

TOONERVILLE TROLLEY

By FONTAINE FOX

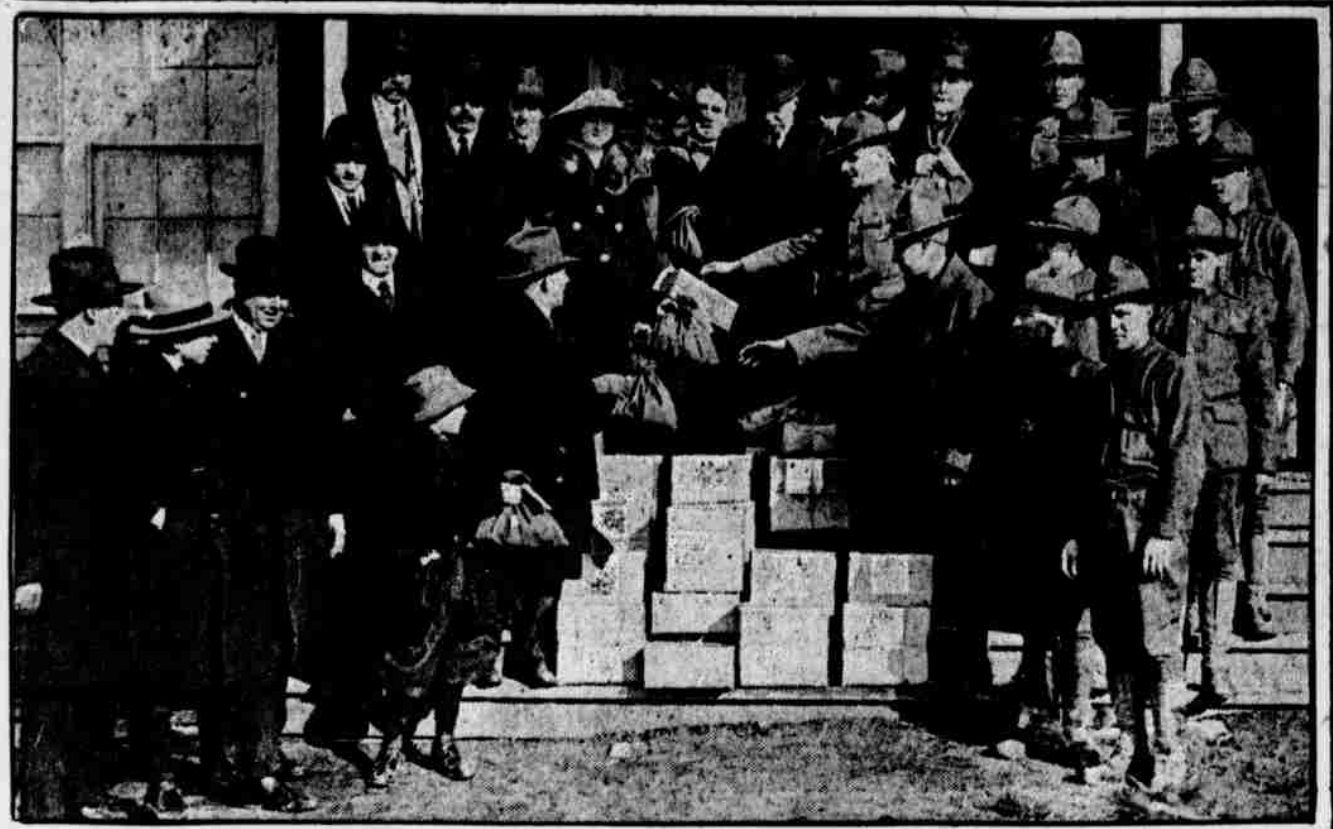


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THE JOYFUL YULETIDE SPIRIT REIGNS SUPREME DESPITE THE WAR



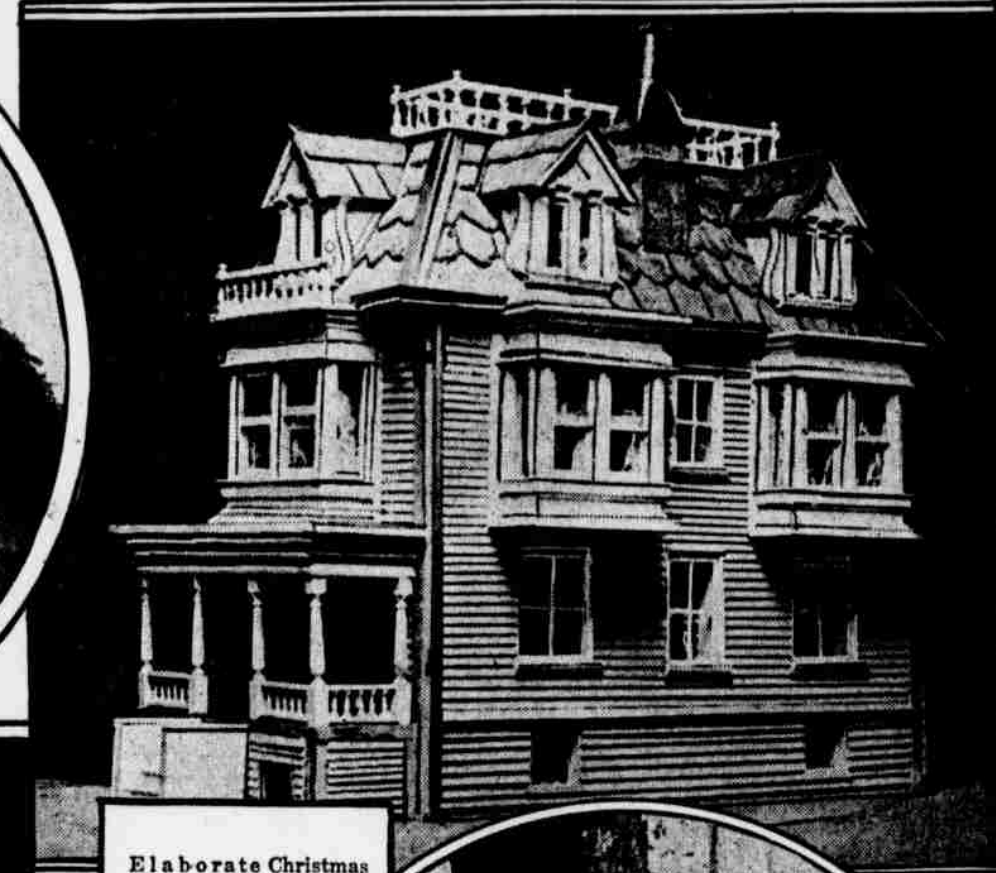
The War Department Having Canceled Its No-Furlough Order, This Philadelphia Soldier Arrived Home From Camp Meade in Time to Purchase the Family Tree



