

Religious Bulletin.
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A Naval Holiday?

Junk, yes. Those are the false philosophies. They prefer to come out at night. That venerable chauffer is Julian the Apostate and the footman is Percy Stickney Grant.

"Blessings on thee, little man."

Don't bother about him. He wears horn-rims and shaves his forehead. But he's just an idiot. He read a book on the index to see why the Church condemned it.

Why All the Elephant Ears?

Don't you recognize them? That's the crowd from the pool room. Their ears got that way from listening to dirty stories.

What a Pity -- Such a Handsome Boy -- and Blind!

Wake up! that's your old roommate. You remember he went blind from wood alcohol and then died. But he saved his soul. He was just a darn fool.

Jugglers! Why didn't they put Them on First on the Bill?

Don't mind them. That's the Kelley pool brigade. They have to juggle those pool balls a year for every minute they've wasted.

Where are All the Rest of the Priests?

The procession does look a little small. The rest of them are in purgatory until the last of their parishoners get out.

A Fire! Goody, We'll See the Engines Run.

Wake up! Those are the late sleepers. They'll keep on ringing bells until they wake themselves up. Horrors! the curtain! They're shut out -- late again, as usual. Give them the brown derbies and tell them to come back for the conditional exams in May.

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