The fair in the cellar of the Sunday School, showing the younger set led by Willy Bruce very much in evidence. In the center old Mrs. Speare is telling the rector what a huge success everything is.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Cuff don't get out very often and this is a great treat for them. Really, Mrs. Cuff doesn't remember having had such a lark since Mr. Kindly died and she saw the funeral ceremony.

# AMONG US MORTALS

## The Church Fair

By W. E. Hill

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The sexton (who does undertaking and embalming in odd moments) is really awfully good company and almost never talks shop, so they say; that is, when you get to know him. Old Mrs. Tripp, who is going on ninety, doesn't know what a jovial soul the sexton is and doesn't like the way he stares at her. It is Mrs. Tripp's opinion that the sexton is a mercenary man who is always on the lookout for business opportunities.

Mrs. Jones's new slippers hurt her. She slipped them off and now she can't get them on again.

An unmarried curate has to be awfully wary if he wants to stay single. Mr. Widge, feeling the safety of numbers, is cutting up and carrying on, as Miss May Belle Meager expresses it, "something awful." He is pretending to run away with something all trimmed with pink rosebuds from the "Vanity Booth."

*Left*—Marshall has just decided to make a break for the movie down the street where the Mack Sennett "Bathing Beauties" are showing. He would have been just about in time for the second show if Mrs. Lester Jewell (who is going to make everybody have a good time or know why) hadn't swooped down and dragged him off to meet "Three lovely girls—who have been sitting all by themselves in a corner all evening—you'll be crazy about them! Not pretty, but awfully nice girls."

Bertha, Billie and Aggie Buick, who always do everything in unison, are getting ready to bow to some fortunate youth.

*Left* — Mrs. Fred Grubb has had an awful time making her booth, "The Peace Booth," look like anything. To begin with, the corner florist absolutely refused to lend the dove of peace for the decoration, and little Edna's kewpie doll had to do instead. And then, how can you arrange your counter tastefully when all you have to do it with are boxes of crackerjack and packages of "C. J." disinfectant. At least, that's practically all Mrs. Grubb could induce the merchants to donate.

The turkey supper in the parish house. The turkey has just given out, but there's the choice of baked beans or cold tongue.