



### FIRST CITY TROOPERS ENJOY LUNCHEON AFTER DRILLS

Members of Philadelphia's crack military organization are drilling each day on the Belmont Plateau in Fairmount Park. They find the work enjoyable and beneficial, and the good "eats" are not the least of their pleasures.



### SIGNAL PRACTICE AT REST HOUR

One of the interesting occupations of members of the First City Troop is that of practicing the Morse signal code. Samuel Wagner (on the left) and Robert Page are here seen working while they rest. The picture on the right shows "Reds," the troopers' mascot.



### The Young Lady Across the Way



The young lady across the way says she supposes some of the Industrial Workers of the World are pretty rough men, but it does seem too bad to run them out of town just for looking for work.

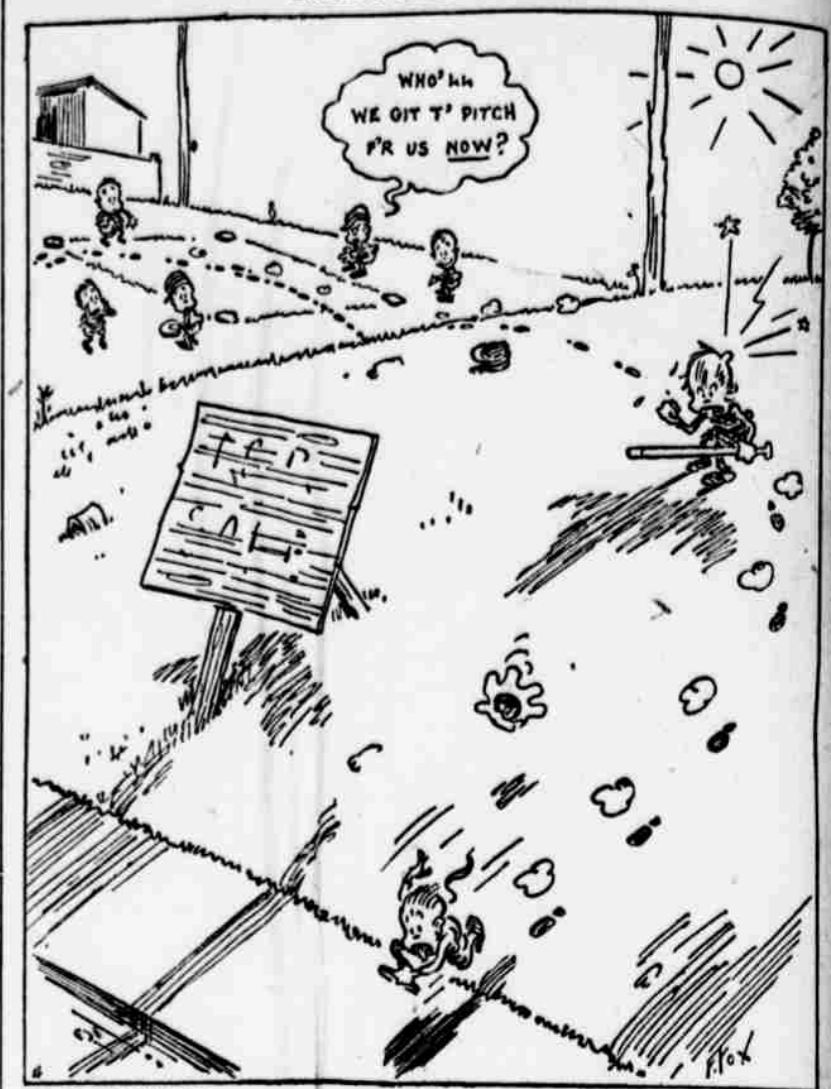
#### Certainly

Mabel—Do you know anything about Tom Higsby?  
Arthur—Why, Higsby is my first cousin!  
Mabel—I know that, but is he all right otherwise?

#### Dear Me

"Horrors! While mother was sleeping the baby licked all the paint—  
"Off a toy?"  
"No; off mother."

### IN THE VACANT LOT LEAGUE IT IS CONSIDERED THE WORST SORT OF BASEBALL FOR A PITCHER TO "BEAN" A BATTER BIGGER THAN HIMSELF



By FONTAINE FOX

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### THE PADDED CELL



HAYWARD

#### Certainly

"Had to be towed back home by a horse?"  
"Sure thing."  
"Didn't you feel humiliated?"  
"Not a bit. Wasn't I saving gasoline?"

#### A Fancy Flight



—London Opinion.

Barber—Don't you think this hair tonic is excellent, sir? We have, in a manner of speaking, regained the mastery of the "air" on your western front.

#### No Way Out of It

"How did Jones happen to fall downstairs?"  
"Why, his wife said, 'Now, Henry, be careful, and as he is not the man to be dictated to by any woman, down he went.'"

### Jack Ashore



—Passing Show.

Jack—Why, of course, you're the only little gal I've ever loved!

