

THE COMMUTER WHO DELIBERATELY SNATCHED A PACKAGE BELONGING TO ANOTHER MAN AND LEAPED FROM THE FLYING TRAIN



HA! JUST AS I SUSPECTED!
SUGAR!

By FONTAINE FOX

(Claps right)

PUZZLE PICTURE



No, this is not a photograph of three Philadelphia girls braving the rigors of a January "blizzard" of rain. It's one of Eve's little adventures in The Tatler, London.

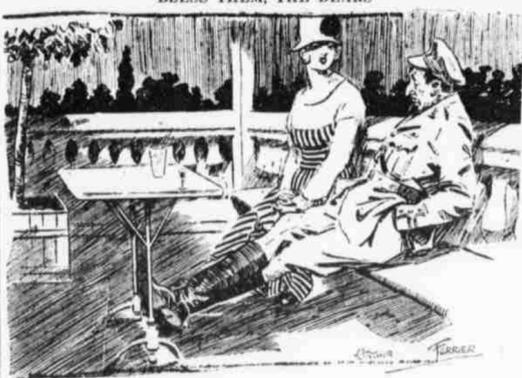
How About It?

"This is a special flour for making flannel cakes."
The young housewife was trying to appear wise.
"Does it make good cakes?" she asked.
"Excellent flannel cakes, mum."
"Ah, um. Will they shrink?"—
Louisville Courier-Journal.

The Young Lady Across the Way



The young lady across the way says an infantry attack in modern warfare is almost always preceded by an unusually heavy armistice from the artillery.



—The Passing Show.
"Although I cannot marry you, Jack, you must promise me you won't go back to France hoping to be killed."
"Don't be silly—of course I shan't."
"You mean?"

One of Those Fixed Feasts

Will Hogg, of Texas, says that down in Houston one Monday morning a negro boy in his employ came to him with a request.
"Boss," said the darky, "I'd lak to git off nex' Friday fur the day."
"What for?" inquired Hogg.
"Got to go to a fun'el."
"Whose funeral is it?"
"Mah uncle's."
"When did your uncle die?"
"Lawd, boss, he ain't daid yet!"
"Then how do you know his funeral is going to take place on Friday?"
"Case dey's gwine hang him Thursday." — Saturday Evening Post.

THE CHEERFUL CHERUB

I like to dine in grand hotels
With folks of wealth
And every now and then I do
When our rich uncle comes to town.



SCHOOLDAYS



Do Tom! Where joo-
sit the MUT?
O What a metter with
him—he looks like was
fallin' over—why don't
ya prop him up?
I'llATCH you my cel
agin him—Aunt that
Oright, Huck?

That's right—lough an'
show yir ignorance!
That there dog is a
genuine thore-bred!
S' Looky at his nose—
but o' course you wouldn't
know a genuine nose from
a regular pose. Huh!
"Whelley you know about it!
You make me sick—"

