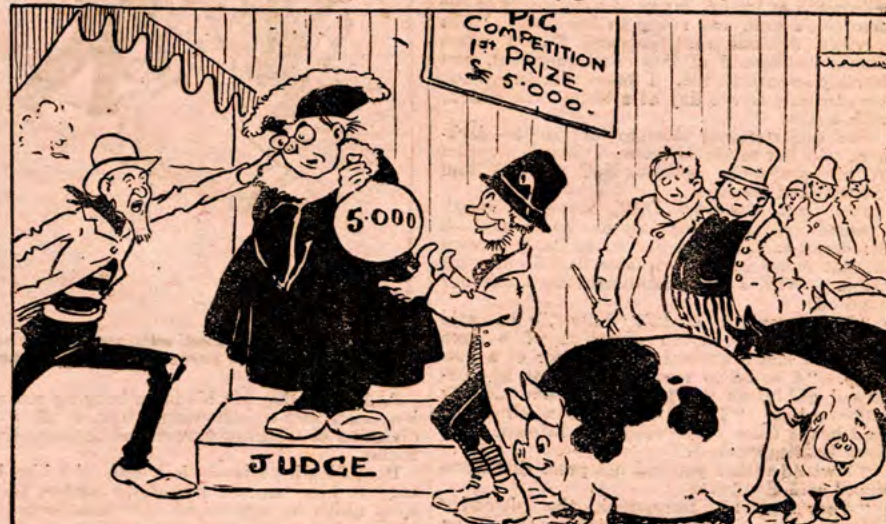
3. "My braces, this is really a very nice balloon!" ejaculated Tim, with unfeigned admiration. "It will be when it's finished," chirped Willie, as he got to work with the tar-brush. And when Tim began to put in a few finishing touches on his own account it was evident to all that that balloon was going to be a very smart affair.



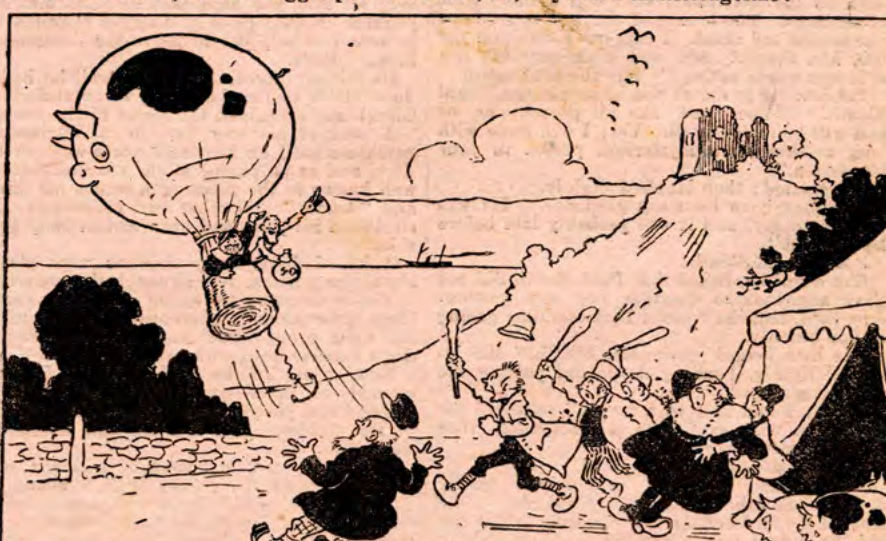
5. And before poor old Patrick Murphy could touch those five thousand golden quidlets our pair had exhibited to the astonished gaze of the mayor the finest bit of future cracking that ever graced a pigstye.



2. Then they met a balloonatic with wobbly whiskers and an abrupt manner. "Say, you chumps," he said (of course, he didn't mean to be rude—that was his way with everybody), "you might take care of my balloon for me while I do the vanishing-sausage trick at this luncheon-bar. I'll give you each a slice of fried onion when I come out." Then he disappeared amid a cloud of savoury steam. "Chumps, indeed!" muttered William. "Oh, yes, we'll take care of his balloon for him! We'll take very great care of it, so we won't!"



4. In an adjoining meadow the annual pig show was being held, and the Mayor of Killaloo was just about to confer the first prize upon one Patrick Murphy for the largest pig in the county when up pops our William. "I forbid the banner!" he cried excitedly—"I mean, I can show you some bigger pork than that, sir, if you'll kummerlongerme!"



6. Of course, there was nothing else to do but to hand the jimmy-o'-goblins over to our heroes, who quickly weighed anchor and sailed away, as per snapshot. "Come back!" cried his worship. "Not me!" shouted Tim. "I may be the shape of a cabbage, but I'm not the colour of one. Tooral-looral!"

"ON THE TRAIL."—START THIS GRAND STORY OF "DIRK, THE DOG DETECTIVE," TO-DAY, ON PAGE 2.



SEE "IN THE RANKS." OUR FINE STORY OF ARMY LIFE.

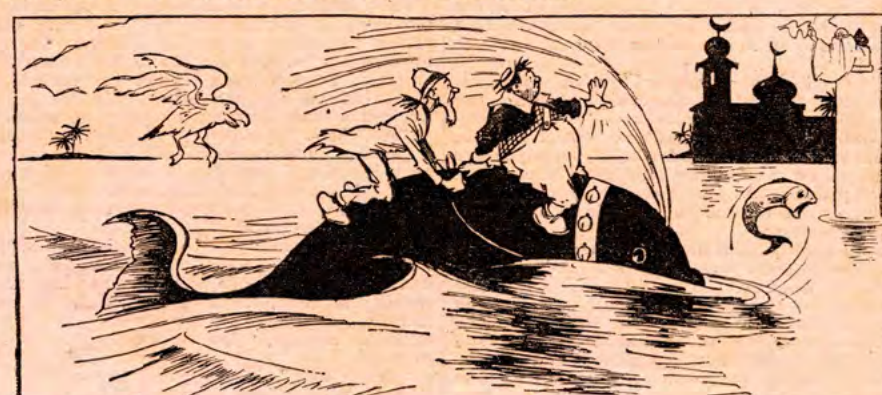
ILLUSTRATED CHIPS 1 1/2

No. 874. (NEW SERIES.) [ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL.] PRICE ONE HALFPENNY. [TRANSMISSION ABROAD AT BOOK RATES.] JUNE 1, 1907.

WEARY WILLIE AND TIRED TIM RESCUE A MAIDEN IN DISTRESS.



1. What do you think, dear reader? Weary Willie and Tired Tim had such a funny find at Winklebreath-on-Sea. A mysterious-looking scaled jar was washed up by the tide, and when they opened it they found that it contained a human document. A bee-yewtiful princess was imprisoned in a harem, and she had written all about it on the back of a washing bill, slipped the paper into an empty pickle-jar, and dropped it out of a window into the Bosphorus, in the hope that some hero or heroes would find it and come to her rescue. Of course, Willie and Tim are heroes to the wishbone, so they consulted Clara the mermaid, who promised to help them rescue the prisoner.



2. "Tell you wot, kiddie," piped Tim in familiar accents (he has known Clara for some years), "you might ask Mr. Neptune if he'd be so kind as to loan us a couple of coral chariots with sea-horses. Tell old Nep we'll take the greatest care of 'em." But Clara couldn't see her way to meet Tim's requirements in that particular direction. She, however, very kindly lent our pair her pet whale for the day, and the intelligent fish took them to the Bosphorus by the shortest route. "There she is—that's the princess!" shouted Tim, as a veiled form waved gracefully to them from a turret window.



3. When they reached the turret the clever whale brought a little hydraulic pressure to bear upon Tim's pants, with the result that he was promptly lifted to a level with the casement. Once there, it was easy to rescue the princess. "My brave preservers," she cried, "how can I ever recompense ye for this service?"



4. "Prithee, sweet damsel," answered Tim, "lift thy veil that we may bask in the light of thy radiant loveliness." "Alas, gentlemen," she sighed, "his my fatal beauty that has brought me to this pass! Would that my features were of a more homely type. Still, thou mayest gaze upon them!"



5. Crums, what a dail! "Give me back my bride, you scoundrels," cried the Sultan, "ere I descend upon ye in my wrath, and with my trusty scimitar cleave ye to the chine!" "She's yours, old sport!" chorused our pair as the elevator got to work again. "Don't say another word about it!"



6. Then they woke up to the realities of life. The principal reality was the tide which had crept around the rock upon which they had been dreaming the hours away. Yes, it was all an empty dream. "Keep as you are, and don't change your expression," cooed Clara to Tim; "you'll make such a funny picture for my album!"

'CHIPS,' 1/2D. 'THE WOMAN IN SCARLET.' THE MOST ROMANTIC NOVEL OF THE DAY. NOW ON SALE. COMPLETE. THREEPENCE. ASK YOUR NEWSAGENT FOR IT.

ILLUSTRATED CHIPS

No. 875. (NEW SERIES.) [ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL.] PRICE ONE HALFPENNY. [TRANSMISSION ABROAD AT BOOK RATES.] JUNE 8, 1907.

WEARY WILLIE AND TIRED TIM HAVE A LIVELY TIME IN THEIR NATIVE VILLAGE.



1. Willie and Tim had a fancy to revisit their birthplace the other day. They wanted to see again the little window where "the sun came peeping in at morn," and all that sort of thing. It was a pretty idea. "Ah, Willie," murmured Tim, as he heaved a deep sigh (3 inches deep by 4 1/2 wide), "it makes my heart go pit-a-pat with variations to gaze from this hill upon yon familiar landscape. Methinks the old baked potato-can at the corner of Market Street must be covered with ivy by now."



2. They had not been more than five minutes in the quaint little village when they were recognised by the oldest inhabitant, who had once lent Tim ninepence to start a business with. The old boy knew all the ins and outs of the place—particularly the inns—and very kindly escorted our tourists to the principal hostelry. Here, in the courtyard, a gorgeous banquet was held, and afterwards a subscription was raised for a marble statue of our pair, to be erected in the market place.



3. "Marble statue, indeed!" chortled Tim. "We'll see about that." The next morning our artful ones called upon Mr. Ivory Black, R.L. (rather impecunious), who gladly undertook to give them a coat of whitewash for the price of a dry ginger ale. You see, marble is very scarce just now, and our pair had other uses for the subscription money.



4. That night the village police force was startled by a strange and eerie spectacle in the centre of Market Square. The weather was not so mild as it had been; in fact, a cold snap had set in, and the new statue that was to be unveiled the next day actually appeared to be shivering beneath its canvas cloak. "Can't understand it!" mused the constabulary.



5. But the wind had veered round to the sou'-sou'-west by the afternoon, and all the villagers turned out to see the mayor uncover the sculptured masterpiece. "Why, it ain't a bit like 'em!" piped a genial critic on the right. That did it!



