



MEN WHO WILL GUIDE THE MILITARY FORTUNES OF CUBA
Latest photograph of President Menocal and his staff. Seated, from left to right—Major Pedro Sardinias, Lieutenant Colonel Leandro de la Torriente, General Jose Marti, President Menocal, Colonel Albarto, Captain Eduardo G. del Real and Major Antonio Travel.



FLOWER "GIRLS" AT THE BIG RED CROSS RALLY
Among those who contributed to the success of yesterday's affair in the Forrest Theatre are the women in the group—Mrs. Augustus Heaton, Mrs. William Coleman Freeman, Miss Marie Louise Dilkes, Miss Lila Fisher, Miss Dorothy Huey, Miss Sara Wilkinson, Mrs. Hall Headington and Mrs. Robert Torrey.



PHILADELPHIA PRODUCES A PATRIOTIC HAT FOR WOMEN'S WEAR
The red, white and blue creation was designed by a Market street firm for its trade.

The Young Lady Across the Way

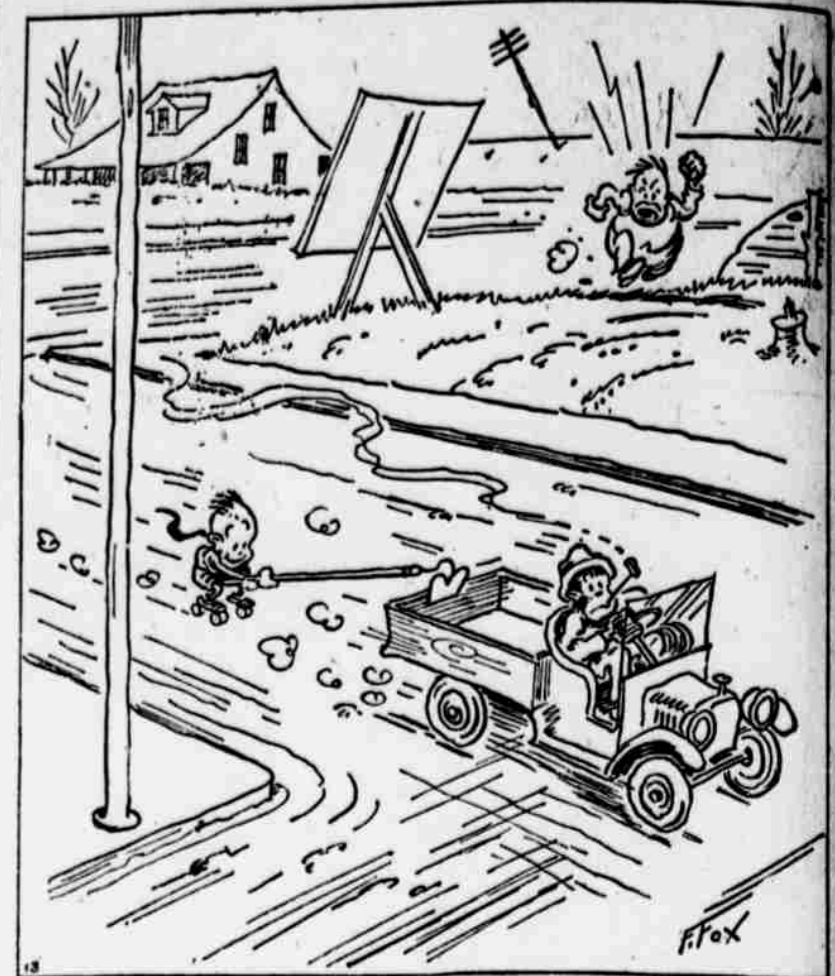


The young lady across the way says the President's position must be a pretty trying one at all times, but it must be especially hard when Congress isn't in session and he hasn't any one to rely on.

