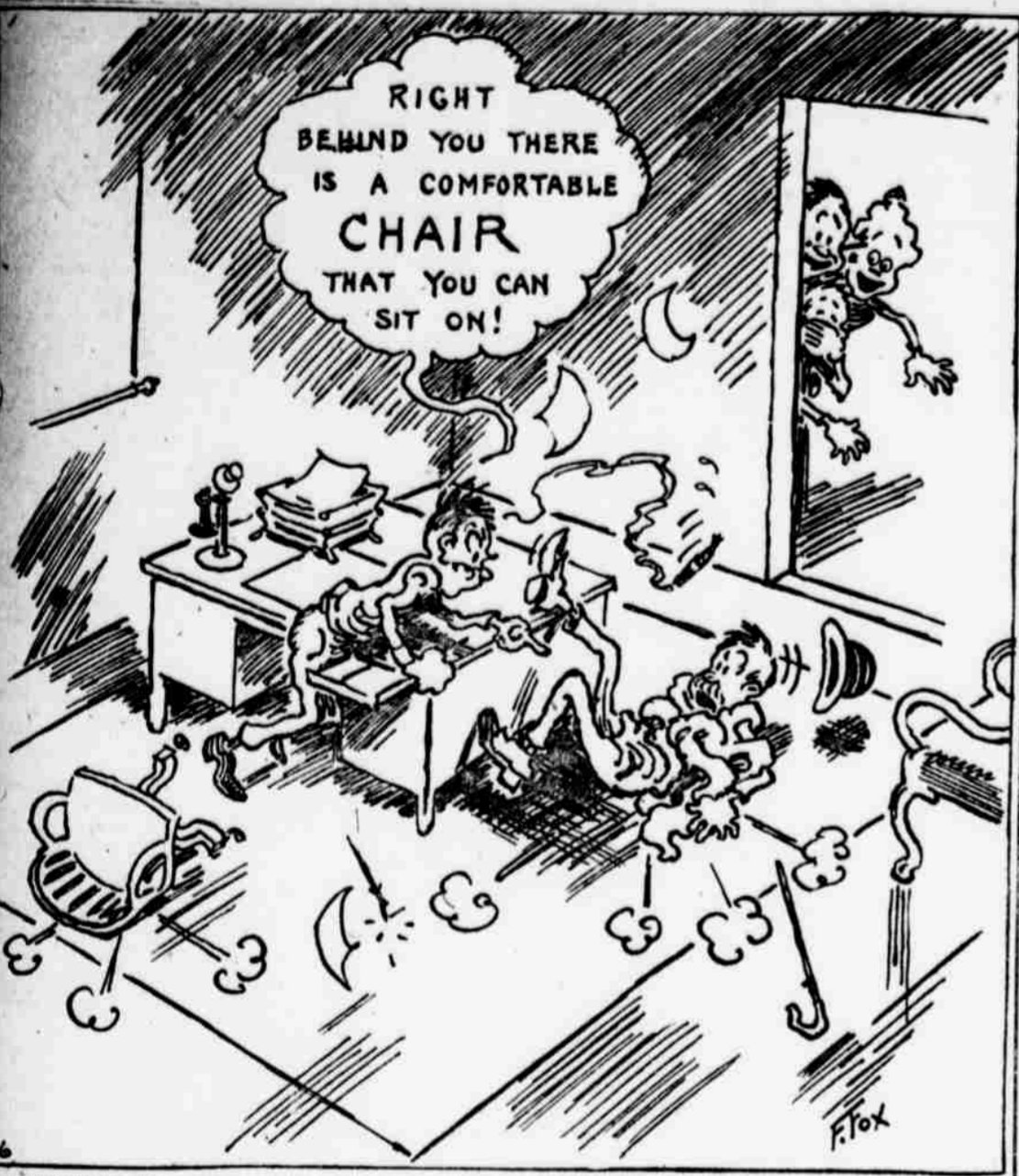
