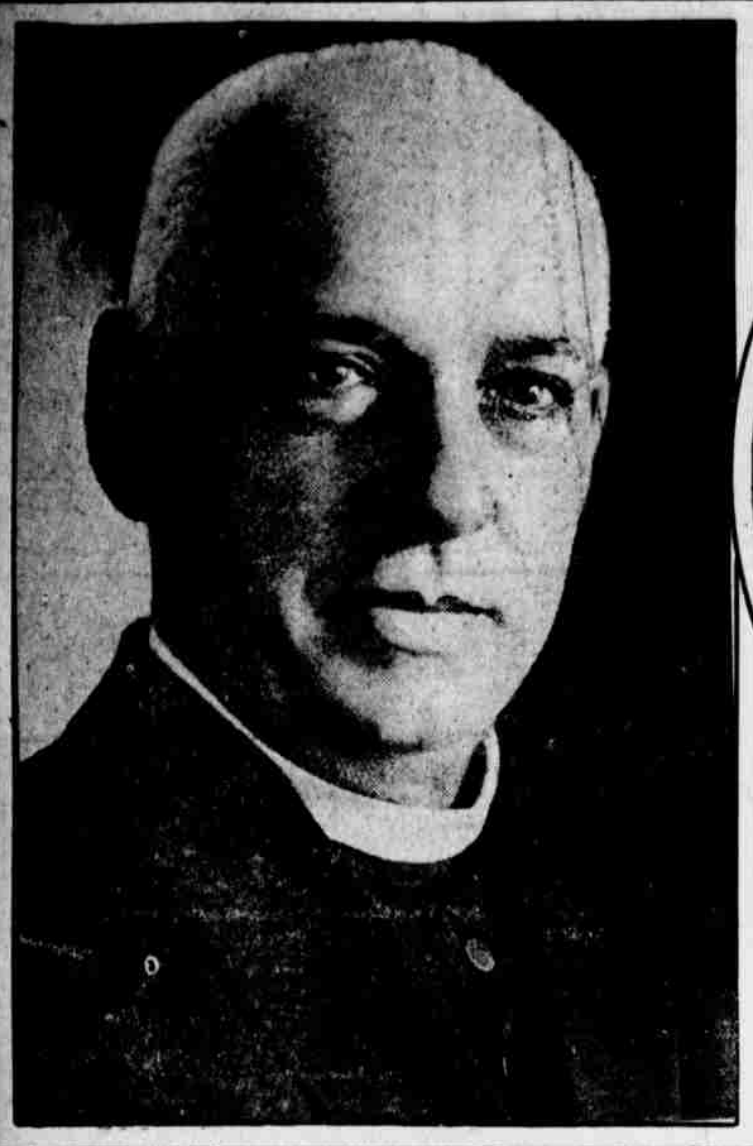


TUESDAY
July 24, 1917

ILLUSTRATED
Evening Ledger

PICTURES
AND
SCRAPPLE

WHO'S WHO IN THE DAY'S INTERESTING HAPPENINGS



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HEADS RUMANIAN MISSION TO UNITED STATES
Dr. Basil Louaciu for the last ten years has been secretary to the National Rumanian party of Hungary and Transylvania. His chief life work has been to further the cause of Rumanian nationalism.



SPECIAL ENVOY TO THE MIKADO
Admiral Austin M. Knight, commander of the American Asiatic squadron, has arrived at Tokio for the purpose of conveying to the Japanese Emperor the thanks of the United States for Japan's courtesy in sending home on a warship the body of George W. Guthrie, late American Ambassador.



AN EVENING LEDGER SOLDIER
Smiling "Tommy" Green, formerly attached to the competing room force, who has elected to serve Uncle Sam on the field of battle. He is a member of the Second Pennsylvania Artillery, now encamped along the Old York road, between Noble and Jenkintown.



Above, Captain Sheard, medical examiner on the staff of Colonel St. George L. Steele, who is in Philadelphia for the purpose of recruiting British subjects for King George's army. To the right is Charles Lathrop Pack, altruistic financier, philanthropist and publicist, who has been the good angel of the National Emergency Food Gardens Commission.



