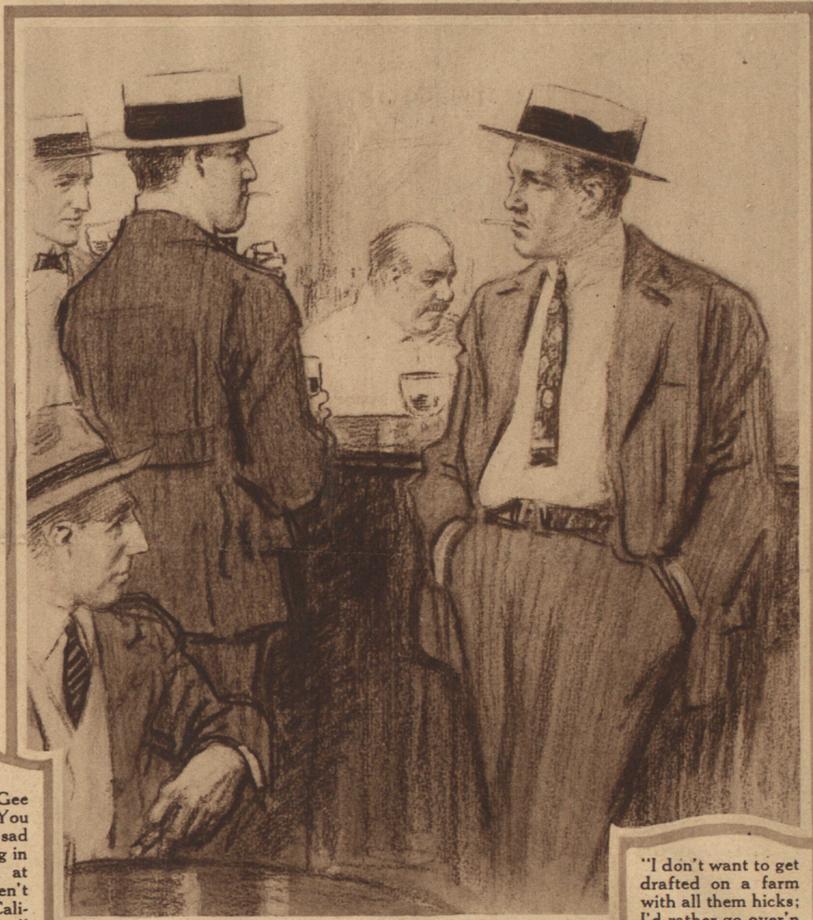
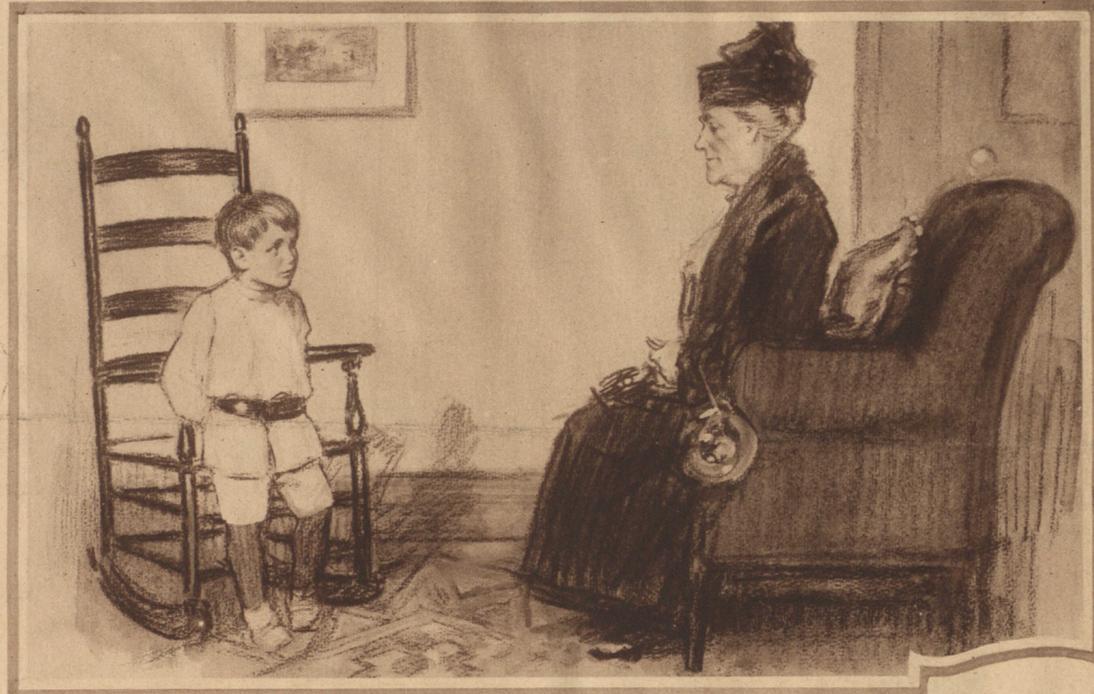


By W. E. HILL



Members of the Y. M. C. A. class in surgical dressing attend their first illustrated lecture on the treatment of wounds. Several ladies down front on the verge of fainting for the last ten minutes have about decided to switch to a cooking class.

Sergeant Bump, home for the week end, forgot all about the new wrist watch when he indulged in a "good soak in a real tub."



The optimist — "Gee whiz, Mrs. Brown! You ought not to feel sad about your son being in France. Just look at me—why, I haven't seen my 'Gran' in California for four months."

"I don't want to get drafted on a farm with all them hicks: I'd rather go over'n join Pershing." The bunch around the Palace Hotel bar talking over the chances of being put on a war job.



Private Welch has suggested a boat ride in the park. Sadie is agreeable, only he'll have to get some one for her friend May, and May insists on having an officer.



Lester Sweete, who has taken up intensive farming in anticipation of the anti-loafing law. Armed with an automobile horn he is hard at work, scaring the crows from his cornfield.