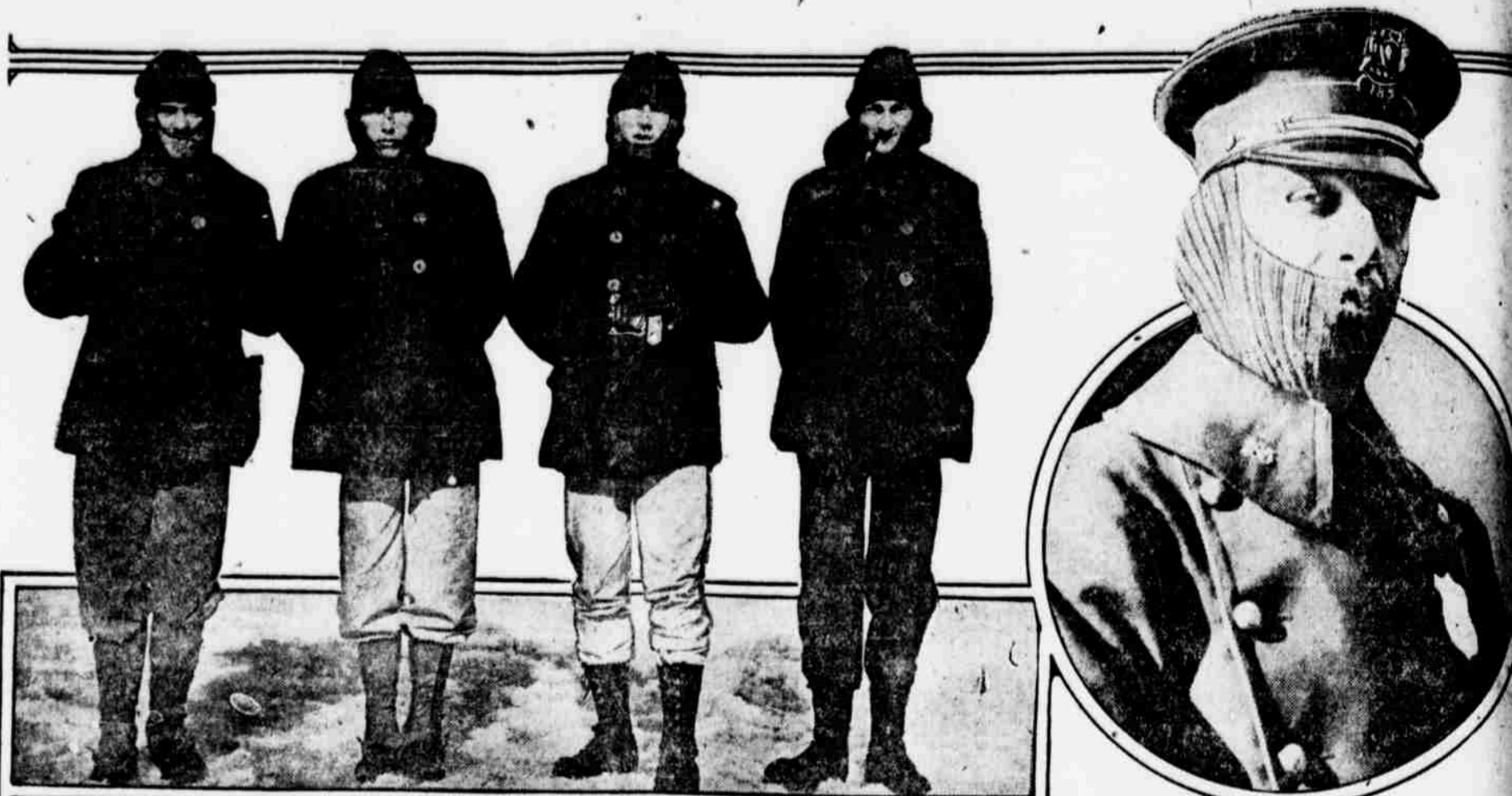


