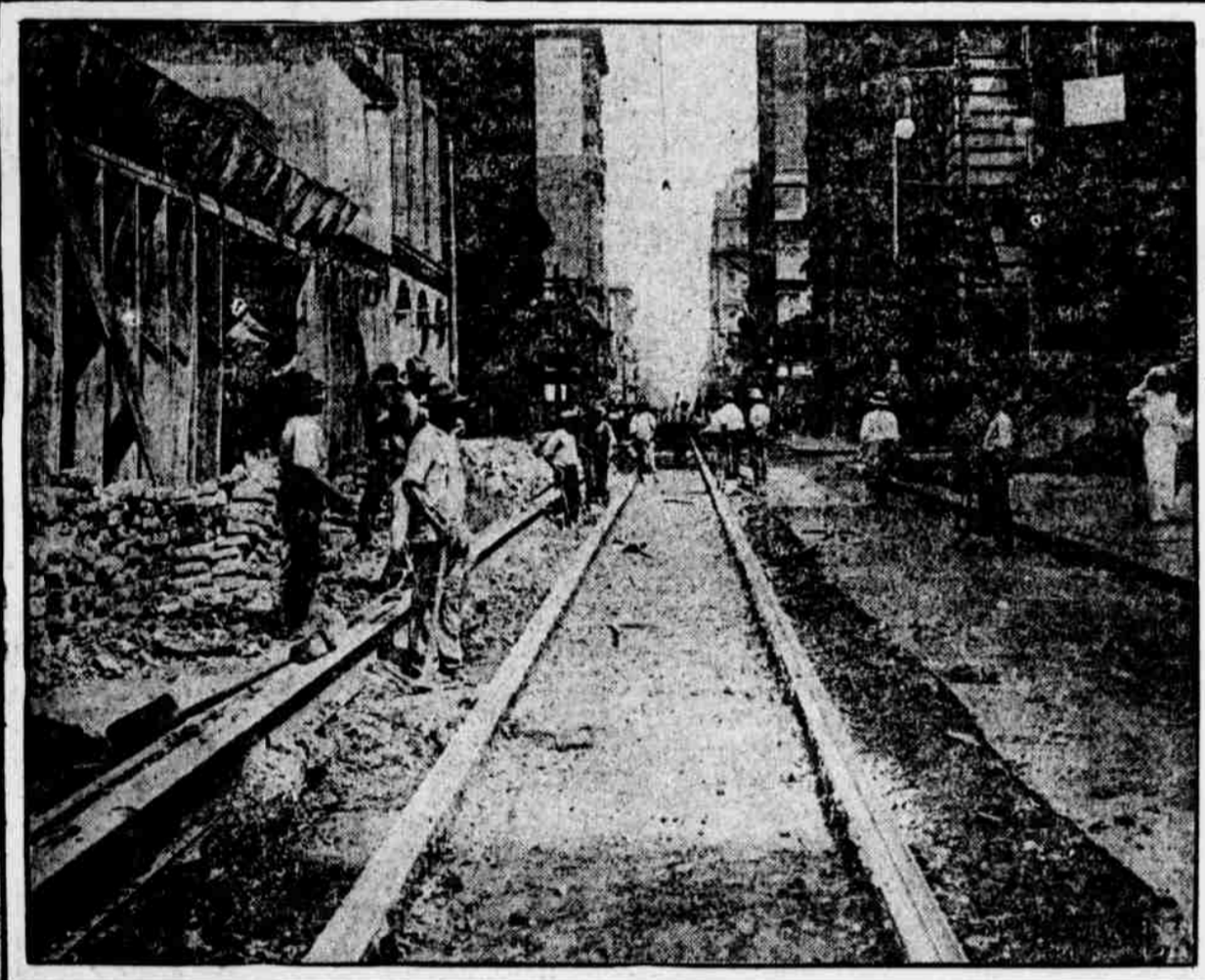


LOOKING STRAIGHT INTO THE EYES OF A BRITISH "TANK" C. Underwood & Underwood. Small wonder the Germans fled in dismay when the first of these weird-looking monsters came lumbering over the trenches. Even today, when they have become used to the appearance of the "tanks" in battle, the Teutons live in dread of an attack by the machines. The peep holes shown in the picture are the "eyes" through which the men inside the "tank" find the range for their gunfire.