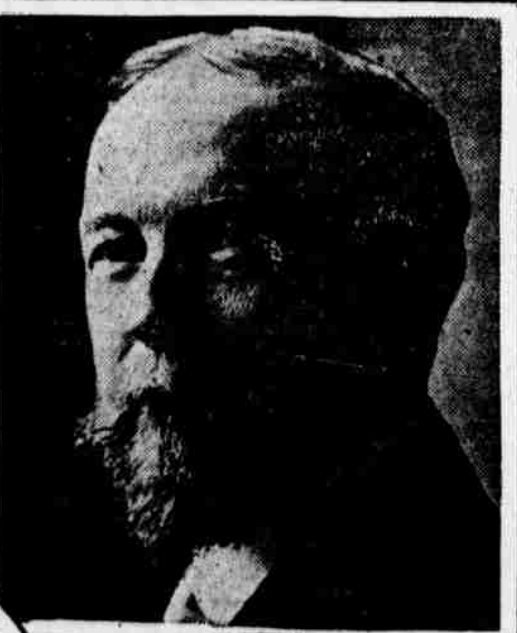
ESPOUSES HOOVER'S CAUSE
None other than Mrs. Thomas W. Gregory, wife of the Attorney General of these United States, who has volunteered hearty co-operation with the purposes of the food administration, and has adopted the official costume for wear in her home.



IN DIFFERENT CAPACITIES THEY SERVE
Above, Rear Admiral Albert Gleaves, U. S. N., who commanded the naval convoys which successfully escorted the high seas the first American troops to France. Below, Lawrence Robertson, who will be acting tomorrow as physical director at the Philadelphia convention.



MAY SERVE AS INTERPRETER
Gregory Gilman, who came to Philadelphia three years ago from Russia, has offered his services to Company E, Ninth Regiment Engineers, about to leave for France. He speaks seven languages and is a member of the Philadelphia Officers' Training Institute.



WOUNDED FIVE TIMES, "GASSED" TWICE
Sergeant Major G. H. MacLeod, of the Fourteenth Canadian Battalion, Royal Montreal Regiment, is almost blind from the effects of the gas attacks he experienced while doing duty with the Canadian contingent in France. He is attached to the staff of Colonel St. George L. Steele, who is here to receive British recruits.

The Young Lady Across the Way



The young lady across the way says the girls must be taking part in the actual fighting now, as she saw in the paper that the latest model of French airplanes carries three airmen and two mitrailleuses.

A Wise Father

"Did her father give the bride away?"
"No. He said that would be a silly custom when he knew very well that in a few weeks they'd both be back living at his expense."—Detroit Free Press.

THE RAGS-OLD IRON MAN GAVE THE LEADER OF THE GANG A BAD QUARTER



By FONTAINE FOX (Copyright)

THE PADDED CELL



Daughter Wanted
The telephone bell rang and the great physician replied in his usual gentle voice. Then he crashed down the receiver and sprang up. "Quick! Hand me that satchel!" he cried. "A man just telephoned me in a dying voice that he couldn't live without me!"
"Wait!" declared his wife, who had taken up the receiver, "that call is for Edith!"—Answers.



Of Course
—London Opinion.
The Sub—I paid a guinea to a palmist yesterday, and she described you exactly and said we should be married within a month.
The Girl—How extravagant you are—I could have told you that for nothing!



Cause for Cheers
—The Gazette.
"Rah! Rah! Rah!"
"Why, I thought your team just lost!"
"It did—but we've just engaged our coach for another year at a salary that is \$600 greater than any other college in the country is paying. Rah! Rah! Rah!"



A REAL PATRIOT
—Passing Show.
Chairman of Tribunal—And don't you think you might do something of greater national importance than selling fried fish?
Applicant for Exemption (doubtfully)—Well, I might sit on the tribunal!



Some Procession
A visitor to Ireland was bidding farewell, and said to an attendant: "Good-by, Pat."
"Good-by, yer honor. May God bless you, and may every hair of your head be a candle to light your soul to glory!"
"Well, Pat," he said, showing him a bald pate, "when that time comes there won't be much of a torchlight procession."



Quite Discreet
—The Sketch.
The Lady (engaging a maid)—And, of course, I expect you to be very discreet.
The Maid (angry)—Yes, miss, but I don't want to be a maid.