6. Of course it annoyed our pair to be told that they were not like themselves; and Tim, forgetting that he was a statue, came forward, and said things, which completely gave the show away. Then the fur flew (fur with cats inside it), and other things harder than fur.

'CHIPS,' 1/2D. 'THE WOMAN IN SCARLET.' THE MOST ROMANTIC NOVEL OF THE DAY. NOW ON SALE. COMPLETE. THREEPENCE. ASK YOUR NEWSAGENT FOR IT.

ILLUSTRATED CHIPS

No. 876. (NEW SERIES.) [ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL.] PRICE ONE HALFPENNY. [TRANSMISSION ABROAD AT BOOK RATES.] JUNE 15, 1907.

WEARY WILLIE AND TIRED TIM HAVE ANOTHER LITTLE LOVE AFFAIR.



1. "Oh, me eyesight!" cooed Willie, as Miss Primm's academy from the front page of "The Buttery" marched across CHIPS. "I am glad I thought to put on me best Lincoln and Bennett to-day, the one me father used to wear when he was lessee of a Punch-and-Judy show, and the kid gloves me mother, the duchess, used to clean the grate in. It behoves a man to look his best when there is so much beauty knocking about. What scrumptiousness—what peaches! Pip-pip, and again pip-pip!" "Me, ditto, ditto!" echoed Tim with emotion.



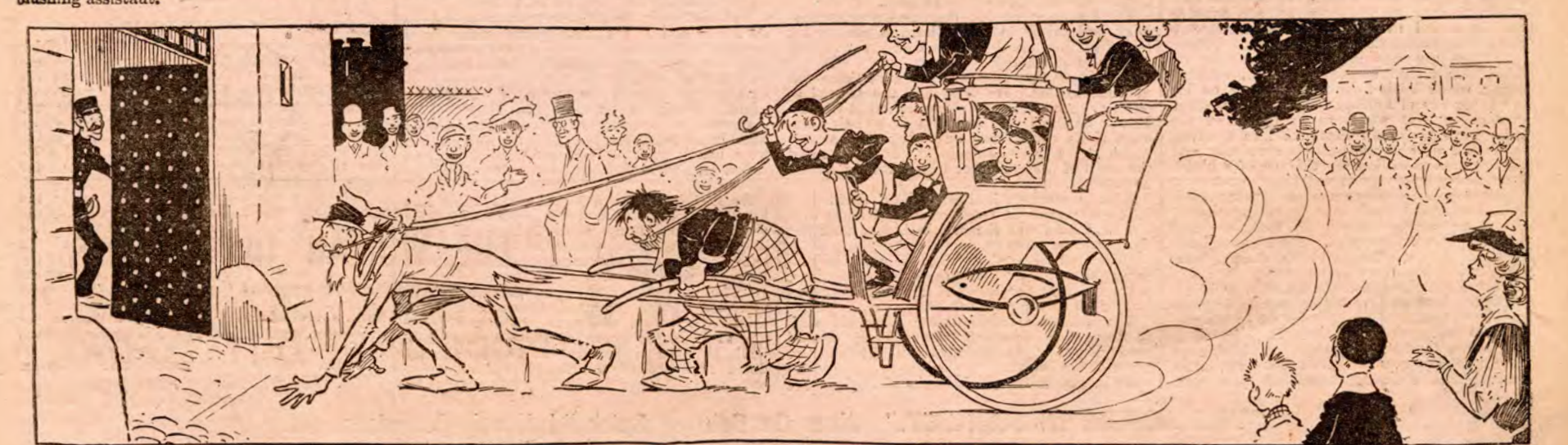
2. "Pardon this intrusion, oh, fairest of thy sex!" murmured Willie in extra dulcet accents to Miss Primm, raising his expensive hat with one hand, and embracing the opportunity with the other. "Nay, turn not away, sweet one; your coy features seem familiar to me! Didn't I have the honour of standing you a plate of curried whelks at Cremorne Gardens in 1786? Ah, them was times, them was!" Meanwhile Tim was indulging in a little society small-talk, interspersed with exhibitions of jujitsu with the bashful and blushing assistant.



3. Then they formed twos and brought up the rear. "It's wonderful what a little early training in a cadet corps does for a man in the way of carriage and deportment," mused Willie. "This attitude used to be a favourite with my grandfather, who served under Captain Coo in the bread riots. It's fairly easy with a strong pair of braces." "I come of an old naval family meself," remarked Tim, loud enough for the ladies to overhear him: "my uncle, Admiral Gregory, of the Flying Squadron, used to look just like this, standing on the deck of the Victory giving orders to Nelson. But let us join the ladies."



4. Then the indignant and chivalrous youths from the grammar school came to the rescue of beauty in distress, and considerably damped the ardour of our pair, as shown in the above picture of the year. "What are Willie and Tim doing now?" inquired one of the little girls in black. "I can't see very plainly from here," replied her friend, "but it looks as if they were pretending to be ducks, and the boys are throwing crumbs to them. A pretty idea!"



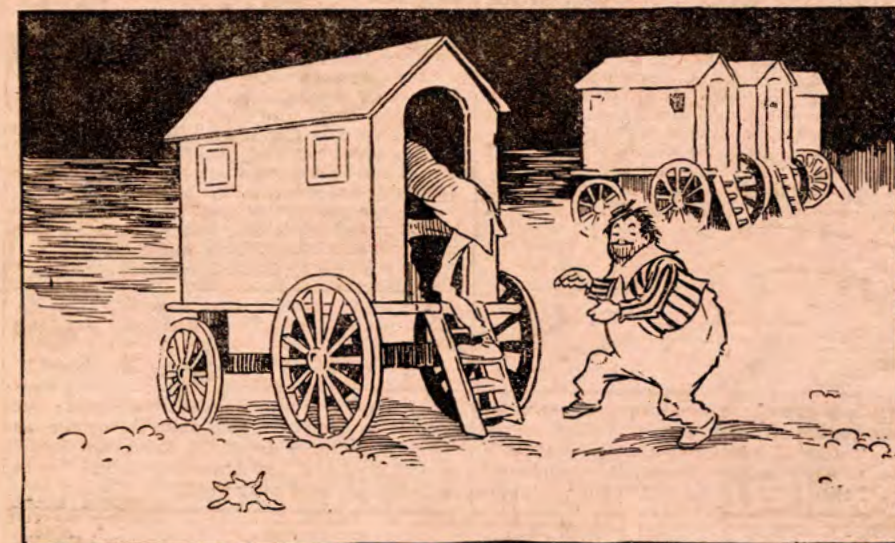
5. After pretending to be ducks, our pair had to play at being cabhorses, which was a rank insult, to say the least of it, and not at all rare. "What! Back again so soon?" smiled their old friend the gaoler. "Yes, cocky," replied William; "but we've been fairly driven to it this time!"

'CHIPS,' 1D. "SAINTS AND SINNERS." OUR NEW DRAMATIC SERIAL. SEE INSIDE.

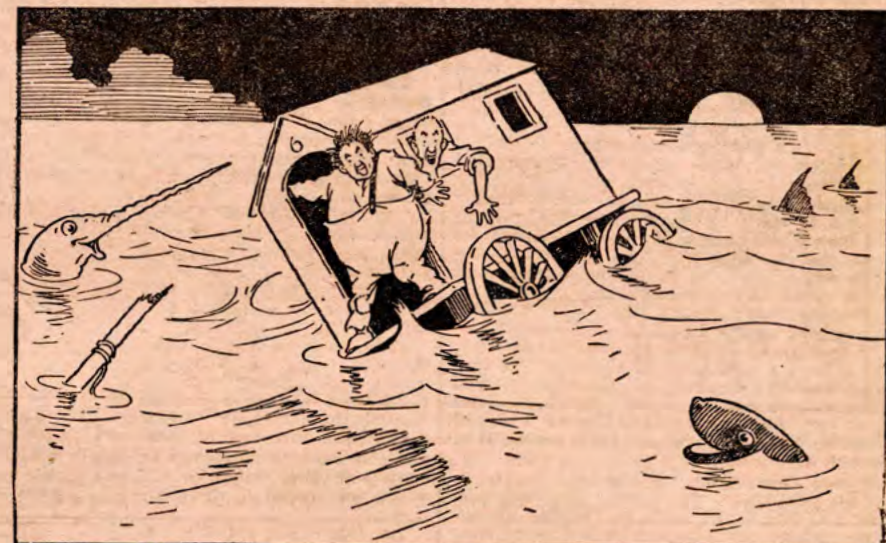


No. 877. (NEW SERIES.) [ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL] PRICE ONE HALFPENNY. [TRANSMISSION ABROAD AT BOOK RATE.] JUNE 22, 1907.

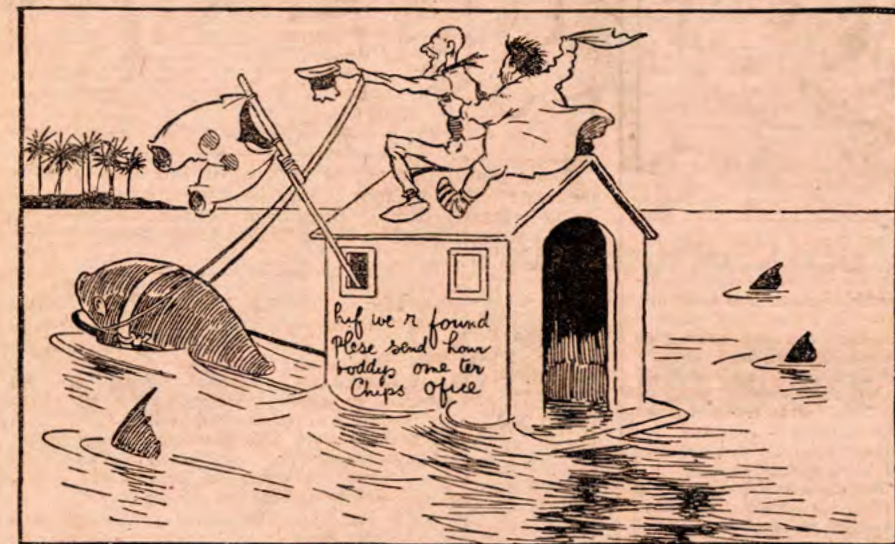
WEARY WILLIE AND TIRED TIM TRAVEL BY WHALE AND GIRAFFE.



