

AMONG US MORTALS

DRAWN BY W. E. HILL

THE SUMMER REVUE

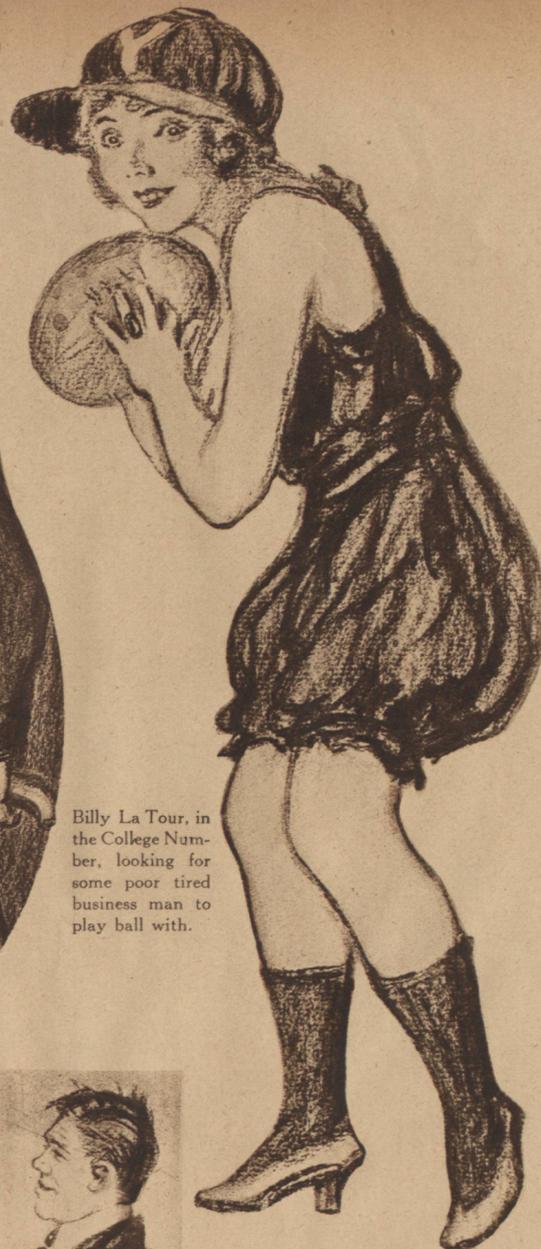


The understudy, who looks like nothing in particular, and is expected to be an exact replica of each and every lady in the cast, on short notice.

"My Dream of You," sung by the ingenue, who works very hard and perspires through the powder, and the tenor, who feels sure the orchestra leader is trying to crab his stuff.



Billy La Tour, in the College Number, looking for some poor tired business man to play ball with.



"There—I knew if we left our umbrella at home—" Ladies in the back row hear the thunder storm.



The man with the load who wants to lead the orchestra.



The lyrics are about "Joy—where pleasure can have no alloy," but Bessie Carranza has seen fit to interpolate, for the benefit of Hazel Villa, words to the effect that nobody had better start anything they can't finish.

Mr. Guirk, who stepped out during the intermission to get something for his cold, sends a box of candy down to his wife half an hour later.



"My dear, doesn't she look like a dying cat?" Chorus ladies watching the understudy, who works in the second row on other nights.



The Chorus Man—showing that not all the war horrors are on the other side of the screen.



The naval reservists, who are averse to saluting, become very much engrossed in their programs, when an officer takes a nearby seat.