



Photo by Kadel & Herbert.  
PRIZE PORTO RICAN TROOPS, SOON TO BE CALLED ON TO DEFEND THE STARS AND STRIPES, CROSSING THE PLAZA COLON AT SAN JUAN



Photo by P-J Press Bureau.  
THE NAVY OF THE ISLAND OF CUBA  
This protected cruiser—the Cuba—represents the entire sea strength of Uncle Sam's most recent ally.



NAVAL MILITIAMAN, WITH FULL ACCOUTREMENTS, READY TO DO REAL WAR WORK



The Young Lady Across the Way



The young lady across the way says that until recently she hadn't heard the word filibuster since she was a little girl and the little boys used to slide down hill that way.

Learned to Loaf

"What ever put it into your head that you didn't have to work?" demanded the stern business man.  
"Why, boss," responded the lean wanderer, "when I was a young man a rural community sent me to Congress."

TOMBOY TAYLOR'S LITTLE BROTHER USUALLY SEES THE GUY FROM A BOX SO THAT SHE CAN WEAR HIS PANTS AND CATCH FOR THE TEAM



By FONTAINE FOX

THE PADDED CELL

ONE TOUCH OF SPRING -



HAYWARD  
XXY

What Could He Expect?

Ma—Daughter sends you a million kisses and wants a hundred in return.  
Pa—A hundred kisses?  
Ma—Don't be absurd, James. Hundred dollars, of course.

More Satisfactory



—Cassell's Saturday Journal  
"Did you know that Dr. Sawbones, frequently accepts no fees from his patients?"  
"Really?"  
"Yes, he generally settles with heirs."

Tit for Tat

The great specialist appraised prospective patient with a glance.  
"You must take a trip to a warmer climate for your health," he said.  
"Ten dollars, consultation please."  
"You can take a trip to a warmer climate for your health," he said.  
"Ten dollars, consultation please."

The Life of Trade

The proprietors of two rival livery stables, situated alongside each other in a busy street, have been having a lively advertising duel lately.  
The other week one of them stuck up on his office window a long strip of paper bearing the words:  
"Our horses need no whip to make them go."  
This bit of sarcasm naturally caused some amusement at the expense of the rival proprietor, but in less than an hour he neatly turned the tables by pasting the following retort on his own window:  
"True. The wind blows them along!"

Getting Around It

Mrs. Crabshaw—I wonder why the bakers haven't raised the price of doughnuts?  
Crabshaw—That was easy for them. They just made the hole larger.

KNEW HIS DUTIES TOO WELL



Commanding Officer (anxious to impress the general with his men's efficiency) to Sentry—Now then, sentry, what are your orders?  
Sentry—My orders as sentry is to take charge of this post and all Government property within view; to walk briskly up and down in a smart and soldierly manner; to see that no improper parties come in or go out of this gate, and taking a little out of breath) to take care that the adjutant's little peedie don't get away.

SCHOOL DAYS