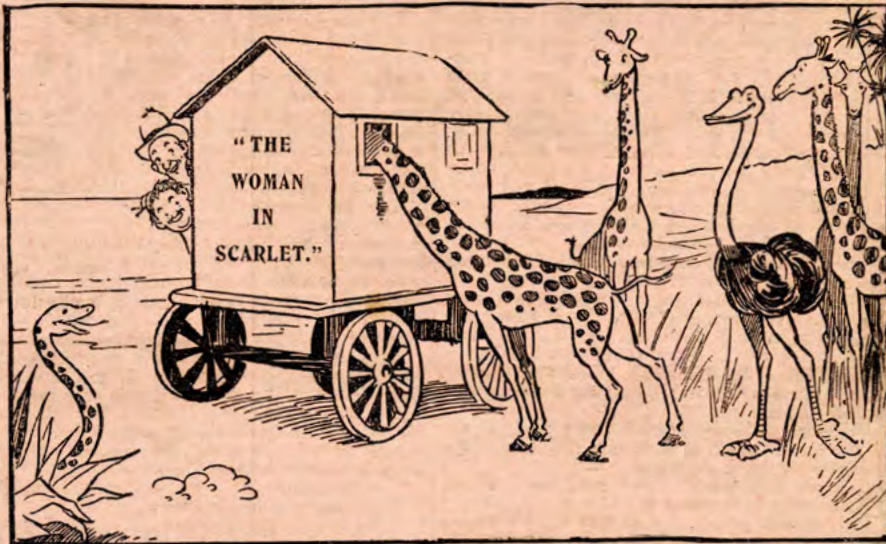
1. Scene: Dover. Time: Bedtime. Characters: Weary Willie (a handsome man of giddy habits), Tired Tim (a ditto ditto of ditto), Jimmy Jimjam (a starfish). N.B.—The starfish does not take a principal part in this drama. He has no lines to speak, but just flops about and looks pretty. So he ain't really a star at all, is he? But let us get to the story. It was this way. All the hotels were overcrowded, and, apart from that, our noble pair had left their cheque-books behind. So they had to seek shelter for the night in a common bathing machine.



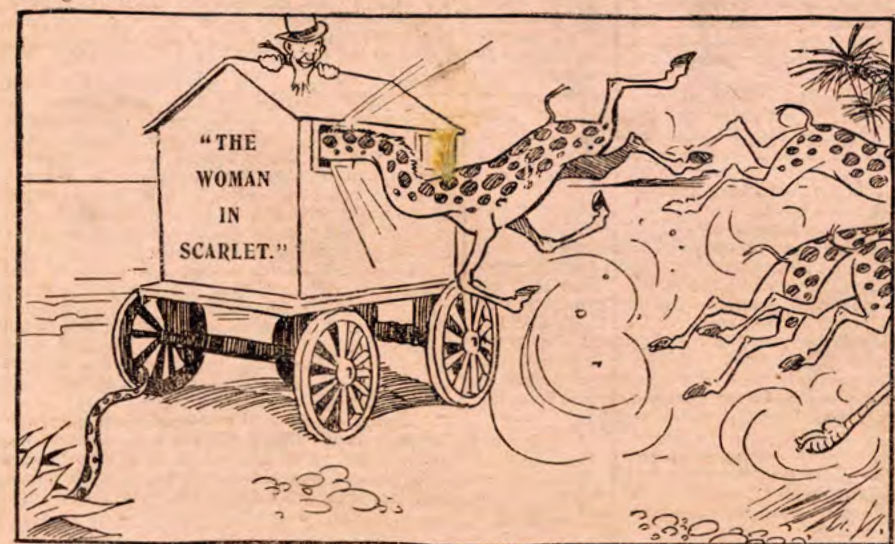
2. Of course, it was dreadfully provoking at the time, but, as Willie remarked, it would be something to laugh about afterwards—a good story to tell the boys at the Army and Navy Club when they got back to Pall Mall, doncherknow! But in the morning they were put to further inconvenience. Tim was just about to step out to take a walk before breakfast, when he nearly got in a bath instead. "Willie," he sobbed, "it's all up; we're on the high seas! Good-bye white cliffs of Dover! Farewell, pink pages of CHIPS!"



3. But it's an ill tide that brings nobody any good, and an unemployed whale found work at last. There was no flag to hoist, so Tim hoisted his slacks. On the third day they sighted land, whereupon Willie gave vent to a hearty British cheer, in which Tim joined, taking the alto.



4. "Judging by the trees and the funny-looking animiles," remarked Willie sagely, "I should say this was a foreign country." "Yes," answered Tim, "the same thing occurred to me. It can't be Kew Gardens or the Zoo, 'cause there ain't no keepers knocking about." What intelligence!



5. Yes, it was a foreign country right enough, and our pair had become bona fide travellers entitled to drink lemonade after closing hours. A little later they caught a giraffe. "That'll teach you manners!" chortled Willie, as Tim slammed the window of the combined room. "How dare you try to criticise our furniture?"



6. And under the civilising influence of our heroes the rude animile soon became a useful member of the community, as depicted above. The simple natives, who had never seen a hut that went along before, were tremendously impressed, and the artful adventurers will live happily amongst them on rice and ostrich eggs till next Thursday.



NEW STORY - 'SAINTS & SINNERS.' A POWERFUL DRAMA OF INTENSE HUMAN INTEREST. READ ABOUT FATHER BASIL, THE MASTER OF MYSTERY.

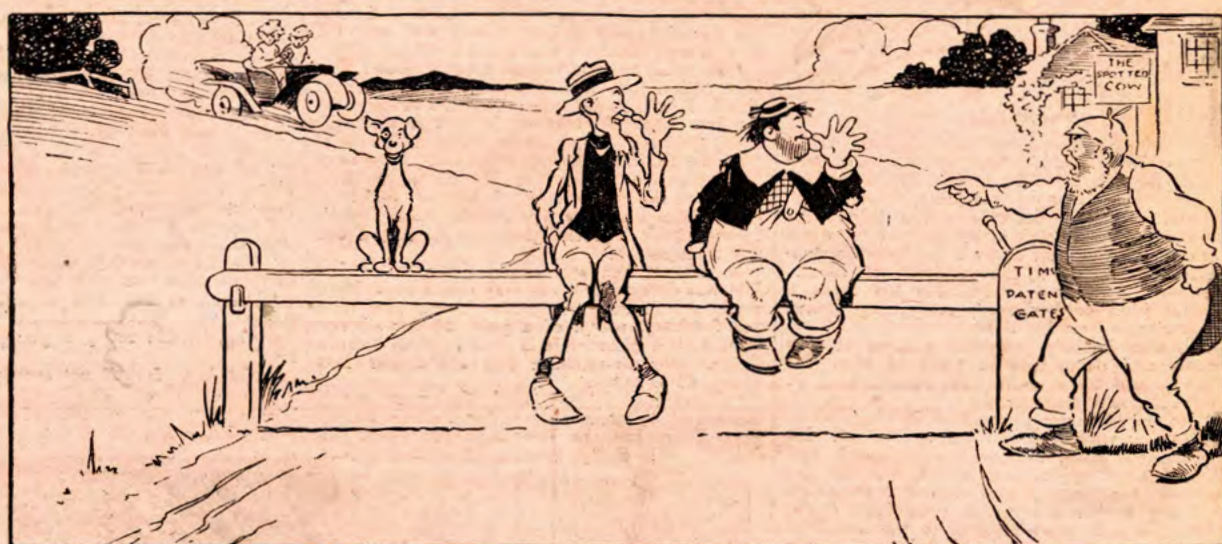


No. 878. (NEW SERIES.) [ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL] PRICE ONE HALFPENNY. [TRANSMISSION ABROAD AT BOOK RATE.] JUNE 29, 1907.

WEARY WILLIE AND TIRED TIM GET THERE JUST THE SAME.



1. Tim fell out of a coffee palace the other evening, and hit the pavement with his bump of inventiveness. That set it working again. Anything hard and sudden like pavement always does. Result: A patent toll-gate, as per illustration.

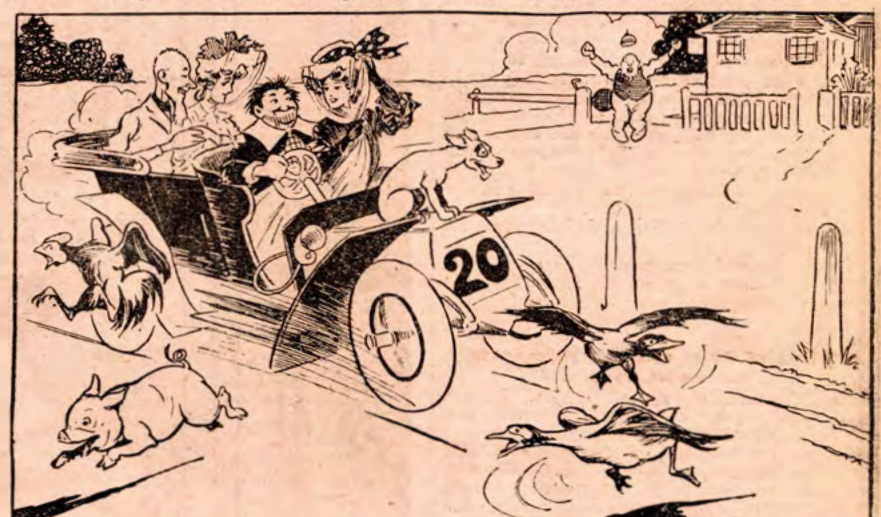


2. "Ere, you can't fix your toll-gate up agin' my commodious premises, young-fellers-me-lads!" remarked the licensed victualler. "The folk from the village will be getting their licensed vittles at the other end if they find they've got to pay toll afore they can get to my shop. Clear off!" "Yah-booh and mices to you!" chirped Tim, as he struck a stained-glass attitude. "And ditto from me, old Glucose!" put in Willie with expression. Then a motor-car whizzed round the bend.



3. Whizz, bang, whooster, and kerflop! (Sanskrito). "One good turn deserves another," mused the genial beer-mixer, as he promptly worked the lever, and thereby averted a terrible disaster, as the "Daily Mail" would say. Right plumb into the motor-car went our Willie, and Tim, who was pulling William's leg at the time, had to follow his honourable friend. It was all done so rapidly that it's wonderful how our artist managed to get in all the details, including the number of the car. He must be a quick worker!

(THIS HIGHLY INTERESTING AND THRILLING ADVENTURE IS CONTINUED ON PAGE 8.)

