The host's bedroom, which received the men's coats and hats, is going to be anything but a good place for sleeping before the party is over. The gentleman at the extreme left has lost his rubbers. Strange, for he remembers perfectly how he hid them right under the pillow where no one would find them.

Among Us Mortals

The Musicale

By W. E. Hill

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Two future prima donnas and their very proud mammas, discussing their daughters. "Miss Farrar told her vocal instructor that my daughter's voice had made her envious for once in her life! She said it was *much* better than Galli-Curci's, considering her age."

Lionel Le Boo, tenor, doing a high falsetto note at the end of a little ditty entitled "Wee Jeanie, wi' yin heel and hootie plaidie," or something to that effect. As the last note dies away, Lionel will slowly open his eyes as though awakening from a trance.

"Now, I hold that modern man is *not* essentially a monogamist. —Harry, the insurance agent, getting 'way over his depth with the very literary Miss Wardie.

"That was on a Tuesday, and the following Friday, or maybe it was Sunday, I was on the operating table." Two ladies comparing health notes during a Debussy selection at the piano.

"Now, shall I follow you, or will you follow me?" A volunteer accompanist is going to help the barytone over the rough places.

"Gee, I knew I'd go and *do that!*" Around the refreshment table, where Frank, supplied by the caterer along with the cakes, has just upset a plate of chicken salad dangerously near Miss Milch's train. No matter what happens Frank believes one ought to take everything cheerfully —and he is doing it now.

Right—An old English ballad all about "A wee wally and a wee willow wally," sung by Mrs. Mae Elvia Grew, soloist of the First Congregational Church.

As a modern Mme. de Staël in an up-to-date apartment house Mrs. Dill is making a huge success of her "salons." Now and then, however, something *will* go wrong. Mrs. Dill is sending an urgent message to the kitchen about opening the *other* brick of ice cream. Annie has just given the astonishing information that "there ain't any more—*that was* the other brick!"

Right—Miss Hatta, the interior decorator, looking around with a critical eye on her hostess's furnishings.

Of course, it seemed too good to be true that there might be a little kick hidden away in the punch, but just the same Paul is awfully disappointed.

Mr. Dill, the host, at the solicitation of Mrs. Dill, is taking little Tango out for a "weeny little walk." He gets so restless, you know.

Left—The classical dance, done in the confines of an apartment house drawing room, gives one a feeling of being on intimate terms with the dancer if it doesn't do anything else. Mr. Volney is remembering how once on a fishing trip he happened on some ladies in swimming.