

AMONG US MORTALS STRIKES

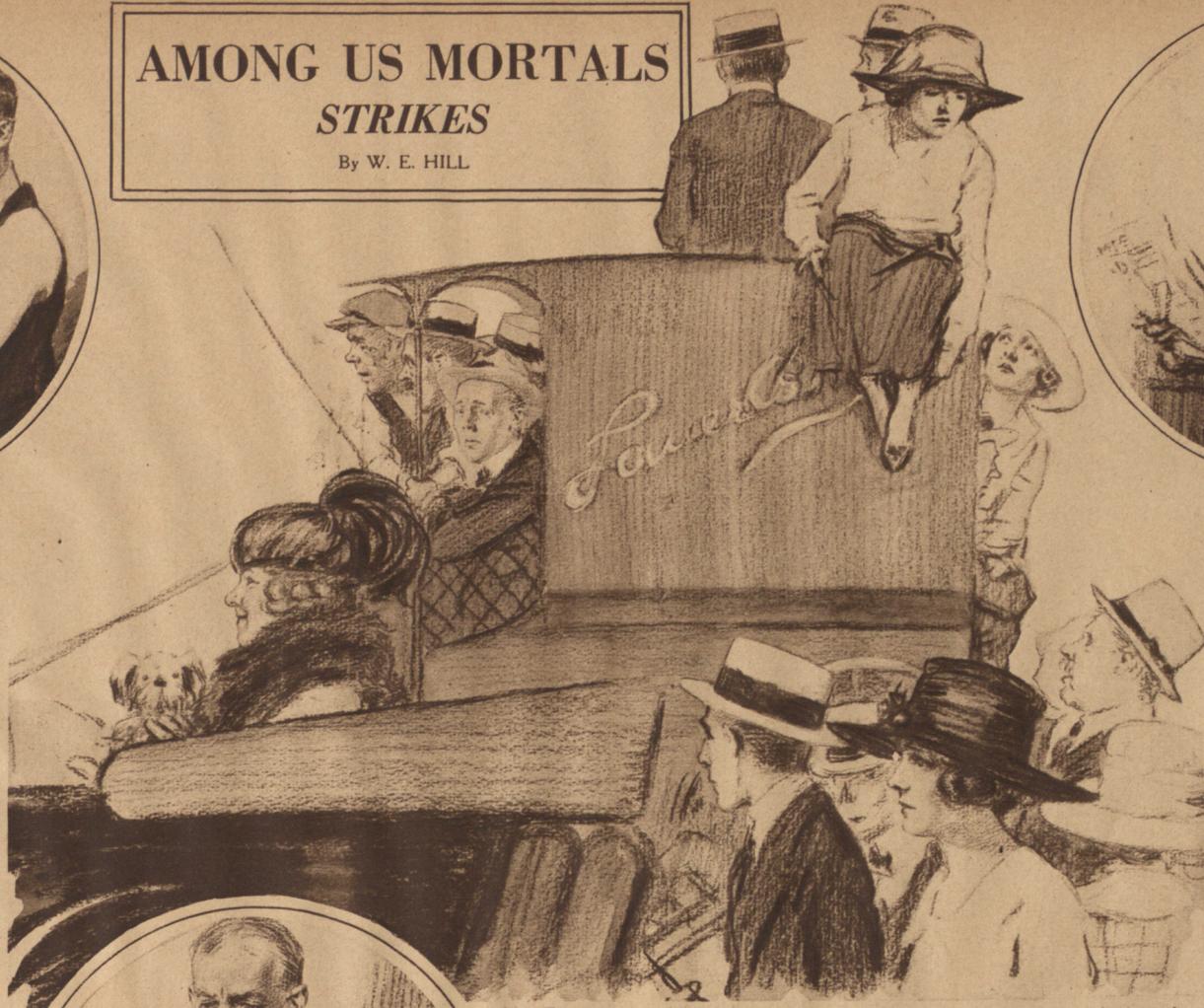
By W. E. HILL



The button makers are striking, and Steebe, the tailor, although it pains him, has got to charge Mr. Swor \$25 more than he expected to on his new suit. (If the strikers win, Steebe will have to charge 10 per cent increase on all orders, and if they lose, why, of course he will have to charge 10 per cent increase—he can explain to you.)



