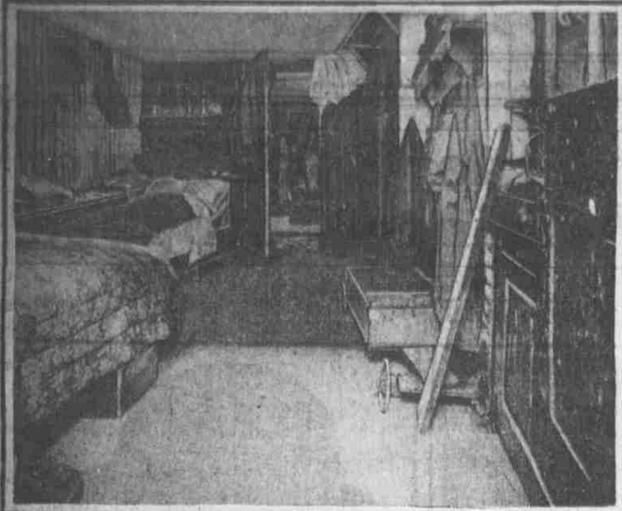


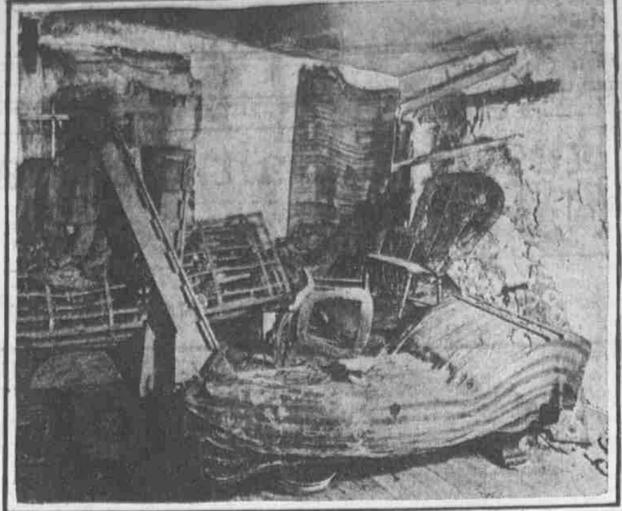
CONDITIONS THE NEW HOUSING LAW WOULD REMEDY



ROOM FIVE FEET WIDE WHERE THREE MEN SLEEP. A trio of workmen make use of these crowded quarters for sleeping and living purposes. Besides being a little over five feet wide, the room is 19 feet long, six feet eight inches high and 17 inches above the street.



STOVE MUST ALSO SERVE AS TABLE. Habitation of a poverty-stricken negro family. This home is so small the children cannot remain indoors when their elders are present, but must make use of a broken and wash-filled stairway leading to the roof.



GARRET FULL OF DIRT AND DUST. Such places are frequently found in the homes of the poor in Philadelphia. Broken furniture and odds and ends are thrown into an empty closet where germs develop and disease breeds that may menace the entire city.



PLAYGROUND FOR CHILDREN OF THE POOR. When children of the tenement districts are driven off the streets this is the sort of place they must resort to. It is an alley way littered with refuse and criss-crossed by the sewage from the many washtubs surrounding. The drainage all runs off into the corners and frequently in wet weather the courtyard becomes a miry swamp unfit for human beings.



LIVING QUARTERS OF A RAG-PICKING FAMILY. In this narrow space are piled a half dozen bags of dirty and tattered rags, a bed, a table on which meals are served, and a stove that is frequently red hot. Fire is a constant menace. A family caught by flames in such a narrow space would have little or no chance for their lives and neighbors closely surrounding would be in an equally bad plight.

WITH THE WITS AT HOME AND ABROAD



A COMPARISON. "After our football practice yesterday, I felt just like the railroad accident victim you read about in the papers." "How's that?" "Why, three coaches passed over me."



THE DAYS OF REAL SPORT



HIS ONLY ANXIETY. Shipwrecked Mariner—I'm axin' myself if we ort ter take \$200 or week from the vaudevillian people when we is rescued, or if we ort ter ax 'em for \$250?

Without Stripes. A retired army officer joined one of the British volunteer corps as a good example to others, and it happened that the assistant inspector, a rather pompous gentleman, came down to inspect the regiment. "Well, my good man, so you've seen some service?" "Yes, sir." "Criminy! Muttiny, eh?" "Yes, sir." "How did you get your sergeant's stripes?" "No, sir." "You were a private on your discharge, weren't you?" "No, sir." "Well, rather tentily—what was your rank when you left the service?" "A major general, sir." "Coming as near to a bluish as he had done for years, and utterly confused, the pompous assistant inspector rode on."



THE ONE YOU BET ON JUST BREEZED IN

THE SWEETEST WORDS

Just Like Father. A lesson in mythology was in progress; the subject for the day was Atlas. Ten minutes before the school closed the teacher devoted to asking questions. This was the time when she generally discovered what a lot of talking it is possible to do without being heard. "Now, Alice Emsyntrude, what did Atlas do?" "Supported the world on his shoulders, ma'am," replied Alice Emsyntrude, with the calm confidence of certain knowledge. "That's right, dear," answered the gruff teacher. "Now, Gervangeline Ellen, if Atlas supported the world, what supported Atlas?" Gervangeline Ellen's knowledge of the male sex was confined to a close observation of her father's habits. "Please, teacher," she answered, "his wife!"



THEY'RE COMMENCIN' TO BEGIN TO ARRIVE

War News. In a hospital at Cape Town during the South African War, the kindness of certain amateur members of the nursing staff tended to aggravate, rather than alleviate, the sufferings of some of the wounded. At last the British soldier's native wit came to the rescue. One morning a sick soldier's bedclothes displayed a slip of paper inscribed: "Too ill to be nursed today!"—Tit-Bits.

For Her Use. Mrs. Morlock's birthday was nearly due, and one morning shortly before that event, George, her young son, said: "Mother, will you give me a dollar? I want to get you a birthday present." "That is very thoughtful of you, dear," replied the mother, very much pleased, "but what is it that you need a dollar to buy?" "Well, you see, mother," explained the little boy, "one dollar is the price of it. It's the sandest catcher's mask you ever saw."—Harper's Magazine.

She Succeeded. He—You promised me if our li won today you'd marry me. She—Yes, I promised the whole li th same thing, just to spur 'em along. Chicago News.

Do Unto Others, Etc. He—What if I should kiss you? She—I would follow the Golden Rule. Boston Transcript.

Social Strangers. Bank Teller (politely)—I'm sorry, madam, but I cannot cash your check. You must bring in some one to identify you; that is, some one who is known to both of us. Fair Customer (loftily)—Indeed! I am sure our social spheres are entirely too distinct for such a thing to be possible.—Life.

ABSENT-MINDED. "Why did you do that outlandish knot in your hair?" "To remind myself that I had forgotten why I had tied a knot in my handkerchief."

The Flirt of a Freak. "What's the matter with the glass-eyes?" "A couple of misadventures last evening and I think he must have a pair in his stomach."—Daily Express.