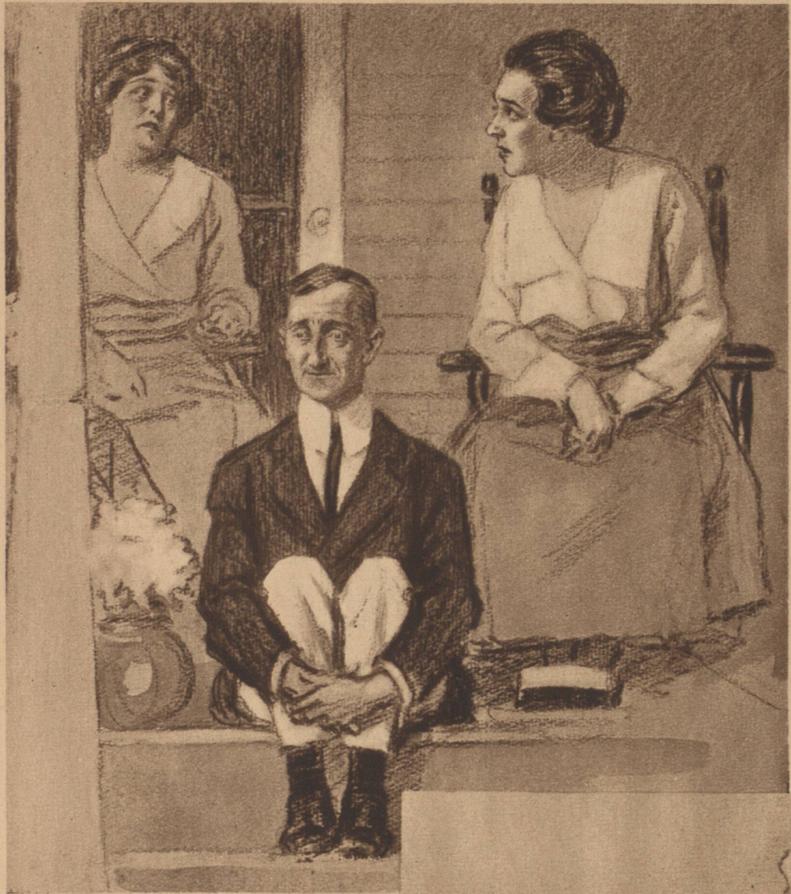


AMONG US MORTALS

DRAWN BY W. E. HILL

SUNDAY AFTERNOON ON THE PORCH



It is quarter of seven, and Cousin Lynn, who came in at four, is staying bravely on. The pantomime in the background means: "Don't—ask—him—to—supper!"



The Misses Hogate, who see everything that goes on, and more too, from behind the vines.



"C'mon over, Bertha—I wanta tell you somethin'."



"Now, Fred, don't you go and leave me to entertain them alone!"



On the bottom step—"Yes, you did—you looked straight at me, Stewart, and you never spoke."



Very warm and moist lady caller, who is sticking to the paint on the rocker, and listening somewhat distractedly to Aunt Josie's account of her system being all run down.



George, going on seventeen, and trying awfully hard to get by as a man-about-town, hears his mother start the anecdote about how cunning he looked in his little nightie when, at the age of three, he lisped: "Mama, can the angelth look down and thee, if I throw them a kith?"