THE TERRIBLE-TEMPERED MR. BANG AND THE MAN WHO COMES IN AND SITS ON THE CORNER OF HIS DESK



By FONTAINE FOX

THE WEATHER MAN WITH HIS COLD SPELL ADDS INSULT TO INJURY



When bemoaning the cold, just think of the lot of these Philadelphia lads in the naval coast defense at Lewes, Del., whose duties keep them out of doors in all kinds of weather.

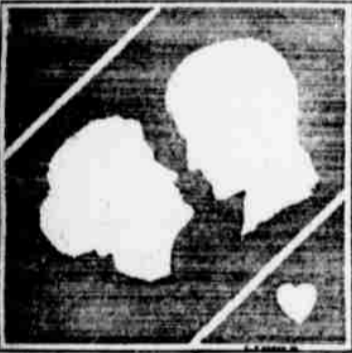
Then, too, there is the traffic cop who must not desert his semaphore even when the mercury makes a dash down to zero and more fortunate persons scurry to cover.



A ration of piping-hot coffee was a godsend to the firemen fighting the blaze at the Gorgas - Pierie plant in Kensington yesterday.

The cold weather has failed to get the goat of Company C, 312th Infantry, at Camp Meade, although these Philadelphians admit it has come perilously near doing so.

### Proof



If two red lips were upturned to your own With no one to gossip about it. Would you pray for endurance to let them alone? Maybe you would—but I doubt it.

### Needs His Aid

"What made General Goldbrade so sick?"  
"Oh, things in general."—Dartmouth Jack-o'-Lantern.

### The Trouble Man

Local—Do you find it easy to kid that telephone girl along?  
Long Distance—No, my line always seems to get out of order.—Chaparral.

### For Mercies Received



—Sydney Bulletin.  
"Oh, you poor kid! But what a blessing it wasn't your arms!"

### Why Not Let It Fly?

Boy—I want to get a chicken.  
Butcher—Want a pullet?  
Boy—No, you mutt; I want to carry it.—Hill Record.

### Feeling Is Believing

Golpher—Say, did you see where my ball went?  
Innocent Bystander—No; but I felt where it landed.—Widow.

### ANYTHING FOR A CHANGE



—The Passing Show.  
Naval Officer—I say, doesn't poor old Smith look sick? Awfully nice of you, and all that, but why did you chuck him for me?  
Flapper—Change of color. I'm sick of khaki.

### Up to the Old Man

She—What will our income be when we are married?  
He—Whatever your father thinks best.—Lamb.

### The Life of a Policeman

The copper heard sounds of a terrific struggle around the corner, and in due course of time hastened to ascertain the reason for them. As he rounded the corner he stumbled over a raw-boned Irishman who was sitting on a burly negro and telling him to stand up like a man.  
"What's all this about, anyhow?" he demanded of the under one.  
"Ah was jest singin', sub, jo' singin'."  
"Yis, and tll him phwat yez was singin', you lump of coal," the Irishman interjected.  
Between sobs the one in the lower berth elucidated:  
"Ah was singin' 'Ireland must be heaven for mah mother came from there.'—Panther.

### THE CHEERFUL CHERUB

When I was made some unkind 'fate With irony malicious Just made me lazy to the bone And also quite ambitious.



