

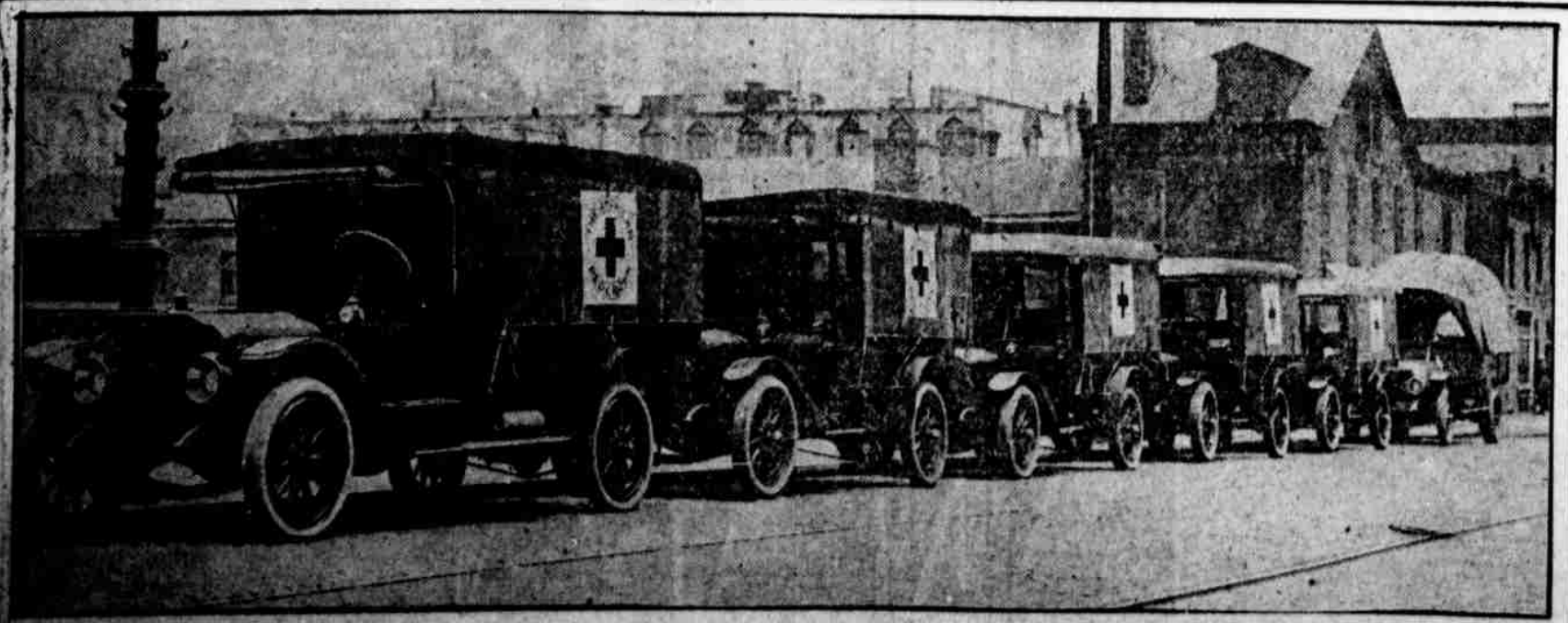
RECONSTRUCTION UNIT DRILLING AT HAVERFORD COLLEGE
One of the unique organizations that will soon sail for the European war zone is the Reconstruction Unit now preparing to assist in the rebuilding of French cities and towns that have suffered from German shells and flames.



HERE IS A PERFECT SOLDIER
He is Sergeant H. A. Tyson, of Company E, of the Engineer Corps, now stationed at the new State Armory, Thirty-second street and Lancaster avenue. In his examinations he made 100 per cent in every test.



THERE ARE SMILES APLENTY DOWN ALONG THE BEACH
And where the merry throngs romp in the waves and sand, the ukulele's music is intermingled with the sounds of the breakers. The young woman on the right is wearing one of the season's latest beach costumes, and, of course, she has a sweater with her.