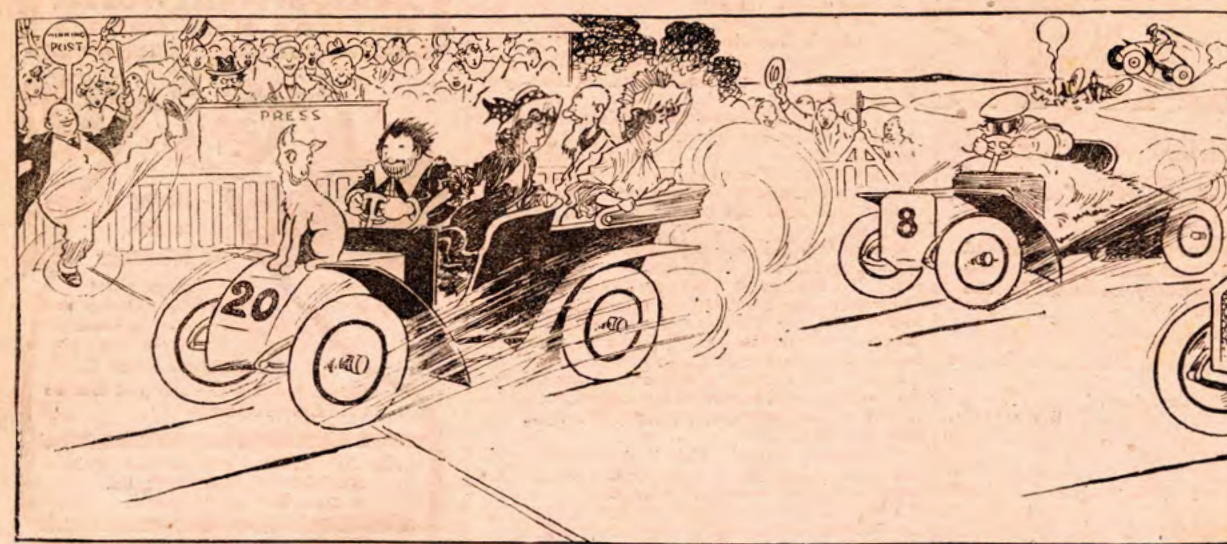


4. "Yes, miss," cooed Tim, when they had joined the ladies, "it's funny we should drop in as you were passing by! Quite a surprise visit, ain't it? We're the pink-faced funninesses from the front page of a little journal called CHIPS. P'raps you know the periodical?" "Yes, rather!" gushed Lady Gertrude. "We always keep a copy on the occasional table of the drawing-room at home; it helps conversation. Meanwhile Willie was telling the tale to the Hon. Mirabelle. She is just saying, 'Oh, sir, you are a one!'"

8

CHIPS.

Weary Willie and Tired Tim (continued from page 7).



5. But as soon as Tim was informed that they were taking part in a race, he at once decided to cut the cackle and get to the petrol; and in a little while they had broken every speed record that was ever invented by a truthful policeman. They passed the winning-post exactly at three minutes to five—just the time when Tim begins to want his cup of tea.



6. Then a Cabinet Minister presented them with a tin trophy and a putty medal with a wooden string, and wished them joy of it. Afterwards the ladies took our pair over to their little bungalow in Park Lane and made much of them.

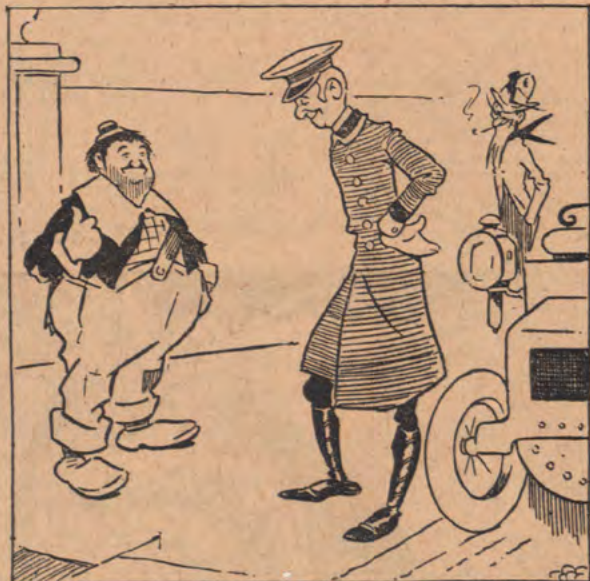


No. 935. (NEW SERIES.) [ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL.] PRICE ONE HALFPENNY. [TRANSMISSION ABROAD AT BOOK RATE.] AUGUST 1, 1908.

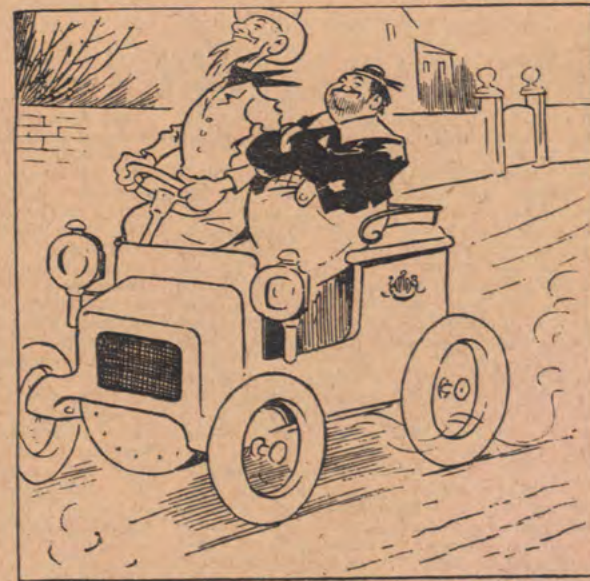
WEARY WILLIE AND TIRED TIM HAVE A BANGING BANK HOLIDAY.



1. It was Bank Holiday, and Willie and Tim had exactly ninepence-halfpenny between them. But, we ask you, what can two full-blooded men of the world do with ninepence-halfpenny in a dull place like London?



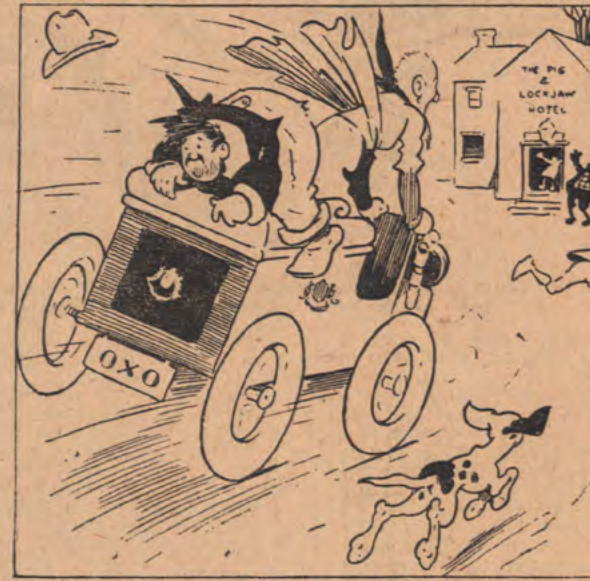
2. Then he addressed the dignified chauffeur in these oily words: "Excuse me speaking to you, milord, but there's a couple of beautiful young ladies round the corner who crave a few words with you."



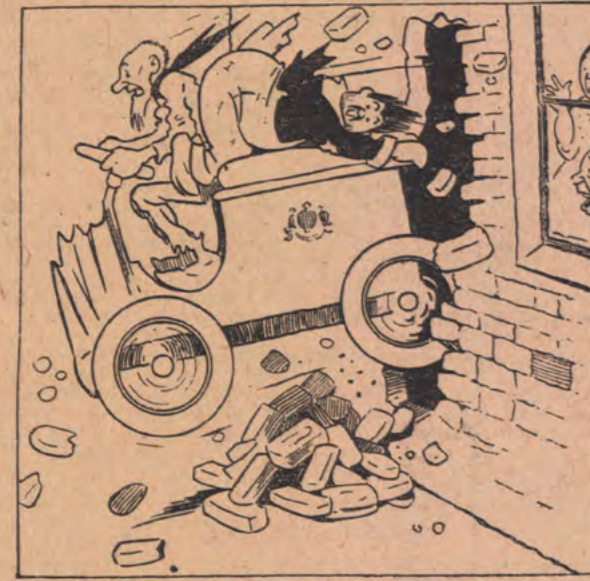
3. That did it! The silly, conceited fellow believed every word that Tim had said, and rushed off like a shot. "Good for you, ol' son!" chorried William. "Now's our chance to have a spin down to Frestlesca!"



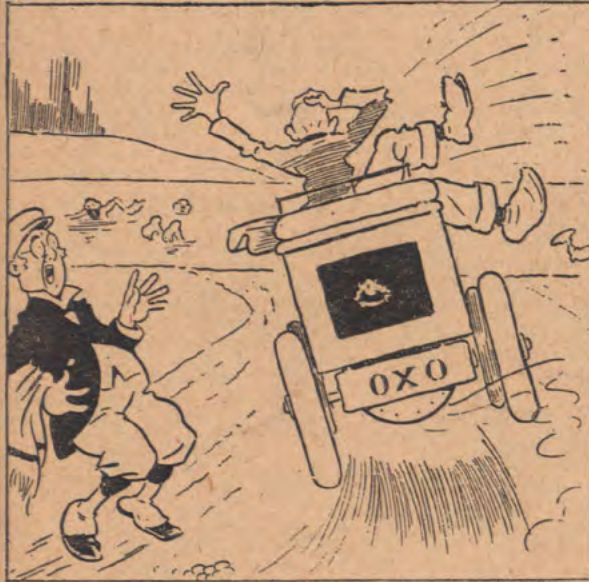
4. The motor was very well behaved at first, but after a little while it started running amuck. Willie pulled every lever he could see, but nothing seemed to stop it.



5. After running over four human beings, two dogs, and a suffragette, it took a short cut to the Pig and Lockjaw Hotel. "Good-bye, Willie, if I don't see you again!" sobbed Tim.



6. "This is terrible, terrible!" blurted Willie, with a stifled blurt. "Wot we've been through to-day I wouldn't go through again for love or oof! Think of it!"



7. It was a most successful tour. They went all through the Western counties, including some of the county-courts. Then they started "doing the lakes."



8. Talk about a water carnival—with fireworks! Henley wasn't in it! "First we go up-a-pup-pup!" blithered Willie. "Then we go down-a-down-down!"



9. Last lap! What a bangkolerdy, eh? with the accent on the "bang"! Hard lines to finish up in a hospital ward, after fondly dreaming of a happy day by the glad briny!