Similar Tastes

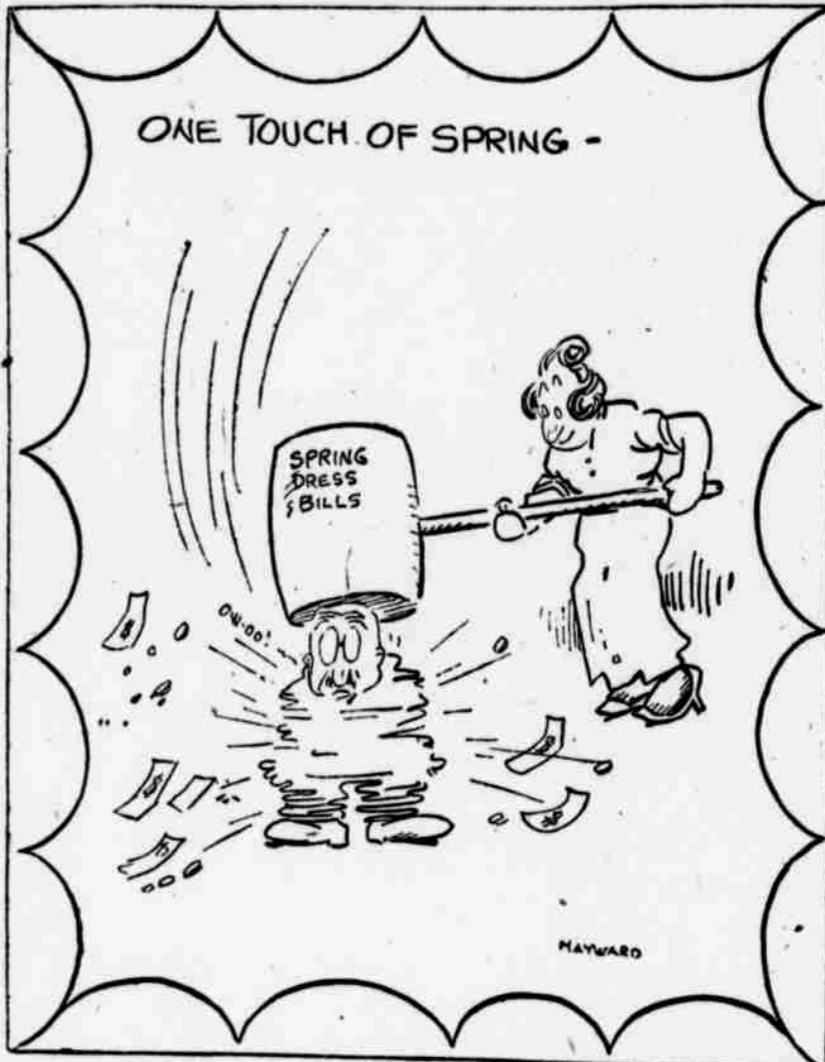
A French lady recently married because the bridegroom's taste and hers were similar. "I don't care very much for him, and he doesn't care very much for me," she explained.—London Opinion.

WILLIE DISCOVERS A NEW USE FOR DAD'S GARDEN HOE
THE VERY EVENING DAD CAME HOME EARLY TO USE IT



—BY FONTAINE FOX

THE PADDED CELL



Well Informed
Billington—I understand his wife has money.
Stillington—He understands it, also.

What She Meant
Once there was a cultured lady who said, "Where do you get that stuff?" But she was merely inquiring of a friend where she procured certain material for a dress.—Sun Dial.



She Didn't Know
—Punch Bowl.
"Are these oysters fresh?"
"They never got sassy to me."

Co-op
Burbank's made an "onion'tater" which proves a wondrous irrigator. The onion smarts the 'tater's eyes. And when the darn ol' 'tater cries—They have to pump or inundate 'er! —Jack o' Lantern.

Adopting the Plural

The youth who had just been admitted into partnership with his father was inclined to throw his weight about.

"Look here, son," the father growled one day, "let's have a little less 'I, I, I' around this office and a little more 'we.'"

"All right, dad," said the young man.

A couple of days later the son bent over the father's desk and said in a rather anxious voice:

"Well, we've gone and done it now."
"Done what?" said the father.
"Why—er—married the typist."

That's Enough

Queener—Do you know how to do this dance, "Walkin' the Dawg?"
Athlete—Well, I don't know the steps, but I know the holts.—Longhorn.

FOR THE ASKING



Mrs. Smythe-de-Jenkins-Jones—And so you are going back again tomorrow? Do try and bring me back a German staff officer's cap, will you? I've got several German privates' helmets already, and of course they are getting so cheap and common!

SCHOOL DAYS



Eat it! Eat it!
My conscience! YOU'll never make a pirate!
Here—eat it!

My land! Don't make the boy swallow that thing if he don't want to, Eb! You'll plumb turn him asin 'em—

The first raw oyster