



"Well, sir, as I understand it, Gerald and the lieutenant happened to be in a community trench when a couple of Boches with their lieutenant commander"—Something ought to be done to discourage the telling of war reminiscences second or third hand.



### AMONG US MORTALS

#### ODDS AND ENDS

By W. E. HILL



Mrs. Hemans, a convert to Bolshevism, all through the mystic number seven and the name "Trotzky"—which, as any one can see, has the required number of letters to prove that he can't be as bad as the newspapers make him out.



Miss Merkle, one of the volunteer secret service who was always seeing gun emplacements and wireless outfits hidden in cellars. She can't break the habit and has just discovered something very like a gun carriage protruding from the Schultzes' woodshed.



"What I want to know is this," says John Case. "If I buy a barrel of cider to make it into vinegar and it turns to hard cider on the way can the government seize it? That's what I want to know!"



The morning paper. Oh, dear! I can remember when we didn't have a single thing to worry over—not even the cost of things!"

Angus Walpole Dewie (the young man in the centre) and others of a small group of Radicals who find Bolshevism the only thrill left for a jaded social order. Dewie is the orator of the group.



"After liquor and tobacco, these prohibitionists won't stop at anything, the meddlers," says Mrs. Jonah Brown, who is beginning to hoard tea and coffee as a precaution.



Mr. Bunk out canvassing for "America's Daughters and the Great War," a vellum bound edition at \$10 per, showing what each war worker in the community did for her country. Portrait inserted \$20 extra (cost of plate). Mrs. Wally, who turned in the largest tin foil hoarding in town and whose prune pit savings were the joy of the chemical warfare service, simply can't decide whether full face or side view will look best on the printed page.



Evelyn, one of the million or so canteen workers, beginning to realize that the training has had its drawbacks. Here she is, flanked by a freshman from Williams and a sophomore from Yale, one of whom at least ought to be good for a bid to next year's prom, and all she can think of in the way of conversation is "Have you written to your mother lately?" or "What branch of the service are you in?"