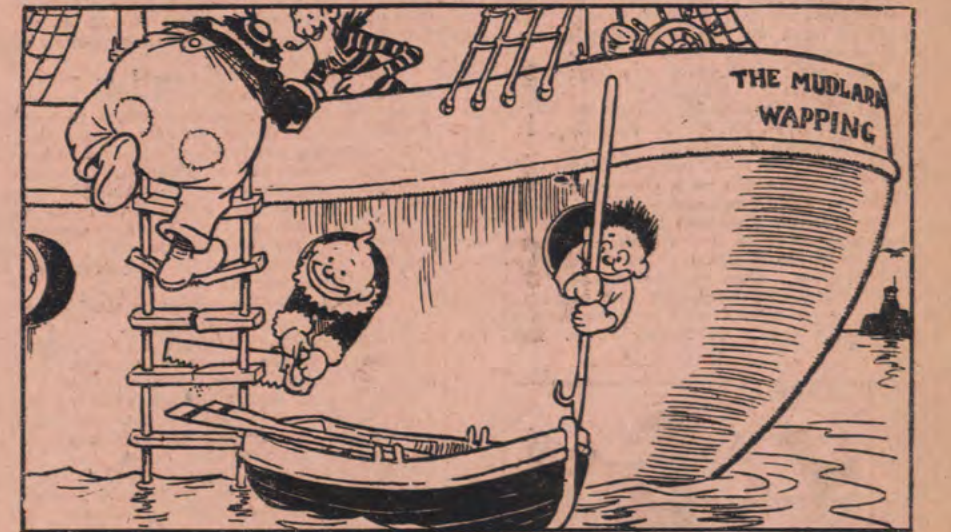


No. 1,052. (NEW SERIES.) [ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL.] PRICE ONE HALFPENNY. [TRANSMISSION ABROAD AT BOOK RATE.] OCTOBER 29, 1910.

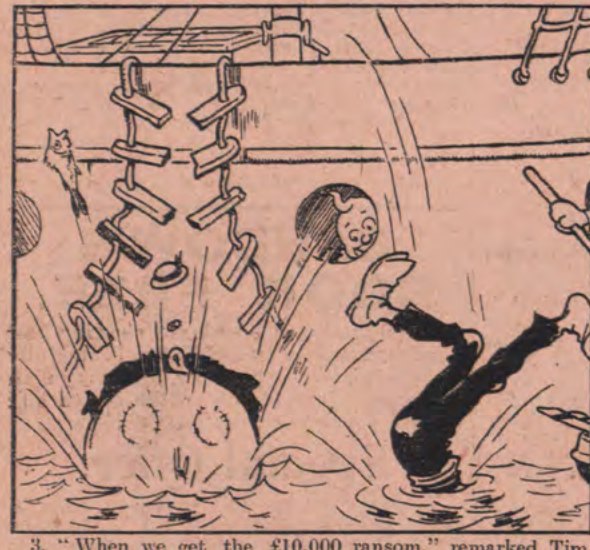
WEARY WILLIE AND TIRED TIM, THE WORLD-FAMOUS TRAMP COMEDIANS.



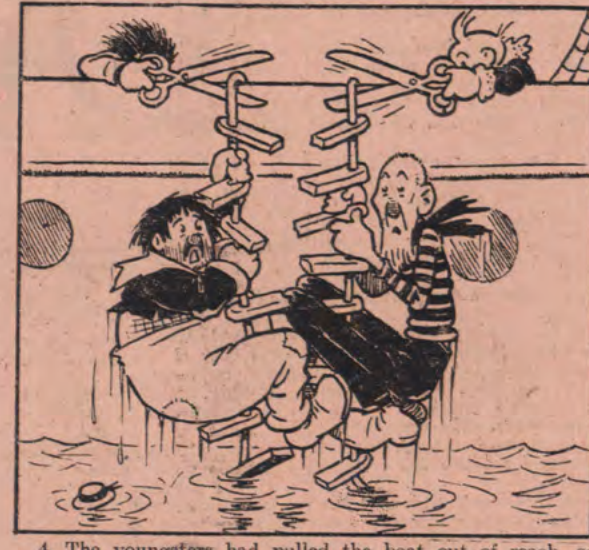
1. Weary Willie and Tired Tim have broken out in a fresh place this week. They have taken to kidnapping as a profession, and, judging by the above exciting oil-painting, the kids don't like being napped, do they? "Once aboard the *Mudlark* and the cheese is mine!" wuffed Willie through his clenched whiskers. "Me, too, with this one!" echoed Tim.



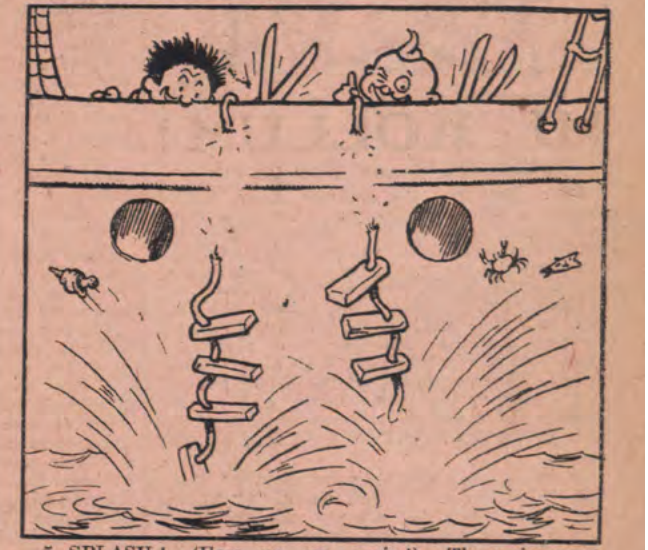
2. You see, those kiddies were the twin sons of Mr. Rockbitt, the great American hair-oil king, and our pair meant to apply for a handsome ransom—we mean a handsome ransom—before returning them to their rich papa. But one of the artful youngsters sawed the spokes of the ladder through just when our cheery pair were about to go ashore to make terms.



3. "When we get the £10,000 ransom," remarked Tim, "we shall be able to make a splash!" "True for you, old putty-face!" chirped Willie. "We shall get into the best society, and be fairly in the swim." Then they stepped on the ladder that wasn't all there. The next second Tim was in very truth making a splash, as he said he would, whilst Willie was fairly and squarely in the swim.



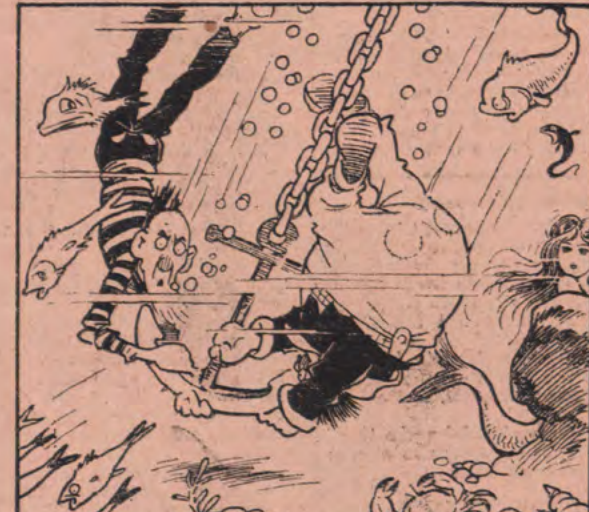
4. The youngsters had pulled the boat out of reach, so there was nothing for it but to get back to the old ship. "I don't think I should like to be a pirate for keeps," murmured Tim, as he pulled himself out of the ocean. "Nor me, neither—not all the year round!" groaned Willie. "It's all right in the summer, though—the water ain't so wet then."



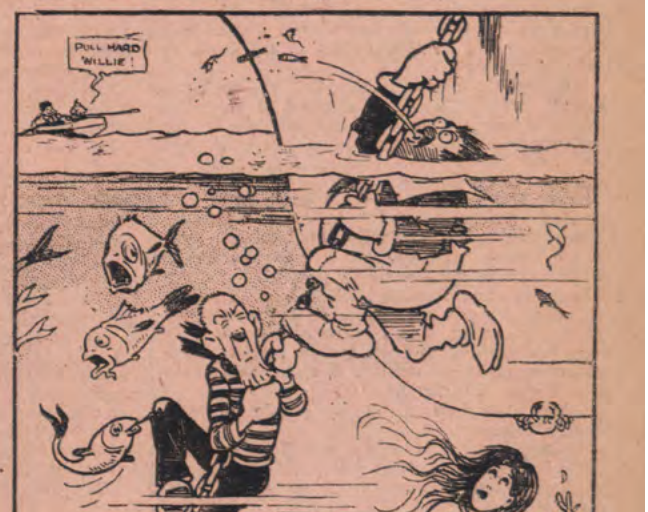
5. SPLASH! (Here we are again!) Those innocent babes had cut the conversation short with the ship's scissors—which was a great pity, because Tim's next remark was going to be really funny. "Gee! We've beaten 'em to a frazzle this time!" chirped young Pierpont Rockbitt. "Now let's go and weigh the anchor," suggested Archibald. "Then they made a bee-line for the captain—"



6. But when they got there they found the anchor weighed about twenty stone too much. "It's those hangers-on again!" remarked Archibald.



7. "We shall have to drop their acquaintance!" said Pierpont, as he let the chain go. And down-a-down-down went the pair of mackrelbats, we mean acrobats.



8. Then they went up-a-pup-pup, and reached the surface just in time to see those budding millionaires making for the shore in the only boat the ship possessed.

CHIPS ^{1D.}/₂
THE CHAMPION COMIC.

THE WAR DETECTIVE! READ OUR THRILLING STORIES INSIDE.



WEARY WILLIE AND TIRED TIM HAVE THEIR UPS AND DOWNS.



No. 1255. (NEW SERIES.) [ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL.] PRICE ONE HALFPENNY. [TRANSMISSION ABROAD AT BOOK RATES.] SEPTEMBER 19, 1914.

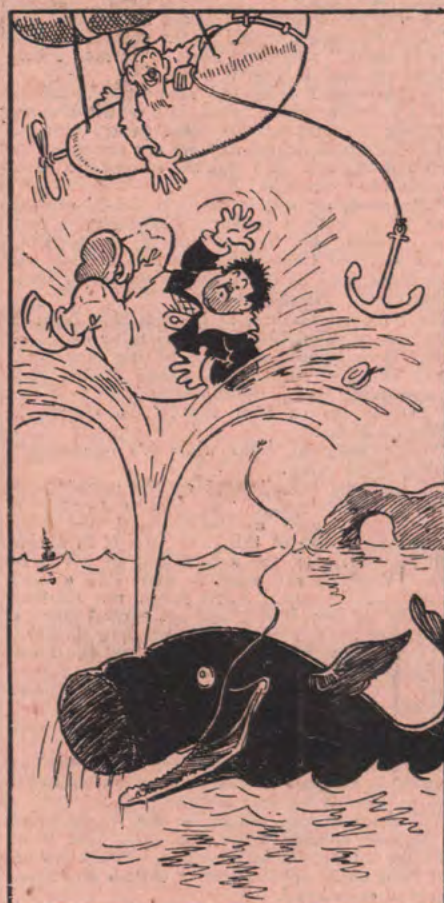
THE FUNNY ADVENTURES OF WEARY WILLIE AND TIRED TIM, THE WORLD-FAMED TRAMPS.



