THURSDAY
July 26, 1917

Evening Illustrated Ledger

PICTURES AND SCRAPPLE

A FEW WEEKS' STAY AT THE BABIES' HOSPITAL CURES LITTLE MARY
The pure country air and careful nursing at the country branch of the Babies' Hospital of Philadelphia at Llanerch soon makes the sick little folk well enough to play again. Miss Judith Houghton, one of the nurses, is shown in the picture above on the lawn of the institution with a child that was seriously ill when she was admitted three weeks ago.

NEW WARD OF COUNTRY BRANCH OF BABIES' HOSPITAL
With the opening of this addition to the institution that is doing so much to save the lives of Philadelphia's babies, a dozen more little patients can be admitted to the country branch at Llanerch. In the circle at the right a nurse is holding one of the infants just after its admittance. Its appearance is so pitiable that the picture drives home visibly the good work the hospital is doing.

A BUCKET OF CASH TO KEEP SAMMEES HAPPY
Cramp Shipbuilding employes yesterday presented this bucket to Captain C. P. [illegible], chaplain of the First Pennsylvania Infantry (on the left), for the [illegible] Bear Fund, being raised to buy books and games for soldiers of [illegible]. Sergeant George Schaffer (on the right) helped carry the [illegible] for safe-keeping.

MAIN LINE WAR SIGNS
The Main Line War Farms Committee has taken every precaution to protect crops planted at the call of the President. Signs like the one shown above may be seen throughout the attractive suburbs northwest of Philadelphia.

The Young Lady Across the Way

The young lady across the way says the situation in Russia may look pretty dark, but she imagines if we're patient chaos will come out of it yet.

Painful, Indeed!

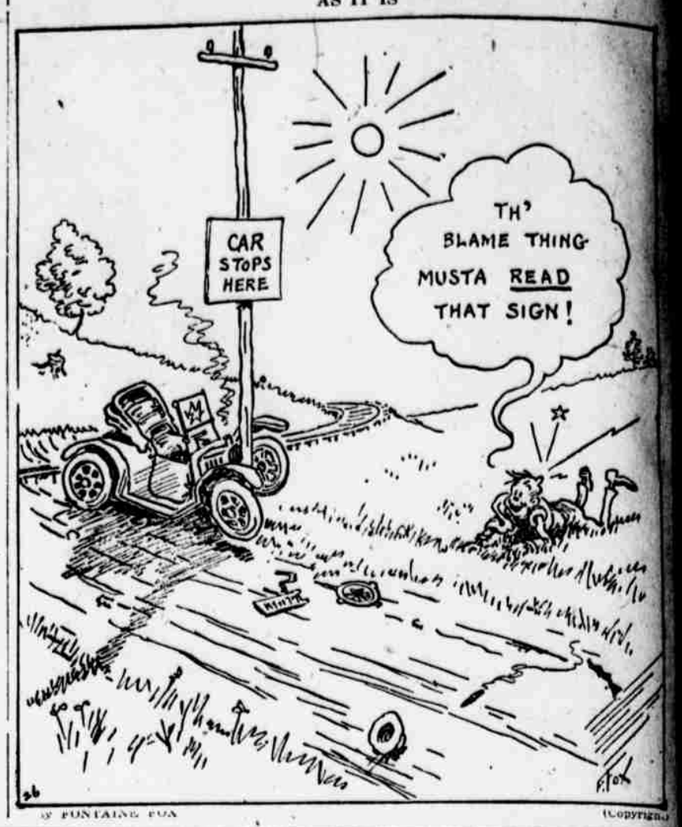
A party of "woundeds" were out for a ride in a charabanc. Bandaged limbs being very much in evidence, the nurse who accompanied the men asked them to tell her if she was hurting any of them.

"You're hurting me," said a man who was sitting on the box seat.

"But I'm nowhere near you!" said the nurse indignantly.

"That's what hurts me!" said the sentimental Tommy.—Answers.

VERNON M'NUTT NEVER LOSES HIS SENSE OF HUMOR, SUCH AS IT IS



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THE PADDED CELL

The Easiest Way

Father—My daughter has studied music for a year now, and has not made the least progress.

Music Teacher—It is the fault of the piano, my dear sir. There is one in the shop near here that your daughter would learn to play in a very short time.

Father—H'm! What is there special about it?

Music Teacher—Well, to look at it, it is very like this one, but you play it by turning a handle.—Pearson's Weekly.

Getting Acquainted

—The Gargoyle.

The Pretty Thing—No.

The Handsome One—Why not?

T. P. T.—We have never properly met, you know.

T. H. O.—But why deny our lips that pleasure?

Realization

—Passing Show.

Waitress—Sorry, we have no tea-cakes or crumpets. We're not allowed to make them.

Chorus of "Severe Cases"—What! This blooming war's gettin' to be a bit too thick!

WITHOUT A DOUBT

—Cassell's Journal.

"Well, we must economize, Mrs. Skinner, and then there will be an ample supply for all."

"I'm doing my best, sir. If everybody stinted themselves as much as I do we should all be in clover."

Old Signs

The following sign is nailed to one of the slender posts supporting the porch roof of a country store in a hamlet of the Far West:

"Don't hitch your bronchos to the pillars of this temple. Remember Samson."—Christian Register.

"Though Lost to Sight"

—The Sketch.

"Well, dad, you don't seem very [illegible] to see me!"