

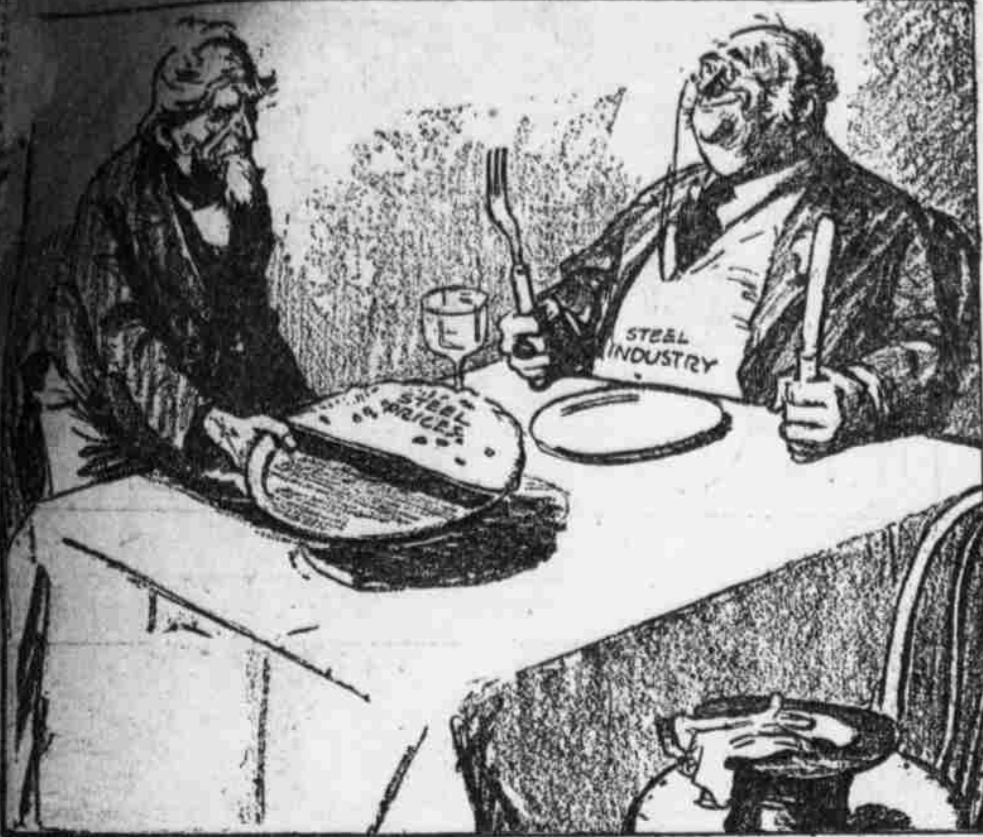
# ILLUSTRATED Evening Ledger

CARTOONS SCRAPPLE

VIEWES OF THE CARTOONISTS AT HOME AND ABROAD

THE TOONERVILLE TROLLEY

By FONTAINE FOX



Rollin Kirby, in New York World.  
STILL ENOUGH FOR HIM



Noy Staliron, Petrograd, Russia.  
ARMS AND THE WOMAN  
Russian deserter: "Oh, my protector! Must you leave me?"  
Woman soldier: "Don't cry, Ivan! Don't break my heart!"



THE SKIPPER HAS NEVER EVEN RUN THE CAR FORWARD AS FAST AS HE RAN IT BACKWARD THE NIGHT HANK SMILEY DRESSED AS SATAN WAS WAITING BY THE OLD GRAVEYARD TO RIDE TO A COSTUME PARTY.

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Fitzpatrick, in St. Louis Post-Dispatch.  
THE STYLE OF HAT HE CHOSE



Nebelspater, Zurich, Switzerland.  
WHO CAUSED THE WAR?  
Neutral: "I dunno, but all their washing is very dirty."

Red Cross Nurse

"O, woman in this hour of ease uncertain, vain and hard to please, when pain and fever rack the brow, a ministering angel thou!" So ran the ancient poet's praise of dames who lived in olden days and all he said, no doubt, was true. I'll leave that question up to you. Let's paraphrase his ancient verse and fit it to the Red Cross nurse. "O, ministering angel brave, whose mission 'tis to serve and save, the wounded soldier sees in you a mother and a sister, too. You stand for all he loves and leaves; you soothe him kindly when he grieves; you bind his wound, relieve his pain and win him back to life again, or listen to his last request and fold his hands across his breast. You teach this lesson all should know—wherever man may dare to go will woman follow, weak but brave, her mission e'er to serve and save. I wish the ancient bard again were here to wield his facile pen, because his skill would better serve to praise you as you well deserved."  
WILL MOORE.

THE PADDED CELL



JONES STARTS OUT TO DO A DAY'S MARKETING FOR HIS WIFE

THAT OUGHT TO BE ENOUGH FOR THE STEAK AND THE POTATOES!

HAYWARD

What Every "Rookie" Knows



—The Tattler.  
That "final assault" feeling.

Difficult

Irate, but Unmusical Father—For goodness' sake, Mary, give us a rest! Daughter (still playing)—Can't do it, pa. There's none in the music.—Pearson's Weekly.

