

DELIVERING THE KEYS OF A NEW ARMOY
This ceremony, on the part of Wilson H. Brown and Lieutenant Colonel Deakne, transforms the Commercial Museum to the uses of the Ninth Engineer Regiment.



NOW IT'S PARASOLS TO MATCH HATS
The particular combination here portrayed is a peacock creation in gold and shades of blue, the ensemble affording a smart effect.



MOTHER AND FOUR CHILDREN TURN CITY FARMERS
This demonstration of practical utilization of what formerly went to waste is exemplified by a thrifty housewife at Sixty-fifth street and Glenmore avenue.



TEACHES WOMAN SOME SECRETS OF HER OWN DOMAIN
George E. Farrell, an expert from the United States Department of Agriculture, illustrates preserving and drying before a domestic science class at Drexel Institute.

The Young Lady Across the Way



The young lady across the way says there's a good deal to be said in favor of husbanding one's resources. If he's the right kind of man, but on the other hand it's pretty nice for a woman to have a little money of her own and not have to ask for it every time she wants some.

Rejected

"How'd you like a pet dog?"
"Now, Charlie, haven't I told you that I don't intend to marry?"—Buffalo Express.

THE TERRIBLE TEMPERED MR. BANG PLAYS A ROUND WITH THE GENTLEMAN WHO CONCEDES HIMSELF THE TWO FOOT PUTTS



—By FONTAINE FOX.

THE PADDED CELL



SELECTIVE -

PLEASE MUM, I AINT HAD A BITE IN THREE DAYS! COULD YOU HELP A GUY OUT WITH A PIECE OF PEACH PIE?

MAYNARD

Enough to Carry

A minister came to the Episcopal church at Williamsport, Pa., to speak. "Do you wish to wear a surplice?" asked the rector. "Surplice!" cried the visitor. "Surplice! I am a Methodist. What do I know about surplices? All I know about is a deficit!"—New York Evening Post.

Modern London Language



Bertie—My hat! We put the wind up old Fritz and had him beat to the wide.
Gertie—Good egg!

Struck Twice

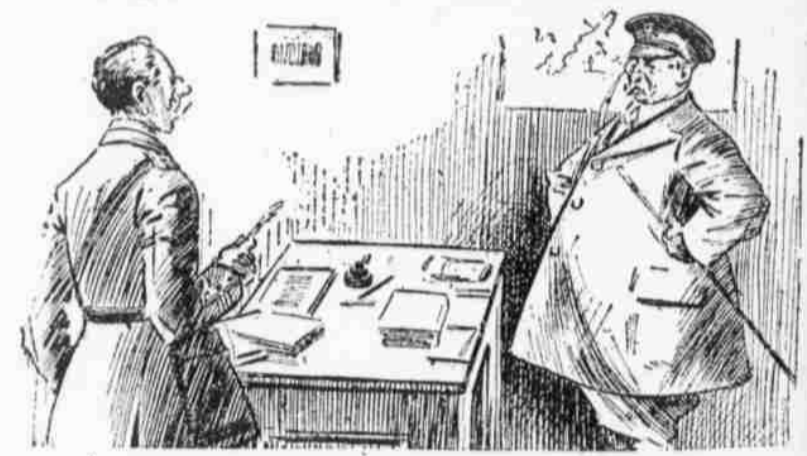
"Dear Teacher—Kate couldn't come today; she got wet in the a. m. and cold in the p. m. Mrs. G."—Missouri Mule.

For the Dead



—London Dystander.
Slow and Deliberate Waiter—Were you ringing for me, sir?
Exasperated Diner—No, tolling.

THE EXPLANATION THAT FAILED



—Cassell's Saturday Journal.
The Colonel (furiously)—I understand that some one at the mess the other night referred to me as a blithering old idiot.
The Adjutant (apologetically)—I'm sure, sir, none of the junior officers would speak so disrespectfully. It must have been some one who knows you quite well.

SCHOOL DAYS



Got the fish, Fatty?

Yep, I've got it.

The Providers

Protective Coloring

"You better not wash your face too clean, Jimmy. Remember, you got a black eye."—Life.

EPIGRYMES:

I'm settin' out a row of POSTS to fence some pasture land. Now my idea of HONOR is to set 'em so they'll stand agin' the storms of winter and the crowdin' of the stock; for my ol' boss leaves things to me: "My boy, you ARE a rock," he tol' me once. "for EVERMORE them POSTS will stand, if I show you my sense OF CONFIDENCE—no DANGER that you'll try to make work easy for yourself AND free yourself OF CARE if you just feel it's up to you, and that your boss ain't there." Now this may sound like blowin' my own horn, but 'seems to me, that this is what Tim 'Ticomb meant, and I think, honestly, that this here war's another proof that what he said was right—to hold Our Country's honored post both you and me must Fight! ROBERT RUSSELL.
"Posts of honor are evermore posts of danger and of care."

Desirable, Anyway

"Can any girl tell me the three foods required to keep the body in health?"
There was silence till one maiden held up her hand and replied: "Yer breakfast, yer dinner and yer supper."—San Francisco Argonaut.