

RED BLACK HAND By FONTAINE FOX



## LIFE IN PHILADELPHIA JUST ONE SNOWSTORM AFTER ANOTHER



The lot of a pedestrian during a snowstorm in the city is both difficult and dangerous, for not only are there the perils under foot, but the ever-present menace of rushing vehicles, with sounds muffled by the snow.



One would think complexions were at stake by the way fair maids are fortified with umbrellas.



**THE CHEERFUL CHERUB**  
To act grown up in public  
Is quite a strain on me.  
I like to walk on fences  
And I'm much too old,  
you see.



At dusk yesterday the procession of commuters past Independence Hall on their way to the ferries took on considerable proportions. The frequency of the snowstorms has made this a familiar scene in the vicinity of Sixth and Chestnut streets.

**Braver Even Than He**  
"Who is that man over there with all the decorations? A French war hero?"  
"Naw, that's a guy that subscribed to the two Liberty Loans, the Friendship Fund, the Army 'Y,' the Prison Camp Drive and the Red Cross Society."—Gargoyle.



Dear old Lady (to cavalry officer)—I suppose your men must become very attached to their horses.  
Cavalry Officer—Well—some of them only wish they could!



**Just Like a Man!**  
—The Purple Cow.  
He—I understand skirts are to be still shorter this year.  
She—There you go, always thinking about yourself.

**War Economy**  
"What is the meaning of those dark marks on Professor Pink's bald head?"  
"Wartime economy, that's all. There is where his wife figures up the grocery bills."—Gargoyle.

**Removing the Cause**  
"Don't you want to hire a feller to keep the tramps away, Mrs. Subbubs?" asked the small boy.  
"How can a little fellow like you keep the tramps away?" demanded Mrs. Subbubs.  
"Easy enough," he replied. "I kin eat up all the pie an' cake an' things wot's left over."—Judge.

**Circumstantial Evidence**  
"What made you let young Saphend kiss you?"  
"Why, Polly—"  
"Oh, you needn't 'Why Polly me.' One side of your nose is not powdered and one side of his is."—Panther.

**His Message**  
She—You don't even dress me decently. I'm going home to papa.  
He—All right. You might say to him also that I need a new suit myself.—Boston Transcript.

The Young Lady Across the Way



The young lady across the way says it will be a long time before this country gets back into its old extravagant ways, and even after the war is over she imagines people will exercise a little common sense and use their sugar and coal strictly ad libitum.



The wintry outlook across Washington Square from a high vantage point on the west side of Seventh street.



And then there is the mortifying experience of a fall in full view of many passers-by.