



ILLUSTRATED Evening Ledger

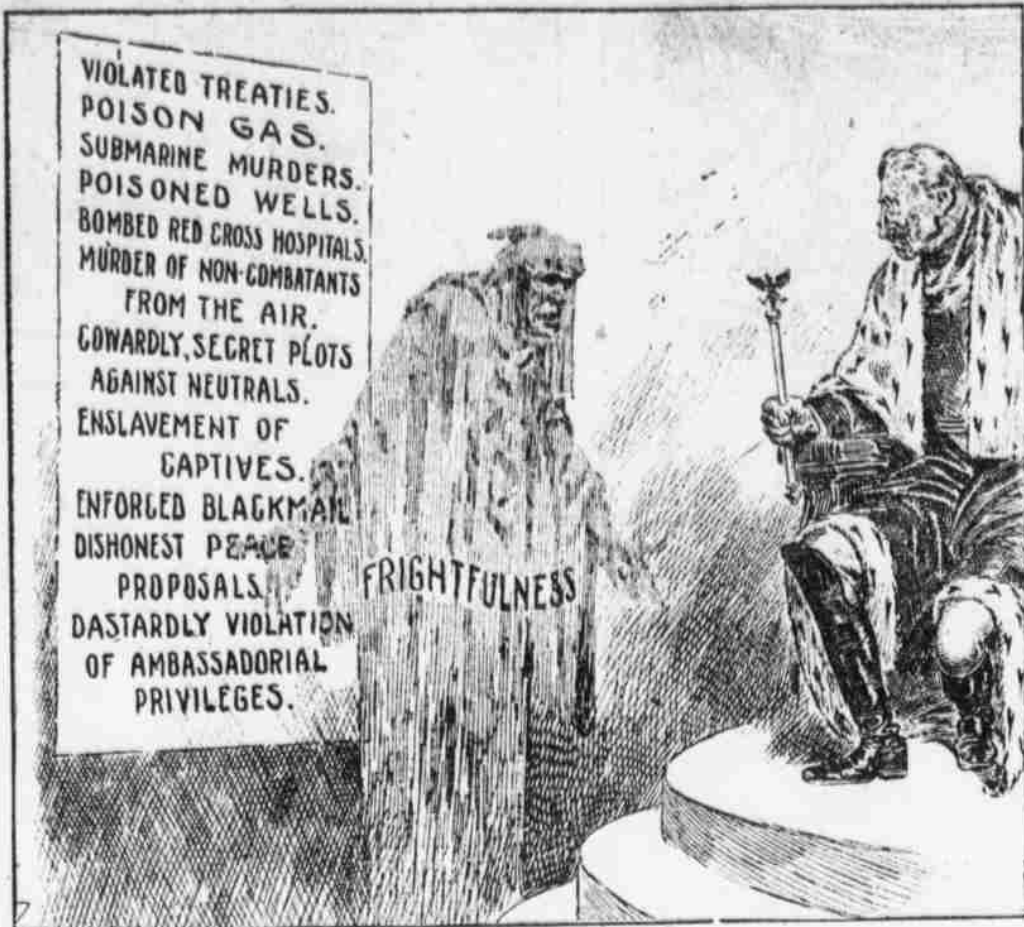
CARTOONS SCRAPPLE

By FONTAINE FOX

VIEWS OF THE CARTOONISTS AT HOME AND ABROAD



Donahay, in the Cleveland Plain Dealer: "VERBOTEN, ALWAYS VERBOTEN!"



Cartoon by Macaulay: "I CAN INVENT NO MORE, YOUR MAJESTY."



