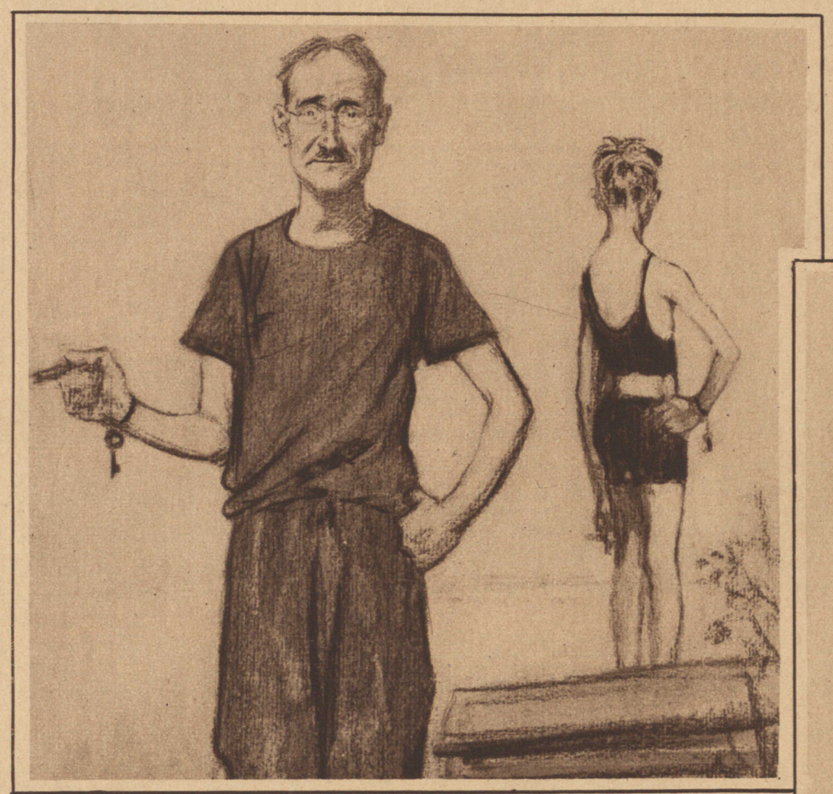
Grayce and Corinne, who do "stenoging" for the Vulcan Underwear Company, Ltd., meet the boss's wife and are terribly disappointed. Mrs. Wiley isn't a bit like the millionaire's wife in the movie film. "Why, she's just like anybody else, and only one ring," is Grayce's comment, "though she *was* easy to talk to."

Among Us Mortals

The Outing of the Office Force

By W. E. HILL

The man with the little red notebook who comes around every day for two weeks before the event is scheduled and jots down just who is going and who isn't and figures out whether or not it will be necessary to levy an extra charge of thirty-four cents for each person. The day before the outing the extra charge is raised to forty-one cents and is collected with difficulty.



The rented bathing suit, which started out in life dark blue and is now a pale gray, with splotches of lavender. In the background stands Archie, the office boy. You can bet he didn't forget his suit.

The girl who spent such a long time getting ready in the bathhouse that it was nearly dark when she finally came on the scene.

"Fred, why don't you go over and mix with the others—make friends with them?" Everybody had been urged to bring wives and husbands, and Mrs. Rose Harp, of the Mail Order Department, did accordingly. Fred, who was the only lesser half to show up and feels awfully out of things, is playing quoits with himself in a corner of the Lily Grove Lake amusement ground.

J. S. Ebblet, jr., does not care for baseball or swimming and has wandered to the merry-go-round for amusement, and, being the afternoon's one and only customer, the man who runs the merry-go-round is generously making the ride half an hour long.

Joey, the new filing clerk, has never seen the boss so approachable, and wonders if "now wouldn't it be a swell time to ask for a raise?"

Mr. Miggs, the cashier, who volunteers to pitch in, has all the mannerisms, if not quite the skill, of the big leaguers.

And at the end of the otherwise perfect day we see the treasurer, still with the little red notebook, figuring just how much each person shall be taxed extra, seeing that there is an unexpected addition of $4 levied by the park authorities for nicking a picnic table and an unidentified $3.32 charge for sundaes, which, of course, nobody knows anything about.

It was a splendid steal, and the girls on the side lines thought it really should have counted in the final score of twenty-eight to forty. Unfortunately, Harry, the auditor, was mixed in his bearings and stole from third to second, instead of the other way around.