1. Willie and Tim have been very busy all the week fishing for sprardines in the North Sea. They've been doing the job from their little war-balloons. Saveloy the Second, because they've got the notion that the air is safer than the sea just now. "Ooray! I've got a bite!" yelled Tim. Full steam ahead, old sport!



2. "Whoa! Back pedal!" shouted Tim excitedly. "Give us a hand—quick! I've hooked a fifteen-pounder at the very least, and I'll get away with the bait if you don't come to my assistance!" "Well, don't be in such a hurry!" wuffed Willie. "If you stop where you are for a minute I'll help you to land it!"



3. But Tim absolutely refused to stop till the whale brought hydraulic pressure to bear upon him. Then up he had to go whether he liked it or not. Of course, he got very wet. "Great pip!" yelled Tim. "What's happening to me? Have I struck a German contact mine, or what?"



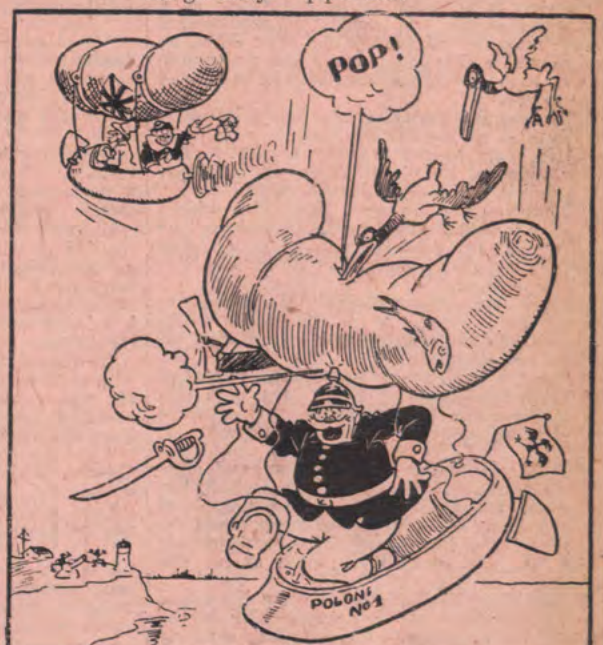
4. Then he stepped on the anchor, and Willie helped him to get aboard. "Now then, hurry up!" snapped Willie. "I can't hang about here all day while you keep getting in and out of the ship. If you want to paddle, wait till we get back to Margate!" "I'm sorry I let that fish get away!" piped Tim.



5. "Never mind! Cheer up, old sport! There are as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it!" chortled Willie. "Have another try." And the next moment Tim hooked a bloater. But Willie had just sighted a hostile German airship in the offing. "Surrender, if you please!" said the enemy politely.



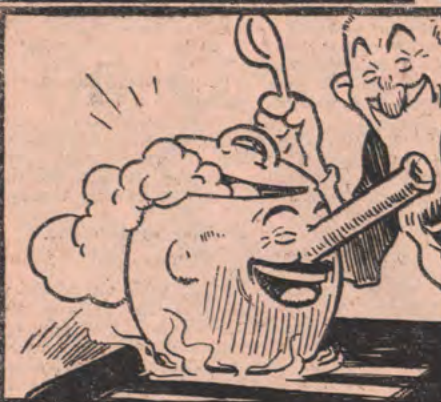
6. "I only want to kill you, dot's all!" said he. "I won't detain you a moment. I only want to kill you each just vunce!" "This bloater is a hard-rod 'un!" grumbled Tim. "Old Scourkrant can have it if he likes I don't want it!" And he placed the fish on the top of the German airship.



7. Then the wild seafoal made a bee-line for the tasty morsel. Ploxy! "Ach! Himm! Donnerwetter! I was punctured!" yelled the war lord. "I was punctured two times twice! Mit mine own spike helmet I make vun puncture, yes! Mine gootness! It iss hard luck for der Vaterland!" Then our pair sang "Rule Britannia."

CHIPS ^{1D.}/₂
THE CHAMPION COMIC.

"CHIPS" IS OUT TO-DAY. Hooray!

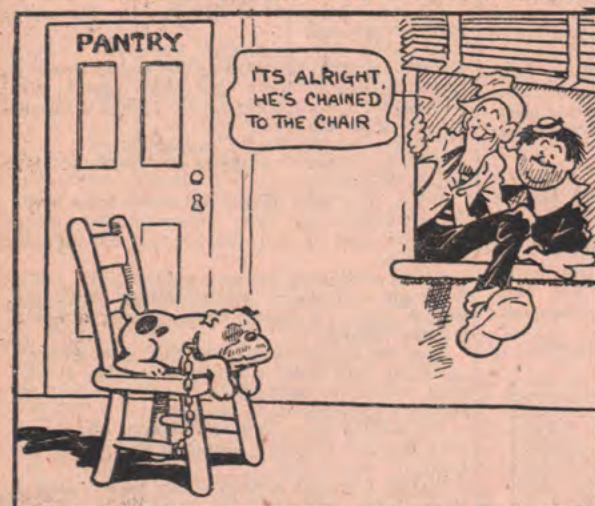


BUBBLING OVER WITH FUN.

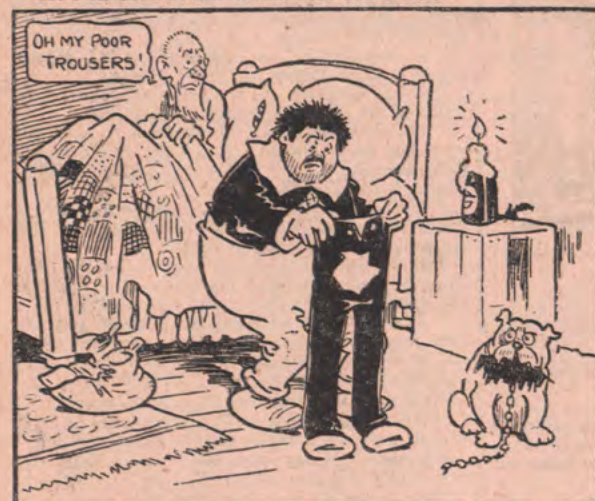


No. 1285. (NEW SERIES.) [ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL.] PRICE ONE HALFPENNY. [TRANSMISSION ABROAD AT BOOK RATES.] APRIL 17, 1915.

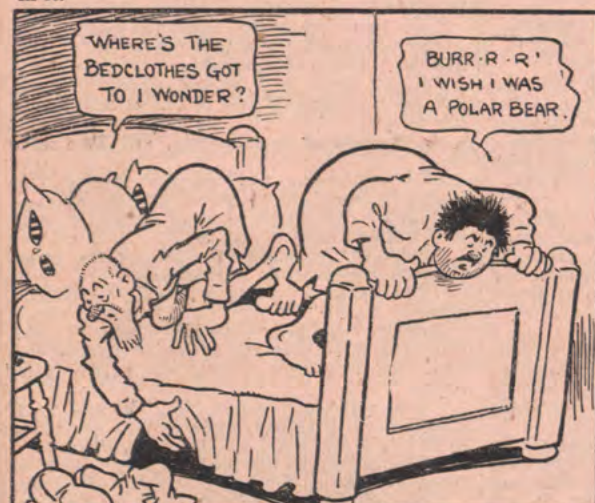
THE FUNNY ADVENTURES OF WEARY WILLIE AND TIRED TIM, THE WORLD-FAMED TRAMPS.



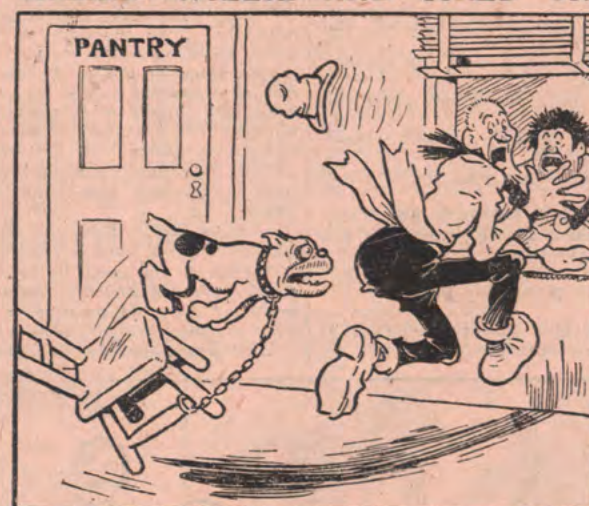
1. Willie and Tim were paying a morning call the other after-midnight; but as the people of the house were not very early risers, our pair had to let themselves in at the kitchen window. "Just look at that bull-pup turning the kitchen into a kennel!" piped Tim. "I don't know what dogs are coming to nowadays!" "It's all right!" chirped Willie. "He's chained to the chair. He can't hurt!"



2. But it wasn't all right—not by a long shot! The dog was chained to the chair—granted; but the chair wasn't chained to the floor. The host had overlooked that little point. "I sha'n't stay here another minute!" wuffed Willie, as he made a dash for the window. "Nor me, neither!" tootled Tim. "We'll strike these people off our visiting-list! They're no class, laddie!"



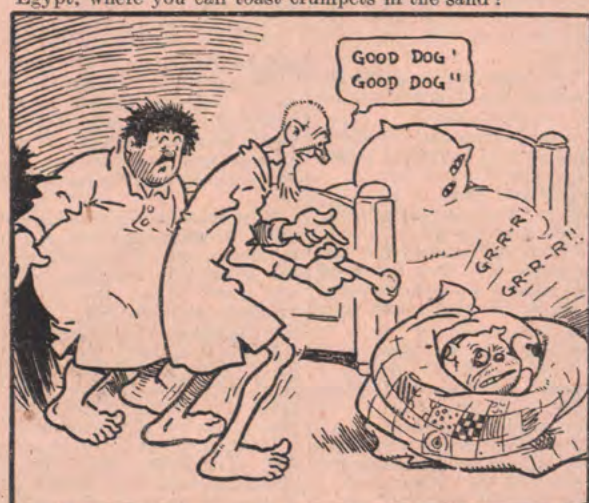
3. "Here! Half a motor-car! Wait for me, old sport!" squeaked William, as Tim vaulted gracefully over the garden wall. "Don't desert an old pal! Be matey! Just come and see what it is that has got caught on to my round-mouses, and unhook it for me if you can!" But Tim wasn't a bit inquisitive. "I can't stop to look at it now!" he said. "Bring it along with you!"



