



# ILLUSTRATED Evening Ledger

## CARTOONS SCRAPPLE

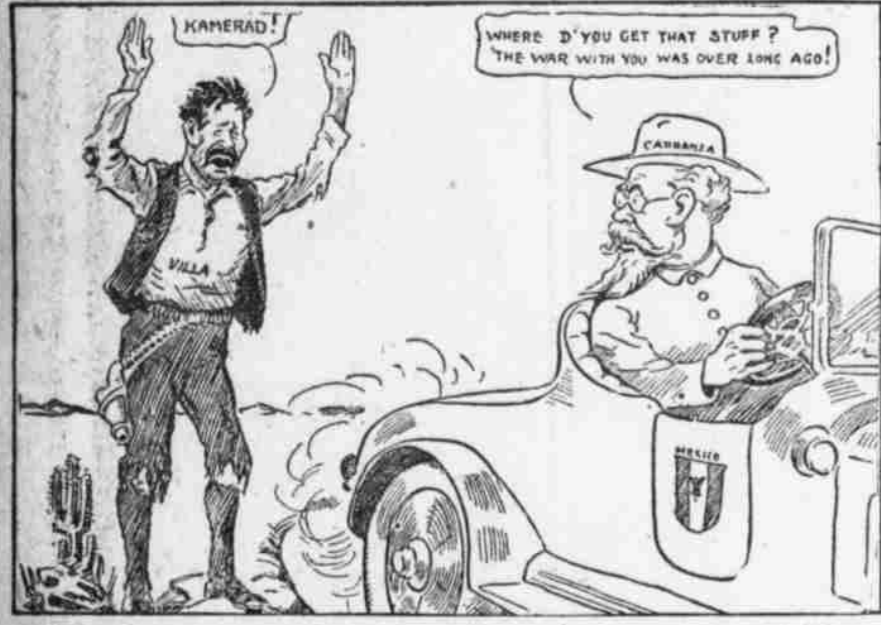
### VIEWS OF THE CARTOONISTS AT HOME AND ABROAD



From The Bulletin, Sydney, Australia.  
**IN THE FOURTH YEAR OF THEIR MARRIED LIFE**  
Bellona: "Do you love me as much as you did the day we were married?"



