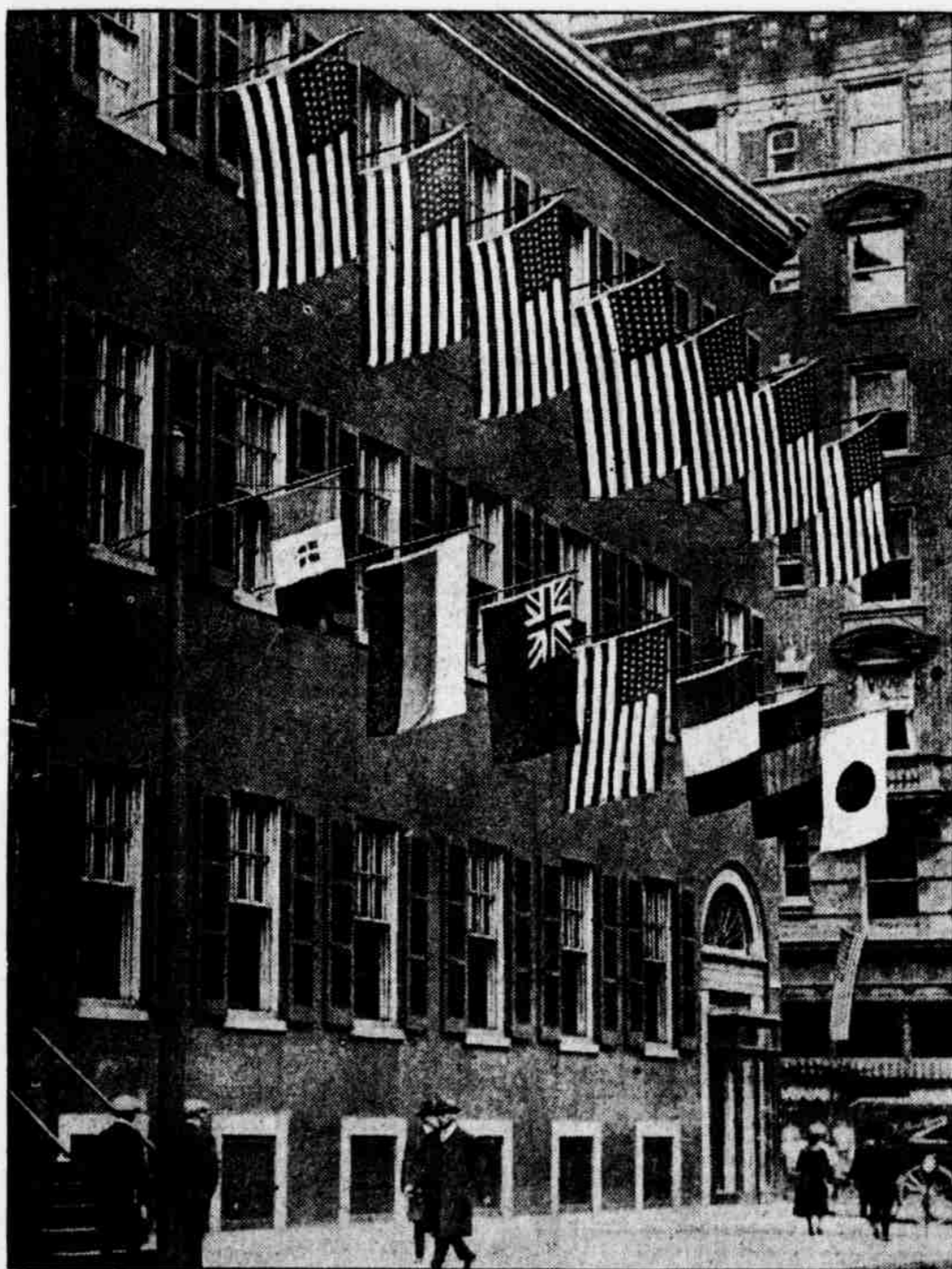


HOSIERY AND UNDERWEAR MAKERS IN CONVENTION

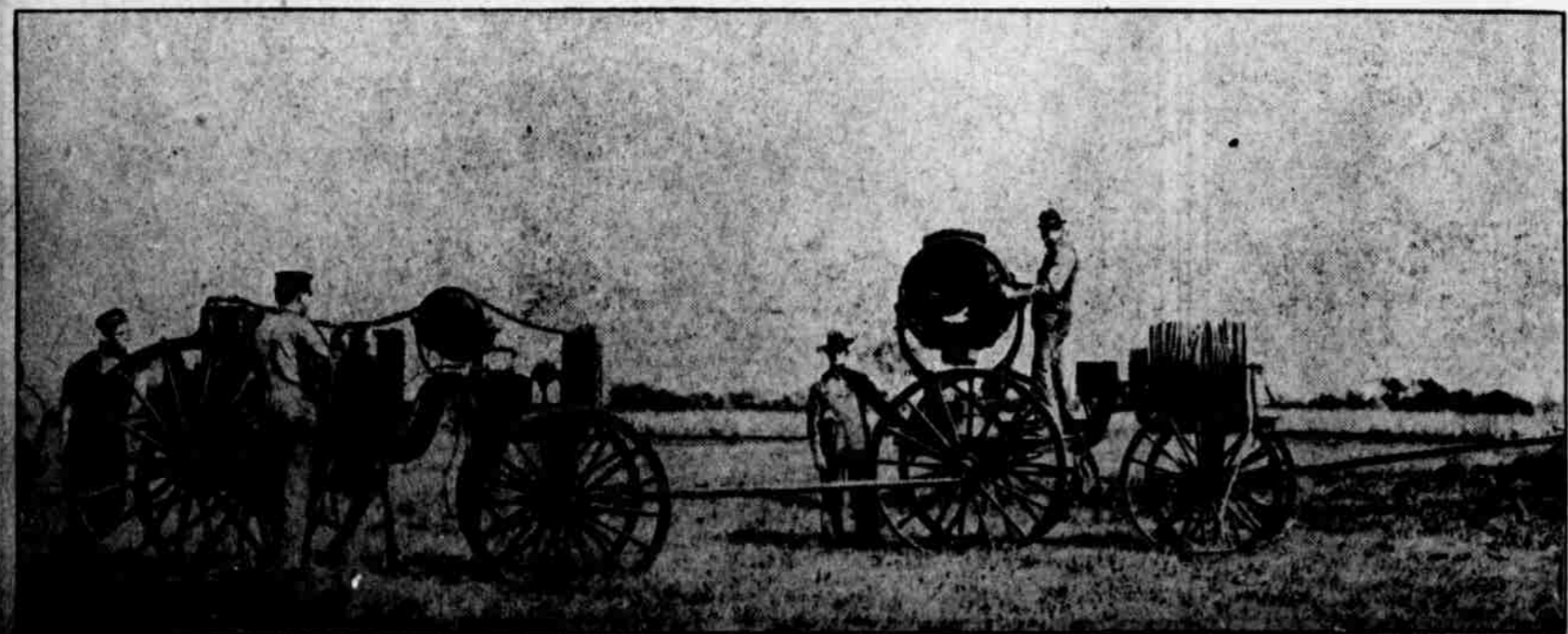
In the group, which was obtained at the Commercial Museums, where the National Association is meeting today are (left to right): H. Watson Barras, J. A. MacGregor, Wilson H. Brown, Joseph R. Grundy, J. J. Zeigler, C. E. Leippe, J. Fejdenheimer, P. C. Withers, president of the association; C. B. Carter, secretary; A. S. Webb and William T. Buck.



NAVY YARD'S NEW COMMANDANT
Rear Admiral Tappan familiarizing himself with the naval station at League Island, over which he recently assumed command.



PEDIGREE AND PATRIOTISM ARE ALLIES
The Stars and Stripes float above the flags of the allied nations from the windows of the Philadelphia Club, Thirteenth and Walnut streets.



