



PHILADELPHIA'S OLD FOLKS HAVE AN OUTING AT LEMON HILL



MRS. WILLIAM HAMILTON IS EIGHTY-SIX



"THE SOLDIER'S FAREWELL" RESOUNDS THROUGHOUT THE LAND A last good-by kiss is being given to tens of thousands of America's soldiers who are now leaving for concentration camps preparatory to being sent to France as United States regulars.



JOHN WESLEY THOMAS Captain of the baseball team of Pennsylvania Base Hospital No. 10 in France, who lives at 1414 South Fifty-first street.



MEMBERS OF THE NAVAL HOSPITAL ENJOYING ONE OF THEIR WEEKLY OUTINGS

The Young Lady Across the Way



The young lady across the way says it's simply fine to see the big business interests so eager to help the country in this emergency, and she sees by the papers that the bidders on Government supplies are already in collusion.

Help Yourself

Elsie came home from a neighbor's house munching a chocolate. "Now, Elsie," her mother reproved her, "how many times have I told you not to ask Mrs. Gray for chocolates?" "I didn't ask her," returned Elsie calmly. "I don't have to. I know where she keeps them."

ONCE IN AWHILE A HAY FEVER VICTIM CHOOSES JUST THE RIGHT TIME TO SNEEZE



By FONTAINE FOX (Copyright)

THE PADDED CELL

AT OUR SUMMER HOTEL



MRS. MURPHY, OUR PROPRIETRESS, SHE OPENED THE HOUSE ON A SHOESTRING AND I YARD OF MOSQUITO NETTING, AND IS DOING VERY WELL, THANK YOU. DON'T MENTION IT, HER MOTTO IS "TREAT 'EM ROUGH AND YOU'LL HAVE 'EM SLEEPIN' ON YER FRONT LAWN AT \$5 A DAY." ALL HER ROOMS ARE FILLED - EXCEPT HER ATTIC EVERYONE IS SAD TODAY - IT'S HASH DAY AGAIN! MISS SMITH IS STARTING A NEW SWEATER. HAYWARD

Real Slaughter

I read how thousands fall in battle—of English, Germans, Russians, French, who perish while the cannon rattle, and bayonets flash above the trench. I hate to scan the tolls of slaughter, and think of Europe's battlefield, where blood is being shed like water, and neither side a point will yield. But all my sympathy's for others, who in the summer pass away, I mean the office boys' grandmothers, who die by thousands every day. What is the undiscovered reason that they survive the winter's chills, but, soon as it's the baseball season, succumb at once to fatal ills? They used to kill a gladiator, to make a Roman holiday, but I consider she is greater, who dies to let the home team play. I hear my office boy's sad story. I sympathize and drop a tear, here's hoping that she's gone to glory, I buried mine five times one year. WILL MOORE.

Signs of the Times



"Has your wife started her fall housecleaning?" "I guess so. The hired girl quit yesterday."

Stoics



—London Opinion. Soulful Flapper (at charity concert for wounded soldiers)—And are you poor dear things enjoying yourselves? Fed-up Tommy—Well, lidy, so long as it amuses you, it don't 'urt us much!

OBLIVIOUS TO ORDERS



Riding Instructor—Ere! You're a scratchin' the noo wall with them spurs! 'Ow many times 'ave I told yer not to fall off on that side? —The Passing Show.

VACATION SCHOOL DAYS -

By DWIG

—Well, it won't hurt if they DO pinch a little, if they're pebble-foot, and pebble-foot always stretches when it gets wet —some— You'll just have to limp for a few days, till they get set to your feet — baldaes, you've been bare foot all summer and your feet are spread out like pancakes.



Early Lesson in Ornithology

Squire (to rural lad)—Now, my boy, tell me how do you know an old partridge from a young one? Boy—By teeth, sir. Squire—Nonsense, boy. You ought to know better. A partridge hasn't any teeth. Boy—No, sir; but I have.

Taken Into Custody—

