

**'IS 'IGHNESS' LID MAL BE ALL RIGHT, BUT NO
FLAT ROOFED TOPPIECE FOR OURS**



London, England.—London is mad as a hatter. The hatters themselves are all het up. The umbrella brigade of the suffragets is glad. The "Johnnies" are mad, and the whole thing all about King George's new Easter hat.

The trouble with the king's new sky piece is that there's too much of it. The crown, six and three-quarters inches high, makes a slim man look

like a bean pole and a short man look like a portable chimney. The top of the new "bowler" is flat enough to play billiards on, and "extraordinary" is the only word with which Bond street haberdashers can describe the brim of the ball 'at.

Anyway, a high hat is a fine target for a riotous suffraget; and the "flat-roofed" lid may, after all, have been a hunch of the window-smashing sisterhood.

A 4-CLYINDER FELINE



"What does C-A-T spell?"
"I don't know."
"Why, what is it that you often hear purring at your house?"
"Oh, I know—our automobile."

METHOD TO HIS MADNESS



Angry Woman—But why do you wheel those heavy stones over my lawn ruining it? Why do you do it?
The Jobber—Weil, ma'am, I expected to git the job of repairin' it,