

# Evening Ledger

# CARTOONS SCRAPPLE

OWERFUL FRENCH CARTOONS INSPIRED BY THE WAR

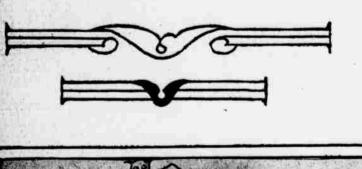
Official French war cartoons furnished by Pictorial Press.





THE KISS OF THE COUNTRY









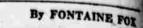
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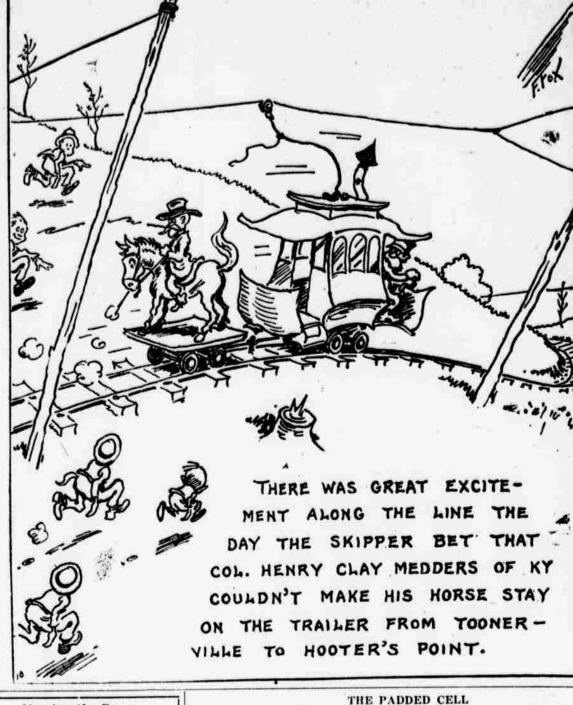


CAPTURE OF PLEURY









### Naming the Boys

The way each idle genius tries to give our soldier hoys a name you'd think a thousand-dollar prize was offered or the Hall of Fame would show the portrait of the gink who hits upon the lucky word. And so ten thousand sit and think of silly nicknames, most absurd, as if a soldier couldn't fight unless you called him something bad or something very "cute" and trite, to sort of make him "fighting mad." Believe me, when our boys go in and start to fight, they'll make a name and every battle that they win will add a little to its fame. Don't waste your thought and strength and time to coin a nickname, for they're sure to make, by bravery sublime, a noble name that will endure! WILL MOORE. WILL MOORE.

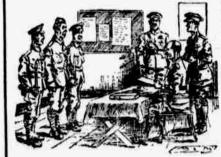
## The Understudy

The lawyer had been consulted by fessed to be in need of a divorce.

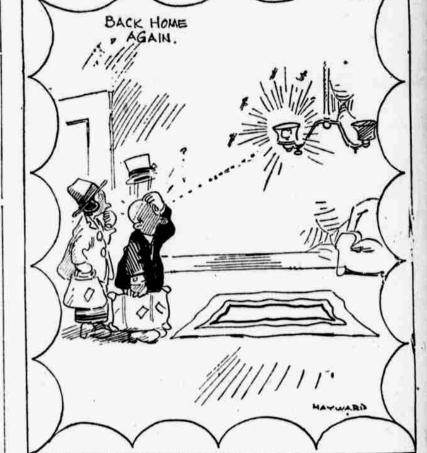
"I don't see much chance for you," the lawyer said. "I hardly think you can get a separation from your wife on the ground of her throwing things at the dog."

"But," said the haggard-looking man, "every time she throws at the dog she hits me."

# **Extenuating Circumstances**



-The Passing Show. The Deliquent—Well sir, it was this way. I met some pals I hadn't seen for ten years, and it was my first leave for two years, and beggin' your pardon. sir, but as man to man, wouldn't you have got soused?



From Pillar to Post

The financially involved manufacturer was obliged to sack a porter who had been for forty years in the service of the firm.

"I'm sorry, John, but you will have to go," he said.

"I'm sorry, myself," said John. "If I had known it wasn't going to be a steady job I wouldn't have taken it."

### A Bad Predicament A Westchester County man took his

numerous progeny to a county fair. As they moved about the grounds. the father felt his fifth born tugging at his coattails. He turned, and the youngster begged him to buy some candy.

"Buy it yourself," said the father. "Where's the dime I gave you a lite

tle while ago?" "It's down my neck."

"Well, shake it out!" "But, dad, I can't. It was in my mouth when it went down."

The Young Lady Across the Way



The young lady across the way says that for her part she never would consent to any peace that would take

SCHOOL DAYS

