



IN this case, "S. F." stands for Spanish Flu—not because we want it, but because we have to! Aside from the seriousness and sadness of the epidemic, the guy with the laughing mask was a gloom longside of the maskers we see today.

I saw one man with a false face stuffed full of cotton; guess he couldn't get a regulation mask and wasn't going to be fined a hundred bucks for being caught without a mask on.

I saw a fat lady with a muzzlo on that made her loo' like an Aunt cater.

I got a letter from a man this morning, as follows:

Dear Miss King: If you find a mask large enough for my nose AND face, please let me know. I have already worn out a feed bag and a typewriter cover. A small tent will do. Sincerely, W.

R. DAVENPORT.

I'd like to do that sir, but if you have ever troubled to notice my own picture in "The Examiner," you must know I am looking for such a mask myself.

Vergie Nahl, whose desk is next to mine in the art department, at "The Examiner," has a tiny pill box on the floor with a wee steel spring in it. It's a trap for the flugermans, he says. He put the spring in the box for ball as he heard they like dampness.

Some profiteers must feel more comfortable now that they are seen in the right light for "holdups!"

This is a good time to get your front teeth straightened.

But be careful and don't get the habit of yawning when you're bored, because you won't always be able to get away with it like you can now with the asbestos drop on.

And remember, the best of masks are apt to go ker-fluzy!