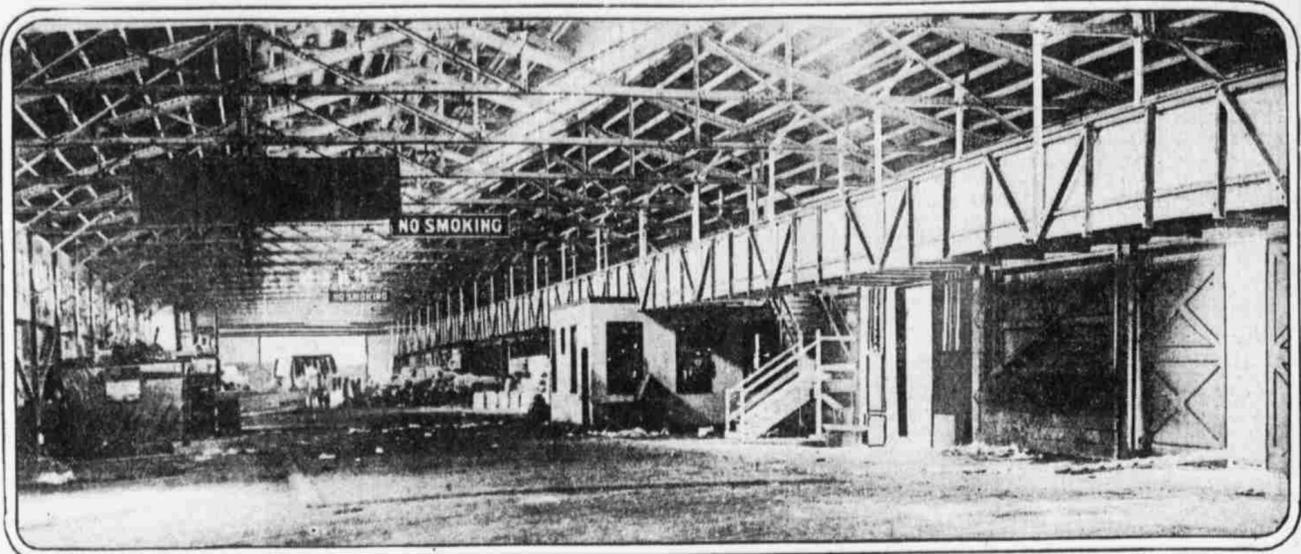
Damon and Pythias

How Annoying!



—Penn Punch Bowl.
"Do you find dreams trouble-
some?"
"Only when they call me up dur-
ing business hours!"

FREIGHT JAM IN NEW YORK? LET PHILADELPHIA'S IDLE PIERS HELP!



For instance, there is Municipal Pier No. 4 just aching to help relieve the freight congestion. "We could handle everything here even more efficiently than in New York," says Joseph F. Haskarl, Assistant Director of the Department of Wharves, Docks and Ferries, a statement which the above photograph would appear to bear out.



On the other hand, you have New York's wharves jammed with freight—foodstuffs, munitions and other vital supplies necessary for the successful prosecution of the war.

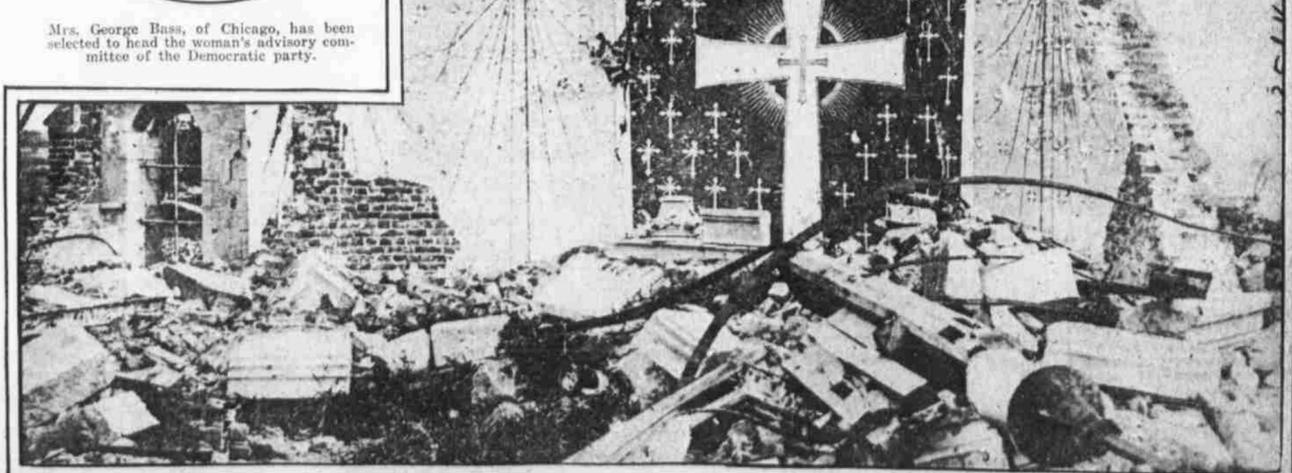
Then there is the Clyde pier in Philadelphia, which simply yawns for freight. Incidentally, Mr. Haskarl says Philadelphia's wharves are the equal of any in the world.



With New York's wharves packed to capacity and an endless stream of freight pouring in, it is necessary to store the overflow out in the open, there to await its turn, which means belated delivery overseas.



Mrs. George Bass, of Chicago, has been selected to head the woman's advisory committee of the Democratic party.



The German gunner who missed this cross ought to be court-martialed. Still he succeeded in battering down the walls of the French church, which is in the Aisne district, and should not be reprimanded too severely for his oversight.