



## VIEWS OF THE CARTOONISTS AT HOME AND ABROAD

THE POWERFUL KATRINKA BROUGHT MA AND AUNT EMMA IN FROM THE SHOWER WITHOUT EVEN GETTING THEIR FEET DAMP



Bethel, in the Knickerbocker Press  
**THEY WON'T HOLD WATER**



Greens, in the New York Evening Telegram  
**THE NEW SALOME**



By FONTAINE FOX.

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Hope, in the Cleveland News  
**SWARMING TIME**



From the Western Mail (English)  
**A CRUSHER**  
Waiter: "Sorry, but the Stockholm goose and blood-stained hand-shake sauce is out, sir."

### The Gossip

I hate the gossip's poisoned tongue that ruins reputation, and I could smile to see her hung who puts in circulation the nasty talk about a friend, the sneaking bit of scandal. Her carcass I would gladly rend. She's nothing but a vandal. She makes her way into a group, as slyly as a jackal, and then proceeds to hunt and snoop for nasty things to cackle. We hate a brute, we loathe a thief and we despise a liar and from the shrew to get relief we'd brave infernal fire, but earth no safe retreat supplies when once the Anvil Chorus begins to forge its chain of lies and makes our friends abhor us. Good reputation is a flower. We work for years to grow it, and yet a gossip, in an hour, can blast and overthrow it. But 'twould foil this evildeed, if those we look upon as friends refused to listen to her.

WILL MOORE.

### A Bargain



—The Sketch.  
Gertie—You ought to get something for that cold, Bertie.  
Bertie—Well, how much will you give me?

### THE PADDED CELL



### Full Instructions

Mrs. Casey—My sister writes me that every bottle in that box we sent her was broken. Are ye sure ye printed "This side up, with care" on it!  
Casey—O! am. An' for fear they shouldn't see it on the top, O! printed it on the bottom, as well.—Boston Transcript.

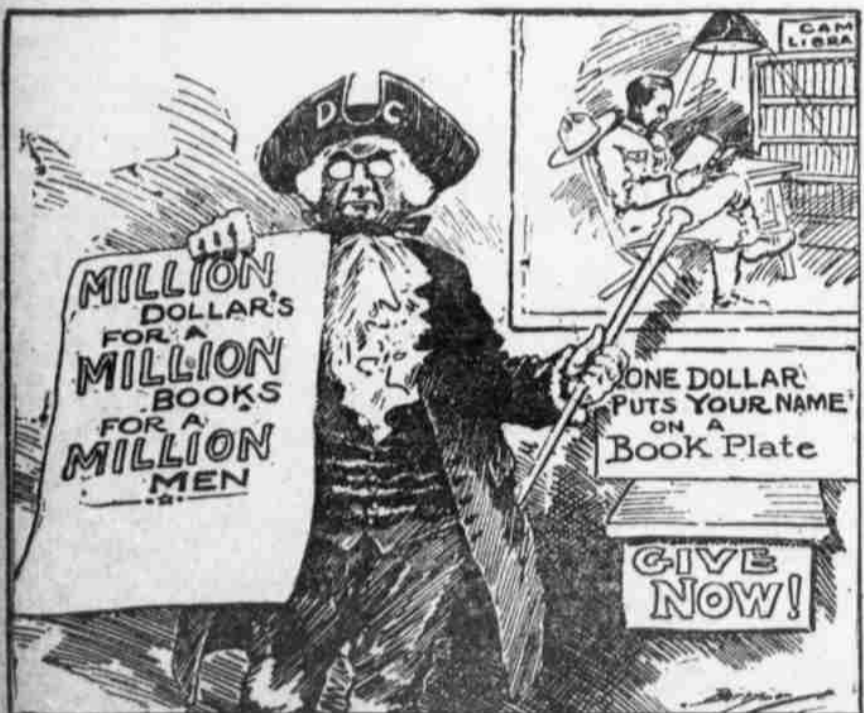
### The Young Lady Across the Way



The young lady across the way says she guesses Germany isn't as hard up financially, as one might suppose, as she sees by the paper that it's able to offer its war bonds to investors at less than par.

### Small Indeed!

The orderly officer was inquiring if there were any complaints. Private Sparks jumped up and stated that he never got his proper ration of butter. The officer looked the man up and down, then very triumphantly pointed to the veriest morsel of butter on his boot.  
"Of course, you haven't got your proper ration of butter," he said. "Half of it's on your foot!"  
Private Sparks glanced down at the tiny grease spot.  
"Ah, yes, sir," he agreed. "Just half!"



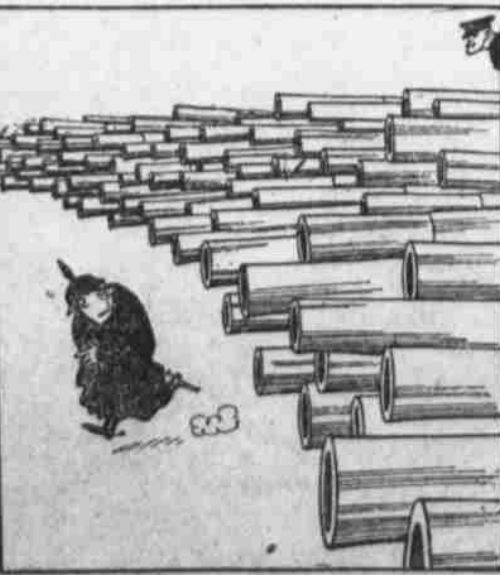
Berryman, in the Washington Evening Star  
**EVERYBODY'S CHANCE TO DO A BIT**



Dennell, in the St. Louis Globe-Democrat  
**A STORM COMING**



Frush, in the New York World  
**WARTIME ECONOMIES**



From London Opinion  
**"FANCY MEETING YOU!"**  
Von Hindenburg meets Field Marshal Haig.



Reynolds, in the Portland Oregonian  
**"STARVATION WILL WIN THE WAR" HOOVER**

### SCHOOL DAYS

By DWIG



The rain on the roof