The lobby. At the extreme right the night clerk is doing his best to get the crowd back upstairs. "Just a little something burning on a stove in the kitchen," is his explanation, but nobody believes him. At the left of the picture are Mr. and Mrs. Hobey, from Honesdale, Pa. It isn't much of a fire, but they'll have a lot to talk about when they get home.

Sad is the plight of Mr. Tulkey, who stepped outside in the excitement to see what the trouble was. His door has blown shut and he can't get back. Mr. Tulkey has a towel and a safety razor, but you can't add much to a costume with them.

Among Us Mortals

The False Alarm in the Hotel

By W. E. HILL

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Miss Cobb, who lives in the hotel, has been smelling smoke on an average of three evenings a week—to the joy of the bellhops and telephone operators, whose job it is to calm her fears. Now that she really does smell it there is a glint of triumph in her eye.

Left—Miss Lovely is frankly in a panic. With a pair of corsets, a laundry bag and little Marigold in her arms, she is trying frantically to get an up elevator. There is some hazy plan in her mind of jumping off the roof.

Ethel, the telephone operator, has her hands full explaining to excited guests that what they smell burning isn't the hotel proper, but something in the kitchens.

"Gee, y'oughta see the queen I saw on the sixth floor—in pajamas! Oh, Lady!" Eddie, the night elevator boy, is having the best time he's had since the man in 39 committed suicide

There ought to be a law to prevent ladies of Mrs. Grabb's type from wearing pajamas, but there isn't. Mrs. Grabb is hunting a haven of safety accompanied by an empty traveling bag, a magazine and a switch.

Left—Frank, the obliging fireman, hunting for a fire, and a little something on the side in case there should be a bottle of brandy left around.

Talking it over. "And whenever I smell smoke something inside me seems to stop right dead!"

Right—The envoy of some one's insurance, telephoned for in a hurry.