

VIEWS OF THE CARTOONISTS AT HOME AND ABROAD



From Careta, Rio de Janeiro.
WILSON: "TO STOP THE FLOW OF BLOOD I WILL HAVE TO USE A CORK OF STEEL"



Roilin Kirby, in the New York World.
"YOU MISERABLE REPTILE"



From "The People."
THE NEW OLIVER TWIST ALSO ASKS FOR MORE



Reno, in the New York Evening Telegram.
WAITING



Evans, in the Baltimore American.
"SEE, FRITZIE, HOW SHTRONG I ISS YET?"



Berryman, in the Washington Evening Star.
SHERLOCK MICHAELIS



From a Notts, Rio de Janeiro.
A NEW NAIL IN HINDENBURG'S HEAD



Godwin, in the Pittsburgh Dispatch.
WILL IT COME OUT?



Pechner, in Financial America.
DEALING IN FUTURES

IT'S PRETTY TOUGH WHEN A GUY'S PLAYING HOOKEY TO HAVE THE TRUCK HE'S RIDING ON DAMN RIGHT UP TO HIS OWN HOUSE



REGISTERING "RECOGNITION"

By FONTAINE FOX

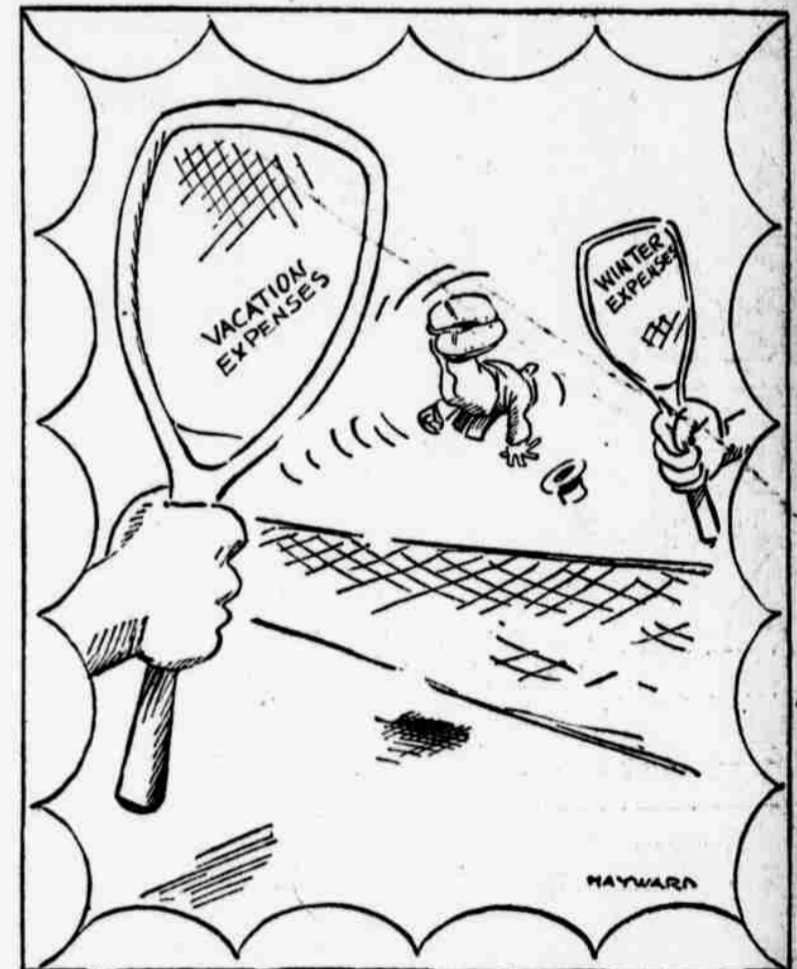
(Copyright)

Moth Holes

It's time to dig up winter garments and have them altered, cleaned and pressed—to see if predatory varmints have eaten coat or pants or vest. We pay a yearly tribute awful unto the busy clothing moth, who always seems to take his crawful in ways that make us sad and wroth. He's apt to make a formal dinner upon an evening coat lapel or else the hungry little sinner eats something else that's just as swell. A garment which is out of fashion won't even tempt his appetite. He seems to have a devilish passion to eat the finest things in sight. And though we pack our clothes in camphor to save them from his hungry maw, he doesn't seem to care a clam for the smell, but just proceeds to chew. And so it's time to look things over—investigate the cedar chest, where hungry moths may live in clover and eat holes in your "Sunday best."

WILL MOORE.

THE PADDED CELL



HAYWARD

"Oh, Mr. Hoover!"



—London Opinion.
War Profiteer—Jenkins, order the car—I want to go out and get some nice blotters for tea.

A Young Financier

"Johnny, if I gave you two cents and your father gave you three cents, how much would you have?"
"Seven," promptly replied Johnny. The teacher blushed painfully, but thought she would try again: "You can't have understood me, Johnny. Now listen, and I will repeat the

question. If I gave you two cents and your father gave you three, how much would you have?"
"Seven," said Johnny again, and with the same promptness. "I am surprised at you, Johnny," said the teacher. "How on earth would you have seven?"
"I got two in me pocket," said Johnny.—Chicago News.

All in the Shuffle

A Government official was discussing the morality of certain war profiteers.
"Their morality reminds me," he said, "of a professional gambler who always won at cards, whereas at the races he always lost."
"Oh, pshaw, George," his wife said to him one day, "you make me tired. Why is it you always bring home a horse-collar roll when you play poker and turn up broke when you play the horses?"
"My love," said George quickly, "I don't shuffle the horses."—Washington Star.

SCHOOL DAYS

By Dwig



Jealousy

The Young Lady Across the Way



The young lady across the way says that every kind action has its reward in time and bread cast upon the waters comes home to roost after many days.