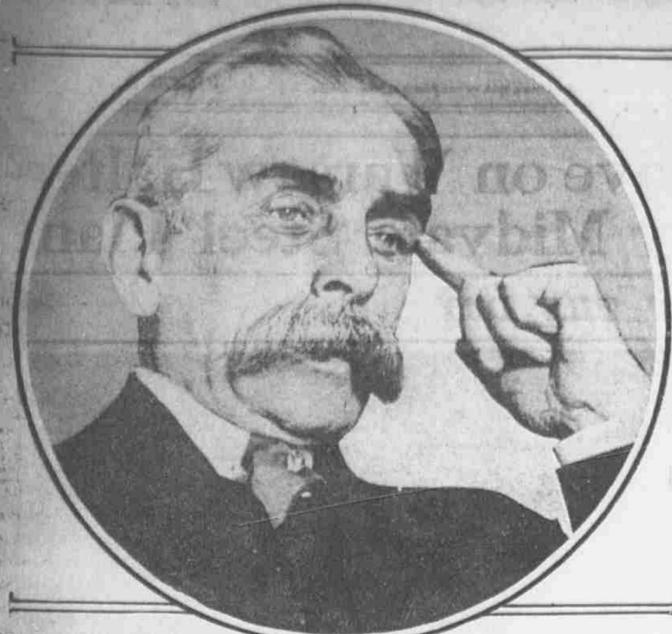
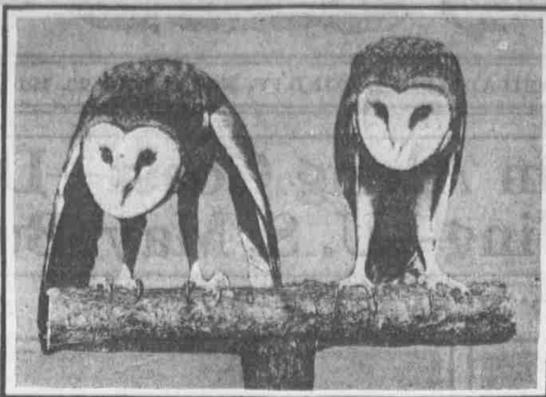


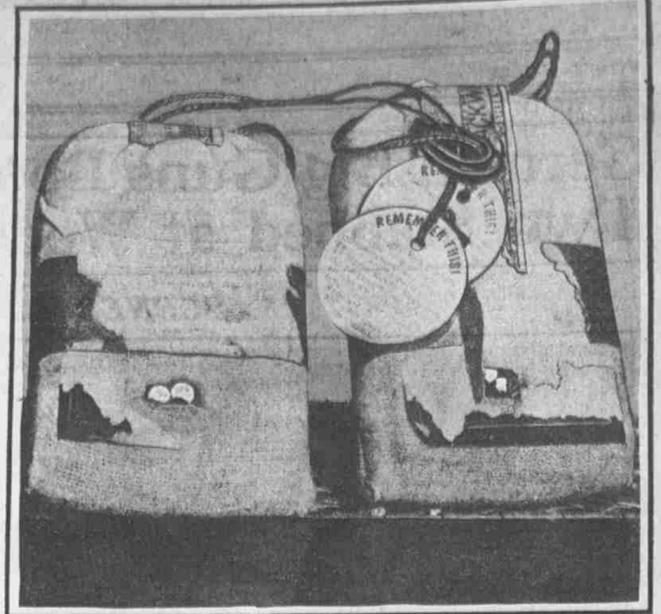
SCENES AND EVENTS IN THE NEWS OF THE DAY



WILLIAM A. PATTERSON  
Superintendent of the House of Correction, Holmesburg.



NOT NATURE FAKES, BUT REGULAR, LIVE OWLS  
They are pets of Thomas Jackson, of Biddle street, West Chester.