WALNUT STREET TREATED TO A NEW SET OF TROLLEY TRACKS For several weeks this central thoroughfare, together with Chestnut street, has been undergoing lengthy repairs, much to the inconvenience of drivers of vehicles. The new tracks being placed by the Philadelphia Rapid Transit Company weigh forty-seven pounds to the foot.



LIEUTENANT COLONEL H. H. MAXFIELD, ONE OF THE CAPABLE OFFICERS OF THE NINTH REGIMENT, ENGINEERS

The Young Lady Across the Way



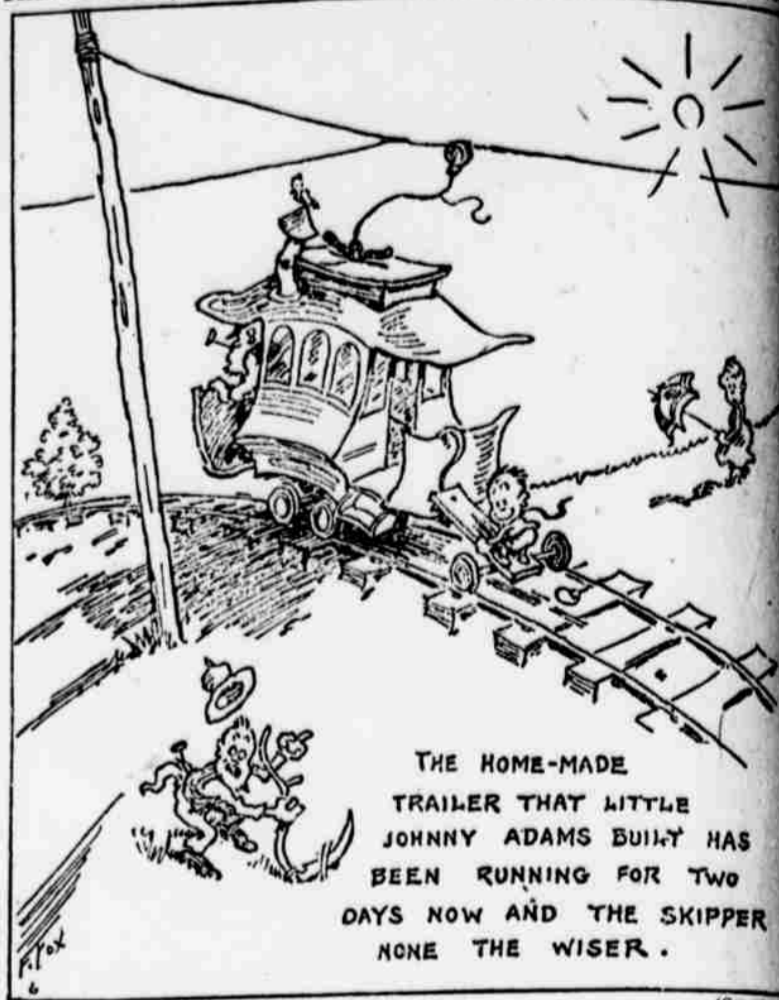
We asked the young lady across the way how her father was getting along with the farm and she said things hadn't been growing very well lately, as there had been so little rain that the land was positively arable.

Rather Harsh

Cholly Ayres—Yes, since the Parkers lost their money I have stopped calling there.
Miss Keen—That is very kind of you. It ought to cheer them up a whole lot.