From the New Orleans Item.  
**THE CHEER LEADER**



**TOO LATE**



Berryman, in the Washington Evening Star.  
**FIRED "WITHOUT A TRACE"**



**HIS MASTER'S VOICE**



Thomas, in the Detroit News.  
**THE BALLET RUSSE**

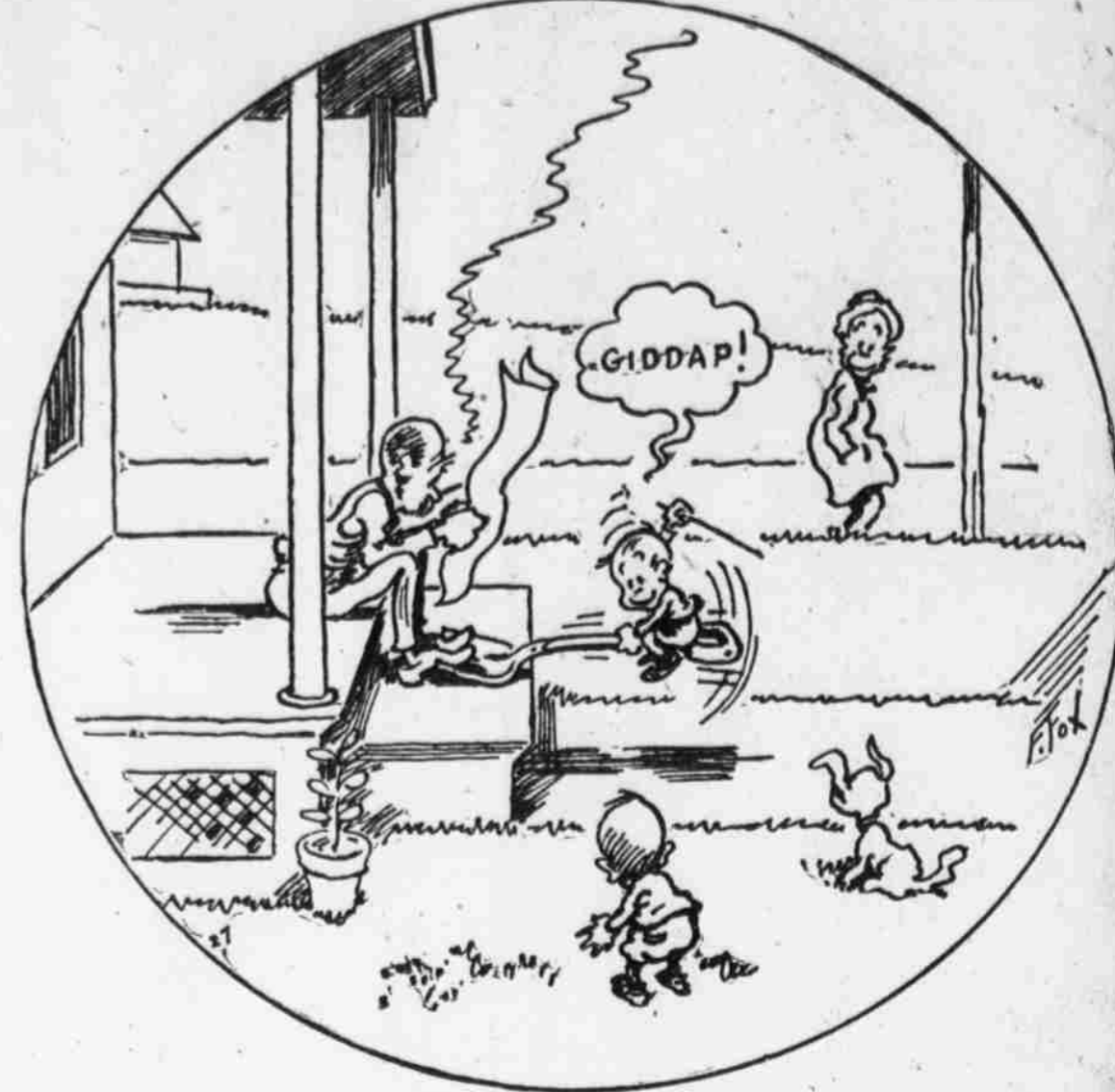


Reubin Kirtley, in the New York World.  
**SO THEY CAUGHT YOU, TOO?**



Blackman, in Birmingham (A.K.) Age-Herald.  
**YES, HIS SATANIC MAJESTY HAS WINGS**

### DAD OUGHT TO BE ABLE TO GET SOME SORT OF A PATENT ON HIS LATEST DEVICE FOR AMUSING THE BABY



By FONTAINE FOX.

