



# ILLUSTRATED Evening Ledger

PICTURES AND SCRAPPLE

## AUGUST SETS SURF BATHING'S HIGH-WATER MARK

Photographs by Evening Ledger Staff Photographer.



ATLANTIC CITY'S BEACH AS THE VISITOR SELDOM SEES IT

This unusual view of the Sunday bathing army presents those sojourners in a new light—as they appear to the passing yachting party or coast steamship.



BOUND FOR HER EARLY MORNING "BRACER"

The pleasure and exhilaration of a before-breakfast dip are known and enjoyed by this fair devotee of the ocean plunge.



GAILY THEY RIDE THROUGH THE BREAKING WAVES

Those same billows may dash high, but they cannot overcome the aquatic enthusiasm of these Philadelphia naiads.



The Young Lady Across the Way



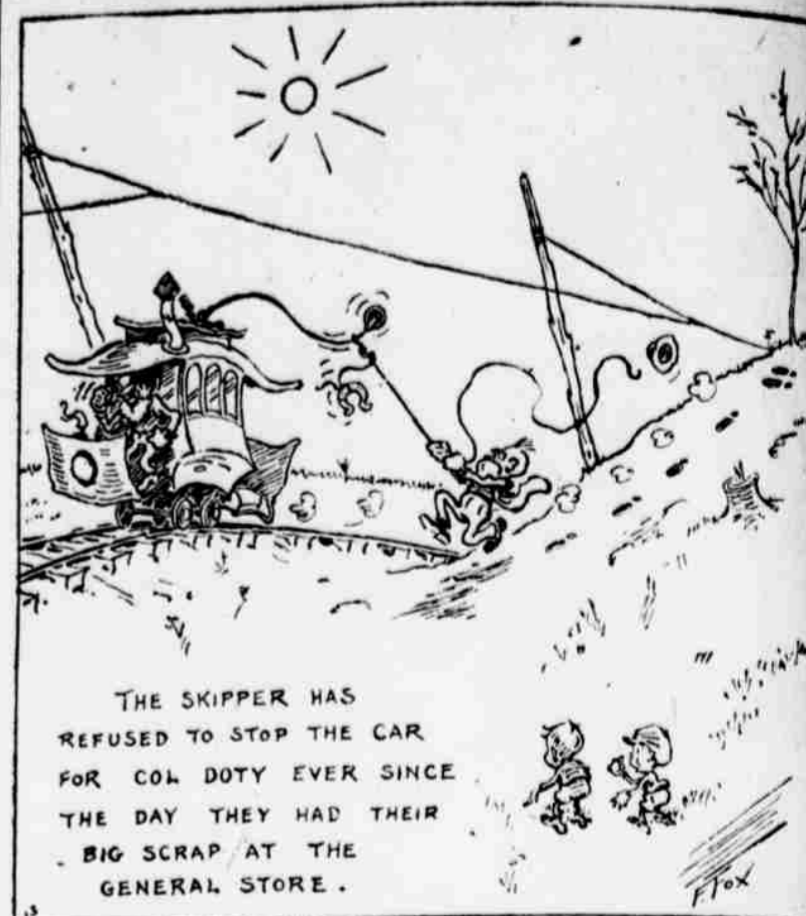
The young lady across the way says people have so much trouble with their feet in these days of tight shoes that she should think a girl who has to earn her own living would do well to study pedagogy.

### Well-Trained

"Why do you think he'll feel at home in the trenches?"  
"He's a suburbanite."—Life.

THE TOONERVILLE TROLLEY

By FONTAINE FOX



THE SKIPPER HAS REFUSED TO STOP THE CAR FOR COB DOTY EVER SINCE THE DAY THEY HAD THEIR BIG SCRAP AT THE GENERAL STORE.

THE PADDED CELL



### WAR-TIME VACATIONS

SAUCE! AND DON'T COST A CENT FOR SHEDDER CRABS! GOSH! I THINK I'VE GOT A CHANNEL BASS ON!

WHEN YOU'VE GOT ABOUT A DOZEN JOE, I'D LIKE TO USE THE PIER TO WASH THE DISHES.

POP I'M GETTIN' TIRED

HAYWARD

Any Old Thing

The young artist, aged six and a bit, was on holiday in the country. One morning he sat at a window and drew a picture of a cow that reposed in a field opposite. When he had finished, he compared the original with his work of art, scratched his head regretfully, and murmured: "Well, perhaps it would be safer to call it a pig."—Ideas.

He Had the Right Idea



Teacher—Willie, can you tell me the names of all the Presidents of the United States?  
Willie—No, ma'am.  
Teacher—Why, when I was your age I could recite the names of the Presidents backward and forward.  
Willie—Well, when you were my age there were only two or three Presidents.

Hollow Hopes

"Never despair. Somewhere beyond the clouds the sun is shining."  
"Yes, and somewhere below the sea there's solid bottom. But that doesn't help a man when he falls overboard."  
—London Opinion.

The Next Jonah



—Cassell's Saturday Journal.

EVEN IN THE TRENCHES



Chorus of Voices—Save it!

—The Passing Show.

The Right Idea

"How's your garden getting along?"  
"All right. I haven't interfered with it yet."—Detroit Free Press.

Joyful Anticipation



"Hi! Billy, come on, let's foiler 'im."  
"Wot for?"  
"Wot for? Why, 'e might skid."  
—London Opinion.

But She Didn't

She was a very newly fledged baroness or duchess, or something like that, and somehow or other she became thick with a professor, as the classical blokes would have it, and he invited her to come to his observatory to see the eclipse.  
She arrived about two hours late.  
"I've come to see the eclipse," she told the professor's assistant. "Prof. Squashnoodie invited me to come."  
"I'm sorry, but the whole thing was over an hour ago," said the assistant contritely.  
"Then," said the dignified dame, "I will wait for the next."

A Boomerang

"Willie, your master's report your work is very bad. Do you see that when Woodrow Wilson was

VACATION DAYS

By DWIG



Wow! Listen to that crash! Here she comes!

that when Woodrow Wilson was