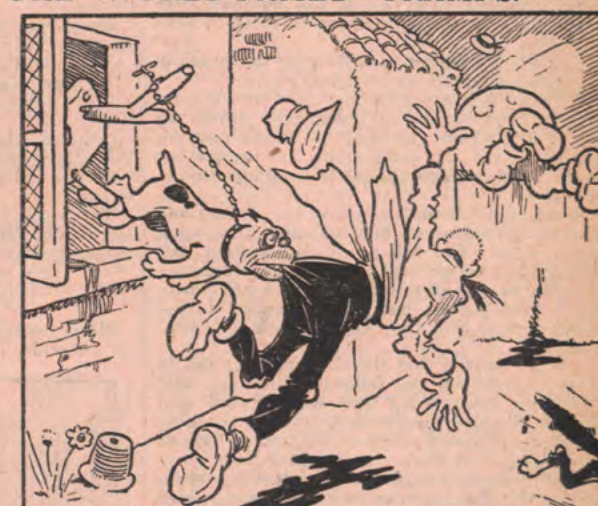
4. So Willie brought it along with him. It was a long, long way to Lambeth, but they all got there at last. Then Willie hopped out of his trousers and went straight to bed, leaving Tim to have a tug-of-war with the playful bulldog. Tim won! At least, he got the biggest half with the motto in it.



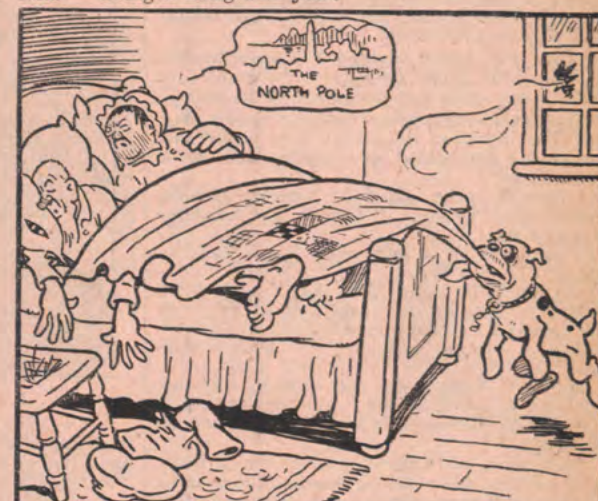
5. "Well, we haven't had such a bad day, after all!" chortled Tim, when the struggle was over. "That all-British bulldog is worth at least a quid; we can sell him in the morning, and buy you a new pair of bags." Then our contented pair went right off to sleep, and dreamed of sunny Egypt, where you can toast crumpets in the sand!



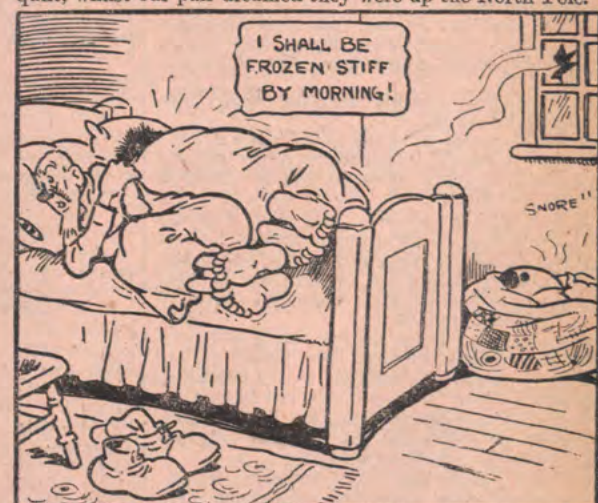
6. But after a little while Pongo began to feel a bit chilly. The seat of war that he'd pinched from Willie's has-beens wasn't quite large enough for a counterpane. "These bounders have got all the clothes!" he growled. "One patch isn't enough for me!" So he helped himself to the quilt, whilst our pair dreamed they were up the North Pole.



7. At last our merry tourists woke up. They'd done enough travelling, round the globe for one night! "Where on earth have the clothes got to?" wuffed Willie. "Did we leave them in Egypt, or at the North Pole?" "Burr-r-r!" replied Tim evasively. "I wish I was a Polar bear!"



8. Then they got out and did a bit more exploring, and at last they discovered the missing bedclothes. Willie, being a shrewd business-man, tried to swap a nice juicy beef-bone for the goods. But there was nothing doing. That bull-pup wouldn't trade with the enemy at any price.



9. Our commercial travellers had to go back to bed at last! Mr. Pongo was a tough customer to tackle, and they couldn't do a deal with him anyhow! "I shall be frozen stiff by the morning!" whined Tim. "It's all your fault, too! Bringing strange dogs home without asking them for a reference!"

CHIPS 1D
THE CHAMPION COMIC.

**WEARY WILLIE
AND TIRED TIM**

**SAUCY
SUNBEAM**

**HOMEL-S
HECTOR**

**THE HAPPY
ALLIES**

**CASEY
COURT**



OUR MAGNETIC PAIR - A GREAT
ATTRACTION!

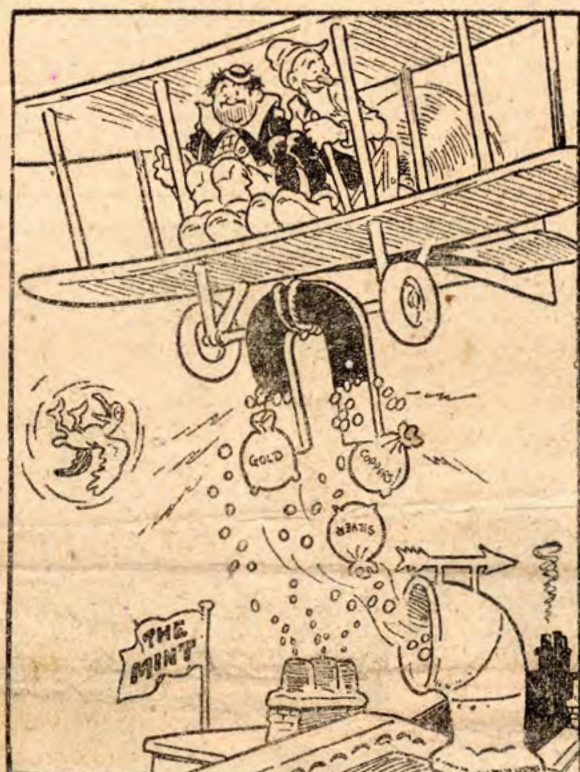
ILLUSTRATED CHIPS

No. 1:81. EVERY WEDNESDAY. FEBRUARY 17, 1917.

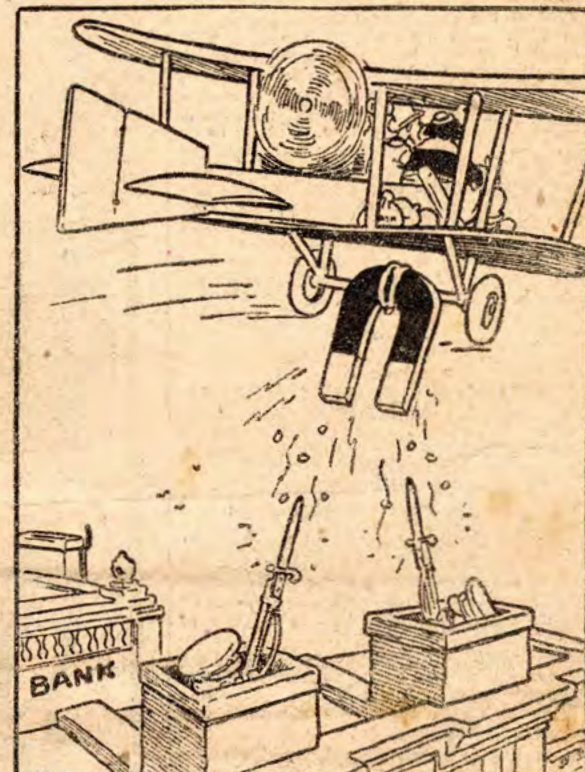
THE SCREAMING ADVENTURES OF WEARY WILLIE AND TIRED TIM, THE WORLD-FAMED TRAMPS.



1. Willie and Tim haven't been seen on the road very much lately. All sorts of wild rumours have got about concerning them. As late as last Wednesday we heard that they were going to grow corn in their back-garden, and were busy building a windmill to grind it with. But, as a matter of fact, it was an aeroplane that they were fixing up.



2. "No, we ain't working on the land this time, old dears!" chuckled Tim to the inquisitive neighbours. "We're fed up with the land, and landlords, too. It's the supremacy of the air that we're out for this journey. So long, Lambeth!" And away they flew, straight over the Mint, with their powerful money magnet. What a sauce, eh? What a mint sauce!



3. "I knew there was money in this flying business!" wuffed Willie. "Every cloud has a gilt-edged lining." "Sure thing!" chirped Tim. "We're a brace of money little orbirds, ain't we, Willie?" "True for you, old Tim. And by the time we've been over the Bank of England we shall be million-airmen!" Chink! Chink! Chink!



4. That magnet was a marvel, and no mistake! We should like to know where our pair picked it up. But, perhaps, it picked them up. Smoot likely! It attracted everything of any value—gold coins, silver bullets—and it wasn't afraid of cold steel either! Ask the Guards at the Bank. They stuck to their guns, though, like good lads.



5. It's a strict rule in the army. You can nuzzle your mouth-organ or your tooth-brush (for you never require both), but you mustn't let go of your rifle on any account. "Ooer!" bleated our pair. "What is that funny word you have to say?—Caramel—Camomile? Don't shoot us just yet, please! We shall think of it in a minute!"



6. Yes, 'twas in very truth a marvellous magnet, as we said before. But there are others! It did just what it liked with gold and silver and other precious metals, but it was copper proved more than a match for it. But, cheer up! We shall bail your old favourites out in time for next week's Chips.

CHIPS 1½D.

PA PERKINS
AND HIS SON
PERCY.

CHIPS
COMIC
CINEMA.

LITTLE
SUNBEAM.

DR. CANEM'S
COLLEGE.

PREHISTORIC PRANKS
IN
CASEY COURT.

HOMELESS
HECTOR.

No. 1652. APRIL 29, 1922.