#### High Meat

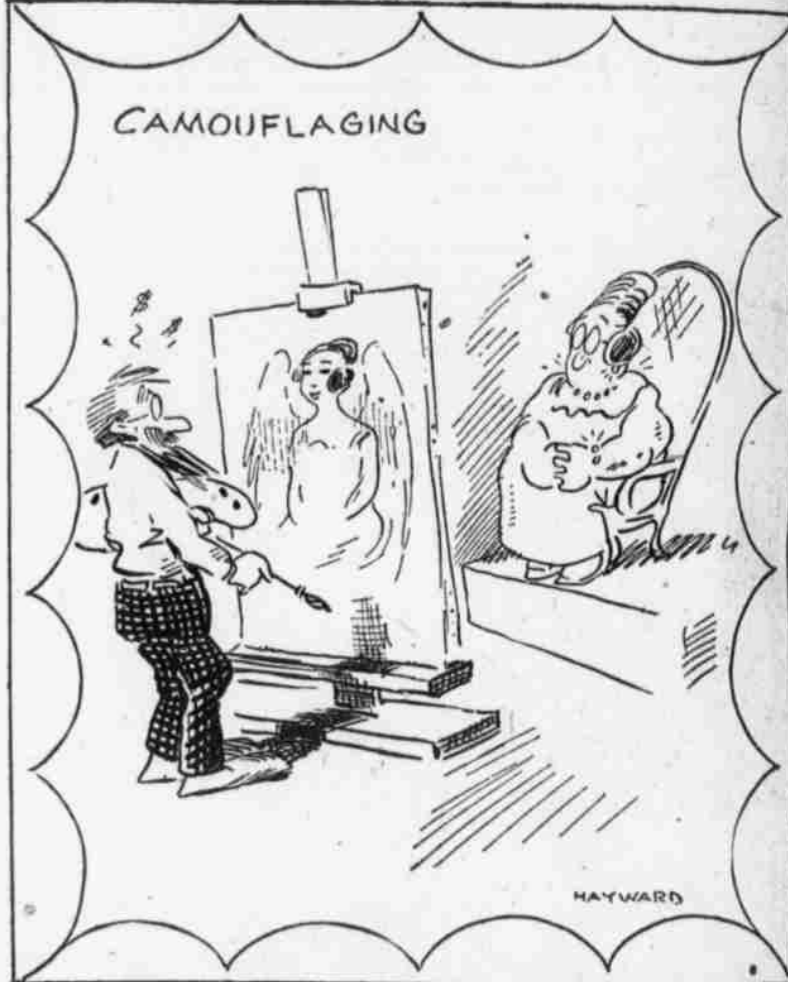
One dollar for a pound of steak and fifty cents a pound for "poke." Such prices make a fellow shake. The family banker will go broke. But there's the prices we must pay, ere long, to have a meal of meat. And we may have to live on hay because the country's short of wheat. The vegetarian declares we shouldn't eat the woolly cow, but live on beans and nuts and pears—perhaps we'll have to do it now. O pity that Bill Shakespeare died! If he were only here today he'd feel a just and honest pride in being author of the play in which, a pound of flesh was starved and he who pledged it stood to lose. Today, perhaps, a pound of lard might even inspire Shakespeare's muse. A sonnet on a piece of cheese! A ballad to a bowl of chow! We'd have such poetry as these, if Shakespeare could be with us now. I yet may learn to doff my hat whenever I see a piece of veal, but, ere I eat the family cat, I'll try to stand the meatless meal. WILL MOORE.

#### The Young Lady Across the Way



The young lady across the way says she's rather sorry to see that our shipyards are being taxed to the limit, as she should think it would be better to encourage them to make all the ships they can and let some one else pay the taxes.

#### THE PADDED CELL



Thought Toe Highly of Both  
On a road in Belgium a German officer met a boy leading a jackass and addressed him in heavy jovial fashion as follows:  
"That's a fine jackass you have, my son. What do you call it? Albert, I bet!"  
"Oh, no, officer," the boy replied quickly. "I think too highly of my 'king."  
The German scowled and returned. "I hope you don't dare to call it William."  
"Oh, no, officer. I think too highly of my jackass."—Paris Liberte.

#### A Likely Customer



The Passing Show.  
The Crier—Ah, Guv'ner! Vat about getting a nithe valkin' thick? The very thing to fetch the gals!

#### Got His Lesson

"Binks doesn't seem to have much snap in him any more."  
"No; he used to have so much snap in him that now he's broke."

#### His Misfortune



—London Optician.  
"Well, Mrs. Sanders, and what do you think of your son getting the D. C. M. F."  
"I ain't a bit surprised, Vlar; I always was from a child the first to catch anything that was going about."

#### SCHOOL DAYS By DWIG



Scholars discussing higher education.