### Enlisted for Service

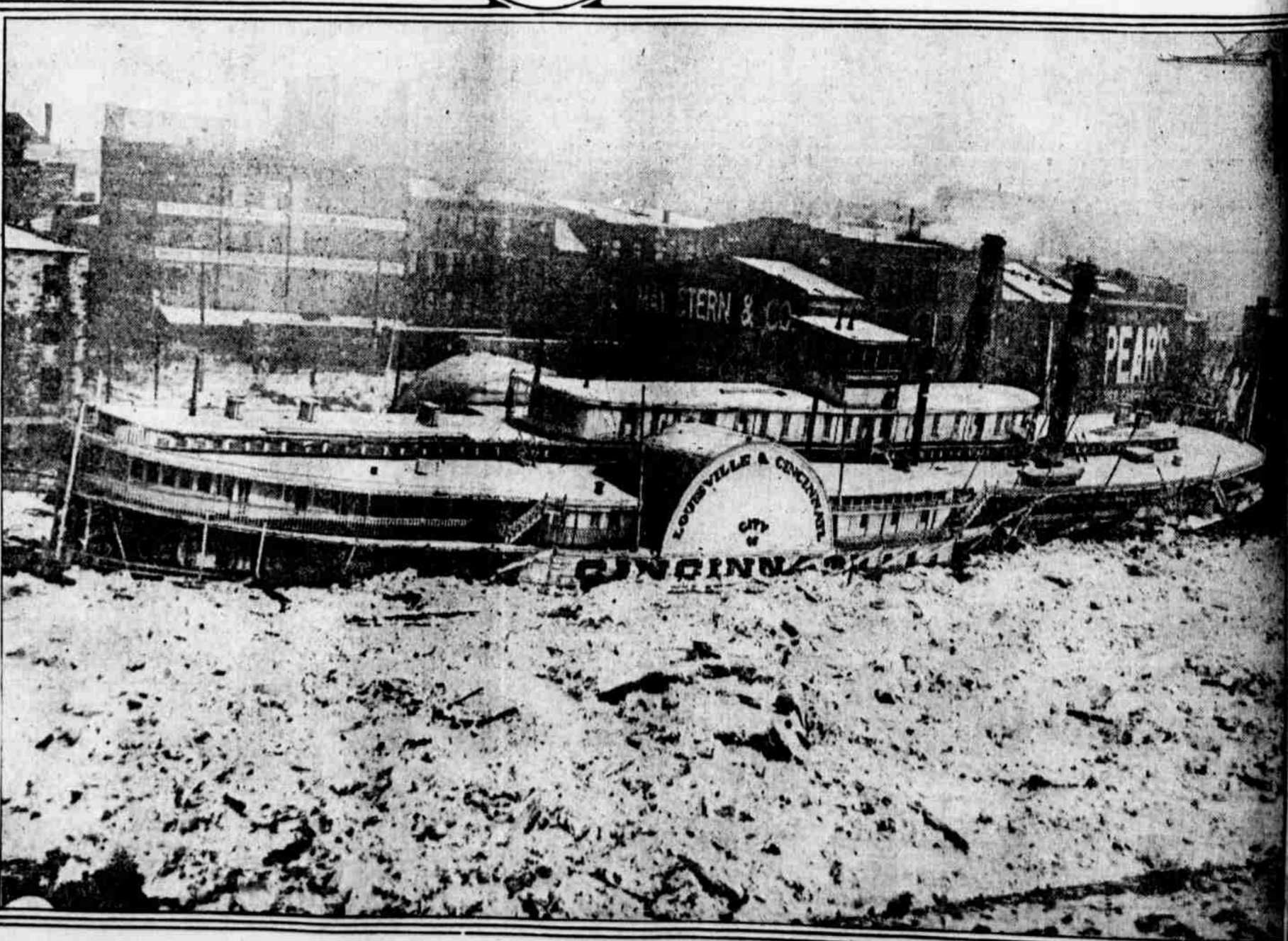
She—Why the tears?  
He—These aren't regular tears.  
She—What are they?  
He—Volunteers.

### The Young Lady Across the Way



The young lady across the way says some-dry prohibition may fall and it may be possible to have a little something to drink in one's own home, but she imagines if the war continues much longer the bar sinister will have to go.

### SCHOOL DAYS



Out in Ohio they have had several disastrous floods mixed in with their winter weather. The photograph shows the steamboat City of Cincinnati, sunk at her dock by the ice gorge, which did such fearful damage when carried along by the floods in the Ohio River.