WEARY WILLIE & TIRED TIM



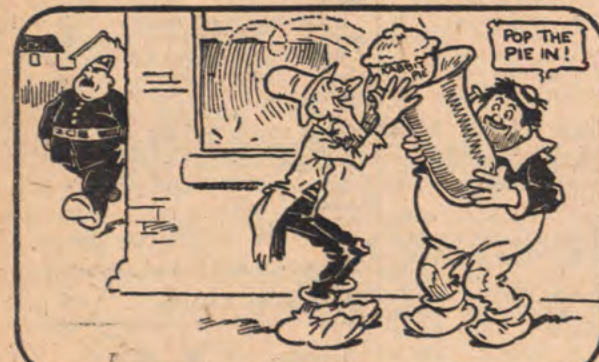
FULL OF VIGOUR AND VIM

ILLUSTRATED CHIPS

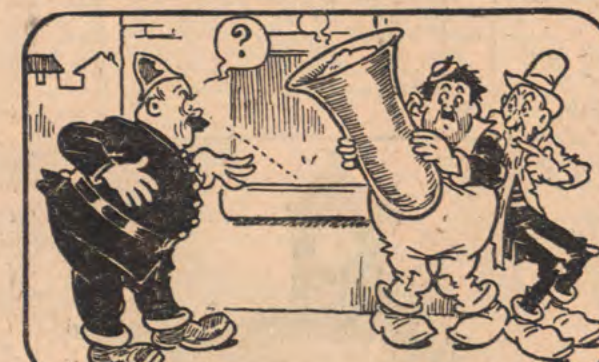


EVERY WEDNESDAY.

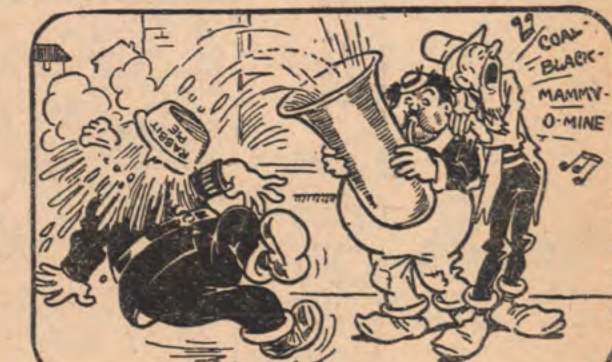
THE MERRY ADVENTURES OF WEARY WILLIE AND TIRED TIM, OUR FAR-FAMED TRAMPS.



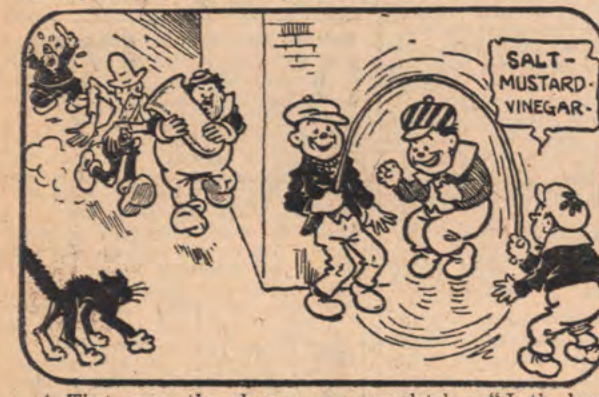
1. Weary Willie and Tired Tim found a pie before it was lost the other day. "Pop it in this big trumpet!" suggested Tim. "It's really called a bombardon, but I can't say hard words like that!" So the rabbit pie did a bit of rabbit transit, and all seemed well.



2. All was merry and bright till Robert roamed round the corner. "Hallo! Where's my pie? This looks suspicious!" he said, as he eyed our pair. "What are you doing here?" "We're minstrels!" explained Willie. "We are trying to sing for our supper!" "Then give us a toodle!" suggested the cop.



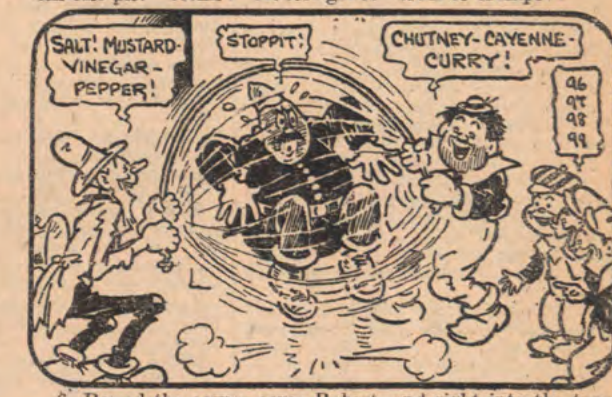
3. So Tim blew some compans and Willie started dealing out the doings concerning "his negroid feminine parent." "Pretty rotten," said the bobby. "Put some more life into it!" So Tim blew a blizzard-like blast and out popped the tell-tale pie. Plonk! Robert got it—crust to crumpet!



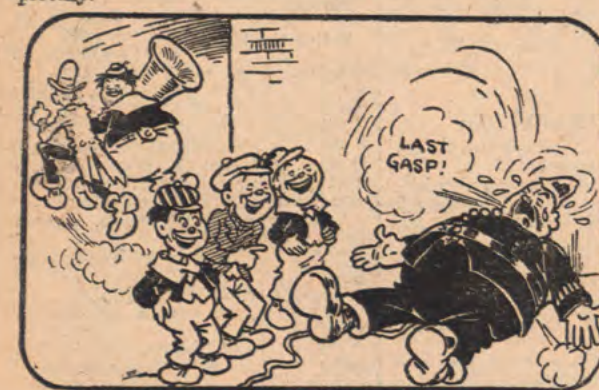
4. That gave the show away completely. "Let's hop it!" gasped Willie. So off they went at top speed, with the copper after them, to where those dear little children, who were playing truant from the council school, were skipping so prettily.



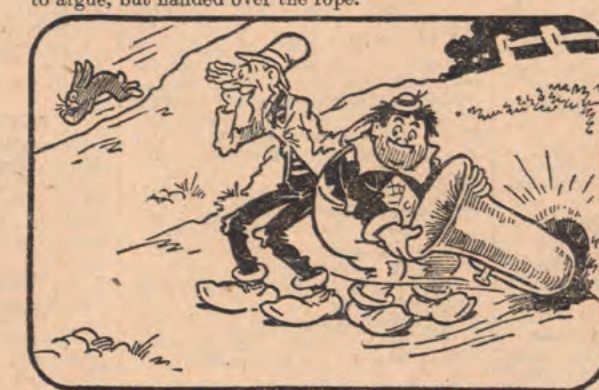
5. "Lend us that rope, quick!" panted Tim. "We want it for a policeman! You dislike policemen as much as we do, don't you? Or you will when you grow up!" So, being several sizes smaller than our pair, the boys didn't stop to argue, but handed over the rope.



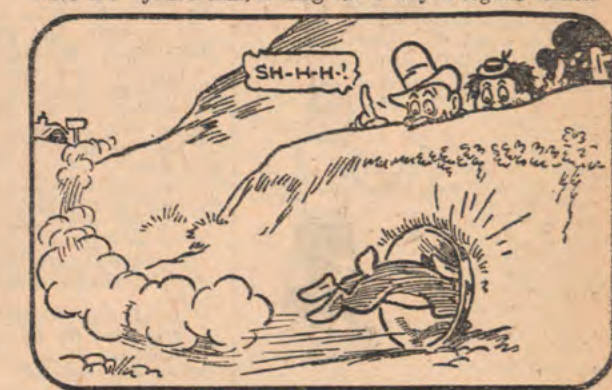
6. Round the corner came Robert, and right into the trap he skipped. Once in, our pair wouldn't let him escape. "Salt, mustard, vinegar, pepper!" yelled Willie. "Chutney, cayenne, curry, and if there's anything else hotter, we'll have it!" yelled Tim, leading the bobby a regular dance.



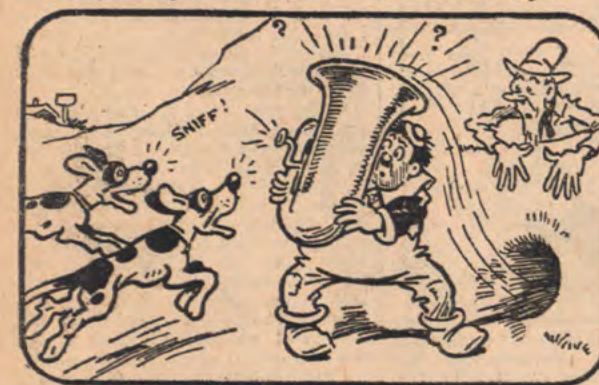
7. Everything must come to an end, and the policeman flopped out at last, breathless and whacked to the wide. The little lads laughed to see such sport. "Let's get away into the country!" said Willie. "It's more healthy!"



8. Naturally, our pair were quite peckish when they reached the country. "We lost that bunny pie, but here's a rabbit's home!" said Tim. "There goes the father rabbit," exclaimed Willie. "Let's cop him!"



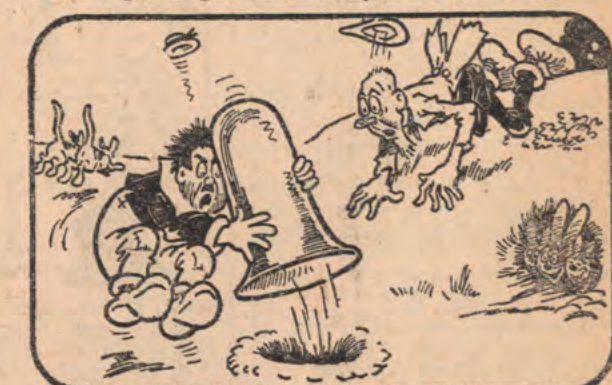
9. So Tim pushed the big trumpet into the rabbit-hole, and Willie made a noise like a young spring lettuce. "S-s-s-h!" whispered Willie. "Here he comes—we've got him!" And sure enough, straight into the trumpet the rabbit rushed.



10. Scarcely had Tim taken up his bunny-bombardon combination, when up dashed a couple of rabbit-hounds. "Go away!" shouted Tim. "Nothing doing! Get back to your kennel! D'y'ear? Clear off!"



11. And so that there should be no mistake or arguing about it, Tim turned the trumpet upside down and sat on it. "It's no good you sniffing round here," said he. "I'm in no hurry! I'll sit here all day, if necessary, so you can pop off!"



12. At last the dogs hopped it. "Now for supper!" cried Tim. But our pals had a surprise when they found bunny had burrowed a new underground tunnel to home and safety. "Laugh at 'em!" squeaked the rabbit.

The Kevin Carpenter collection allows us to look not only into the bandwidth of early British comic productions but also to discover forgotten contributions to the history of comics. They open doors to the zeitgeist of their times.

This volume is dedicated to the Illustrated Chips' long-running front-page comics Weary Willie and Tired Tim. It set the tone for many imitations and established the routine of a pair of tramps that would later also become essential in slapstick-film.

While examples in this volume span the years 1898 – 1922, the bulk of examples published here was originally published 1907.

Here, we can start to understand narrative strategies and routines, sometimes even reactions to current events, but mainly we see how the form is adjusted to the medium, also experimentations and developments in the form and narrative twists possible in these comics.

THE KEVIN CARPENTER COLLECTION

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New Smallprint Press, Trelleborg
ISBN: 978-91-981603-8-3 (print)
ISBN: 978-91-990299-0-0 (pdf)