ON THE FRONT LINE OF UNCLE SAM'S DEFENSE

The Young Lady Across the Way

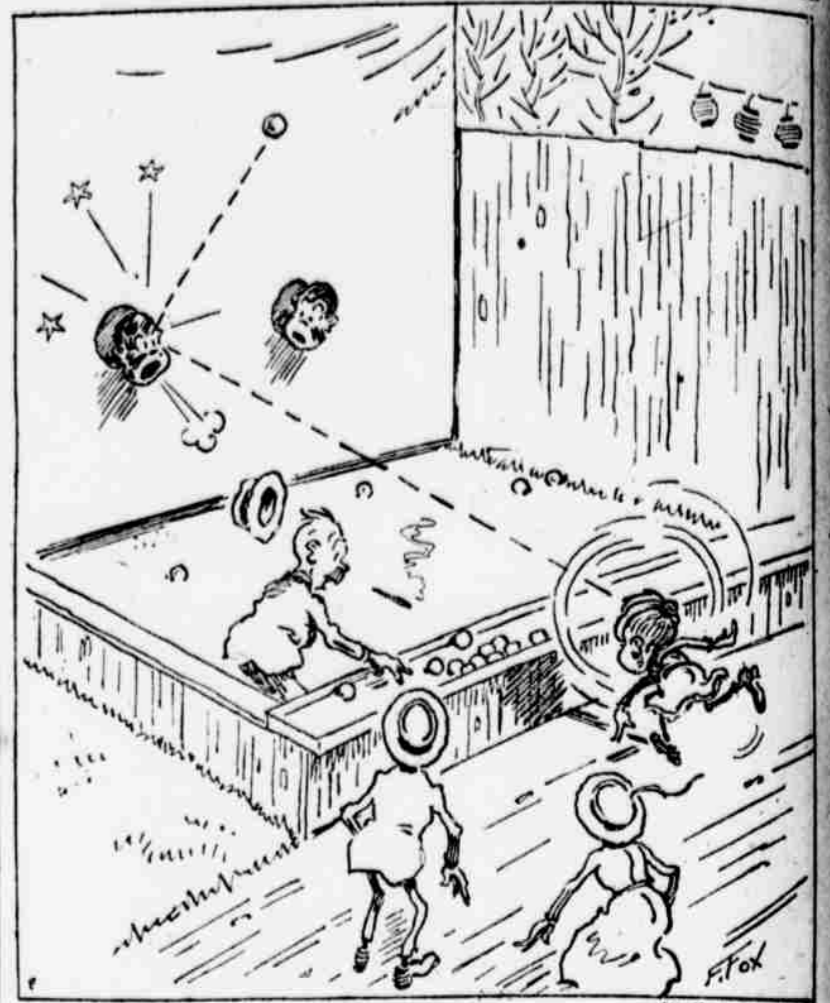


The young lady across the way says she sees a good deal of criticism of the junkies in Germany, but she imagines many of these poor people are actually hungry and are really more to be pitied than blamed by the well-to-do.

When One Gets Old

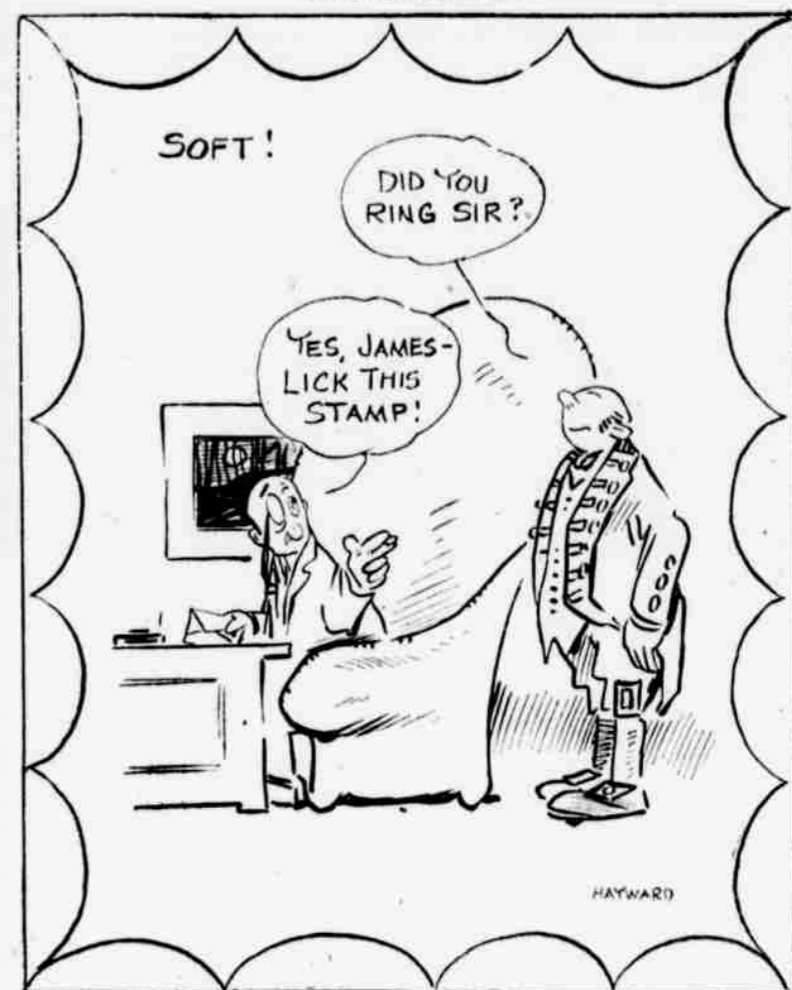
After a man of sedentary pursuits reaches a certain age the buckwheat cake with which he comes in contact is transformed within approximately half an hour after taking from an inspiration to higher and better things to a deep and apparently permanent regret.—Ohio State Journal.

