



ILLUSTRATED Evening Ledger

CARTOONS SCRAPPLE

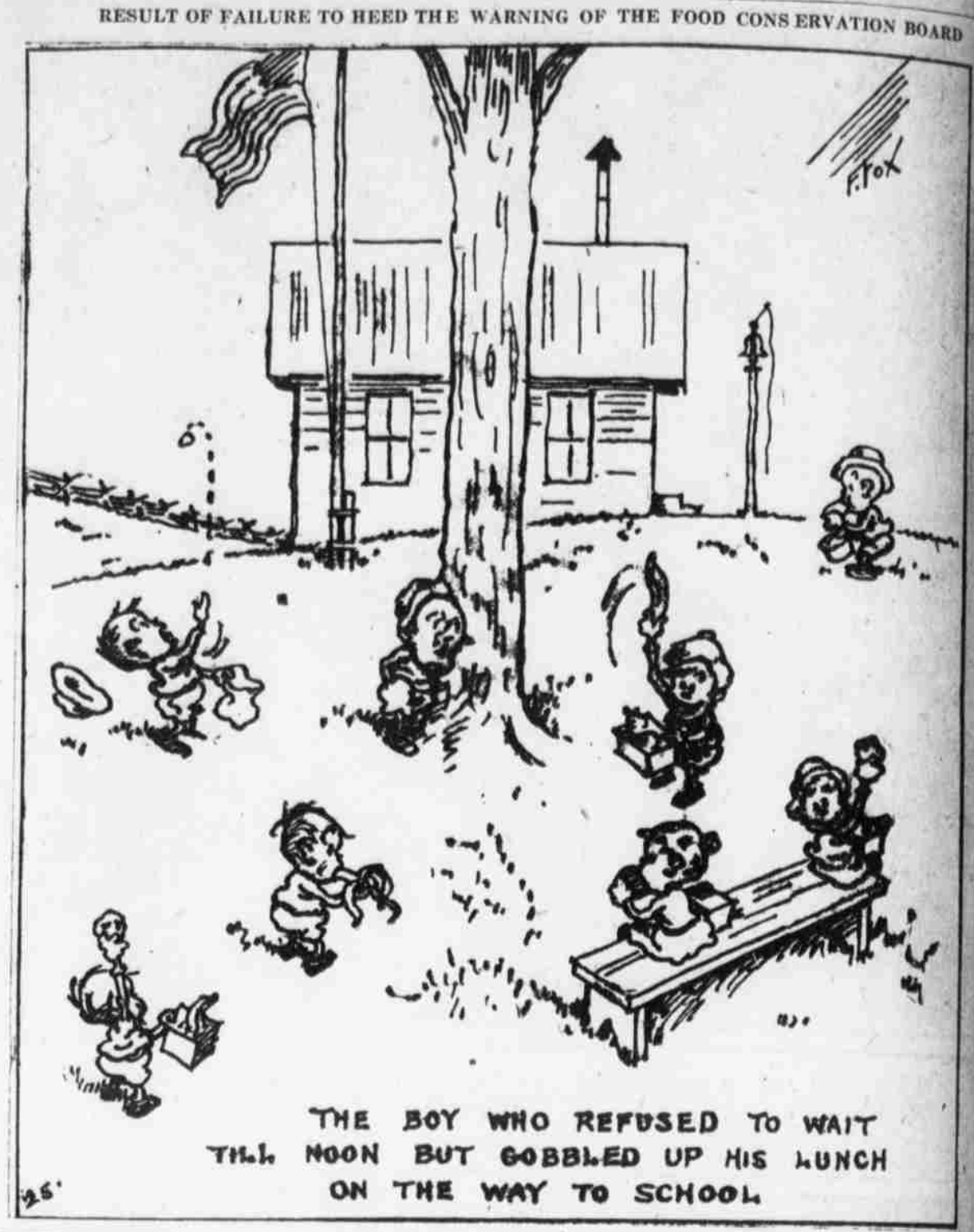
VIEWS OF THE CARTOONISTS AT HOME AND ABROAD



From the Passing Show, London.
CUTTING A SORRY FIGURE



From The Advance, published by Corn Exchange National Bank, Philadelphia.
CORN IS KING



THE BOY WHO REFUSED TO WAIT TILL NOON BUT GOBBLED UP HIS LUNCH ON THE WAY TO SCHOOL

By PONTAINE FOX



Keys, in the Cleveland Press.
THE GREAT WORLD PUZZLE
Will Kerensky lead the bear or will the bear lead Kerensky?



Evans, in the Baltimore American.
NO PLACE TO SET



Berryman, in the Washington Star.
CANDIDATE FOR SECOND-CLASS CROSS



From John Bull, London.
WHAT WILL THE HARVEST BE?

The Druggist

The druggist has an awful time re-tailing pills and lotions, and selling desiccated lime and humoring the notions of customers who make a lick at prices on prescriptions and other ones who think they're sick but only have constipation. He has to work with eagle eyes and microscopic measure, because drug prices are so high that everything's a treasure. And, if he doesn't clearly read the doctor's Latin scribble, he has to guess the patient's need; he has no time to quibble. At midnight in his guarded tent the poor apothecary, with head bowed down and shoulders bent, devotes the night to worry; because sometimes he guesses wrong or overlooks a letter, and then it may not be so long before the patient's "better." But, then, in spite of all his woes, he has a pleasant duty, because to him the women go to purchase youth and beauty. Who wouldn't think his work sublime and gladly buckle to it if he could cheat old Father Time the way the druggists do it?

There Are Others Like Him

—London Opinion.

The Sub—There goes the most talked-officer in our regiment.

The Girl—Who talks about him?

The Sub—He does.

THE PADDED CELL

CAMOUFLAGING

Two Points of View

Mr. Goodleigh—Her age really surprised me; she doesn't look twenty-eight, does she?

Miss Snappe—Not now, but I suppose she did once.—Candle.

Only to Ask

Holding up a wonderful piece of Sevres china, the auctioneer said, "Give me a start."

"Sixpence halfpenny," came from a voice from the crowd.

"What!" exclaimed the auctioneer, and the vase almost dropped from his hands.

"I thought that would give him a start," muttered the bidder as he quietly faded away.



Stripping birds trees for game
GLORY AT YERUEN



THE NARROW DOOR

SCHOOL DAYS By DWIG

It's no use—it won't peel. The seb's gone down for the winter—

Yes, as it's all your fault too! Didn't I keep beggin' you to come on out an' you wouldn't do it— Now we gotta use old paper!



THE YOUNG LADY ACROSS THE WAY