



AMERICAN CARTOONISTS VISUALIZE PUBLIC OPINION



Tutbill in St. Louis Star.
MORE CANDIDATES FOR PAROLE



Palley in Memphis Commercial Appeal.
THE PATHFINDER



Reynolds in Portland Oregonian.
GUARDIANS OF THE PORK



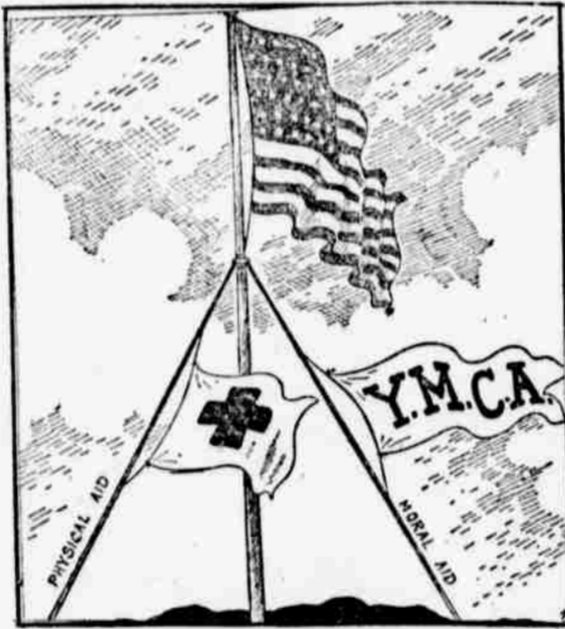
Kirby in the New York World.
BUMPING ANOTHER AUTOCRAT



Hodge in Spokane Spokesman-Review.
OLD MOTHER HUBBARD



Morris in Macon Daily Telegraph.
UNCLE SAM - CACKLING GEESE SAVED ROME, BUT IT WILL NOT SAVE US



Burt in Knoxville Journal and Tribune.
TWO STRONG SUPPORTS FOR OLD GLORY



Page in the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.
SHERRY ONE YEAR

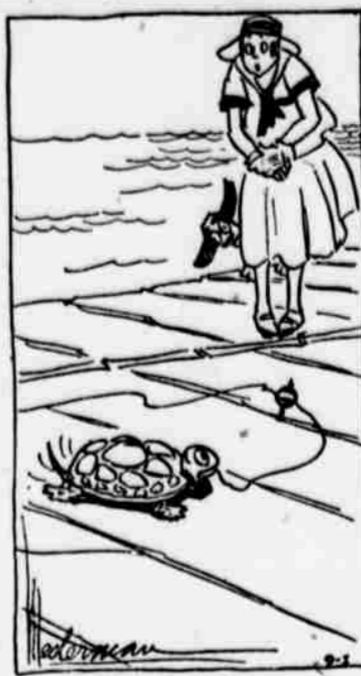


Page in the Nashville Tennessean.
'PORE BILL'



