



Ethelle, super-show-girl of the "Kiss Papa" company, is out-and-out I.W.W., Bolshevik and everything else radical in her sympathies this morning. "Can y' imagine having to park your Rolls-Royce half a block away from the stage door to make way for the prima donna's cheap little American car!"



## AMONG US MORTALS

### BOLSHEVIK REACTIONS

By W. E. HILL

As for Mrs. Wottle, caretaker of the Browns' city house during the summer months, she is thoroughly Bolshevik. There are several pieces in the Browns' parlor that Mrs. Wottle hopes to annex for her own when the social revolution comes along, and, naturally, she is taking no chances of having things all picked over by some one else.

Annette, the society Bolshevik, who does her own thinking, simply can't decide what to think about the bomb outrages. It is at a time like this that one begins to realize there really is a lot that is awfully good in the bourgeoisie—don't you know.

"Of course, if I had ever thought they would really do anything, I should have dropped them long ago—if you know what I mean!" Three ladies of the parlor Bolshevik clan, who suddenly discover marked leanings toward the despised bourgeoisie after the bomb explosions.



Somewhat in a turmoil are the reactions of Mr. Joe Rutt, who happened to be passing the headquarters of a radical publication when a raid by soldiers and sailors was in progress. "What was you doin' in front of the building," Mr. Rutt was asked, "if you wasn't a Bolshevik?"



With all these infernal machine scares and bombs being sent through the mail, it was no time for Sister Edna's young man to mail her a box of candy—at least, Edna's brother is going to argue that way.



Mrs. Mary Cluett undertook a paper on "Bolshevism in Russia—Is It a Success?" for the "Where Next" club, and has been conscientiously wading through the articles in "The New Republic," "The Review," "Harvey's," "The Nation," "The Liberator," "The Outlook" and "The Dial." The condition of the lady's brain is somewhat akin to an omelet at this stage of the game.

If it isn't one thing, it's another. When the bourgeoisie aren't engaged in sending bombs to each other, to get the ultra-radicals in bad, you can be pretty certain they are thinking up some deviltry to play on the poor radicals. Here's a little gathering of "Red" agitators whose picnic under the trees has been sadly interrupted by a thunderstorm, and as Comrade Gene observes feelingly, "Ten to one the bourgeoisie are at the bottom of it, the fiends!"

