



Joe La Porte trying to convince a member of the exemption board that out of the forty dollars he makes a month thirty-five is sent regularly to his old mother in Italy.

A little knitting, a little tea and a great many rumors (all wrong) about the Red Cross. Mrs. Bagley is telling about a friend of some one she knows (always a friend of some one) who made a sweater, and tucked a marked hundred dollar bill in the pocket, as a surprise for some soldier boy. "Well, my dear, she sent it to the Red Cross, and a year later—a year later—she went to buy a sweater in a department store, and she put her hand in the pocket, and there was her marked bill!"

AMONG US MORTALS AROUND TOWN

By W. E. HILL



"Oh, my dear! Do you mean to say you think nobody should have more than five million? Why, you're getting to be out and out socialistic!" Valerie and Pauline discuss a lecture on economics to the utter disgust of Miss Mooney who never yet had more than fifty dollars in the bank at one time.

"Yes, ma'am, my sister-in-law has a brother who knows a brakeman on the B. & O., and he says the reason there isn't no coal is because the railroads has hid it to get even with the government for taking them over."



Mrs. Lillian Wee, amateur songstress, singing "Less than the dust beneath thy chariot wheels" at a Sunday entertainment for soldiers on leave, who would much rather have gone to the movies.



"What is your weight stripped?" proves the stumbling block in Clifford's questionnaire. After some moments of hard thinking on the part of the family, brother Bill remembers having seen a weighing machine down the street in front of the shoe-shining parlor, much to the consternation of sister Edna, who wants to know how Cliff could possibly disrobe in such a public place!

It is meatless day, and the waiter is recommending sweetbread compote a la poinsettia, two twenty-five per portion, to Mr. Ruck, who is searching the menu for the figures forty-five, fifty or sixty.