Western in Ohio State Journal.
THE HOUR MAN OF 1917

The Young Lady Across the Way

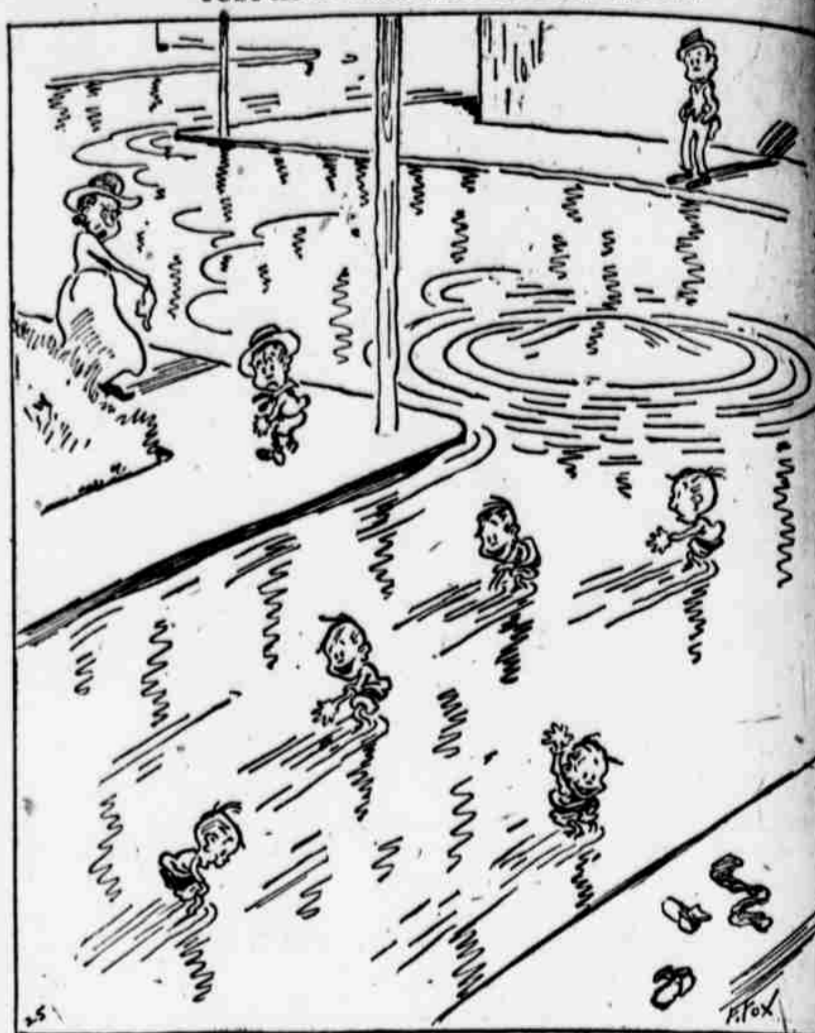


We asked the young lady across the way if she believed in capital punishment, and she said she supposed it was necessary in some cases, but it ought not to be too severe.

Usurping All Pleasures

Vexation and grief struggled for mastery in Gertrude's soul. "Mother, do come out and speak to Freddy," she said. "He's treading on all the ants in the garden." "How very unkind!" said mother. "Yes, that's what I've told him," said Gertrude, "but he won't let me tread on a single one."

PATHETIC FIGURES—THE KID WHO WAS BEING TAKEN DOWN TO JUST AS THE BIG WATER MAIN BUSTED



By FONTAINE FOX

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THE PADDED CELL



DANCING PARTNERS ARE SCARCE SINCE THE DRAFT, BUT WE ARE USING UP THE OLD GUARD. WE DON'T GET COFFEE ANYMORE, WE GET THE CUP ALL RIGHT AND A SORT OF BROWN SUBSTITUTE. WE THINK IT'S SENNA. MISS SMITH STARTED ANOTHER SWEATER THREE MORE SUCKERS CAME TODAY.

BYWARD

Eating Less

I used to be an awful glutton. I liked to gorge and stuff and feed. It took a lot of beef and mutton and ham and eggs to meet my need. I liked my cabbage and my taters and never seemed to get my fill. I'd tire half a dozen waiters, then dig down deep to pay the bill. O, I was round and fat and jolly, but that was all before the war—I don't eat that way now, by golly. I don't stuff as in days of yore. I started, as a war-time measure, to cut down on my daily fare and I derive far greater pleasure existing on a diet sparse than I could ever get in carving a luscious roast to stuff my craw, for thoughts of Europe's millions starving makes me restrain my greedy jaw. Perhaps you envy me my savings and think I'm hoarding lots of dough since conquering my inward cravings, but let me say that isn't so. When I cut down on pies and loaves they charged me more for bread and cake and added much to former prices of hen fruit, grape fruit, roast and steak. The food controllers are too clever for me to cope with. I confess, my table costs me more than ever. I'm paying more though eating less.

WILL MOORE

The Accusing Finger



—The Tattler.
"Who threw the Irish stoop into the next flat's dustbin?"

The Lesser of Two Evils



—The Passing Show.
Cheery Mariner (to passenger suffering from mal-de-mer)—It's all right, sir—you've nothing more to fear—that 'Un submarine is bein' chevied by our patrol.
Passenger—Just my luck!

THE PASSING OF LONGSHOREMAN BILL



—London Opinion.

SCHOOL DAYS By DWIG



Mene, mene, teld uphain

Obvious
Old Lady—Why can't the Admiralty tell us how many submarines have been sunk?
Jack—Well, y'see, mum, we can't spare enough divers to walk about the bottom of the sea and count 'em!
—Passing Show.

Alas, Too True



"Ex-Congressman Flubbub wants a little write-up. What shall we say about him?"
"What did he ever do?"
"Nothing."
"Why do you uphold the best tradition?"