### GETTING EVEN



—Passing Show.

Tramp—Growing vegetabud of a book! Haw, haw!  
Amateur—Well, it isn't to all of us to grow them out of our heads!



### SCHOOL DAYS

By VIC

#### Nothing Contiguous

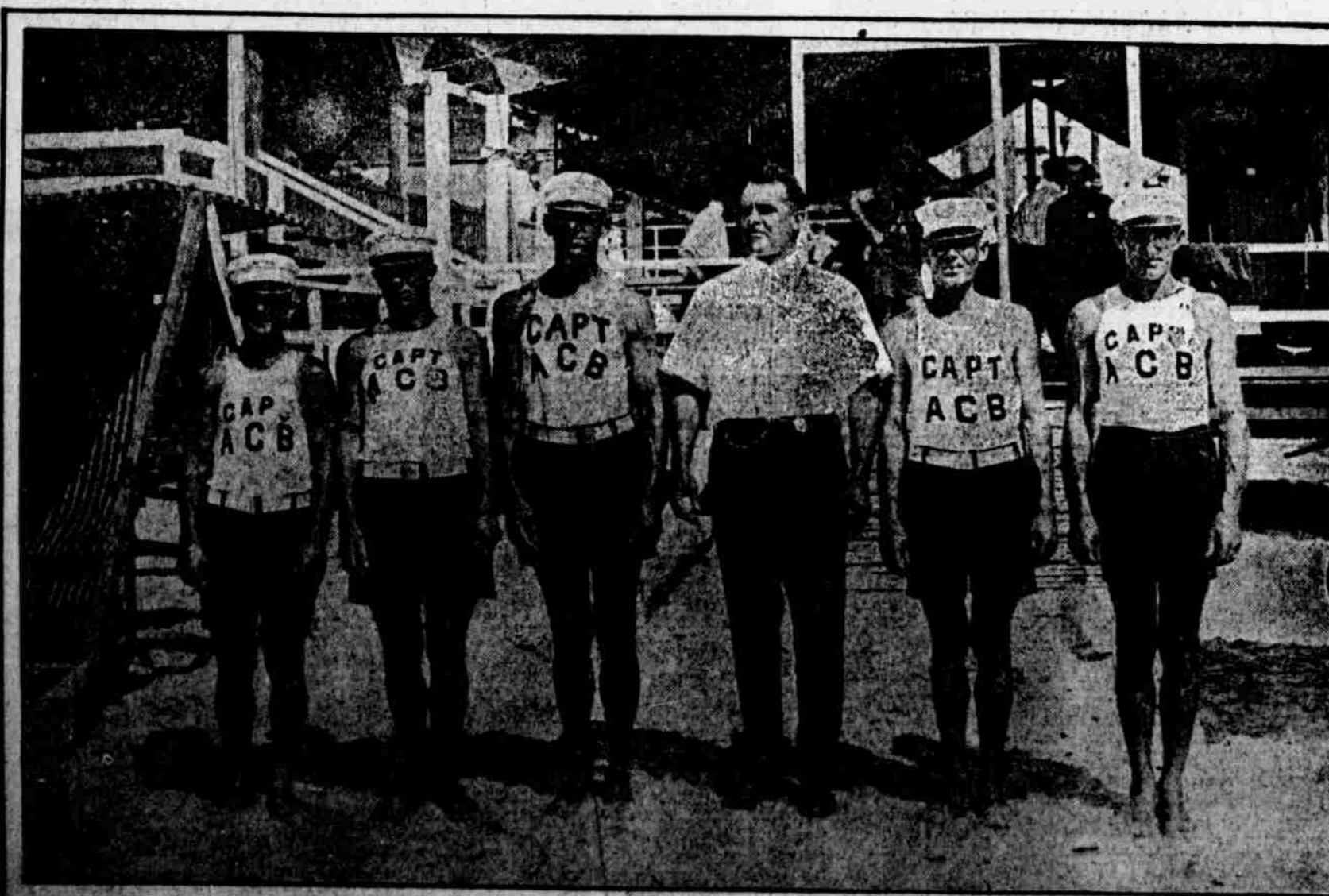
Mrs. Blunderby (to caller)—While passing your house yesterday I saw the hospital avalanche drive up and stop only a few doors away.  
Caller—The avalanche! (Recovers herself.) Oh, yes, a poor man very ill.  
Mrs. Blunderby—Dear me! Nothing contiguous, I hope.

#### Right in His Line



—London Opinion.

Civilian (late company promoter)—I'm off to the country—got a job on a farm.  
Officer Pal—Good; still waterin' your head!



### LEADERS OF ATLANTIC CITY'S BUSY GUARDS WHO WATCH THE THROGS OF BATHERS

Officers at the famous shore resort always find the busy life guards, in their coats of tan, riding on the big waves to protect the lives of guests who come to bathe. They are from left to right, Ralph Davis, Harry Hall, Alexander Miller, and the other five men are captains.