

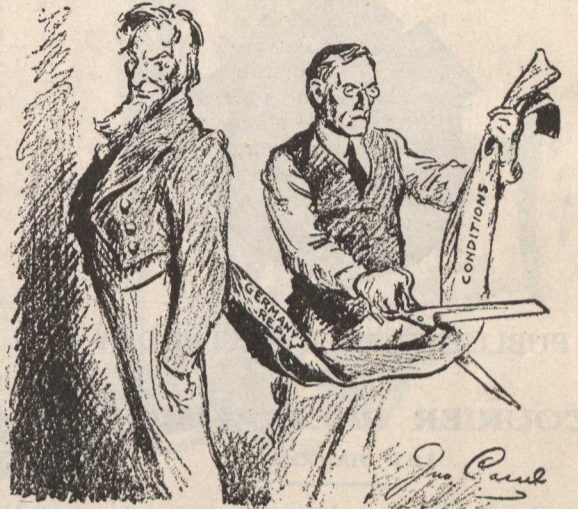
LOVE ME, LOVE MY HOG!

Westman in the Columbus, Ohio, State Journal.



MOTHER HUBBARD—"Help yourself."

Starrett in New York Tribune.



OTHERWISE, IT FITS.

Cassels in the New York Evening World.

stuck in the trench-wall near him.

"You win!" the Stock Exchange chap said weakly. He was wobbling on his legs, and was terribly pale. "The next is a 77." Then he fell unconscious, just as his friend was calling out "155" as his parry. Scarcely were the words out of his mouth before there was a crash, which the bettor did not hear, for he got a fragment of the bursting shell on his cranium.

In a second-line hospital a few days later the pals found themselves in adjoining cots.

"You won the last one," one of them said. "It was a 77. The surgeon saved the piece for me as a souvenir. Lucky thing it didn't break my hard head, else you'd never have got your sou."

"That makes me two francs on you then," the clerk replied in a very faint voice—for he had four shrapnel bullets still in his torso. "Let's make it double or quits: Even money I get out of here before you do."

This incident gives you a picture of one side of Verdun—or any other sector along the French front. There can be no doubt about it. The troops are war-hardened. Splintering steel, the crash of high explosives, death, wounds, the whole smear has become a habit, out of which race-old instincts, like love, hate, and gambling, rise and take their place.

THE C. P. R. AND BALLIN.

MURRAY GIBBON, the man who wrote "Hearts and Faces," a book with a bad title but capital contents, recently told a good joke on himself and



THE GUESSERS.

It is becoming increasingly difficult to ascertain America's attitude towards the belligerent nations. —Wail from Germany.

The Adroit Party—"Now, gents, pick the pea!"

From the "Sydney Bulletin."

incidentally on the C.P.R., whose advertising department is in Murray's capable Scotch hands. The occasion was an address to the Chicago Advertisers' Association.

"The effect that an attractive cover may have in securing business was illustrated in my own experience by a remarkable incident. Some of you may remember, particularly those of you who are railroad or steamship men, and have had anything to do with Europe, how four years ago the Canadian Pacific Railway obtained a concession from the Austrian Government to operate Canadian Pacific Observation Cars on the Austrian State Railways. The concession was part of a mutual advertising scheme, under which the Canadian Pacific reciprocated by advertising Austria to Canadians and Americans travelling to Europe on its system. This and other related schemes met with violent opposition from Herr Ballin, of the Hamburg-American Line, who brought the influence of the Prussian Railways and the German War Office, and even the German War Lord to bear on the Austrian Government to such effect that our agent in Vienna, an American citizen named Samuel Altman, whose fertile brain evolved these schemes, was accused among other things of attempting to stir up a revolution, and shortly before the outbreak of the war, was for a time imprisoned. The negotiations for a concession of this nature were naturally protracted, as the Austrians were like our friends from Missouri—they had to be shown. I suggested getting a cover design for an advertising folder on Austria which we would distribute here, and went to the best cover designers in London—a group of Canadian artists called the Carlton Studios. Now you must remember that Vienna has the finest printers in Europe and that the Austrian State Railways issue posters and advertising booklets second to none. I therefore got the best that London could produce, and sent it with some misgivings to friend Altman. Time passed and there was no reply. I wrote and telegraphed to return the drawing so that we could get on with the publication. At last the answer came. The design had been shown to the Minister of Commerce. He had been so delighted that he had shown it to the Minister of Finance, who had shown it to the Crown Prince, who had shown it to the Emperor Franz Joseph, who had been graciously pleased to frame it and hang it on the walls of one of his Imperial and Royal palaces. 'Yes,' I said, 'but how can I reproduce a drawing that is hanging on the walls of his Imperial Royal Majesty's Palace?' 'Don't worry,' said Altman, 'get another as like it as you can. That drawing has done the trick. The concession will go through. Now that the Austrian Ministers know that Franz Joseph thinks that our advertising is good enough, Herr Ballin and the Prussian railways and the German War Lord can go to —perdition!'"

