

WEEK'S HIGH SPOTS SEEN IN D.C. THROUGH CARL THONER'S CAMERA



This is the start of the 25-yard dash for—you know—plump—ladies at the Washington Shriners' outing. They were a little slow in getting away from the mark, but when they crossed the line—O, Boy! you could run a saw-mill on that momentum! If the immortal body ever met such a force the age-old problem would be solved forthwith.



This might be the Almas Patrol wagon, but it isn't. It is just a baby carriage—now, don't say the obvious thing. Dick Fookes, 902 G street northwest, Mayor of Marshall Hall, is leading the race for rolling-chair artists at the Shriners' outing. Mrs. Thomas Contella, 1416 R street northwest, is the occupant of the baby carriage. Isn't she some—oh, what's the use!



ALMAS TEMPLE
A.A.O.N.M.S.

Just see what is coming out of the East! The Shriners, on their recent excursion to Marshall Hall, used this trick chair to disconcert members and guests. About the time you sit down somebody pushes a button and the bottom drops out, a la the stock market. She is Miss Helen Phillips, 1912 Sixteenth street northwest.

Do you spell "groan" with a "k" or "g"? Nick Altrock, coach comedian for the Washington baseball team, got sore throat bawling out the opposing pitchers. So Nick has taken to writing insulting notes on his baby typewriter.



It takes a strong constitution and all the disposition to enjoy swimming in weather like we had early last week. Miss Marguerite (Peggy) Newnam, 919 I street northwest, says: "The colder it is, the more room in the water, the faster you swim, the more fun you get."



Who—Who! Beverly S. Pulliam, to be sure, with his pet owl, Mr. Pulliam manages the Owl garage and keeps this wise old bird as a combination mascot and advertisement. Like most wise people, the owl asks questions, but never answers any. Many a man would like to have that kind of a partner.



If you were a painter, and wanted an idea for a canvas entitled "The Slim Princess at the Bathing Beach," you would probably pick Miss Nama Aman, 8 Seventh street southeast, from the throngs at the Tidal Basin bathing beach. We leave it to you if these jockey caps they're wearing now-a-days aren't nifty.