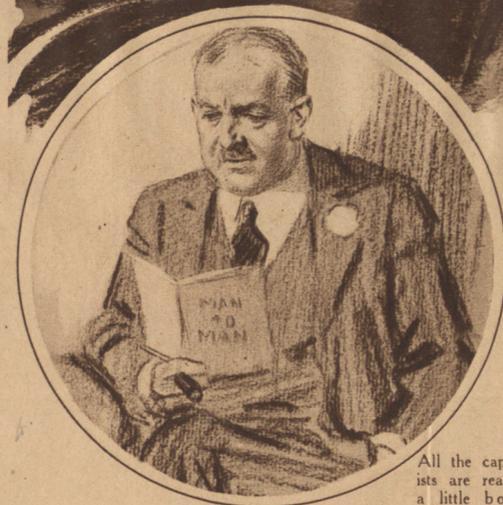
One of the most terrible conditions of modern times is to be a member of the down-trodden middle classes. They get it going and coming. Mr. Harrod, professor of sedentary English, has a salary of \$1,200 a year and a family of five. Professor Harrod is seriously thinking of learning to be a motorman, seeing that the motormen are striking for \$7 a day.



Mrs. Tobey, all alone with just little Peep-Bo, in a big seven-passenger town car, is having such an amusing time watching the crowds try to get home from work during the streetcar strike. "The people do look so comical!"



Jessie, striking chorus lady from the "Hug Me Tight" company, listens to a rival chorister making a speech. "Just let that dame try to dictate to me!" is Jessie's comment.



All the capitalists are reading a little book, "Man to Man," etc., and are recommending it to each other.



Mrs. George Washington White, while not exactly on strike, has a way of dealing with the capitalistic class that is just as effective in keeping them in their place. Yes, she can do Mrs. DeLancy's wash, but can't tell when, or whether she can send for it or not, or how much it will be, or when it will be done. Mrs. DeLancy is all but apologizing for asking such a favor of Mrs. White.



Will somebody please explain just what all these strikes are about to Mrs. Copley-Plaza Binns? You see, Mrs. Copley-Plaza Binns belongs to a club which is awfully interested in the laboring classes, and for two years now they have worked "tooth and nail, my dear," for better ventilation in sweatshops and other awful places. And yet the laboring people are all clamoring for the closed shop! "Perfectly crazy," Mrs. Copley-Plaza Binns call it.



Mr. Beasley heard there was a barbers' strike coming and had his head shaved. Mrs. Beasley, who is in tears over the result, is murmuring between sobs something about "jailbird" and "rather it grew to your waist!"



Selma, the cook, who, being practically on strike half the time, with gratifying results, has no need of a union membership.



Manager Bangham simply won't let the striking actors spoil his show. Manager Bangham is playing the leading juvenile role himself, and Miss Tessie Shad, who has been understudying everything and everybody in a No. 8 "Within the Law" company the past season, plays the heroine. Miss Shad always wanted a chance on Broadway, and it was just by luck that she got the part instead of the wardrobe mistress. This is the end of the play, where the lovers clinch; he says, "I have waited for you twenty years" (smack), and she says, "I have waited for you since time began." (Long kiss, and quick curtain.)



Mr. Leo Rouble, the theatrical manager, whose shows have all struck for Equity contracts. Mr. Rouble has just dictated a long communique to the newspapers declining to have anything to do with actors till they are willing to go back to the "dear old days of rose-colored romance, when actors were dear, visionary Bohemians," etc.: the days when an actor could be hired or fired at will.