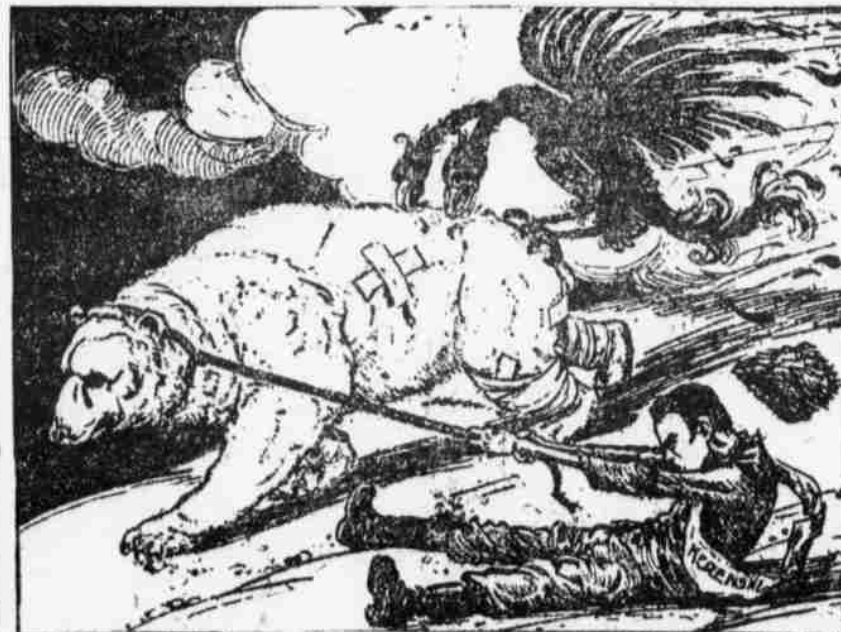
Chapin, in the St. Louis Republic: MILITARY NECESSITY



Rogers, in the New York Herald: "FREEDOM FOR BELGIUM"—AS THE KAISER SAID TO THE POPE



Berryman, in the Washington Star: THE DEVIL OUTDEVILED



From the Amsterdam Tj. RUSSIA IN DISTRESS



From the Evening News, English: THE RETURN OF THE PRODIGAL

The Prodigal—If I come back is there a fatted calf awaiting me? John (feeling his muscle)—You bet there is.



Hollis Kirby, in the New York World: STANDING BY THE KAISER

THE UNCERTAINTY OF BASEBALL



THE POP FLY THAT WENT FOR A HOMER AND LOST THE CHAMPIONSHIP FOR THE "YOUNG ONIONS."

Copyright, 1918.

A Friend

Who comes to cheer me when I'm blue and feel the world is out of true? Who nestles up against my arm as if to shelter me from harm? Who sits beside me on the floor while I read tales about the war? Who does such comfy things as that? Why, man alive, the family cat! He's old and lazy, most too fat to kill a bird or catch a rat, and doesn't tear the Turkish rugs to chase imaginary bugs, but likes to sit and sort his fleas beside me while I take my ease. He's not much use, he's just a friend, but I'd be glad if Fate would send me other friends as good as he to sit and take their ease with me, to be content with homely things and joy that simple comfort brings. From early dawn till latest dark he never makes a bright remark to tax my brain or test my wit and bore me by repeating it. No, he is nothing but a cat and many times I'm glad of that! WILL MOORE.

Safe Either Way



"I've just been married." "Congratulations!"

THE PADDED CELL



HAYWARD

Treason on the Farm

First Cow—It is going to be an awful year for us.
Second Cow—Yes, it will probably be treason to kick the farm help.—New York Sun.

Raised the Dust

It was a dull day in the trenches and a bunch of Tommies had gathered and were discussing events. After a while the talk turned on a big Boche who had been captured the night before.
"He was scared 'stiff," said one Tommy.
"Did he run?" asked another.
"Run?" replied the first. "Run? Why, if that Boche had had just one feather in his han' he'd 'a' flew!"

SCHOOL DAYS

By DWIG



Heaping coals on his enemys head.

The Young Lady across the Way



The young lady across the way says the new taxes are only a beginning and if the war continues even a year longer a great many new subjects for tastermy will have to be forced.