



The model who comes to pose at just the wrong time and can't see what difference Aunt Sarah's being there makes.



Everybody swallowing hard and trying to think of something to say about the seventeenth picture shown them. The day is saved by the second lady from the left, who thinks "it is perfectly great-o!"



The lady who hasn't much to do at home and would so like to come and sit for a portrait some time.



Worthington Woof, whose great slogan is "self-expression," the only trouble being when there isn't much to express.



AMONG US MORTALS

DRAWN BY W. E. HILL

THE STUDIO SOIRÉE

Mrs. Bertha Timbie, (who sculpts), discusses the Freud theory of dreams with Wadley Diggs, the poet, who has had some wonderful ones. Cousin Rollo Boatwood from Altoona, who is considered a very interesting talker if you keep him on the right subject—namely, the kid and leather business—is quite mystified.



"I'd rather have a good photograph than the best portrait ever painted!"



Couch full of visitors who have never been in a studio before and expected a regular Paris-by-night. They are very much disappointed, particularly the two young men who had supposed there would be a lot of models around.



The lady with the Dutch cut, from the studio in back, who was asked in to lend atmosphere. She has just sprung her views of birth control on a totally unsuspecting youth.