Philadelphia Soldiers, Formerly Employed in the Freight Auditing Department of the Pennsylvania Railroad, at 233 South Fourth street, Are Happy Recipients of Christmas Gifts Brought to Camp Meade by a Delegation of Their One-Time Fellow Workers



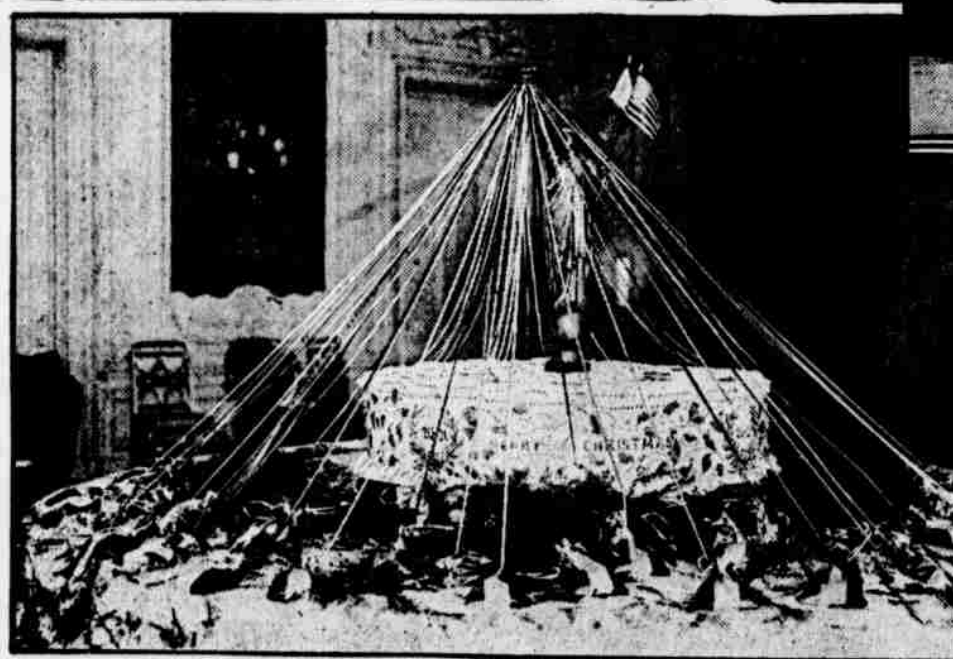
Miss Maud Jester, of 1713 Tioga street, North Philadelphia's "Santa Claus Girl," Who Collected Funds From Her Friends to Brighten Many Poor Kiddies' Christmas



Elaborate Christmas House Built by Fireman Christian F. Diem, of Truck Company No. 3, at Second and Norris Streets



This Would Be a Somber Christmas for Many French War Orphans Were It Not for the American Fund for French Wounded and the Workers Who Are Distributing Thousands of Gifts to the Little Ones Overseas



Huge War Cake Weighing 360 Pounds Sent to France for the Sammees' Christmas Dinner. This Bit of Pastry Is Three Feet in Diameter and the Materials for It Were Supplied by a Number of Firms

Tough Luck

THE PADDED CELL



He—Well, old dear, how's everybody treating you?
Him—Oh, not so very often!

His Euphemistic Way



Lawell
Camou—Is Bill a kleptomaniac?
Flage—I don't know, but every time he meets me he says, 'Let's take something.'



Needed No Scarecrow
Tourist—You have an unusually large acreage of corn under cultivation. Don't the crows annoy you a great deal.
Farmer—Not to any extent.
Tourist—That's peculiar, considering you have no scarecrows.
Farmer—Oh, well, you see, I'm out here a good part of the time myself.

The Young Lady Across the Way



The young lady across the way says that habits in youth become customs in age.

Peter's Wish

Little Peter is a good boy as well as a boy of great originality in his "notions," but he has the serious fault of being extremely forgetful. One day, after having gone on an errand, and forgetting what he was sent for, he exclaimed bitterly to his sister:
"Oh, dear! I wish I was a snake!"
"You wish you were a snake?" said his sister horrified.
"Yes, and a great long one—a much as six feet long."
"Why, what for, Peter?"
"So I could tie knots in myself to make me remember things."

SCHOOL DAYS

By DWIG