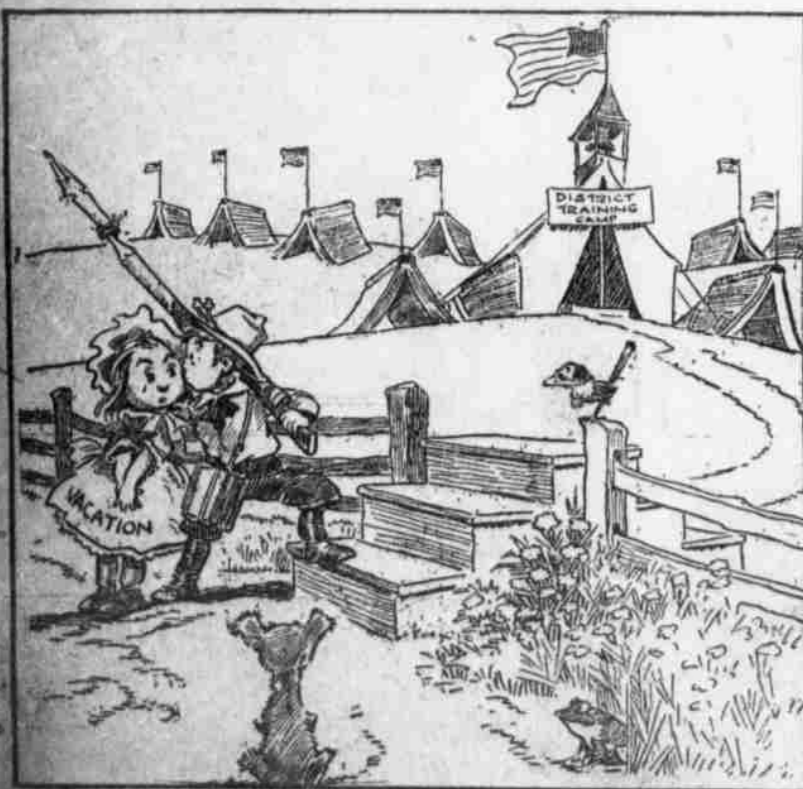
The Young Lady Across the Way



The young lady across the way says she saw in the paper that the Government had fixed the price on spring wheat and so she supposes we shall have to wait for lower prices until spring comes.

Too Learned

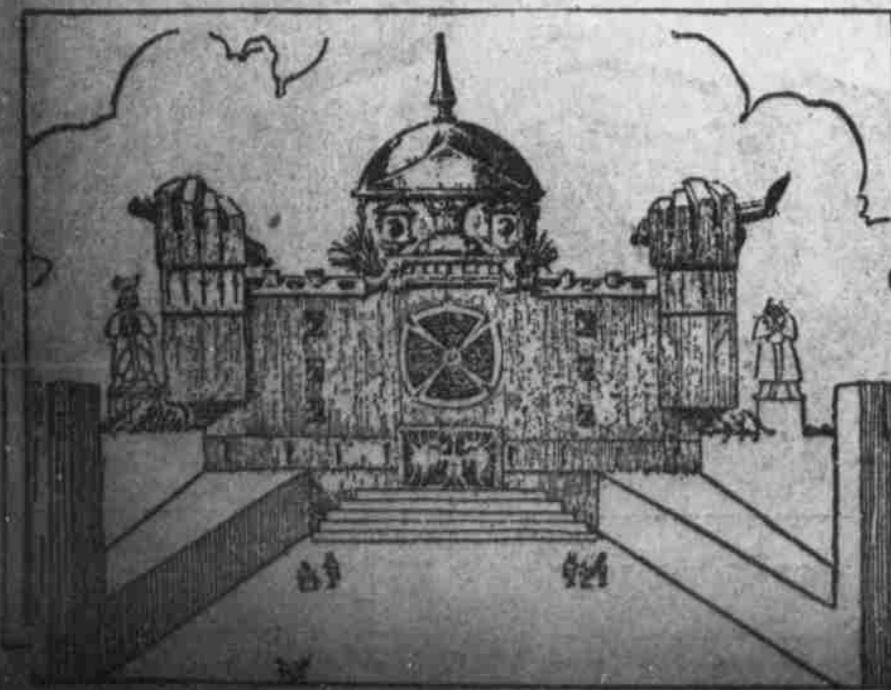
That 'ere Sammy's an educated toff 'om 'arvard," said Tommy Atkins, leaning on his spade. "I'm jolly well weary of 'is learnin', too, that I am. We're ordered to throw up trenches along the Marne, and as 'e picks up 'is spade, th' bloomin' collog bighter says, says 'e, 'Well, Tommy, come on! It looks like we're infer die!' And wot I says is, 'Blarst a college education, anythin', ah?'—Birmingham Times-Dispatch.



Columbus (O.) Dispatch.  
GOOD-BY, VACATION



Williams, in Indianapolis (Ind.) News.  
GET IN OR GET OUT



THE HOUSE OF INSANITY



NOW SAMMY, I WANT YOU TO EAT THIS NICE CORN BREAD. IT'S MUCH BETTER FOR YOU THAN WHEAT!

AW, I DON'T LIKE IT. LET JOHN DO IT!

SLIPPERY! I DON'T WANT IT! I'M NOT USED TO THE SLIGHTED STUFF, Y'KNOW!

3 BUSHEL CORN  
3 BUSHEL CORN  
3 BUSHEL CORN  
3 BUSHEL CORN

SCHOOL DAYS

By DWIG



Believe I'll take a pot shot at that old apple tree just to see how many apples I kin knock off with this shot gun.

Stealin' apples