



A PICTURESQUE DANCE BY A BEVY OF SCHOOLGIRLS
Pupils of the John Hay Public School, Sixth and Wharton streets, give pretty demonstration at the exercises today on Belmont Plateau.



RECEIVING BLESSING AT THE CARMELITE CONVENT
The Rev. John J. Moore, chaplain of the institution at Oak Lane, is placing a silver medal about the neck of Eleanor L. Shea, one of the 175 children participating in the ceremony.



Y. M. C. A. LEADERS ADDRESS MOTHERS OF SOLDIER SONS
William O. Easton (left), executive secretary of Central Branch, and A. J. Whitmore (right), of the international committee, spoke yesterday at the Acorn Club.



HERE'S A FLYWEIGHT SOLDIER
He is Thomas Ford, of Lancaster, known popularly as Kid Murphy, and is somewhere in Texas.



THERE IS STILL MUCH AT WOODSIDE FOR THE PLEASURE-SEEKER
This photograph, taken yesterday, shows that numerous amusement features escaped unscathed from the fire of a week ago.

The Young Lady Across the Way

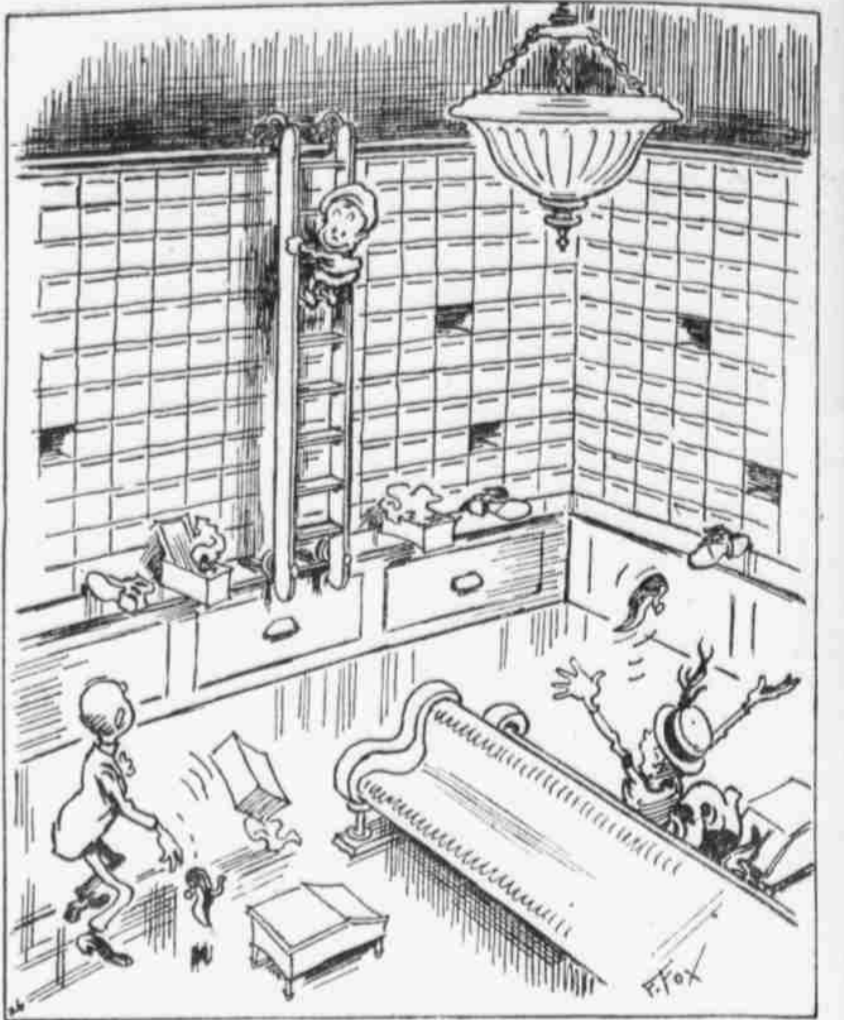


The young lady across the way says she's awfully fond of split pea soup and she's sorry now she didn't plant some of this kind in her garden in place of some of the regular peas.

Heard at the Club

"That's Food Darling just come in. You know his wife made him."
"You mean that fellow with a waxed mustache and mangled collar?"
"Yes."
"Well, I knew women did fancy work, but I never knew they did anything as fancy as that."—Exchange.

IT WAS LITTLE WILLIE'S FEAT, BUT THE FIT WAS MOTHER'S



—By FONTAINE FOX.

THE PADDED CELL



Unconsciously Scotch

An Englishman touring in the highlands of Scotland had the misfortune to lose his way. Strolling a small cottage by the roadside, he went up, knocked at the door and when the good wife came he explained:
"I am very sorry to trouble you, madam, but I have lost my bearings."
"Dae ye tell me that?" was the astonished reply. "I hope their mither's wi' them."

No Room for Doubt



—By New Bulletin.
Parish Worker—Ah, Mrs. McGinty, industrious as usual! I'm afraid that you're too good for that drunken husband of yours.
Mrs. McGinty—Too good for him! Sure, I am that; an' it's McGinty that knows it.

No, Transit Work



—Cassell's Saturday Journal.
"Took 'em 'undreds and 'undreds of years to build."
"Lummy! Government contract, I suppose?"

MISERY LOVES COMPANY



—The Passing Show.
C. O.—Now, Rifleman Smith, you are accused of visiting a barrack-room other than your own, and committing a violent assault on this recruit. Have you any excuse to offer?
Rifleman Smith—I was lonely, sir!

SCHOOL DAYS



Hurrah! It's strawhat time!

On the Lookout

Friend—You are not going to run again?
Congressman—No; it's too strenuous. I was sent down to Washington to look out for my constituents, and from the tone of their letters I've got to look out for them when I get home.—Puck.

A Possibility



—London Opinion.
"Them 'Uns have made a bit of a mess, haven't they?"
"Ah—I reckon their Plumbers Battalion must a' been billeted 'ere."