

## Wit and Wisdom of a Busy World



THE PATHETIC FIGURE—THE POOR GOLFER WHO HAPPENS TO SEE HIS CADDY MAKING SOME SHOTS WITH THE CLUB HE HAD JUST THROWN AWAY IN DISGUST



By PONTAINE FOX

THE PADDED CELL

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## How's Your Flag?

When you hung out your country's banner above the entrance to your manor, 'twas bright and new. Tou hung it there with feelings tender, admired it in all its splendor, red, white and blue. But breezes came along to wave it and raindrops tumbled down to lave it and test the dye. You'd better look it over, brother. It may be time to get another and let it fly. That dear old flag is emblematic of all that's free and democratic. No spot should mar its brightness nor besmirch its beauty and, if you hang it, your duty to every star demands that you display the banner of Liberty in such a manner as will inspire each soul who sees its proud folds swelling, before the portal of your dwelling, with sacred fire. WILL MOORE.

## Apple Pie

Patrick had called on his Betsy, and she gave him a handsome helping of her special make of apple pic. Patrick was loud in its praise.

"I tried a new way," said Betsy beaming. "I put a few gooseberries in to flavor it."

"Begorra" cried Patrick. "If a few gooseberries give so good a flavor to an apple pie, what a dariin of an apple pie it would be made o gooseberries entoirely!"

Not His Kind



London Opinion,
Tramp (staggered)—Some people 'as
a funny idea of 'olidays—washing theirselves!



Poor Father

"Why are you so late, Jacky," asked his teacher.

"Well, sir, it was like this: There was a burgiary last night and mother sent me to the police station to see if the burgiar was father."



HAYWARD

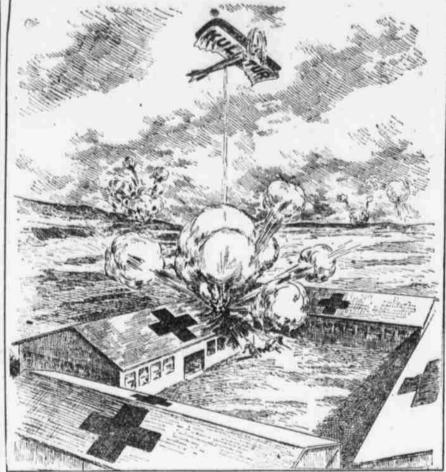
The Young Lady Across the Way

The young lady across the way says she doesn't know any one else as patri-stic as her father and she often hears him say that if it didn't cost so much to run the automobiles he'd buy a lot of Liberty Bonds.

The Doughty Deed

A professor was entertaining a party of students at his house one evening and, taking down a magnificent sword that hung over the fire-place, he brandished it about, exclaiming in an impressive voice:

"Never shall I forget the day I drew this blade for the first time?" "Where was that, sir?" asked his visitors in awestrunk volces.



THE TARGET OF THE HUN



SEEDS OF SEDITION



Thurlby in Seattle, Wash., Times, STRAINING HIS CREDIT



THE COLONEL HASN'T LOST ANY OF HIS OLD-TIME SKILL



HER ROYAL HIGHNESS, THE POTATO



IS THIS THE END OF AUTOCRACY?