THE GERMAN PEGOUD.

THE Germans have a Pegoud they call Immelmann. He is the wizard of the Fokker apparently, and a good one. Though he has not yet been "honoured" with a wooden statue, Immelmann is just now one of the most popular heroes of Germany. He has been decorated with the order "Pour le Merite," and has received an autograph letter from the All-Highest. His postcard photograph has sup-

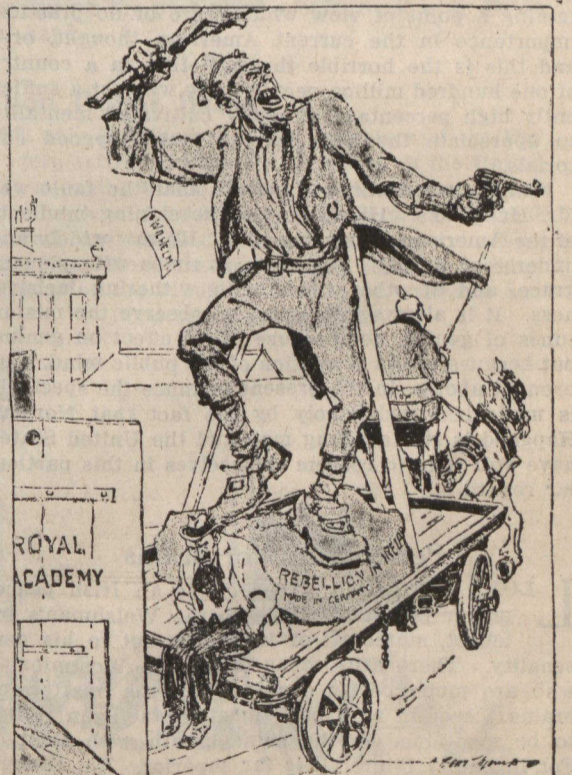
planted those of the Crown Prince in the bookshop windows, and stories of his aerial exploits are features of the newspapers. And—apparently a universal penalty of martial fame—he is besieged with offers of marriage, seekers of his hand ranging from "flappers" to elderly widows. His daily letterbag is of such dimensions that he has had to employ a private secretary to attend to his correspondence.

In search of Immelmann on the western front a representative of the Berliner Tageblatt came across two English prisoner airmen whose machine had just been brought down within the German lines.

"They admitted quite honestly that Immelmann was a phenomenon, that his machine was extraordinarily quick in its movements, and appeared with great promptness wherever it was necessary to cause a surprise. This man and this machine are a danger to the English fighting scheme. Then followed my questions, 'Do the English hate him? How do they speak of him?'"

"Hate him?" asked both the young men, and they looked at me with astonishment. 'Why should we?' 'Well,' I replied, 'it is said that you have put a price on him. Isn't that so?' 'The one price; and who will pay it?'"

"I explained that I had heard it from some French prisoners, and that, after all, it might only be a fairy tale. 'But,' I added, 'in your hangars it is possible that Lieutenant Smith, for instance, might bet Lieutenant Brown £100 on the result of a fight between an Englishman and Immelmann.' Each looked me straight in the face with astonishment. I was very glad to see it."



THE KAISER'S ACADEMY MASTERPIECE—REJECTED!

Drawn by Bert Thomas—in Everyman's.