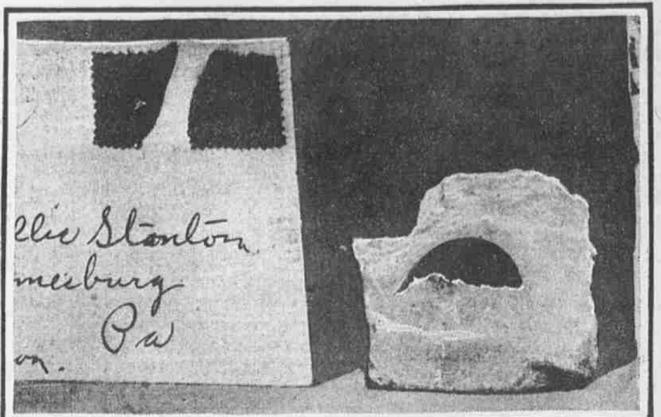
PILLS CONCEALED UNDER TOBACCO BAG LABELS  
These presents, intended for a House of Correction inmate, were confiscated when a guard discovered the drugs hidden as shown in this illustration.



"DOPE" INTENDED FOR A HOUSE OF CORRECTION INMATE  
These bottles were found concealed in the clothing of the wife of one of the Holmesburg inmates when she came on visitors' day. Superintendent Patterson declares he has much trouble preventing such liquids from being smuggled to persons under his care, as all sorts of ingenious methods are resorted to get such articles past the guards.



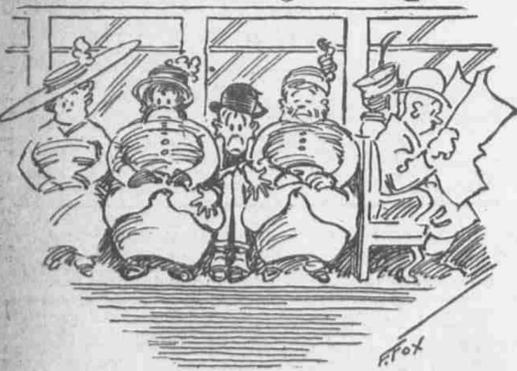
"SPECK," HIS OWNER, HAYWOOD GAY, AND FRIENDS  
"Speck" is shown just as he was caught after another one of his expeditions, which have kept the home of Prof. A. T. Gay, at Swarthmore, in a commotion. The baby Shetland's specialty is getting tangled up in lace curtains and ruining flower beds.



DRUGS CONCEALED UNDER POSTAGE STAMPS ON LETTER  
This illustrates one of the most ingenious tricks ever tried to smuggle a powdered drug into the House of Correction. A small quantity of "dope" has been laid on the corner of the envelope and the stamps carefully pasted over it. To the right is a coin intended for an inmate concealed in a piece of harmless-looking cardboard.

WITH THE WITS AT HOME AND ABROAD

"GREAT PRESSURE IS BEING EXERTED ON OUR LEFT AND RIGHT. OUR POSITION REMAINS UNCHANGED."



—From the Chicago Evening Post.  
ILLUSTRATED WAR PHRASES NO. 12

A Natural Mistake

London Scot proud of his English—  
"I'll be home about 5 o'clock the night."  
Voice of Operator (obedient to Government instructions)—No foreign languages, please. (Cut off.)

Anything for a Good Fight

"Easy—Oh don't see what the Powers do want to be scrappin' for, anyway."  
A Drien—Yas don't, eh! Then, begorra I've a dum poor spicimin av an Orlisman.—Boston Transcript.

His Mistake Serious

"He's a self-made man."  
"I know. He surely made a mistake in not consulting an expert."—Detroit Free Press.



Entirely Ignorant

"New to being a father," he explains that he has in various respects "bottle."

THE KID'S CHRONICLE

We was eating breakfast this mornin' and pop was stirring his kawfee, and awl of a suddin he sed, It looks like rane.

Wy how reedickilus, sed ma, the sun is shining and thares not a cloud in the sky.

O, my error, I beg yure pardon, sed pop, I sed it looked like rane, didnt I, I beg yure pardon, its kawfee.

Wat do you mean, wats the kawfee got to do with it, sed ma.

Perhaps, taking yure limited experience with the worlds grate wits into consideration, I had bettir repeat the idea in a body, as it were, sed pop, maybe a grate lite will strike you if I say it this way, It looks like rane but its not, its kawfee.

