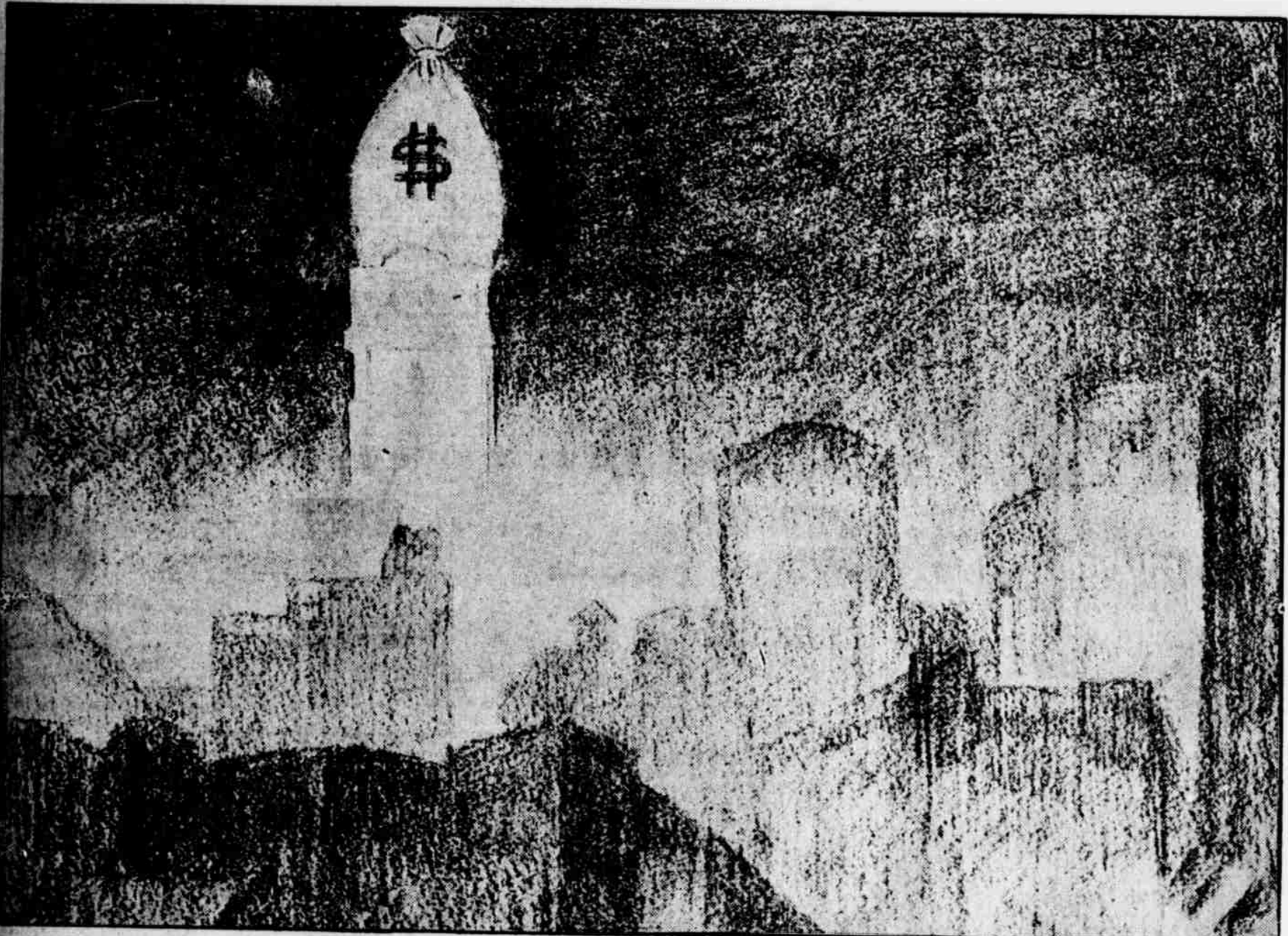


STEP RIGHT UP, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, AND PAY YOUR POTATO OR ONION!
Vegetables and fruit were accepted yesterday in lieu of money at the "vegetable matinee" of the Colonial Theatre, Germantown. The donations were sent to charitable institutions.



A CARICATURE
SERMON
Burlesque of Breckenridge's "Philadelphia," by an Academy student, showing "City Hall by Night."



OUTSTANDING FIGURES IN THE NEW GOVERNMENT THAT HOPES TO LEAD RUSSIA TO VICTORY
The man on the right is General Brusilov, who will be appointed commander-in-chief of the armies in the field. General Alexieff, chief of the staff, will be named supreme military chief, is at the upper left hand. Below him is President Rodzianko, of the Duma, the moving force in the revolution. To the right of Rodzianko are Prof. Paul Millukoff, progressive leader in the Duma and Minister of Foreign Affairs, and Grand Duke Michael, who has abdicated his brief regency and thus ended the rule of the Romanoff dynasty.

The Young Lady Across the Way



The young lady across the way says she read somewhere that a number of regiments from India were fighting for England and the situation must be pretty bad for Germany if she can't even hold her own provinces in line.

Too Restricted for Him

"You have sworn to tell nothing but the truth."
"Nothing but the truth, your Honor?"
"Precisely."
"Then, Judge, with that limitation upon me I might as well warn you that I'm not going to have much to say."—Detroit Free Press.

THE PADDED CELL



SCHOOL DAYS



The Right Spirit

"May I introduce my friend, Mr. Cameron?"
Debutante from the Wilds—Of course. What d'yer suppose I come for?—Life.

Lesson in Military Tactics



—London opinion.
Present arms when in the presence of your superior.

TORN 'TWEEN LOVE AND DUTY



—London Daily Graphic.

MORE DIPLOMATIC RELATIONS BROKEN



—London Myster.
King of the Cannibal Islands (to local German representative) — See here, now, you Germ'n feller! Seems like mos' all ob de bes' people done give up you an' yo' boss. If these 'rocities continue any, I shall nob-like my war canoe an' break fast off yo' diplomatic relations!

A Belated Delivery

The burglar had just begun his term. Near him was an oldish man who studied him intently and seemed to be awaiting an opportunity to say something. It came while the warder was at the water-tank. "How long are you in for?" he whispered. "Twelve years," replied the newcomer. The veteran looked around nervously and thrust a letter into the burglar's hand. "I'm in for life," he said. "Post this when you get out."

The Easiest Way



—Harvard Lampoon.
Porter—Who's paying for this?
Boss—Take a little up from taxes.