THE COLORED GENTLEMAN THOUGHT IT A GREAT JOKE THAT A LITTLE GIRL WAS GOING TO THROW AT HIM, BUT HE DIDN'T KNOW TOMBOY TAYLOR



By Footsies Fox

THE PADDED CELL



HAYWARD

SOFT!

DID YOU RING SIR?

YES, JAMES— LICK THIS STAMP!

Laundering a Collar

It is said that twenty-three operations are necessary in laundering a collar, but the Jamestown Optimist can't find more than eight, which are as follows: Washing in hard water, using a trace of starch, fraying the edges, ripping the buttonholes, corrugating the inner surface, putting on four fly specks, ironing slightly and then throwing into the wrong bag.—Kansas City Star.

EPIGRYMES:

It ain't no plain nor simple job ter HITCH my blooded boss in sich a way he's sure ter know his driver is his boss. YOUR sense o' humor would be stirred if you could see my rig—a WAGON the nigh falls apart, a harness miles too big. But when I git him all looked up an' started out to town on summer nights to get the mail, I never fret ner frown ner cuss because my wagon is a poor an' humble thing: I sure am proud o' that thar boss—most nights I try to sing. Once—I'd bin readin' Emerson—as we munched on along, I seen A gleamin' STAR that seemed to twinkle down this song: "Oh! man, it never does no hurt to have ideals high; some seemin' discords, thar on earth, sound sweet here in the city. So, bloody war looks wrong, most times, but whar thar is no choice, an' Your Grand Land stands for the right, us twinklin' Stars rejoice." I chuckled, "Giddap, you amille; that song's a metaphor a-tellin' all humanity the truth about this war!" ROBERT RUSSELL. "Hitch your wagon to a star."

His Life Cycle

She—Why does that author go off on a tear and get drunk?
He—So he can write stories about his experiences.
She—But why does he want to write about his experiences?
He—So as to get some money.
She—But why does he want money?
He—So he can get off on a tear and get drunk again.

Evidently Not

"I wonder why they call an ironing machine a mangle."
"My boy, evidently you have never sent anything to a laundry."

English as She Is Spoke

"Funny thing about food."
"Yes, a shortage and a longing always exist at the same time."

TROUBLES OF THE ROAD



Perplexed Motorist (on being told that he is on the wrong road)—But the finger-post said it was this way.
Countryman—Ah, sir, but that thar finger-post was blowed down one night, an' the chap as stuck she up agen' s' couldn' read, yo see.

SCHOOL DAYS



Harry, do you know where little boys who fish on Sunday go?

Yes, sir— Me an' daddy is goin' down below first bridge, wants go long.

Ch Harry! Harry!

Safety First

A visitor at the Capitol was accompanied by his small son. The little boy watched from the gallery when the House came to order.
"Why did the minister pray for all those men, papa?" he questioned.
"He didn't. He looked 'em over and prayed for the country," was the answer.—The Lamb.

Preparedness



—Cornell Widow
strene—I understand you have organized an aviation corps at college. Versen—Yes, a bunch of studee want to be volunteers an'