Willyum, if I didnt no you Id think you were crazy, sed ma, in the first place it didnt look the alitst bit like rane and in the second place dont you think I no its kawfee, and in the therd place wats the kawfee got to do with weathir it looks like rane or wat it looks like.

Sents of humor, thy naim is not Mrs. Potts, sed pop, lissen, my deer, maybe that grate lite is still sticking around watting to berst awn you, Ill say it this way, This flood in my cup is kawfee, but at first giants I thawt it was rane.

Wat, sed ma, wy thats lavly kawfee.

Im not reely reflecting awn the kawfee, sed pop, but you no nothing is to sacred to make a joak of in this age of freedom of thawt, I jast heerd that joak last nite and Id thawt Id spring it wile it was fresh in my mind.

Joak indeed, sed ma, that kawfee



WHEN A FELLER NEEDS A FRIEND

costs 38 sents a pound and you sit there and say it looks like rane, wats the use of buying the best groceries for this house, Id like to no, 38 sent kawfee and he sits there and ses it looks like wattr.

I sed rane, sed pop.

No diffrants, sed ma.

No diffrants, to a sents of humor awl bound round with a wollen string, sed pop.

Do you mean me, sed ma.

got up and went and put awn his hat and cote, saying, Wattr and rane, wats the diffrants, yee gods and littel bonebeds, wats the diffrants.

Owed It to His Wife

"My wife made me a success," remarked the man.

"I am glad to hear you say that," declared his pastor.

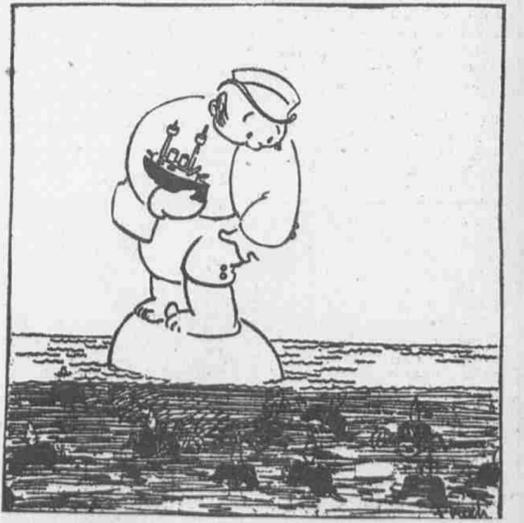
"Yes, she has always wanted so many things that I've just had to hustle."—Kansas City Journal.

The Reason

Friend—So you're going to give up your job as motorman?  
Ex-chauffeur—Yes. I can't stand the strain. You see something on the street that you want to hit, and unless it is right on the track you are helpless.—Punch.

In the Middle Class

Wife—What is the social scale that the novelists talk so much about?  
Hubby—That is where they weigh money.—Illinois Item.



JOHN BULL SEEING THINGS

Starting the Day Wrong

There was gloom on the face of the New England farmer.  
"What's the matter, Elijah?" asked his nearest neighbor. "Piapjacks given out over to your house."  
"Worse'n that," said Elijah. "You know, 'twasn't apple year, and wife says we can't have any more apple pie for breakfast."  
"Can't you make out if you have apple pie noon and night?"  
"I can, because I've got to," said Elijah, "but, I tell you, it upsets me, starting in the day wrong like that."—New York Evening Post.

Mere Man's Way

He is exacting, I declare.  
You know the type.  
He thinks his wife should know just where he left his pipe.  
—Kansas City Journal.



Convinced of It

"Do you believe there is a higher power?"  
"My dear sir, I married her."—From Life.

A Limited Number

A man who was reprimanded for swearing replied that he did not see any harm in it.  
"No harm in it?" said the minister.  
"Why, do you not know the Commandment, 'Swear not at all?'"  
"I do not swear at all," said the man. "I only swear at those who annoy me."

A Dead Reply

A Kansas man wrote to his newspaper and asked: "What's the matter with my head? Every morning when I go to feed them, I find some of them have heeled over to rise no more."  
To which the editor replied: "They're dead."

Vogue of War Styles

"Have you heard anything about the fall fashions as yet?"  
"Not as to how the gowns will be made. I suppose the girls are bound to wear carriage bells, though."—Kansas City Journal.



The Dodo.