AMBULANCES OF EPISCOPAL HOSPITAL UNIT NO. 34 READY FOR THE BATTLEFRONT
One of the best-equipped hospital units organized in Philadelphia is No. 34, of the Episcopal Hospital. The vehicles shown above were contributed by the following persons and organizations: E. C. Hammond, of Ogontz; the Misses Bromley, Mr. Scott and party, St. Stephen's Church, Church of Overbrook, and the Southeastern Pennsylvania Unit of the American Red Cross Society, and Walter H. Thomas and St. Paul's Church, of Overbrook.

The Young Lady Across the Way



The young lady across the way says one of her goldfish died last night and she believes the poor things need a larger arboratum.

Taking Chances

"My wife wants me to go shopping with her. I don't see how I'm going to get out of it."

"If she were to send you back to your office after less than an hour of shopping and told you she would never take you on such an expedition again, you would consider yourself repaid for your trouble, wouldn't you?"

"Certainly. But how am I going to do that?"

"Let her catch you flirting with a fascinating girl clerk."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

DIAGRAM OF THE FLUBBED SHOT AT THE SHORT WATERBURY WHICH BROKE UP A FRIENDSHIP OF 20 YEARS' STANDING

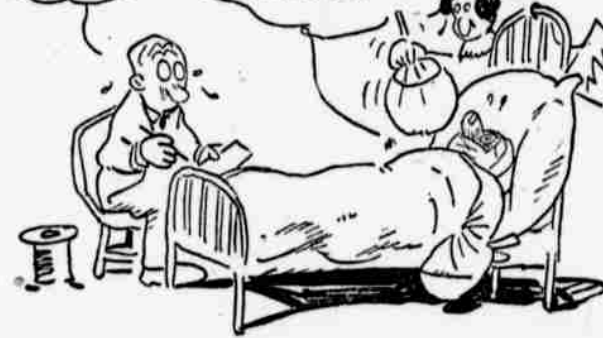


THE PADDLED CELL

AIN'T IT — ?

YES! TELL THEM OF MY BRAVE CHARGE THROUGH THE LINE OF BAYONETS! TELL THEM I DIED FIGHTING BRAVELY! DESCRIBE THE FIGHT TO MOTHER! THE HOTEL BELL HAD RUNG FOR DINNER! QUICKLY I LEAPED TO DUTY AND STORMED THE VERANDA! I FOUGHT THE KNITTING NEEDLES GAMELY— BUT—THEY WERE TOO MANY!

MY BRAVE HERO! HAVE YOU ANY WORD FOR YOUR FAMILY BEFORE YOU DIE?



HAYWARD

No Choice

Officer—Hang it! You've brought the wrong boots. Can't you see one is black and the other brown?
Batman—Sure, but the other pair is just the same.—Cassell's Journal

Disappointing



The Hostess—Are you a musician, Mr. Jones?
Jones—Well—er—yes; I think I might claim to be one.
The Hostess—Delighted. My daughter is going to play. It would be so kind if you would turn over the music for her.

Clever Dog

"My dog can scent a storm hours off."
"Then his nose must be something of a storm-scenter."—Baltimore American.

Oratorio



—London Opinion.
First Voice—I am the Prince of Darkness.
Second Voice—I am the Prince of Darkness.
Jack—Billy, Bill, we're going to have a free fight!

THREE ARMS OF THE SERVICE



"When the call came there was a ready response."—Cassell's Journal.

SOME VACATION DAYS

By DWIG



Here, Billy—tear off my shirttail and tie it up—I don't need it, anyhow—

That's jis the way I stubbed mine an' the nail come off an' it was sore fit—oh—about six months—

First aid to the wounded

Elucidated

"Why can't people talk when they're fishing?"
"Because bites have to be waited for with bated breath."

Poor Cuthbert



—Bystander.
After standing for hours in the queue finds it has not after all brought him to the pit door.

No Cause for Worry

War Bride (who had eloped)—Oh Jack! Here's a telegram from papa, the Bridgroom (tearfully)—What do he say?
War Bride—Do not come home, all will be well.—London Evening Standard.