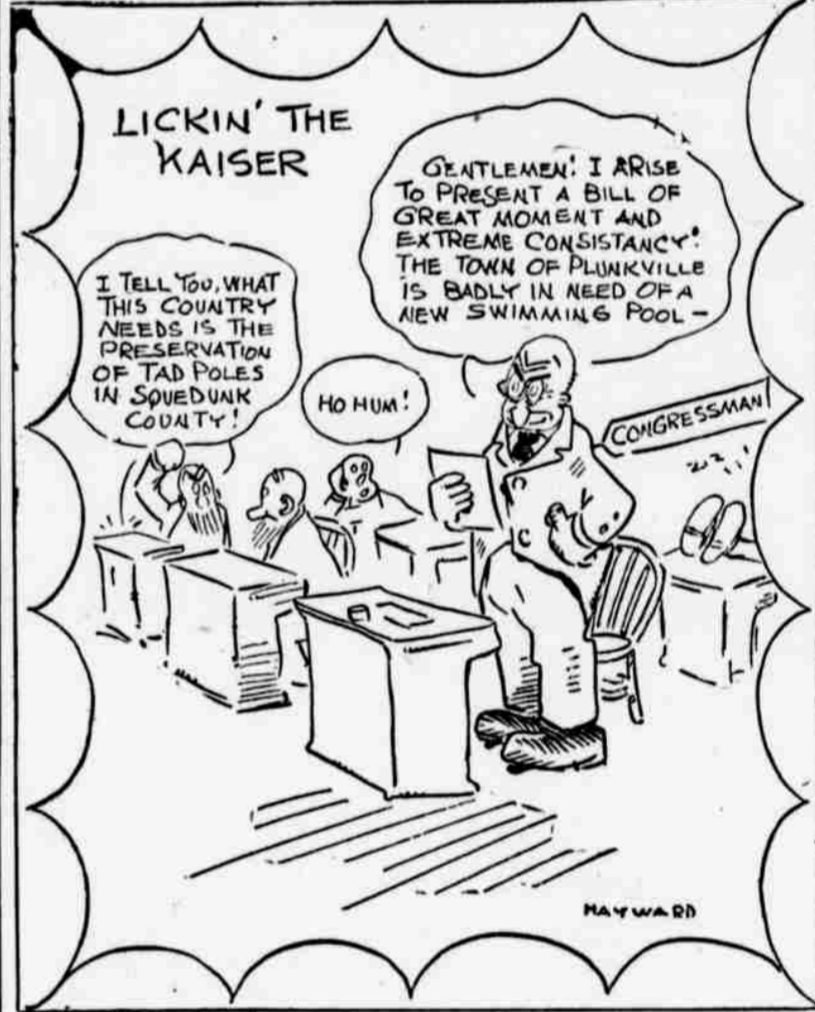
THE TOONERVILLE TROLLEY

By FONTAINE



THE HOME-MADE TRAILER THAT LITTLE JOHNNY ADAMS BUILT HAS BEEN RUNNING FOR TWO DAYS NOW AND THE SKIPPER NONE THE WISER.

THE FADDLED CELL



Recommendations
"Say, you! I advertised for a strong boy."
"Well, ain't I a strong boy?"
"You don't show it. Why, you make a four-round contest out of licking a stamp."



He—You're the first girl I ever kissed.
She—I really believe you.
He—Why?
She—You took it so seriously.

HARD ON ARTISTS, TOO



Connoisseur—Seventy-five guineas? But you only asked fifty guineas for this "still life" last year.
Artist—But, my dear sir, for that subject think how the price of models has gone up!



A FRUGAL MIDDAY MEAL AMID THE RUINS OF THEIR HOME AND MEMORIES OF BETTER DAYS Not an unusual scene somewhere in the recaptured terrain along the Somme in France. The father, no longer fit for service because of having lost a leg in some previous battle, cuts a meager portion of bread for each of the women and children, all of whom seem carried away by their thoughts.

SWIMMING DAYS

By DWIG



At the Roman Baths

A New Title

The victim of an accident glanced thoughtfully at the caller's card. "I guess you're what they call an ambulance chaser, ain't you?" demanded the injured one.
"That's rather a harsh name, man," replied the lawyer, blandly. "Why not call me a settlement worker?"

Be Careful



The temptation to murder that the alibi-holder when caught walked on his radial path.